THE

ROCHESTER GEM,

AND

LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO

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

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

VOLUME THIRTEENTH.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SHEPARD & STRONG.
1841.

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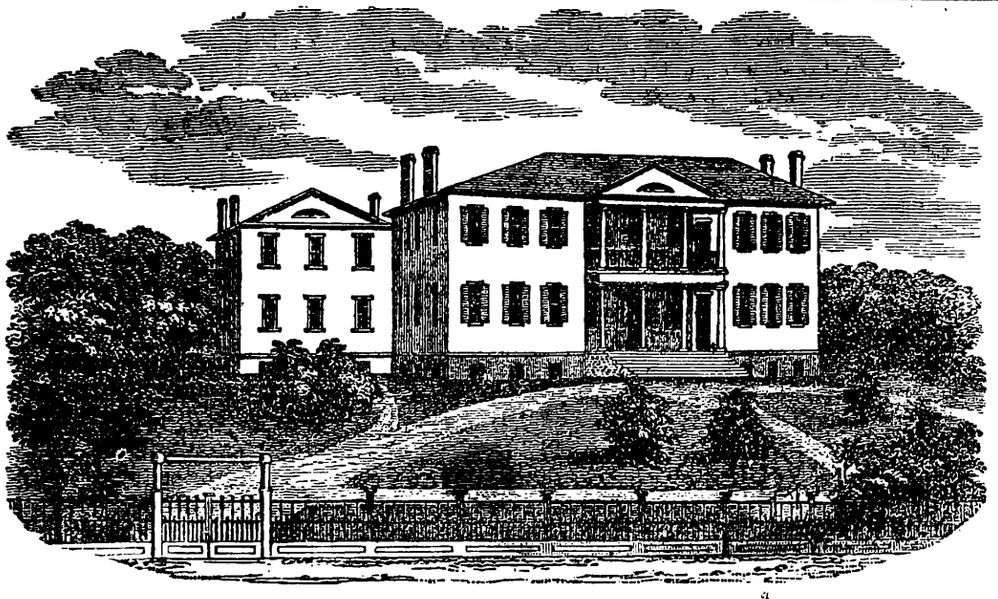
PROSE.

POETRY.

THE ROCHESTER GEM
AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 9, 1841. No. 1.



ONTARIO FEMALE SEMINARY.

ONTARIO FEMALE SEMINARY:

This institution, which is delightfully situated in the centre of Canandaigua village, was incorporated in 1825, with a capital of 10,000 dollars. It was placed under the charge of Miss HANNAH UPHAM, principal, Miss ARABELLA SMITH, vice principal, and seven assistant teachers.

The present trustees are James D. Bemis, Francis Granger, Jared Willson, Phineas P. Bates, James Lyon, Alexander Duncan, Rev. M. L. R. P. Thompson, Rev. Augustine P. Prevost, Walter Hubbell.

The main building is of brick, two stories high, 75 by 50, with which are connected two other buildings, three stories high, 50 by 30 feet, used for the purposes of this school. The seminary, which is in a most flourishing condition at present, has upwards of 150 scholars. The boarding department contains 30 spacious rooms.

The school is divided into a primary department and a higher department. The last is divided into six classes, in which is taught every thing necessary to the education of young ladies.

The patrons of the school have furnished a select and valuable library for the use of the pupils.

The Academic year commences on the third Thursday in July, and is divided into two terms, each 22 weeks, commencing respectively on the third Thursday of July and the first Thursday in January. There is one examination in each year which takes place the first week in June. A vacancy of six weeks follows the term ending in June, and one of two weeks that ending in December.

Pupils are required to attend punctually, on the Sabbath, the Church which their parents or guardians may prefer. Those from abroad are required to board at the Seminary.

Pupils are received at any time during a term and charged from their entrance to the end of the term; but no deduction will be made for absence, unless occasioned by sickness. Each pupil must provide herself bed-clothing and towels.

Tuition in Primary Department,	$16	per year.
Whole course of English education,	30	"
French and Drawing, each,	25	"
Spanish and Latin,	15	"
Music,	40	"
Use of organ and piano-forte, each,	8	"
Use of Harp,	12	"
Use of Guitar,	4	"
Board, room rent, fuel and lights,	$2 25	per week.
Washing,	50	per doz.

From Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book.

Youth and Summer.

Summer's full of golden things!
Youth, it weareth angel's wings!
Youth and love go forth together,
In the green-leaved summer weather,
Filled with gladness!

Summer, rich in joy it is,
Like a poet's dream of bliss;
Like unto some heavenly clime!
For the earth in summer time
Doth not wear a shade of sadness!

Radiant youth, thou art ever new!
Thine's the light, the rose's hue;
Flowers' perfume, and winds that stir,
Like a stringed dulcimer,
All the forest!

Joyous youth; thou art fresh and fair:
Wild as wildest bird of air!
Thou, amidst thy ringing laughter,
Look'st not forward, look'st not after,
Knowing well that joy is surest!

Brighter than the brightest flowers;
Dancing down the golden hours;
Thus it is in every land,
Youth and love go hand in hand,
Linked forever!

Youth! thou never dost decay;
Summer! thou dost not grow grey!
We may sleep with death and time,
But sweet youth and summer's prime
From the green earth shall not sever!

"TRADING IN BED."

Sam Slick, who wanted to gull an old General in a bargain, contrives to sleep with him, and "soft sawders" him with stories. Among the rest, he relates an adventure of his own with an Englishman. The inn was crowded and Sam could get no rest, unless he shared with John Bull, who was already abed. Sam undressed, "put out the light," and *in* "like a bed bug."

"The critter was a lying with his back to me, a-snoring like a bull, and more than once had I a mind to wake him, so that we might have a fair start for it; but then I thought it would only end in a fight, so I let him be. But just as I was droppin' off to sleep, the critter fell to and kicked like a jackass. Lord, I thought he would have kicked me out of bed, or broke my leg, he kicked so like all possessed. Thinks I to myself, what on earth shall I do? shall I give him a atockdolager under the ear, and wake him up, or shall I turn to and kick him in return again? I didn't actilly know what to do; at last I gets upon my knees, gist lays hold of him by the shoulder and turned him over, with his face *to* me, and his back to the outside of the bed. Now, says I, kick away till you're tired, will you, my hearty, and you won't hurt nothing but the wall. Well, if he didn't snore and kick away in great style, it's a pity, but as he didn't touch me no more, I dropped off to sleep, and left him a battering away at the wall with his heels like a paviour's rammer.

In the morning he was quiet enough; but, oh, such an ugly, ungaining lookin' beast I never seed He had his mouth wide open, a-showen of his shags of teeth, like a horse when he sneezes, and there was a dry froth on his nose and lips from his snortin' so. His eyes were open, too, (for some men sleep with their peepers open, like the Dutch overseer of the niggers with the glass eye, in the sugar house,) and they stared like the eyes of an owl, and had just such a glassy, filmy, ongmeanin' look. The nostrils were pinched in, and his nose looked pointed; altogether, he was a perfect pictur' of an ugly man. Hullo, shipmate, says I, how's your heels this mornin'? I guess you must have hurt 'em agin that wall last night, for you kicked like all vengeance. But he was sound as a top. With that I throwed down the clothes on my side, and was a gettin' out of bed, when one leg touched him, and his skin was so cold and so clammy, I turned round and took another survey of him, and put my ear close to his mouth, and I hope I may be shot if he wan't as dead as a herring. He was, I swear. It was an apperplexy fit he had, that made him kick so like mad.

"We had a crowner's inquest on the body, says I, and the crowner, who was a bit of a wag, returned a verdict 'died of fright, a-sleepin' along with a Yankee.'"

"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you, in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our *species*, you must have understood me to say SPECIE, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, in your present contributions, that you are not laboring under the same mistake."

WISDOM.—Jefferson has said, an "absolute acquiescence in the will of the majority, is the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism."

Original Tales

FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

Wallingford—A Revolutionary Tale.

BY B. F. G.

GREAT MEN are the children of revolution,—From the dawn of civilization upon the globe down to the present moment, different eras, characterized by some important distinctions, have interrupted the otherwise even current of history, either by their military, political, literary, or philosophical achievements.

The period of our war of independence was one, perhaps, as much distinguished for the gigantic efforts of genius, patriotism, and military prowess, with a corresponding success, as any that the world has ever witnessed. The rapidity with which men rose to eminence, as freedom summoned her devotees together, was only equalled by the complete success which attended the efforts of patriotic ambition. The moss-clad cottage as well as the castle, sent forth the statesman and the warrior—the patriot's pen usurped the farmer's hand, and the woodman's ax was supplanted by the soldier's broadsword.

The unwelcome foot of tyranny had crossed the ocean and invaded the last retreat of persecuted freedom. Every heart imbued with the love of liberty in the new world, beat quicker and warmed with the glow of virtuous indignation, at the wrongs offered by the mother country. "Unconquerable resistance to oppression," became the watchword of the day, and the undaunted feeling of independence swelled the bosoms of the hardy sons of America. Many of the leading lights of that dark period, whose eloquence roused the spirits of their countrymen to resistance, or led them victorious to battle, might have lived and died peaceful and unknown in the shades of their quiet homes, had not the oppression of England become not only grievous but intolerable.

The controversy between the mother country and her colonies had assumed a malignant character, and the latter had determined to take up arms, although as yet they had made no formal declaration of hostilities. To whom should the people look as a leader in the approaching conflict? All eyes turned to the State of Virginia, and one of her citizens was designated to lead the colonial forces. He had seen some service, having been engaged against the French a few years before, and had become inured to the dangers and privations of war.

* * * * * * * * *

In 1753, Robert Dinwiddie, as loyal a Scotchman as ever received a commission from his King, was Governor of Virginia. At that period, many of the wealthy planters and others in the Old Dominion, being emigrants from the mother country, had imbibed strong aristocratic prejudices, and looked upon high birth and wealth as the real measure of worth. Williamsburgh was the capitol of the colony, and consequently was the centre of fashion. The rich families of the place were often engaged in giving parties and balls, but none attended, with rare exceptions, but such as were considered fairly within the pale of the aristocracy.

The old Governor had one daughter—Miss Frances Dinwiddie. This daughter, the idol of her father, had received an education becoming the daughter of the Governor, and was the acknowledged belle at the capitol. With a fine form, deep blue eyes and clear complexion, she had many real claims to beauty. But Miss Frances was fully aware of her station, and a little haughtiness was frequently betrayed; and indeed this was not remarkable, as she had been brought up a favorite, and had only to speak to be obeyed. Among those of her society, Miss Hungerford, Miss Milner and Miss Robinson, shone most conspicuously. The fathers of these young ladies were the most wealthy, and of course the daughters were the most worthy. There was, however, in Williamsburg, at the same time, a lady younger than either of the former, the daughter of a respectable planter. This young lady was truly beautiful. She had a mild black eye, dark hair, which clustered carelessly around her neck, pure complexion, and a form of most perfect symmetry. When Delia Grayson smiled, her whole countenance was eloquent with expression, and her "heart beamed in her eyes."

Among the gentlemen composing the young society at Williamsburg, was Mr. Vaughan, the Governor's Secretary, Mr. Payton, Mr. Prindle, and, very rarely, a young man by the name of George Wallingford. The latter differed essentially from the others, being poor instead of wealthy, sedate rather than vivacious, and withal quite diffident. He was a surveyor by profession, but had more recently assumed the character of a soldier, having been engaged in some of the frontier encounters, which were then frequent. In person he was tall and commanding, being full six feet, with a countenance remarkable for its intelligence and an unusual dignity of expression.

Wallingford was not unconscious of his rare abilities, nor of the obstacles in the way of their development. He had not the wealth to purchase friends or influence, but he felt full well the workings of that high and ennobling ambition within him, without which man is no more than a senseless block. The proud feeling of independence upon which the young man without wealth or powerful friends, rises above the impediments of poverty and the envy of the rich, was the guardian of his spirit. His eye was bent toward the temple of fame, and the liberty of his country was the portal.

Although the Governor was prejudiced in favor of Wallingford, and was free to give him his confidence and often entrusted arduous duties to him; still George was far from being a favorite of Miss Frances. She looked upon him as a plain "Virginia buckskin," as she frequently called him, and better calculated to fight Indians than to associate with genteel society. The consequence was, whenever George was honored with an invitation to attend a soiree at the Governor's, he was indebted to the shrewd old Governor himself, instead of the fashionable daughter.

This distaste for young Wallingford's society, was not confined to Miss Frances, Miss Hungerford, Miss Milner, or Miss Robinson, but extended itself to the young gentlemen before mentioned, who felt excessively annoyed at the idea of Wallingford's receiving so many evidences of partiality at the hand of the Governor. They also began to be aware of the superiority of his abilities, and under all the circumstances, it was nothing strange if *genteel* society should attempt to sneer down merit.

Wallingford had never seen Miss Grayson, as she had been little into society, and was as yet, in fact, but the beautiful bud not yet full blown. She had not become acquainted with the spirit of intrigue, rivalry and deception so often wreathed in smiles, nor the petty artifices so often played off by those models of that and the present age,—the brainless votaries of pleasure and fashion. She was an artless and a lovely girl.

The season for parties and fetes, at the capitol, approached, and Miss Frances anticipated undisputed sway as the reigning belle. The other young ladies, except Miss Grayson, thought themselves sufficiently honored by being the intimates of the daughter of the Governor; but it must be confessed, nevertheless, that they felt not a little envious, in a quiet way, of Miss Frances. Each thought to herself, though none would avow it, "Frances is not as pretty as I am; I wonder why she receives so many attentions? Mr. Prindle will ere long become satisfied that her disposition is not the most amiable." But still neither of those young ladies would breathe such a sentiment aloud.

At last, invitations were circulation for a party at the Governor's, and the routine of pleasures and amusements for the season commenced. All was alive with the din of preparation. Mr. Vaughan, the Secretary, was chief manager, and having seen Miss Grayson, and being also much pleased with her, resolved that she should be invited to the party. Wallingford was absent on business of great importance to the colony, the Governor having sent him on the arduous mission of bearing dispatches to the French on the Ohio river, where they had been making encroachments upon the English territory for some time. The consequence was, that he probably would not be home in time for the party. This not a little gratified the other young gentlemen, because George's popularity had not a little increased, and they knew that he would be invited by the Governor, should he return in season.

The time for the soiree arrived; the great saloon was illuminated, and ready to receive the company. They began to collect; Miss Frances was arrayed in all the elegance of the day, while Miss Hungerford, Miss Milner and Miss Robinson vied with each other in the similarity of their dress to that of Miss Frances. Miss Grayson, however, on the contrary, appeared in a plain, unostentatious manner, with a dress entirely different from that of the other young ladies. But there was an irresistible eloquence in her mild black eye, with which the gaudy finery of art might attempt to compete in vain. The symmetry of her form, the purity of her complexion, the thrilling sweetness of her voice, were contributions from the hand of nature of which she seemed wholly unconscious.

A short time being expended in preparation, a dance was commenced, of which Miss Frances and Mr. Prindle took the lead, and to the soft tones of merry music, they

"Tripp'd the light fantastic toe."

Before the first sett had concluded, George, having returned in the afternoon, was introduced into the saloon by the old Governor himself. Miss Frances, whispering in a low tone to Mr. Prindle, remarked,

"It is really strange that father is so partial to Wallingford. I never could perceive any superior qualities in that direction."

"It is a perfect mystery to me, that a man of such remarkable penetration as your father possesses, should be so lavish of honors upon a young man of no attainments," replied the voluble Mr. Prindle.

"How extremely awkward! How it does amuse one to observe these creatures from the country in *polished* society!" said Miss Dinwiddie.

During this conversation, various meaning glances passed between many others of the company, the import of which the reader may very readily apprehend.

Mr. Vaughan having given George an introduction to Miss Grayson, he took his seat beside her, and was at once charmed with her unassuming beauty, no less than with the artless manner of her conversation. He was too close an observer, however, of the infirmities of human nature, to be ignorant of the feelings entertained toward him

by many of the company; and his acute sensibility, an invariable trait in the composition of great minds, felt most keenly the indelicate conduct of those who were infinitely below him in all that honors and adorns human character. But an unconquerable feeling of independence, which makes its possessor invincible to opposition, adversity, or the shafts of envy, buoyed him up above the general determination of low resentments, and excited no other feelings for those who thus treated him, than of pity and regret.

A new sett being in the act of forming for a dance, Wallingford very politely offered his hand to Miss Grayson, and they took the floor. It was evident that other feelings than those of politeness and common kindness were felt by George toward his partner. The gentleness of her manners and her extreme beauty, had kindled a new disposition in his bosom. He had observed that a marked neglect had been manifested by a portion of the company toward her during the evening, as well as toward himself. At length the dance began, and in compliance with its rules, in one of the movements he offered his hand to Miss Frances, which in a very cold manner she refused! This new affront caused a momentary flush upon his countenance, but it quickly passed away, and would have been forgotten as the indiscreet impropriety of a silly girl, had not the loquacious Mr. Prindle offered the same indignity to his partner, Miss Grayson. This was too much. He stopped short, and eyeing keenly for a moment the author of the insult, he remarked,

"Gentlemen and ladies, I have observed during the evening myself to have been the object of your inveterate displeasure; and whether this has proceeded from malice or ignorance, I shall not now stop to inquire. Had this conduct been manifested toward me only, it would have passed unnoticed, but the insult just offered to Miss Grayson, my partner, and perhaps on my account, calls upon me to demand reparation, Mr. Prindle, I shall have the honor of seeing you to-morrow morning."

He immediately offered Miss Grayson his arm, and bidding the company good evening, they departed. Never was greater change wrought than was then upon the countenance of Miss Frances, and particularly of Mr. Prindle's. That last sentence hung upon him like a spell. For what purpose was he to be seen the next morning? Fear whispered, "to hear the call of honor." That would ring the death knell of his courage. All was excitement in the saloon—the dance broke up suddenly—the smile of ignorant sarcasm was succeeded by the tremor of fear—Miss Hungerford and Miss Milner began to whisper about the horror of duelling, and Miss Robinson begged of Mr. Prindle not to accept a challenge, which advice was certainly premature. Miss Frances assured Mr. Vaughan that she intended no affront, and wished him immediately to say as much to Mr. Wallingford. All this time poor Prindle trembled like an aspen, and was exceedingly polite, as frightened men usually are.

Wallingford's officiousness in offering so readily to be Miss Grayson's company, may seem to demand some explanation, inasmuch as this was his first personal acquaintance with her. It must be remembered, however, they were both mutually acquainted before, and that the peculiarity of her situation, and the evident neglect with which she was treated, appeared to him to demand the interposition of a protector. In proportion as Wallingford became disgusted with the conduct of the Governor's daughter, Mr. Prindle her favorite, and their satelites, he became interested in the beautiful Miss Grayson. The confiding manner with which she accepted him as her guardian, not only won his esteem but his admiration.

It was a beautiful night. The moon, like a majestic queen, with stately step swept on, with myriads of glittering stars around her, while on the landscape's faded bosom her mellow beams descended. Her pale light played upon the heaven. crowned hills, and the broad river's wave the silvery orb reflected. All was still, except the gentle ruffle of the faded leaves, as the night breeze floated by, and the faint murmur of a distant waterfall. How glorious such an hour! Is there a soul so dead to all the holier feelings of our nature, as not to feel itself exalted and enobled at such moments—to fancy itself buoyed above the atmosphere of human society, and already hovering upon the realms of light? The spirit seems to commune with the calm quiet of nature's magnificence, and already does its restless wing beat the unyielding air. Care departs like the vapor of the morning, and imagination, like the bird of paradise with its gilded plumage, bereft of earthly inclination, soars to the etherial world.

Wallingford felt all these emotions with mingled feelings of love and admiration. He beheld the sky smiling over him, and as he looked at the lovely being beside him, and her dark eyes smiled playfully, her arm confirmed its class as some strange shadow showed itself, George felt that it was the happiest moment of his life. To be the recipient of her smiles, and the object of her artless confidence; to be loved, truly loved by her, and himself the first object of that passion, how could he be otherwise than happy? But was he certain that in so short a time, all these were his? What else could the witchery of those looks convey?—George had seen pretty girls, and those who were deemed beautiful and accomplished, before, but till now he had never known real beauty.

George and his fair charge now arrived at Delia's father's, and after wishing her a thousand happy things, he immediately hastened to his boarding house, which he had scarcely regained, when he received a hurried despatch from the Governor, informing him that news had just arrived of the march from the frontiers of a large body of French and Indians. He had recently been promoted to the rank of Colonel, and was directed by the Governor to raise a regiment at once to meet the advancing enemy.

The fire of patriotism at once burned in the bosom of the young soldier. With an alacrity unsurpassed he proceeded to the discharge of his duty, and by noon of the next day, the march commenced. Wallingford and his regiment pushed on against the enemy, who were moving in swarms from the dense forests in every direction, and threatening the destruction of the colony. Their march was directed toward the Capital, which was to be laid in ashes, and the helpless inhabitants to be massacred.

In the mean time, at Williamsburgh all was confusion and alarm. The frightened inhabitants were hurrying to and fro, erecting places of safety, and expecting every moment to hear that the little forlorn hope which Wallingford commanded, had been cut to pieces, and that the colony was given a prey to the murderous enemy. But in this they were happily, gloriously disappointed. Although many of the simple (and they are always the most ready to impeach merit) had censured the appointment of Wallingford to the command of the colony forces, yet the result proved the discernment and prudence of the Governor.

George rushed on through the wilderness in quest of the enemy, and at a place called the Little Madows, came up with a party under one Jummonville. This officer was killed, and all his men taken prisoners. From these, information was obtained that a large body of French and Indians were pressing on toward the Capital. Undaunted by this intelligence, Wallingford here built a fort, which he called Fort Necessity, and leaving a small garrison, moved on, until he was met by some friendly Indians, who informed him that the enemy were approaching, as thick as pigeons in the woods. A council of officers was then called, who advised an immediate return to Fort Necessity, but just as they reached it, the sentinels fired an alarm, and running in, stated that the woods were alive with Frenchmen and Indians. Wallingford had now but about three hundred to stand by him to meet fifteen hundred savage foes. Thus shut up in a dreary wilderness, with an overwhelming force gathering like mad hyenas to a nocturnal feast, from every quarter, still he manifested no sign of fear!

Wallingford, with iron nerve, stood at the head of his Virginia rangers, waiting with anxiety the burst of the impending tempest. At once it came. With hideous whoops and yells, the enemy came on, like a host of tigers. The moss-clad rocks and tall tree tops, filled with Indians, were lighted up with one continued blaze. But Wallingford and his little band were not idle. The young Virginia Blues, animated by their commander, leveled their rifles with such spirit, that the little fort, roaring and discharging full volumes of liquid fire, and wreathed in smoke and flame, scattered death with undistinguishable fury. For nine hours one incessent peal of musketry was kept up, and with such deadly effect, that over two hundred of the enemy pressed their bloody beds. Upon this the French General sent in a flag, and permitted Wallingford to retire with his handful of heroes, with all the honors of war.

This decided blow saved the whole frontier from the war-whoop and scalping-knife. On their return to the Capital, they were every where greeted with all the praise which a grateful people could bestow. The aged father and the tottering matron left the hospitable cottage to welcome the youthful heroes home. But envy, which grows green and rankling, like the poisonous weeds that creep around the youthful oak to choke its growth, but which wither and die in the shade of the monarch of the hills—was not yet dead.

It will be remembered that Wallingford was to have seen Mr. Prindle the morning after the party, but was prevented by the call of his country. George had determined, upon reflection, to take no farther notice of the insult, but to treat it with silent contempt. Mr. Prindle, on his return, however, came immediately to him and apologized for his conduct, but before Miss Frances he maintained the same envious bearing which characterized him at the party.

George went to pay his respects to Miss Grayson, as she had occupied his thoughts for the most of the time since the party; and how joyous she looked when their eyes met! He had again distinguished himself in the eyes of the beautiful girl as well as the world; he had returned safe, and was before her. At that moment how glorious appeared the world! The dazzling glance and the kind expression, all bespoke happiness. The present was not altogether clouded nor the future obscure. Wallingford was soon, however, called again into the service of his country, as her former enemy had assumed once more a hostile attitude.

The ferocity with which the Indians carried on the war against the poor defenceless frontier inhabitants, prevented Wallingford visiting the capital in person for three years. During this time he was engaged in the most active service. The hardships which he had to endure was too much

for his constitution, and he was taken violently ill with a fever. His disease was so malignant that no hopes were entertained of his recovery, and he was carried to a house in the nearest settlement. By the time he arrived there, he seemed to be entirely unconscious of any thing about him. But the family in whose care he was placed, gave every attention that kindness and skill could suggest.—In a few days he began to recover, and the first that he observed was a pair of deep black eyes watching over him with intense anxiety, and he felt a soft hand bathing his feverish temples. As he gradually opened his eyes, as with returning life, and beheld the satisfied countenance of the lovely maiden, now radiant with the smile of happiness, he felt a thrill of more than mortal gratitude. There, like a guardian angel, stood the soother of his sorrow—the beautiful object of his dreams, his love and admiration—his unforgotten Delia!

What are all the joys which redound to man, from the fame of the philosopher and the poet, or the glory of the patriot and soldier, when compared with the heaven-born feeling of reciprocal affection? Talk as ye will, ye cold schemers of earth, if ye know not this, ye are ignorant indeed.

Under the kind and unceasing attentions of Delia, Wallingford recovered rapidly, and was soon in a situation again to take the field. He was loth to leave, however, the situation to which he had been so unwittingly introduced. Time flew as if borne on the wings of the wind. Full often would Delia, with eyes and words too eloquent to resist, urge him to abandon the life of a soldier and to pass the remainder of his days "in calm domestic quiet." When taking the usual walk in the clear moonlight evenings, frequently would she picture, "in words that breathed," the danger and hazard he would incur in the strife of war, and the happiness which might be his in retirement. All his energy of character was necessary to resist these appeals; but his country demanded his services, and he responded to the call.

The time arrived for his departure, and Delia escorted him to the gate. A tear unconsciously stole to her mild black eye as she extended, perhaps for the last time, her hand to him who had made the first impression on her young, confiding and susceptible heart. Her dark tresses hung carelessly around her brow, the rose of her cheek assumed a deeper hue, the smile of happiness had left her lip, and her snow-white bosom heaved a parting sigh. A lingering, an almost overpowering regret showed itself upon Wallingford's countenance. Not daring to trust his resolution long, he clasped the lovely girl in his arms, and imprinting a long, long kiss upon her lip, with the word "farewell," he immediately mounted a horse prepared for him, and bounded away.

It appeared that Delia's father had left Williamsburgh but a short time before, and taken up his residence at the place whither Wallingford had been conveyed during his illness.

Time sped rapidly on. Difficulties commenced between the mother country and her colonies, and the sons of Freedom gathered around the temple of their liberties. Governor Dinwiddie, as did many of the Collonian Governors, sided with Great Britain in the controversy. The cloud of war which had been so long gathering, at length burst with tremendous fury, and an appeal to arms was the inevitable consequence.

Mr. Prindle, understanding that Wallingford was, as he pleased to term him, one of the "rebels," felt confident that the time had now arrived to worm himself into the old Governor's favor. Both himself and Miss Frances had been long endeavoring to prejudice the Governor against him, and to make Prindle himself the favorite. What time could be more fitting than that which was now presented? An old Governor who derived all his consequence from his King, would of course, upon any controversy arising between the latter and the people, side with his royal master. All those who before had catered to the old Governor's prejudices, at once became or remained violent royalists, and sneered contemptuously at the idea of revolt openly threatened by the provincials. Mr. Prindle was officious in fomenting the difficulties, thinking that any conflict which might ensue would only terminate in the discomfiture and disgrace of all engaged on the side of the patriots.

The sky darkened and the angry clouds of war rolled black and threatening up the horizon, while every muttering gust that swept across the Atlantic, was laden with the notes of dreadful preparation. High upon the bounding wave, launched forth the steel-clad warriors of Britain, while to the Western gale the squadron's wings were thrown. Far upon her western cliffs, observant sat the faded form of Ocean's Queen, while at her feet her faithful lion roared. With look terrific and with main erect he snuffed the gathering storm.

In the mean while, the sons of liberty were not idle. Forth came from every quarter the persecuted and the oppressed; all upon whom the iron hand of power had fallen, rallied at the call of freedom. The eagle, "bird of the sun," forth issuing, bore aloft in her beak, that motto, the death-dirge of tyrants, "Liberty or Death." High above the din was heard the eloquent appeal of humanity, and from hill and dale loud boomed the answering shout.

At length, upon the fated field of Lexington, the thunder cloud came down. Hot from the forge of war the bolt descended, and rent forever the union of Britain and the Colonies. The ever-to-be-remembered battle of Bunkerhill soon followed, and with it the high appeal to arms throughout the Colonies.

And as the eyes of patriots were now turned to detect a leader, they directly fell upon Wallingford, the young Virginian. Yes, he, the "young buckskin," was immediately appointed Commander-in-chief of the American forces, and forthwith proceeded to the discharge of his formidable duty.

Mr. Prindle, through his own and Frances' importunities with the Govereor, succeeded in obtaining a situation in the royal army. Mr. Vaughan went into the army, while Peyton embarked for Europe. Miss Hungerford married an officer in the army, while Miss Milner and Miss Robinson remained in glorious "single blessedness."

* * * * * * *

The war rolled on. Wallingford had distinguished himself by his skill and bravery, and the final blow was about to be struck. The British under Lord Cornwallis, driven from post to post by Wallingford and his now victorious troops, retired to Yorktown, and prepared to defend himself against the republican army which was now advancing.

On the last day of September, 1781, Wallingford set down before the British fortress with one hundred pieces of heavy artillery, and on the seventh of October, this dreadful train began to thunder. Immense masses of smoke obscured the day, and nought could be heard save the clash of arms, the shrieks of the combattants, and the loud voice of Wallingford urging his heroes to the bloody charge. The British works were swept away like the ripening grain before the impetuous hail storm. Lord Cornwallis, unwilling to see his army literally cut to pieces, agreed, on the seventeenth, to surrender. As this event was taking place, Wallingford was accosted by a young man belonging to the British army, and to his utter astonishment, he beheld the familiar face of Prindle. Approaching, "Wallingford," said he, "I have long been your personal and political enemy, may we not now call ourselves friends?" Wallingford immediately, with his characteristic benevolence, grasped the young man by the hand, and exclaimed, "Let the past be forgotten, and happiness distinguish the future."

After the necessary arrangements had been made in providing for the prisoners, and despatches transmitted to Congress with the intelligence of the capture of Cornwallis, Wallingford turned his attention to other objects. Prindle, who was a frequent visitor at Wallingford's quarters, at last invited the American General to walk with him to his own. In compliance with this request, Wallingford went with him; but what was his astonishment on entering, as Prindle introduced him to his lady, who was none other than the once proud and haughty Frances Dinwiddie! What a change time had wrought in her appearance! She was no longer the vain prude, the silly daughter of a king-appointed governor; but the humble wife of an inferior officer in a captured army, and a prisoner of the very man she and her husband had once sought to ruin! She was embarrassed.—she knew not what to say; but Wallingford readily apprehending her feelings, remarked that he had his carriage ready to return to his own home, the army being disbanded, and that he should consider Mr. Prindle and lady as his guests.

At this instant Vaughan entered, and after a full explanation, Wallingford, Vaughan, Mr. Prindle and lady stepped into the carriage prepared for them, and wheeled rapidly away for the seat of the former at Mount Vernon. Swiftly they swept along, and through Wallingford's kindness, his guests forgot their situations,—Miss Frances became cheerful and full of glee and animation, while the gentlemen let off the merry joke, and the joyous laugh went round.

They now arrived at Mount Vernon, and Wallingford introduced his guests to his lady, the once beautiful Miss Delia, and now the lovely lady Wallingford. Never were happier countenances seen than on this occasion. Bright and joyous beamed every eye, and happiness, smiling godess, reigned supreme. Then the darkness of the past was forgotten in the light and life of the present. In a short time the glorious news of peace arrived, and over both countries waved her symbol, the olive branch, now green and verdant.

"Oh, who that shared them ever shall forget
The emotions of that spirit-stirring time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening and at prime;
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
Hailed news on news, as field on field was won;
When hope, long doubtful, soared at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
Watched joy's broad banner rise to meet the morning sun?"

But the iron nerves of war had become relaxed, and all was peace. The lovely and confiding Miss Grayson had become the wife of Wallingford, the star of the world; Mr. Prindle and Miss Frances had lost their enmity when glory rose too high for envy, and became true friends; Vaughan also became a steady inmate at Wallingford's, and Miss Milner and Miss Robertson were frequent visitors. Peyton after embarking for England, was never heard of more.

A few years after, they all, with the exception of Peyton, met at the house of President Wallingford. How changed the young surveyor and the planter's daughter! The former, the most successful General of his age, and now President of the "United States of America, free and independent," and the latter his still lovely bride.—As they related the incident at the party of the old Governor's, her black eyes would brighten up with all the witchery of youth and maiden loveli-

ness, and she often remarked that she never had seen so warm a moon, as that which shone on the night of the party.

In conclusion, as WASHINGTON is a better name than Wallingford, will the reader please substitute it?

Rochester, Dec., 1840.

Original Drama.

FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

DAVIA:

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF DUTCHESS COUNTY.

The persons represented in the following sketch are
MAHMOUD, Emperor of Morocco,
CASSINA and ZADARE, Sons of the Emperor,
FRANCESCHINA, ADILA his wife, and DAVIA their child, captives to the Emperor.
AL RAID, Governor to Zadare.
Courtiers, Attendants, Mariners, &c. &c.

SCENE—A grove in the Island of Corsica.

Enter Adila and Franceschina.

ADILA. And here am I, amid thy charming groves,
And smiling fields, and gurgling rills,
Blest Corsica! home of my early choice!
But yet I am not blest: Methought,
When lingering through the darksome hours
Of my captivity, the sight of these,
Bare sight of these, would make me happy.
FRANCESCHINA. And why, my Adila, art thou not happy?
ADILA. Oh, canst thou ask? when she, my Davia,
Child of my heart—the lone and lovely bud
Which through her infancy I nourished as
The promise of my future days—when she
Just as her folded beauties would burst forth
And blossom in my arms, is snatched away—
Not by stern Death, for Death's expanded wing
Could ne'er have blown so chill upon my heart—
But oh! to think my child, my darling child,
Must be the victim of a despot's will!
Her early charms immured within the walls
Of a vile Moorish mansion! Oh, the thought!
The maddening thought! It drives away all peace.
FRAN. Cheer thee, my Adila; our child will be
The loved and lovely Empress of a realm—
Not Christian, true, but she will hold a sway
That any Christian maid might envy.
ADILA. Oh, Franceschina! I have followed thee
Through sickness, grief and exile—shared the pain
Of long and bitter bondage; but through all
Nought have I heard from thee, no, not through all,
That fell with such a weight upon my soul,
As these last words of thine. Oh, God!
Are these a father's feelings? Can the pomp,
And gorgeous glitter, and unmeaning show
Of vain and worldly grandeur, thus outweigh,
Thus trample under foot the sacred ties
Of fond paternal love, religion, all? [*Withdraws.*
FRAN. (*Solus*) Oh, heaven! I cannot bear those looks, that tone,
Those words of hers! that the bright guiding star
Of all my better hopes, whose constancy and love
Have been my sole support through many a woe
Unspeakable, and but for her, unborne;
That she, my Adila, should thus upbraid me.
It must not be—the child must be regained.
But how? Can I, alone, unaided, stand
Against a mighty Emperor? Can I
Cope with a powerful nation? I will call
Poor Adila—a mother's feelings may,
Perchance, aid me to plan the rescue. Adila?
[*Re-Enters.*
Oh! pardon me! forgive the thought—no, not
The thought, the words—the unfelt words by which
I vainly sought thy griefs to soothe: think not
Thy Franceschina lost, so lost, to all
The better feelings of the heart, or rather
The only feelings which his God e'er placed
Within a parent's bosom, as to yield
His daughter thus to infamy—(for in
His troubled eye it is no less) without
The every effort which his feeble power,
If he command ought that deserve the name,
Being to the utmost tried. No, Adila,
I have in secret studied, planned, and sought
Some avenue in which fair promise beamed;
But if my eye has caught one feeble ray,
One glance of hope, some dark obstruction
Has cast its gloomy shadow, and effaced
Ere its first dawn. Hast thou, my love, no plan?
ADILA. Yes, I can plan. What mother in my place
Mourning her lost, could not? The best,
I think most eligible of my schemes,
Is this: Mahmoud has infant sons; has pride,
If not paternal love: could we contrive
To get into our power but one of these,
It is enough. I know his fondness for our child,
But yet, it is not passion. He would yield
The little plaything of his idle hours,
Which he but values as the child her doll,
If but his pride were roused; his haughty mind
But ill could brook the bondage of his son.
I know so well—so oft have sadly trod
Each turret avenue, each covert walk,
Of those detested palace grounds, that were
I there again, (and rather than live thus
I would recall my servitude, my chains.)
I say were I but there, disguised, unknown,
I could win to my arms the wished-for pledge,
And bring him all unharmed, and pleased, away.
For I would scorn, upon the guiltless child
To bring one tear, even of infantine wo.
FRAN. A project worth the attempt and worthy you!
Be not too sanguine—yet it shall be tried.
Then if his pride should take another turn,
And he would rouse his realm, ere yield his toy,
Ah, where shall rest our hope? we have no force
To match Morocco's hosts. Yet will we try,
And trust to Heaven for aid. We have, thank God!
The means to fit one sail—and this will bear
Us to the coast where lies a treasure worth
The risk of all else we possess. Our lives,
If forfeited, will sell for their full price.
I go this instant to prepare the way. *Exit Fran.*
ADILA. (*Solus.*) How strangely do the ties we form on earth,
The loves and friendships which surround us here,
Blend with our future destinies: they give
A coloring to our thoughts, and words, and deeds,
They else had never known, and thus the heart
Becomes the creature of its attributes.
If I had never met my Franceschina,
Or met, had never loved, how different
Had been my quiet course. Little I thought,
When in the joyous morn of life, my heart
Was lighter than the breeze that waved at eve
Across my native isle, Pardinia, ere yet
The Corsican had marked the dear retreat
That sheltered my young days, and won a heart
Which has been ever solely his; or when,
Adoring and adored, my native shore
Receded from my sight, and I a bride;
Ah, little did I think that such would be
The eventful page of my forth-coming life.
That ere I reached the promised post of bliss,
The neighboring isle for which I left my own,
Years would roll over me, of wretched joy,
Of mingled sorrows and delights: that two
Barbarian States would claim me slave,
Yet in the cup of thraldom drop the balm
Of consolation. E'en the Algerene
Whom first I hailed as master, had enough
Of human kindness in his soul, to leave
The young affections of my breast unshorn;
And while my eye could on its idol rest,
I could bear even slavery's chains—did bear
For years, long years, unmurmuring, till at last,
Sweet Pity found, in even Hassan's heart,
A resting place—(for she will sometimes deign
In sternest heart to light)—and once again
We turned our gladdened brows towards Corsica.
But cruel Fortune still pursued with frowns
The victims she had chosen for her own—
Capture and bondage here again our share,
Tho' softened yet again by Mercy's smile.
A smile how dearly bought! Our infant's charms,
Nurtured in exile and captivity,
Had power to win an Emperor's favor; and
With honors loaded, wealth, and all save that
He could not then confer, home for the heart,
We still were wretched: still we longed to tread
The land where kindred souls still dwelt, and where
From christian altars holy incense rose.
But, oh! the sad alternative! to leave
For freedom, country and religion, calls
Loud, irresistible,—to leave for these
A being bound by Nature's strongest ties!
Yes, I have proved them such! have deeply proved
That nought on earth is stronger than the love
Which binds a mother to her child. If I,
Under the influence of conflicting powers,
Yielded to other claims, 'twas but to prove
By absence, the intensity of that
Unutterable, undying love,
Which binds my heart to thine, Oh, Davia!
My Davia, how could I leave thee thus? [*Exit.*

SONG O'ER THE WATERS.

Joyously, cheerily, o'er the bright wave,
Glideth the bark with hope laden;
The hope of a father a loved child to save,
The heart of a mother to gladden;
The love of a mother, 'tis formed but of hope,
Yet with it no feeling in deep truth can cope!

Slowly and solemnly now moves the bark—
The hearts that it bears become saddened;
Distrust, doubt and darkness have banished the spark
That a moment before each eye gladdened:
Yet if hope forms the basis of woman's deep love,
Despair hath not power its strong chains to remove.

Merrily, cheerily glideth it now,
The dark clouds that hovered have vanished;
Doubt hies to the stern, while hope takes to the prow;
Each trace of distrust has ev nished:
Thus hoping and doubting we bound o'er the wave—
Hope holds a bright wreath—Despair points to a grave.

SCENE—An alcove in a garden of the Emperor of Morocco. Davia and Cassim, the elder son of the Emperor, appear in deep conversation.

CASSIM. But would you leave us, Davia? would you go,
Leave all these beautiful, bright things behind,
And leave me sorrowing for one to share
Kindly, like you, in all my gentle sports?
For oh, my brother is not mild like you;
He loves the ruder, manlier, if you will,
But not the gentler pastimes, from which I,
My lovely Davia, draw my chief delight.
Yet what were these, without a friend to share?
He would not see the beauty of one flower,
Which glares not in a gaudy, gay display—
He would not list one sweet note of a bird—
He ne'er would think to gaze upon the moon,
Nor find your likeness, Davia, if he gazed.
He ne'er would catch the music of the stars—
Nor could he form a rhyme to one sweet thought.
No, Davia, dear, without you I were lone,
Yes, lonelier far, and sadder, than if ne'er
My heart had summoned the bright rays from yours.
DAVIA. But, Cassim, you have never known like me,
The strength, the fondness of a parent's love,
Else you would hesitate to urge me thus.
You little know what Christian mothers feel
When doomed to part, and part as mine hath done,
From one whose faith she yet might deem unfixed
In the great truths on which would rest her all
Of trust, again to meet in a far better state.
Oh, Cassim! could I bring you to believe,
Firmly as I believe, young as I am,
And ignorant, 'twould seem of all things good,
Yet could I bring you to believe with me—
Then could I leave you with an eye undimmed.
Then would you live but in the hope to meet—
Not the imagined Houries of a clime,
Which but in Fancy's idle realm exists—
But the pure spirits of the loved on earth,
Those whom the Fates have rudely severed here
But to unite in endless bliss complete.
Could you but build your hopes on base like this,
The stormy waves of life would harmless dash
Against a breast but whitened by their strokes,
As the pure sands are blanched by ocean waves.
Cassim, tho' your young mind which yet has roamed
Rather in Fancy's fields, than Truth's high realm,
May deem this but a feather from her wing—
Ponder it well, ere you pronounce it such.
If my few summers have not yet matured
My mind, to judge of lofty thidgs like these,
The truth was graved there by a mother's word,
And I believe it, as if sent from God.
[*Enter Mahmoud, from behind a screen of roses, which had veiled him from observation.*]
MAHMOUD. Ah, pretty traitress, is this thy part?
Dost think I thee detained to teach my sons
The vile belief of Christian Infidels?
Cassim, I came to seek thy brother here,
And little thought to find thee thus engaged.
His gliding presence yet eludes all search,
And I become alarmed: when treachery lurks
In such young bosoms as that smooth-toned girl's,
Where I believed no thought had ever place
That I could read not with the eye's first glance,
Well may I look in doubt and fear around.
A dark, suspicious sail was seen but late,
(So doth report my trusty messenger,)
Upon the coast—for days she hovered near,
And now her errand learned—then left the port—
And my Zadare, my brave, my high-souled boy
Is no where to be found. Pavilion, fount,
Each stream of depth, where he pursued his sports,
Each spot where he, o'ercome by mere fatigue,
Beneath some palm, might sink to sweet repose,
All have been searched, and yet afford no trace.
Canst thou no clue to this strange mystery give?
Nor thou, arch counsellor to this brave lad?
CASSIM. Nought know I of my reckless brother's fate,
Nor should I deem it strange, adventurous boy,
If he some violence on himself had brought.
The search is not yet hopeless? let me join.
DAVIA. I saw him at day's close along yon stream,
And deemed him safe in the aye-watchful care
Of his accustomed mentor, dark Al Raid.
Is he too missing? is Al Raid also gone?
MAHMOUD. Al Raid had given him to a servant's charge;
The servant with Zedare is also gone,
None can tell where—I doubt that treacherous sail!
[*Exit Emperor and Cassim*
DAVIA. [*solus.*] 'Twas tidings of that bark so fraught with doubt,
That turned my thoughts so fondly to those hearts,
That yet, it seems, of me preserve a trace,
An echo to the feelings of mine own,
Which led me to unburden my full soul
In language, which before hath not found vent,
Through fear it might awaken dark distrust.
But unto Cassim's generous ear, methought
I might in safety, as in sorrow, speak,
And little dreamed that dark-browed man so near.
For though to me his voice is ever kind,
Or was, till now—and though he be his sire,
I cannot, no, I cannot deem him true,
Nor love him, as I love my father lost,
Or as I would love Cassim's. [*Ex*

it.

SCENE—A hall in the Emperor's palace. Present, Emperor and attendants. A servant, bound, is br the into the apartment. ought

EMPEROR. Art thou the dog to whom Al Raid gav
Of my most noble son, Zedare? charge
SERVANT. I am, my lord.
EMP. And whither hast thou borne the preci
That ne'er to such base hands had been co ous charge,
Had Al Raid wished to live! where is Ze signed,
SERV. A lady, sire, a lady of most queeni dare?
And gentle bearing, came at eve, from y mein
O'er the waters,—and I humbly deem ar
Came from the Prophet's land—for sl
And gentle words, induced my nobl e with smiles
To go with her on board some glor s charge
Telling him tales of lands more l ous ship,
Of isles amid the waves, where vely far.
In many a form unknown to o beauty dwells
And he, enraptured, as I, too, r bright shores—
My own heart was, was not must own
Zedare, believe me sire, is to be restrained.
Where all the faithful hor ith that band
Entered, without the bitt e to find a place—
EMP. Begone! dull prat rness of death.
Him to some dungeon ng fool! attendants bear
O'er-credulous and ea eep, fit place for such
ating knaves—away! [*Exeunt.*

MA INER'S SONG.

With brave heart s manned, and white sail spread
We go to seek our lost Zedare;
Wherever mort foot may tread,
What mortal arm may boldly dare,
We venture, for our own dear head,
And for the boy, so young, so fair—
Yet if to H Aries' land he's sped,
He is, we deem, far better there.

No such gl ill fate will e'er be ours,
If we ste r. Mahmoud's trust betray—
Then let u seek each isle of flowers
Which l blooms in our wide ocean bay—
A goddes once dwelt 'mid her bowers,
With glance as fatal, poets say,
As e'e wns given to the powers
W no make our Paradise so gay.

W hat though Calypso's reign be past,
And brave Ulysses be no more;
There yet be mortals who oft cast
Nets round our hearts on many a shore—
But loud shall blow the cannon's blast
And bright its lightning flashes glare,
Ere woman make her meshes fast,
Around our lost, our brave Zedare.

SCENE—A pavilion of the Emperor. Franceschina and Adila brought prisoners into the presence.

MAH. Is this the way your Christian faith doth teach
Its worty votaries to repay kind deeds?
Was 't not enough that I should give you free,

And send you safely to your vaunted home,
To which my palace was a dungeon drear,
But you must dare abduction's villainy,
And steal away an Emperor's favorite son?

ADILA. Pardon, most generous sire, pardon the weak,
Short-sighted errings of a mother's heart.
You gave us freedom, true, but what its worth
With the head tethered to a foreign shore
We ventured but to try if your brave heart,
Was made of sterner stuff than Davia's was:
If his was wretched severed from his child,
Though well he knew that child a sovereign's pet,
Did your's fare better while your loved Zedare
Paid his short visit to our leafy isle?

FRAN. And marked you, sire, the mother's eye grow dim,
And her cheek fade from midnight vigils drear,
Whence thought drove sleep, while grief did tyranise?

MAH. [*aside to his courtiers*] This is strange court a
Moorish King to pay—
But these pale Christian dogs a sway have gained
O'er my heart, I little dreamed could be.
The wife I loved when first a captive brought,
With beauty peerless as an Houri's pride,
To grace, 'twas thought, my halls for long delight.
Her charms, so dazzling, sprang int from the soul,
That soul was dimmed if but her face was turned
From him whom she adored, her christian lord;
And I could find naught worthy of my love
When he was absent. Yet did she arouse
A touch of pity in my heart, which still
Forbids that justice should have customed sway.
I saw the rending of her heart when torn
The ligatures that bound her to her child—
And I blame not the method she has ta'en
(For rest assured it is *her* work alone)
To lure away my noble, hopeful boy.
She could nor find it in her heart to harm
The verriest worm upon the earth that creeps—
She thought to test the tenderness that dwells,
Yes, that may dwell, e'en in a Moorish breast,
And she shall prove that one is not of stone.
I little thonght that I could thus be brought
To yield *my* will to any *womnn's* will—
But sure these pale creations of the north
Have in them something that eludes my grasp—
They call it *soul*, and say it shall outlive
The casket fair in which 'tis nobly shrined;
And e'en their children teach the dangerous faith.*
Well, let them take the babbling, prating doll;
My Cassim is already taking fraught
Lessons of Christian faith from the mere child.

[*Enter Davia at this moment, with Cassim at her side.—Davia rushes to her mother's embrace—Cassim looks on with evident delight and admiration.*

Yes, here they come, the twain inseparable!
[*Aloud.*] Cassim, wouldst follow her to the chill isle
Which she calls home, and yield thy claim
To thy more worldly brother, of the realm
Which was thy destiny? boy! idler! speak!

[*He looks imploringly at Davia—she appeals to her mother thus:*

My mother, it is Cassim's wish—and mine.

ADILA—Has he his faith renounced?

DAVIA—Let him that question solve.

CASSIM—Most noble sire, the boon I came to seek,
Is offered, though in taunt. Yet even thus,
Do I accept release. With her I go.
I leave my faith—my birth-right of a realm,—
The first is false—the latter spirit-bonds—
To him to whom they better fitted are,
Your favorite, Zedare. Father, farewell! [*Exeunt.*

* It is hoped that the countenance here given to the popular error that the Mahomedan faith denies immortality to woman, may be pardoned, with the explanation which this note offers to the critical.

Selected Miscellany.

A MELTING STORY.

No other class of men in any country possess that facetious aptness of inflicting a good-humored revenge which seems to be innate with a Green Mountain boy. Impose upon or injure a Vermonter, and he will seem the drollest and best natured fellow you ever knew in all your life, until suddenly he pounces upon you with some cunningly-devised offset for your duplicity; and even while he makes his victim smart to the core, there is that manly open-heartedness about him which infuses balm even while the wound is opening, and render it quite impossible that you should hate him, however severe may have been the punishment he dealt out to you. These boys of the Green Mountains seem to possess a natural faculty of extracting fun from every vicissitude and accident the changing hours can bring; even what are bitter vexations to others, these happy fellows that in a manner so peculiar as to completely alter their former character and make them seem to us agreeable, or at least endurable, which was before in the highest degree offensive. Another man will repay an aggravation or an insult by instantly returning injury, cutting the acquaintance and shutting his heart forever against the offender: but a Vermonter, with a smile upon his face, will *amuse* himself while obtaining a far *keener* revenge, cracking a joke in conclusion, and making his former enemy forgive him and even love him after chastisement.

One winter evening, a country store-keeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up his window shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain store-keeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he might have gained a premium from the old inquisition.

"I say, Seth!" said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hands upon the door, his hat upon his head, and the roll of new butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, on such an e-*tar*-nal night as this, a leetle something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow; come and sit down."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes, that while the country grocer sat before him there was no possibility of his getting out, and right in this very place sure enough the store-keeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit, "without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth; come, I've got a story to tell you, too; sit down now;" and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormenter.

"Oh! it's tu darn'd hot here," said the petty thief, again attempting to rise.

"Set down—don't be in such a plaguey hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I *must* be agoin," continued the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Set down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself *cool*; you appear to have the fidgetty," said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a *toast* now and you can *butter* it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose—(it was about Christmas time)—here's a Christmas *goose*, well *roasted* and *basted*, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in *creation*. And, Seth, don't you never use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste with; fresh pound butter, just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in nature to baste a goose with—come take your *butter*—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to *smoke* as well as to *melt*, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away, as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red-hot furnace before him.

"Darnation cold night this," said the grocer.—"Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you was warm! Why dont you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away!"

"*No!*" exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat, "No! I must go; let me out; I aint well; let me go!" A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermonter, "If you *will* go;" adding, as Seth got out into the road, "neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a ninepence, so I shan't charge you for that *pound of butter!*"

MORAL SUASION.—We copy the following from the Baltimore Sun—it shows the happy results of moral suasion in the cause of Temperance:

"One of the most extraordinary moral reformations that has ever taken place in this country, has been in progress in our city for the last nine months. Its origin we will briefly state. Six or seven men who had for years abandoned themselves to the brutalizing effects of intemperance, formed a resolution, while in a tavern, and surrounded by every thing to tempt their morbid appetites, that henceforth they would not again touch, taste or handle strong drink. Acting upon this resolution at once, they formed a 'Total Abstinence Society,' the members of which, like themselves, should be of those who had been habitual drunkards. This was the first step.—The next was to go to their old boon companions, and by argument and persuation endeavor to bring them into their association. Their success was beyond expectation. Men who had for years resisted the entreaties of friends, and the prayers and tears of their suffering families, acted upon by some new and strange impulse, laid aside the cup of confusion and ranged themselves upon the side of temperance. Thus, by steady and rapid accessions, the society grew into strength and importance, and at this time numbers over 200 members."

SPINOLOGY.—In these days, when boarding schools for young ladies are devoted to fashionable ologies of the day—such as conchology, ornithology, ichthyology, zoology and such like, we propose an additional science, as a finish to young ladies' educatton, viz, *Spinology*. Our grandmothers of olden time, who made good wives for patriotic men that achieved our independence, knew how to spin. They were, too, expert at weave-ology; and as to cook-ology, none of the learned ancients could go ahead of them. As a coneequence of all this, they enjoyed good health and such things as consumption and dyspepsia were seldom known. But in modern times those sciences, so honorable to the matrons of the revolution, have gone out of date. A lamentable degeneracy, both physical and moral, has followed. Then the country had *women*, now we have none. Females have all turned *ladies*.

If our fashionable schools cannot be induced to establish departments in spinology, weave-logy, and the like, we would suggest that some worthy matrons—if a number qualified for the business can be found—should go into our cities and towns and set up spinning schools to teach young ladies not how to spin street yarn; this art they have generally achieved already; but good, substantial wool, and in a work-womanlike manner. This should be preparatory to a High School for teaching the healthy and ingenious and healthy art of Weaving; and when they are proficients at both, a good knowledge of Cookology should entitle them to a regular diploma, with the honorary degree of F. W.—Fit for Wives.—*Maine Cultivator.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF WATER.—The best water for horses is soft, fresh, and pure rain, river, or pond water; and it is absolutely necessary, to preserve health in the stable, that a constant and ample supply should be on the premises. In order to effect this, when well or spring water is the only water to be obtained, it should be put into troughs, having some clay and chalk at the bottom, and softened before use by exposure to the sun and air. Such is the effect a change of water has been known to produce in a horse, that in some instances even the loss of a great race has been, with much show of reason, ascribed to this cause alone; and careful trainers have even gone so far as to carry with a horse, on the eve of an important engagement, a supply of the water he has been accustomed to.—*Whyle's British Turf.*

"I go for one term," as the fellow said when the judge sentenced him to the state prison for life.

"Get out!" as the powder said to the bullet.

"Go to grass," as the farmer said when he turned his oxen into pasture.

"How very familiar my friends are," as the loafer said when the hogs were rooting him over in the gutter.

"This is a very trying situation," as the rogue said to the jury.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1841.

THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

To the friends and patrons of the Gem we proffer the compliments of the New Year, wishing them all those brilliant and heart-cheering pleasures, real and anticipated, that rejoice the heart of youth, and awaken to new life the dormant sympathies of those who are just feeling the first step upon the verge of another world.

Let us commence together the renewed journey of life with the vigor of hope, pursuing our course with a cheerful rectitude, and aiming at the grand final design of every virtuous mind, the elevation and purification of intellect.

To this desirable end, the publishers will spare no exertions nor reasonable expense. They have made extensive arrangements for rendering the Gem, for the future, the best publication of the kind in the United States. To accomplish this object, they have engaged several contributors of distinguished abilities, who cannot fail to delight and instruct the chastened intellect, and some of whom have generously *volunteered* their efforts to raise the standard of periodical literature in this hitherto much neglected field.

With these promises and considerations, which we pledge ourselves to "try" to redeem, we solicit a patronage commensurate with our deserts, exertions and expenses.

To Correspondents.—"Marco Bozzarris and the Suliote Greeks," a historical tale, will appear in our next number, as also "The Bible," "Life and death," and lines "To C. B. V."

The beautiful lines of "A. C. P.," on the "Falling Snow," having been mislaid, we would thank the writer to send us another copy of them.

New Papers.—The "Literary Pearl and Weekly Village Messenger," is the title of a very clever journal lately established in Charlton, Saratoga county, N. Y., by Henry W. Underhill & Co., and edited by E. G. Squire.

We have received the first number of "The Morion," published at Crawfordsville, Indiana—E. L. Maddox and O. Johnson, editors, and W. H. Webb, printer. The contents *profess* to be entirely original, though some of the articles are nearly "as old as the hills." Plagiarism on such a grand scale, is anything but justifiable.

We have also received the first number of "The Student's Budget," from Cooperstown, N. Y. It is published under the superintendence of a club of students connected with the Otsego Academy, and is printed by Benedict Palmer. The matter appears to be very good, but the typography of the paper might be somewhat *improved*

A slight differaace.—One of the witnesses at Mrs. Kinney's trial, stated that just as her husband was breathing his last, she said to him, "Good bye, George." Was it the object of this testimony to prove that she said, "Good, by George?"

☞ A Miss Frost, of Massachusetts, has recovered 366 dollars of Mr. Fly, for a breach of a marriage promise. He courted her a year and had to pay at the rate of one dollar per day for his sparking. Poor fellow! he got *frost bitten.*

O. K.—A new steamboat called the O. K. arrived at New Orleans on the 1st inst. One of the papers says she carries an *Oil Fired Kargo*, and another says she is *Oil Kabin.*

Wood *vs.* Water.—A scientific gentleman of the literary emporium, asserts that a cord of green wood contains exactly one hogshead of water.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

Venice.—This Ocean-Queen has not become shorn of all her beauty. Even yet—the pale shadow of her former self, "dim, discrowned"—she rarely fails to delight the eye and captivate the senses; but in the olden days, when her argosies, treasure-laden, swept over every sea—when her princes were merchants, and her merchants princes—when her chivalry was the bulwark of christendom against the infidel—when what she won by might she retained by policy—she must have been magnificence itself!

A Magnificent Taper.—During one of the sieges of Paris, in the war of the league, it was thought if a taper, of sufficient size, were presented to the virgin, she would intercede for the deliverence of the town. One was accordingly made, five miles and a half long, and kept burning night and day, before her image in Notre Dame. But the sequel proved that there was not as much virtue in wax as had been supposed.

Abuse of Females.—Many of the American female Indians experience such harsh treatment from their husbands, that they destroy their female infants, alleging that it is better for them to be put to death, than to live as miserably as they themselves have done.

Lofty Christians.—A sect of enthusiasts in Greece, when Christianity was less understood than it is at present, passed their whole lives on the tops of high columns, drawing up, by means of a rope and basket, such provisions as charity bestowed.

Fat and Lean, again.—We often hear the expression, "a cross, *lean* person," but never "a cross *fat* person." It is rather singular that leanness should thus be associated in idea with ill-nature, more often than obesity.

Lightning Conductors.—These useful instruments were much opposed when first introduced into Paris. A gentleman having placed one on his house, was compelled by the sheriff to pull it down.

The best mode of attack.—A clever female French writer says, women should not sit *beside* the man they wish to conquer, but opposite him. "Attack a heart by full front, not by profile," is her expression.

Origin of the term "Assassins."—During the thirteenth century, there were a religious sect in Persia, called Assassins. They were familiar with the use of the dagger, and hence the modern name.

One of the Beauties of Fashion.—At one time in Boston, the architects were obliged to raise, to lower, or to change their doors, according as the dress of the women varied.

Sad, very.—A dandy once, having, by an accidental slip of his razor, divested one side of his chin of a larger quantity of his whiskers than he intended, hung himself of a broken heart.

Consolatory.—"Ah!" said Louis XV., one morning, suddenly looking at his watch, "'tis the hour fixed for the funeral of Madame de Pampadour; she will have a fine day!"

Memoirs.—These have been very justly termed "the stones of which history forms its future edifice."

Watches.—When watches were first carried, they were very bulky, and were worn suspended round the neck on the breast.

Love of Truth.—Washington is reputed to have never told a falsehood.

EMIGRATION OF BIRDS.

A writer in the Little Falls Enterprize, over the signature of "C.," battles the generally received opinion of "the emigration of birds from a cold to a warm climate, on the approach of winter;" and in support of a contrary opinion, states that at the south, during the winter months, birds are not more plenty than they are during the summer months.

We have ever been believers in the emigration of birds, and had supposed our belief founded upon evidences by no means equivocal. We have noticed every spring, the flight from the south to the north, of flocks of wild geese, pigeons, black birds and many other varieties of the feathered tribe; and in the fall, we have seen them on the wing again for the south. But this is not the only evidence to the point that has been furnished us.—We have often, during our sporting excursions in the spring, shot different species of birds, and particularly pigeons, immediately after their arrival in our latitudes, and in their crops we have found grain and roots which were not only not the productions of our own soil, but which, it is well known, *only* grow at the south. Facts like these are worth columns of mere speculations.

But the writer in question adds, "we might expect, as there is land *north* of us, that birds might emigrate here at the approach of winter." Some of them do thus emigrate, and among the number we may mention the snow bird. This is emphatically a northern bird. Penetrate the backwoods of British America, until you arrive at the field of labors of the Hudson's Bay Company, and you will find this bird "at home," during the spring, summer and fall; but the atmosphere of winter, in those high latitudes, is too searching and severe for its comfort, and hence it is that we are favored with its company for a portion of that season of the year. But the greater portion by far of the northern birds, do not stop immediately after crossing the lakes, but continue their journey still farther south. That this is so, we doubt not that our Little Falls friend might become convinced by consulting Audubon, or any other eminent ornithologist.

We will dismiss this subject by asking "C." one question: It is certain that few birds winter with us, and if they do not emigrate to the south, will you inform us what becomes of them during that season?

Ladies' Companion.—The third number of the XIV volume of this ably conducted Magazine has reached us with a promptness that we might expect, when we consider that it is under the supervison of the ladies. The plate, though well done, we think is not as beautifully executed as previous ones have been. The s ene is from our own beautiful Hudson, and is magestically grand.—Having the same list of contributors, with some new ones, the articles evince all that chasteness of thought and refinement of intellect which should give it a high standing among the literary publications of the day.

☞ We are informed, says a Michigan paper, by a gentleman from the Far West, that a celebrated Phrenologist while lecturing upon that science in the beautiful village of Carrallton, Missouri, discovered bumps upon the heads of the citizens of that place which have never before been noticed by any of the fraternity. He calls them Brassfaceitiveness and Softsoapability. But he says the organ of Mind-your-own-businessitiveness has entirely disappeared.

☞ A Michigan paper says flour is now so low n that state that yeast can't make it rise.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

THE BLIND ATTORNEY.

BY REV. A. C. LATHROP.

As the sun was sinking to the western sky on a beautiful evening, in the delightful spring season, two brothers sat by an open window, engaged in earnest and solemn conversation. One of them was totally blind. He was in the bloom of youth, had nearly finished a clerkship-term in law, had married him a beautiful and lovely wife, was just arranging his circumstances to commence the practice of law, when his eyes grew dim, and ultimately, owing to a want of attention, and to the multitude of his cares and studies, he became wholly and hopelessly sightless! Oh! what were the sorrows of his heart, as day by day, the sun arose, but shed no light for him. He mourned not for himself alone, but for that dearer self, his beloved bride!—And she too! How often did her scalding tears fall upon his fevered brow, as she bent over him, while she attempted to soothe him by the tones and words of her gentle love! Time wore on slowly, while he expended the little property which was designed to help him, in the pursuit of his profession. He heard of the celebrated Eye Infirmary in Rochester, where many blind were caused to see, by the skill of the well known oculist Dr. Munn. Thither he bent his course, but with no avail. He returned home to his disconsolate wife, without obtaining material aid.—Hearing of the English oculist in New York City, he hurried off to place himself under his care. Instead of receiving benefit from his medicines and prescriptions, he was rendered far worse by them. Many a night did his faithful companion watch by his bedside, while neither of them found repose! Nature was nearly over-powered, and life almost extinct, from grief, pain and exhaustion. Poverty stared them in the face, and they wished for death to deliver them from their sorrows. At length sympathizing friends temporarily relieved them from the pinching hand of poverty, until his pains left him, though his blindness remained.

Soon after this he came to enjoy the hospitality and kindness of his youngest brother, who was officiating as a minister of the gospel in a distant parish, and who, though unmarried, had invited him to come to the place of his abode, and share with him the pittance he received from the parish for a living. On the evening spoken of, they were engrossed in conversation. The blind man was complaining of his hard fate, and mourning over his sad lot, while his brother was attempting to cheer and soothe his spirits.—At the dictation of the blindman, who is naturally a lover of the Muses, that have frequently visited him of late, to bless and charm him with their songs, his brother, to please him, and to while the dark and heavy hours away, composed, by his assistance, the following

POETICAL DIALOGUE.

BROTHER.

How bright the sun is shining,
As down the golden west,—
With gentle pace declining,
He mildly sinks to rest.
The azure sky is clear to-night,—
The snow reflects its gaze,
And answering to the mellow light
The old church windows blaze?

BLINDMAN.

Ah! why re-call the brightness,
To me, who have no sight?
Why thus, in thy heart's lightness,
Dost thou seek mine to light?
To me, there's nought but sorrow—
A cheerless night of gloom!
No hope dawns on the morrow,
But from the narrow tomb!
The sun may shine, but not for me,—
On me he smiles in vain,
Oh! never! never shall I see,
His glorious face again!
Oh! for the grave! to lie down there—
With flowers above my head!
How glad, to leave my sorrows here,
And rest among the dead!

BROTHER.

Ah! say not so, my brother,
But still thy murmuring heart;
These doleful feelings smother,
And act a wiser part.
This morn, the sky was overspread,
With clouds that dropt in tears!
So sorrows gather round thy head,
And veil thine early years.
Thy morning sky is clouded,—
Thine eyes forbid the light—
Thy fondest hopes enshrouded,
In Egypt's darkest night.
But God can drive these shades away,
And brighten yet thine eye—
As yonder planet's loveliest ray,
That gilds the western sky.
Tho' hope or joy may never
Illume thy pathway here,—
Tho' closed thine eye for ever,
On all thy heart holds dear—
Remember in yon blessed clime,
Thou mayest His glory see,
Who shuts thine eye through coming time,
But opens it eternally!

FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

LINES TO WINTER.

BY D. C. ROBERTS.

The last sad dirge-like tone
Of dying Autumn fades upon mine ear
And ushers in old Winter cold and drear;
And the North wind's wild moan!

Now view the ice-bound earth,
Far as the eye can range the whitened waste,
Sweet Summer's fleeting beauties are erased,
And all is blight and dearth!

Far through the frozen sky,
Sails the dim day-star with a sickly glow;
While soft and silent falls the fleecy snow,
And shuts earth from the eyes.

The hills and verdant vales
All feel the ravage of the years' grim king,
As 'mong the woods and bowers in echoes ring
The notes of struggling gales!

And high the snow drifts pile
Their bleak banks o'er the lea, and where the stream
Whilom, disported and with ruddy gleam,
Mirror'd the liliy's smile.

So from yon cottage roof
Up curles the dusky smoke, betokening joy
And peace to those within, without alloy,
From cold and storm aloof.

A circle round the hearth,
Ye blessed gailess ones,—pile high the fire!
Quaff the new wine, and tune the rustic lyre,
To songs of joy and mirth!

Then welcome, winter's reign,
Since thou dost bring to mortals blissful hours;
Welcome to thy rude sway earth's summer bowers—
Thrice welcome back again!

FOR THE GEM AND AMULET,

SONG.—It is the Hour.

It is the hour, the elysian hour,
When star-lit skies unveil their light,—
When sparkling dew-drops kiss the flow'r,
That opes its lips to fragrant night.
It is the hour when sweetest sleep
Shuts the eye-lids of the soul,—
And love her lonely vigils keep,
And pensive stillness holds control.

It is the hour when fancy wings
Her curbless course in softest dreams,—
When happiness, melodious, sings,
And earth has lost its wonted scenes.
It is the hour when memory wakes
Her thousand phantoms of the past,—
When joycund youth comes back and takes
Its lightning-glance, and fades as fast.

It is the hour when music's voice
Re-echo's through the glittering hall,—
When pleasure bids her sons rejoice,
And mirth prolongs her pleasing call.
It is the hour when beauty's form
Moves to the viol's siren song,
When hopes are fair and hearts are warm,
And thoughtless folly guides the throng.

G. K. W.

Hannah Moore was once expressing to Doctor Johnson her surprise that Milton, who wrote the Paradise Lost, should write such poor sonnets.—Madam, said Johnson, Milton was a man who could cut a colossus from a rock, but he could not carve heads upon cherry stones.

It is of no use to grumble about the vicissitudes of this life; but it is of great consequence to our happiness if we can have philosophy of mind to encounter all its varying scenes with pleasantness and fortitude.

MARRIAGES.

In Penfield, on the morning of the 12th instant, by Rev. Tryon Edwards, WILLIAM A. REYNOLDS, of this city, to SOPHIA C. CLARK, eldest daughter of the late Mrs. L. M. Ely.

In this city, on the evening of the 12th instant, by Rev. Mr. Whitehouse, MORTIMER F. REYNOLDS, to MARY E. HART, daughter of Roswell Hart, Esq. formerly of this city, deceased.

In this city, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Joseph F. Cox, to Miss Lucy Gridley.

In this city, on Friday morning, the 1st instant, by the Rev. Elisha Tucker, Mr. RODNEY L. ADAMS, to Miss MARTHA ANN SOUTHWORTH, all of this city.

In this city, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. R. F. WARREN, to Miss AMANDA M. BROWN, all of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. William Cooper, of Lockport, to Miss Sarah Harrison, of Rochester.

By Rev. P. Church, Mr. Samuel Gravely, to Mrs. Mary Hayes, both of this city.

Also, by the same, Mr. Robert Truesdale, to Miss Mary Miner, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, 7th instant, by the Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. EDWARD R. LUCE, to Miss MARY ALVIRA, daughter of the late Ira Carpenter, all of this city.

In this city, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. F. Davis, to Miss Elizabeth Gall.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Tooker, Mr. Leonard Stoneburner, of Brighton, to Mrs. Jerusha Craw, of Rochester.

On the 31st Dec. by Rev. W. Van Zandt, Mr. George R. Woodworth, to Miss Louisa Lindsley, all of this city.

On the 5th instant, by Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. John Cooper, to Miss Harriet Hill, all of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. John Fitts, of Dansville, to Miss Mary Ingersoll, of this city.

In Leicester, on the 27th day of Dec. last, by Ira D. On Wednesday, Dec. 30th, by the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. E. AVERY, of Castile, to Miss SUSAN EALES, of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 30th, by the Rev. Tryan Edwards, Mr. WILLIAM BURKE, to Miss LOUISA S., daughter of Reuben Bardwall, Esq., all of this city.

On the 29th ult., by the Rev. B. O'Riley, R. C. R. Mr. Hugh Johnson, to Miss Lucia Lynden, both of this city.

Smith, Esq. Mr. Simeon Henry, to Mrs. Sarah Henry, all that place.

In Manchester, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. William Roe, Mr. Henry Post, to Miss Ann Jennett Saulpaugh, daughter of Mr. Philip Saulpaugh.

At Geneva, on the 22d ult., by Rev. F. G. Hebard, Mr. John Raper, to Miss Ellen Paler, all of Lyons.

At Barre Centre, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. Alfred Raymond, to Miss Laura Ann Hobart, all of Albion.

In East Carlton, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Parsons, Mr. William Noble, of Gaines, to Miss Polly D. Bragg, of the former place.

In Gaines, on the 31st ult., by the same, Mr. Elmore Filkins, of Wilson, Niagara county, to Miss Angeline Holt, of the former place.

In Carrol, Chautauque county, on the 15th ult., by J. H. Pray, Esq., Amos W. Muzzey, Esq. to Miss Anna Alexander.

In Genesee, on Tuesday last, by Rev. J. B. Hudson, Mr. Calvin Morse, to Miss Hannah Moody, all the above named place.

At Holly, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Crampton, Mr. Stilman A. Clark, of Brockport, to Miss Selina A. eldest daughter of Harrison Hatch, Esq. of the former place.

In Portage, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. RALPH VAN BRUNT, Jr., to Miss ELIZA CHOAT, both formerly of Rochester.

At La Grange, Genesee co., Dec. 17th, by the Rev. Jesse Elliot, Mr. Labon Howard, of Livonia, to Miss Louisa Jane Wittier.

In Geneseo, Dec. 27th, by Ira D. Smith, Esq., Mr. Jarome B. Fletcher, to Miss Sabra L. Scott, all of that place.

At Gaines, on the 22d ult., Mr. Leonard S. Evans, to Miss Emeline Brown—and Mr. Nathan W. Luce, to Miss Delia Brown, all of Barre, Orleans county.

In Darien, on the 17th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Goff, Mr. Asahel Henderson, to Miss Julia E. Lee.

In Webster, on the 24th ult., Mr. Edward Turrill, to Miss Ann F. Van Sincoe.

On the 8th ult., at Mrs. Gen. Pike's, in Boon county, Kentucky, by the Rev. William Whittaker, John Hunt, to Zebalino A. P. Harrison, grand-daughter of William Henry Harrison, President elect of the U. States.

In North Rush, on the evening of the 16th inst., by Levi Kelsey, Esq. Mr. Thomas Clapp, to Miss Mary Albertson, all of the former place.

In Clarendon, Orleans county, on the evening of the 24th instant, by J. A. Sheldon, Esq. Mr. Stephen Church, to Miss Nancy Sheldon, all of the above place.

In Ridgeway, on the 24th instant, by the Rev. Asa Warren, Mr. Hiram G. Hibbard, of Lancaster, Erie county, to Miss Harriet Sophia Mason, of Ridgeway.

In Barre, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Samuel La Mont, of Gaines, to Miss Laura Phelps, of the former place.

In Coshocton, Ohio, by the Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Thomas W. Flagg, to Miss Catharine Conley, both of that place.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 23, 1841. No. 2.

Original Historical Sketches.

FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

Marco Bozzaris and the Suliote Greeks.

"All power is in the will—and will is Fate!
Who would peruse the future, let him search
The book of his own soul—if there he read
The unconquerable purpose—the resolve
Eternal and immutable—the faith
That fears, doubts, questions nothing—let him on:
He bears his fortunes with him and his fate."

ANON.

The heroic band of Suliote Greeks had dwelt for ages among the mountain fastnesses of Suli, and in vain had the Sultan sought to dispossess them of their possessions in his attempts to subjugate Greece. Gaining a bounteous subsistence by frequently descending to the plain, and pillaging those who were willing to be slaves, rather than fight for their freedom, they, in the mean time, were preparing themselves for the conspicuous part they took in the last revolution of their once glorious but sadly degenerated country. Born as it were with arms in their hands, and inured to hardships known only to those who dwell amid mountains, and gain a subsistence in like manner with themselves, they were early taught to look upon a Turk as their natural enemy, and to crave death as a mercy at the hand of Providence rather than submit to the Turkish yoke. Unlike most mountaineers, they were not avaricious, though bold and indomitable; and though given to plunder, sacrilege and murder never disgraced their annals. Fleeing to the mountains for that liberty which they inherited from their ancestors, and that they might enjoy that religion through which alone they had a passport to another and a better world, had nature so ordered things that the hill side should vie with the valley in producing the necessaries of life, perhaps the spirit which burned within them would have prevented them from mingling with their enslaved countrymen, so far even as to plunder them of the products of their farms and vineyards.

History affords but few instances of such unity of purpose and determined opposition to tyranny, as characterised the Suliote Greeks, from the time they fled to the mountains as sufferers for protection, until they returned the avengers of their country's wrongs. Selecting those most distinguished for prudence and bravery to guide them in their councils and during their predatory excursions, the ambition of every man, woman and child seemed to be concentred in the one desire to guard their united interests by ever opposing the dynasty which had levelled the most of Greece to its own debasing altitude; and so ardently was this principle of union and action cherished, in process of time it seemed to have become incorporated in their very natures, to be born with them, growing with their growth and increasing with their strength. It was their hope and security, and though but partially civilized, it gave them a power and influence scarce ever enjoyed by a like number of men.

But numbers will conquer resolution, and brute force, at times, be found more than a match for bravery. Hence, a short time before the revolution, we find the Suliotes, with Marco Bozzaris at their head, after fighting thirteen years, with all the ardor of men determined to be free, were compelled to retire from before the tremendous force of Ali Pashaw, and seek a temporary home in the Ionian Isles. There, however, they did not long remain, for Mahmoud, then Sultan of the Turkish Empire, having come into open collision with Ali Pashaw, the most powerful subject in his dominions, and knowing the peculiar hatred entertained by the Suliotes towards this Pashaw, invited them to resume their arms and expel him from their mountain homes, promising them assistance not only, but the freedom they coveted, and various other tempting rewards. The Suliotes accepted the invitation, and joined the Turkish army, but only to learn the duplicity of an interested sovereign, and that in the Sultan they had a worse and more determined enemy than in their old oppressor. He remembered their boast, that Suli never was sullied by the foot of a Mussulman, and never paid tribute to the Porte, and he feared to give them footing again in their strong holds, from which he might never be able to drive them; and therefore, after they had assisted to drive the rebellious Pashaw into his castle on the banks of the Yanina, the Sultan's general no longer needing their services, not only refused to allow them to re-conquer their native mountains, but treated them with insult, and even meditated treachery to get rid of them. But it was as hard to cheat as to beat the Suliotes. Fortune had favored them with a chief as wily in the cabinet as he was bold and successful on the battle field. Comprehending at a glance his own and the situation of his men, by a master stroke of policy which would have done honor to an older head, the young Bozzaris relieved his countrymen from the dilemma in which they unexpectedly found themselves, and gave the first blow toward disenthralling his country from the yoke which it had worn for ages.—Entering by night the castle of the besieged Ali Pashaw, he thus addressed him: "Ali, the Suliotes, your old enemies, and whom you after so long a struggle drove from their country, and whose country you now hold, have from this moment a common interest with you. If you will give up to us our mountains and fortresses, pay us a sum of money to send to our families, who are in a foreign land, and deliver to us your nephew, as a hostage for your faith, (for we know you of old to be faithless,) we will to-morrow quit the army of the Sultan, take possession of our country, and from it molest in every way your besiegers." It cost the old veteran a sigh to resign possession of that for which he had fought so long and so hard; but as he was closely besieged, and knowing the harm the Suliotes could do his besiegers by carrying on a guerilla warfare in their rear, he assented to the terms offered by Bozzaris, gave to the Suliotes the sum of ten thousand dollars, delivered up his nephew as a hostage, and sent orders to his captains in the fortresses of Suli to deliver them up to their original proprietors.

If by wisdom and bravery, previously evinced, Marco Bozzaris had not merited the superior command of the Suliotes, now, at least, no one dared dispute his claim, and hence, throughout that long and desperate struggle which resulted in the dismemberment of Greece from the Turkish Empire, the Suliote followed where Bozzaris led the way, and only drew his sword at his command. Faithful to his engagement with Ali Pashaw, the morrow's sun found him and his band on their way to the mountain fortresses they inherited from their ancestors, and which, until driven hence by their new ally, they had guarded and defended with unwonted diligence and bravery. And how did their hearts glow with exultation, as they once more beheld each familiar object, as they breathed again the pure mountain air, and on the half demolished altars of their country, renewed their vows to wage an eternal war against the enemies of Greece! They loved the wood land hill side, and the cave, and the wild streams which swept by their fortresses and homes, not merely because reminded by them of early associations, and of the days when life is like a dream, but also because of the security which they afforded against that slavery which had fallen upon their brethren of the plain; and as the eagle soars from cliff to cliff, stopping, not because of weariness, but to rejoice in his own might and power, so a thousand Suliotes, on the day of their return, might have been seen vieing with each other in the chase and gambol from peak to peak. What cared they for the luxuries which enervate, and the dissipations which destroy?—What cared they for titles, or sordid wealth, the dross of courts and pride of slaves? They sought rather the subsistence which nature demanded, and the exercise which strengthened every muscle and made them a terror to the foe. Inglorious ease to them had no charms; their lives were lives of toil; and when the day of trial came, they stood forth fully prepared to become the bulwark and glory of their country. On arriving among his native mountains, the first care of Bozzaris was to call in his scattered countrymen, and thus increase the number under his immediate command, in the mean time also gathering together such Mussulmen as favored the pretensions of Ali Pashaw. About two thousand were soon collected, and with this band Bozzaris soon recaptured all the fortresses which had fallen into the hands of Ismael Pashaw, general of the Sultan's forces, and then hastened to the relief of the besieged Ali. Though not joined by as many of Ali's friends as they had reason to expect, the Suliotes kept up a constant war upon the rear of the besieging army, uniformly defeating the divisions of it sent against them. Their method was, to make a sudden and unexpected onset, and then retire to some more secure situation, their numbers being quite too small for a general engagement. But by carrying on this kind of warfare for a season, and by cutting off the supplies of men, ammunition and provisions intended for the Turkish army, they were enabled more effectually than in any other way, to refill their own storehouses, and to prepare themselves for the more important part they were destined to act during that dark and bloody revolution.

One event is worthy of note, as it affords an instance of the desperate daring of the Suliote Greeks, and particularly of their chief. A body of four thousand Turks was encamped near Plaka, but not having a force sufficient to drive them from their position in the day time, Bozzaris, with about five hundred followers, fell upon them at midnight, and completely routed and dispersed the whole army. For a time they resisted, but until

they began to fly, thick and fast fell the turbaned host, particularly when the sword of Bozzaris drank blood, and where his voice rose far above the din of battle, urging on his tried and trusty followers until the last remnant of the foe disappeared. Booty, and not prisoners, was his object, and after collecting as much of the former as they could carry, they left the scene of action and field of glory.

It was in vain the Turks lamented the breach of faith and mistaken policy which drove Bozzaris from their camp, and converted the Suliotes into foes more determined than ever, at the very time their assistance was most needed. Ere they discovered their error, or knew the full power and influence of their foe, a combination of circumstances had resulted in a rebellion throughout Greece, and that too at a time when but a small portion of the Turkish army could be employed in suppressing it. Having just succeeded in reducing all his rebellious Pashaws but Ali Pashaw, of Greece, and Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, what with guarding the districts recently the scenes of rebellion, and watching ever jealous and grasping Russia, from whence he was threatened with an invasion, the Sultan had employment enough for his army without wasting its energies among the mountains of Greece. But Greece was too precious a province to be yielded without a struggle. Her soil was too rich, and her vineyards too productive, not to be retained, even at a great sacrifice; and hence, what was deemed not only a sufficient force for quelling the insurrection, was marched into her territory, but the war was carried on in a manner to strike terror to the hearts of the inhabitants. Catching, however, the spirit which for ages had saved the Suliotes from the degradation of slavery, the whole Greek population flew to arms, resolved to free themselves or die in the attempt. This resolution was daily strengthened by the rapacities of the Turks, until through the length and breadth of that beautiful clime, all was one scene of carnage and horror, both sides contending with a desperation almost unknown in the annals of war. Urged on by a bigotry and avarice not satiated with blood, it was death for a Greek of any description, whether man, woman or child, to fall into the hands of a Turk.—On the other hand, retributive justice marked the movements of the Greeks, and they rushed upon a Turk crying for quarter, with the same determination to slay and not to save. Not so, however, with Bozzaris and his Suliote band. Magnanimous, as well as brave, when it was most easy to avenge them they seemed to forget their wrongs, and often saved the lives of those who only wanted an opportunity to slay their preservers.

The castle in which Ali Pashaw took refuge, on the banks of lake Yanina, though strong and bravely defended, at length fell into the hands of the besiegers. The Sultan's army had been greatly increased in numbers, and furnished with heavier ordnance; and the siege had been carried on with an energy commensurate with its importance. To humble the rebellious Pashaw, and strip him of his power and wealth, was absolutely necessary before the war upon the Greeks could be carried on with much vigor. Bozzaris was from time to time advised of the situation of the Pashaw, and finally that the place must surrender, and therefore returned once more to his native mountains to prepare to receive the Turkish force, which he knew would not leave that section of country without an effort to conquer Suli. Ismael Pashaw had been succeeded by another and more experienced commander, large additions had been made to the army, and the Turks felt confident of an easy victory, as they turned themselves toward the country of their old and more immediate enemies. But the Suliotes feared little the number or resolution of the foe, so long as their stores and ammunition lasted, for better than their enemies they understood the advantages of their position. The most the Turks could do, was to sit down in vast numbers before their fortresses, and patiently wait the exhaustion of their stores. Without ordnance, it would be useless to attack the Suliotes, as no effort to scale walls defended by such men could be successful. The orders of the Sultan were imperative, and on no occasion was the Turkish general, who was a brave and active man, and disliked more than the men under his command the inactive warfare in which he was engaged, to leave Suli unconquered.

It would be uninteresting to go into a detail of the different sorties which at times interrupted the otherwise quiet course of things in the mountains of Suli. Month after month rolled away, and the Suliotes were invulnerable still. The patience of the Turks, however, seemed as inexhaustible as the bravery and resolution of the beseiged foe; and though much needed in the Morea, and other districts where the Greeks were in the ascendant, they showed no disposition to move. The situation of the Suliotes, unknown, however, to their beseigers, for to them they ever appeared the same, was daily becoming more and more critical. Prevented from obtaining anything from without, their store-houses were fast becoming exhausted, and starvation and surrender stared them in the face. But unwilling to yield, and have the beseigers resume more active operations elsewhere, Bozzaris left the citadel, passed the lines of the Turkish army, and travelled on foot and at the peril of his life, the whole of the wild country between Suli and Corinth. Corinth at that time was the seat of Government. His object was to get arms, and a reinforcement of men, with which he intended to fall upon the rear of the Turkish army, during a sortie from the citadel, by which means he hoped to relieve his countrymen and rout the foe. Representing to government how important it was that the Suliotes should be enabled to keep up their gallant defence, and imparting a portion of his own zeal to those at the head of affairs, he not only had the satisfaction of having his views warmly seconded, but of soon seeing a small but energetic force on the march toward Suli, commanded by the President in person. Another detachment, under Kuriekuli Mavromichalis, was sent by water, with instructions to fall upon Suli from the west, while that under the President and Bozzaris was to penetrate through the mountains and advance from the east.

Proudly beat our hero's heart as he found himself at the head of an army, (for such, though accompanied by the President, was the fact,) pushing on to the relief of his countrymen, and that those under his command, seeing with what energy he led the way, and how ardently he longed for a glimpse of his native mountains, partook in a measure of the same spirit, and dashed on, regardless of danger or toil. Proceeding directly to Patrass, they crossed the gulf of Corinth and landed at Missolonghi. There they remained a number of days to get recruits, but receiving a message from the Suliotes, urging him, because of their desperate situation, to hasten on, Bozzaris once more put his men in motion, directing their march through Ketolia, Arcanania, and other intervening provinces, hoping to be joined on the route by still greater numbers, and particularly by some of the bands of *Armatoli* who inhabited some of the regions through which he would pass. In this he was disappointed, except in the case of two chieftains, of very doubtful faith, Goyo Bakalos and Vernakiotis, but nevertheless pushed on to Komboti, where he took post with a complement not exceeding three thousand men. Here they were immediately attacked by a body of Turkish cavalry, which they repulsed with great slaughter. The onset was renewed from time to time, but the advantage was always on the side of the Greeks. With a vigilance almost superhuman, Bozzaris watched over the little army under his command, and if any portion of it during their numerous conflicts with the Turks, became hemmed in by superior numbers, his sword was ever ready to open a passage for their egress and escape. At Komboti he was met by another courier from Suli, who represented the situation of the Suliotes as deplorable indeed. Not only were they almost without provisions, but by an enormous sacrifice on the part of the Turks, they had all been driven into a single citadel, and as their ammunition had begun also to fail, it would not be possible for them to hold out much longer. This was too much for Bozzaris to bear, and he resolved to set off with three hundred Suliotes, hoping almost against hope, to conceal his men by day, make their way through the mountains by night, and if they could not disperse the Turkish army by an unexpected and vigorous onset, at least furnish his countrymen with the means for a continuation of the defence of the citadel until the arrival of the Greek force under the President.

What might have been accomplished but for the treason of Gogo, it is impossible to say. As was more than suspected, he had kept up a constant correspondence with the Turkish general, and as soon as Bozzaris, with his three hundred Suliotes left the Grecian camp, that officer was made acquainted with the circumstance. A body of one thousand men was instantly dispatched, with orders to join those who were already out, and if possible, meet and capture them at Plaka. At Plaka they met them, and Bozzaris, unable with his small force openly to oppose the Turks, kept up a continued skirmish during the day, pushed on at night, and finally baffled all their efforts to surround his little band. But though he worked his way until within a few hour's march of the rear of the Turkish army, now that his force and mission were both understood by the Turkish general, he was unable to do any thing for his countrymen in the citadel, and therefore commenced a precipitate retreat towards Peta, to which place the President was to advance with the Grecian army, and where he arrived just in time to take part in a general engagement with about eight thousand Turks, who had been despatched to cut off the Greek force destined to the relief of the Suliotes. Though apprized of the presence and numbers of the foe, the Greeks resolved to await an attack. If successful, they might then advance to the relief of Suli; if not, they could still retreat to Missolonghi.

The village of Peta stands on sloping ground, at the foot of a high mountain, having also a high ridge of land on either side. It was resolved in council, contrary to the advice of Bozzaris, to place the regular troops in front of and at the foot of the village, forming a line of the remainder and larger proportion of their force, behind and above the town, with two wings extending forward like the horns of a crescent, and occupying the two ridges which formed the flanks of the foremost line. The night succeeding this formation of the army was spent under arms, and on the following morning, four thousand Albanians commenced the attack, rushing on with the most tremendous shouts without firing until within musket shot of the Greeks. Reserving their fire un-

til the whole force of the assailants was in their immediate vicinity, almost every shot took effect, and the Turks were forced to retire. Animated anew by their officers, they advanced again with their wild shouts of "Allah! Allah!" but were again heroically met and repulsed; and thus for two hours the centre of the Greek army maintained itself and repelled every attack with great slaughter. Finally, by concentrating their forces, the Turks made an attack on the right, commanded by Gogo. After a single discharge of their muskets, the Greeks fled, and left the height they occupied in possession of the Turks, who from thence swept down the plain, and finally succeeded in routing the whole line. The flight of Gogo led to the flight of others, and ere he was aware of it, Bozzaris found himself, with his three hundred Suliotes, completely surrounded by a detachment of the Moslem army. But this to him was not a new or an alarming situation. Putting himself at the head of his men, they cut their way with little loss to themselves, through one column after another of astounded Turks, and made their escape to the mountains, where they remained until they heard of the detachment sent to the relief of Suli under Kuriekuli, and then hastened to rejoin the President at Missolonghi, whither he had retired after the battle of Peta. After a brief and favorable voyage, Kuriekuli landed at Fanuri, and commenced a rapid march toward Suli; but being met by a body of Turks of four times the number of his own, he was compelled to halt.—A desperate engagement ensued, which lasted for two hours, and until the brave Kuriekuli was slain, when the Greeks were forced to retire to their ships, and abandon all hope of being able to relieve Suli at present.

As yet, however, the brave Suliotes maintained their ground with determined obstinacy, and declined every proposition to surrender, though hemmed in by the immense force of the western part of the Turkish empire. Their sallies were both frequent and effectual, and their loss had been severe as a consequence, but trusting to the usual good fortune of their beloved chief, and sustained by the presence and heroic bravery of their wives and daughters, they held their own in the unequal combat. At last they heard of the near approach of Bozzaris, and prepared for a sortie in front, while he attacked the rear of the Turkish force. But day after day passed without any fires appearing on the surrounding hills, the signal for them to advance; and it was not until they heard of the unsuccessful effort of their chief to relieve them, and of the defeat of the Greeks at Peta, that they concluded to treat with their beseigers on the subject of a surrender. Though almost the last morsel of their provisions had been consumed, they still boasted of an abundant supply, and of their ability to defend the fortress for many years, and hence obtained from the Turks the most honorable terms of capitulation. The honors of war were granted them, and with their arms, families, baggage and every thing they could remove, and thirty Turkish officers as hostages, the Suliotes, never more than two thousand strong, and now reduced to six hundred men, marched to the sea shore and embarked in vessels for the Ionian Isles.

Another such an instance of bravery and success, of courage amid misfortunes, and hope and perseverance when there seemed to be hardly a motive for either, as that exhibited in the defence by the Suliotes of their native mountains, is scarcely on record. It more than realizes all that has been written of the heroes of fabulous antiquity, and but for its having been done, who at the present day would be willing to believe that under any possible circumstances, two thousand men could for months hold at bay such a force as that employed against the Suliotes? Before such prodigies of valor, such devotion to the cause of freedom, the mind pauses with reverence and humility; and if the historian, or orator, or teacher, wants an example of patience under suffering, of courage amid dangers, of resolution against hope, he can find them all in the history of this gallant struggle. Not merely to them, however, but to the whole country was it important that the Suliotes should sustain themselves as long as possible, for while they held out they gave employment to a vast number of the very flower of the Turkish army, which otherwise would have helped to deluge Greece with blood, and to prevent that organization and discipline of her troops which took place while the Turkish general was operating among the mountains of Suli. And hence, the Suliotes not only commenced the revolution, but to them incidentally may be attributed the freedom of Greece from the yoke of Turkish bondage. Though at first their own safety and welfare were the motives which influenced them, first, in joining the army of the Sultan sent to humble Ali Pashaw; and, secondly, in making an ally of the latter and re-appearing in opposition to the Sultan; yet, when the news of the insurrection in Morea, Peloponessus, and other sections of Greece reached them, they resolved to attach themselves to the fortunes of their country, and make the cause of the Greeks their own. Their intimate knowledge of the country, their hardihood as men, and their experience in guerilla warfare, made them formidable to the foe indeed; and their most valuable assistance was rendered by hanging upon the rear of the Turkish armies as they moved from place to place, cutting off stragglers and supplies, retarding their movements and frustrating their plans. The facility with which they obtained information, and the velocity with which they moved, made them equally a source of wonder and annoyance to the Turks; and ere the war closed, the mere mention of a Suliote was enough to make a Turk tremble.

Leaving a small body of men at Suli, the balance of Raschid Pashaw's army moved on toward Missolonghi, which place was defended by the Greeks who retreated from Peta, commanded by President Mavrocordato in person, assisted by Bozzaris with his Spartan band of three hundred Suliotes. Scarce, however, had the Moslem force descended to the plain from among the mountains, ere they found the same indomitable foe hanging on their rear, appearing and disappearing with a rapidity which distanced calculation, seeming invulnerable to their bullets and not to be caught in any snare. Missolonghi was a small but to the Greeks an important place, and as it was but feebly garrisoned, it was important that the march of the army advancing to besiege it should be retarded as much as possible, in order that additions might be made to the stock of arms and provisions in the fortress. This Bozzaris undertook to do, and only left them just in time to make a safe retreat within the walls of the city.

The Turks had hardly pitched their tents before the walls of the city before they commenced the attack; but in consequence of the desire on the part of each one of the three Pashaws in command to secure alive the persons of the President and Marco Bozzaris, their operations were not of a character with their means. The force within the walls was too small, and too illy supplied with arms to resist such an assault as the Turks might have made, and therefore the only hope of Bozzaris and the President was to protract the siege until the commencement of the rainy season. By occasional and unsuccessful sorties they deceived their enemies as to the actual strength of the garrison, and by holding out the pretence that they would surrender, protracted the siege. The avarice of the Pashaws was also a means of advantage to the Greeks, for they supposed Missolonghi to be the store house of a vast amount of wealth, which they intended to appropriate to their own private use, and which would be lost if the town was given up to be pillaged by the common soldiery. But growing impatient at delay, the rainy season having also set in, an attack was resolved upon, and christmas eve, a season of great church ceremonies with the Greeks, was decided to be the time when it should be made.—Every preparation necessary for the occasion had been made by the Turks, men with scaling ladders in abundance, and as those destined to mount the walls were to be sheltered and defended by means of a brisk cannonade, all counted upon an easy victory. But the Greeks had received notice of all their plans, and stood ready to meet the foe; two only of the scaling party got within their lines, the balance having been cut down after they mounted the walls, or in their efforts to ascend their ladders. The Turks pressed on until daylight, but only to meet the fate of those who had gone before them; and when the light broke upon this scene of carnage, it showed the Greeks still triumphant and securely situated behind the breastworks they had so bravely defended. The Turks, as though rebuked by a voice coming from among the thousands of their bleeding and dead countrymen, fled in the greatest confusion, followed by Bozzaris and his three hundred Suliotes, who thus once more wreaked that vengeance on their foe which was intended for themselves.

Inspired with new hope by the success which had so generally attended their arms, the Greeks made larger preparations for the next campaign, while the Sultan, not in the least disheartened but rendered more malignant by defeat, sent an additional army of twelve thousand men into the field the ensuing spring, under the command of Mustapha Pashaw. To resist the ingress of this new and large force, Bozzaris advanced with only twelve hundred men, and came upon them in one of the plains of Arcanania. A mind less dauntless and fertile in inventions than his own would have quailed in view of such an enterprise, but his heart was one whose great resolves were called out by just such an emergency as he found himself in. Had he met this force in a mountainous region, where the passes were strong, and where his Suliote friends could have fought under advantages which the plain on which their enemies were encamped denied them, the case would have been different. Calling a council of all the chiefs of his band, and by a spirited address imparting to them a portion of his own fiery zeal, it was resolved to attack Mustapha in the night, and trust for success to the ignorance of the Turks of the amount of their force. The arrangement, attack, and success of the Greeks all combined to prove the wonderful sagacity of our hero. Taking four hundred Suliotes to attend upon his person, and with whom he intended to enter the Moslem camp, the balance of his band he divided into three divisions, and so arranged as to advance at a given signal from different points.

At 10 o'clock he passed the outposts of the Turks by speaking to them in the Albanian tongue, and telling them that they had come from Omer Pashaw, from whom reinforcements were expected; and so perfectly did he succeed in deceiving all who opposed any obstacle to his progress, that he walked unharmed amid the sleeping thousands, until he nearly reached the centre of the army

and the quarters of the Pashaw, whose person he was anxious to secure. Suddenly raising his bugle, the shrill blast was answered by the wild shouts of his men, who instantly commenced the work of destruction, and the thousands encamped on that plain awoke to find themselves in the midst of enemies. Seizing their arms in the wildest dismay, the turbaned host rocked to and fro not knowing where to flee, and as each individual levelled his musket to fire, he knew not whether he was firing at friend or foe. Prevented by the darkness of the night from discovering the persons of their adversaries, and judging of their numbers by the wild shouts with which they rent the air, the Turks fled after the first discharge of their guns in the greatest confusion, and knew not until the morrow of their own loss or the small force by which they had been routed. But great as was this the last victory ever achieved by Marco Bozzaris, it was a sad though an important one for Greece. Towering like a giant amid the ruin he had wrought, from the commencement of the engagement, Bozzaris sought to force his way to the tent of Mustapha Pashaw. Already was his eye fixed on the glittering canopy of Mahomed's representative, and a few more strokes of his trusty sword would have placed him within his grasp. But Providence had otherwise ordered. In the moment of victory, he who by his wisdom and valor and success had become the pride of the Greeks and dread of every foe, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his country. Calling louder than ever upon his Suliotes to follow him to the tent of the Pashaw, a random shot struck a vital part, suddenly his voice was hushed, he fell and instantly expired! His dead body was removed to Missolonghi, where it was received with the greatest possible respect, and interred with all the imposing pomp and ceremony of the Greek church.—As yet, nought but a pile of stones marks the spot where repose the remains of Marco Bozzaris, but even this monument, rude and unbefitting as it is, answers as a landmark to the traveler anxious to pause for a moment by the grave of one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of Grecian heroes.

The Old World.

NAPOLEON.

To almost every class of readers, whatever relates to NAPOLEON possesses a lively interest.—The account of the late removal of his remains from St. Helena, and their re-interment in France, we doubt not, all who are acquainted with his eventful history would wish to possess in a form suitable for preservation; and for this purpose we have transferred it to our columns.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Remains of Napoleon.

We have already published the report of the Prince de Joinville, containing the particulars of the removal of Napoleon on board the Bell Poule. We have now in addition to those, the report of Count Rohan Chabot and Captain Alexander, the commissioners appointed to superintend the exhumation of the body.

After mentioning the names of the persons who entered within the enclosure, the report proceeds to describe the operation until they reached the coffin, when his Excellency, the Governor, accompanied by his staff, Lieut. Middlemore, his Aid-de-Camp and Secretary, and Capt. Barnes, Major of the Place, entered the tent to be present at the opening of the inner coffins.

"The upper part of the leaden coffin was then cut and raised with the greatest precaution; within it was found a coffin of wood, in very good state, and corresponding to the descriptions and recollections of the persons who had assisted at the burial. The lid of the third coffin having been raised, there was found a lining of tin slightly oxidized, which having been cut through and raised, allowed us to see a sheet of white satin; this sheet was raised with the greatest precaution by the hands of the doctor only, and the entire body of Napoleon appeared. The features had suffered so little as to be immediately recognised. The different objects deposited in the coffin were remarked in the exact positions where they had been placed; the hands were singularly well preserved; the uniform, the orders, the hat, but little changed; the whole person in fact, seemed to indicate a recent inhumation. The body remained exposed to the air for only, at most, the two minutes necessary for the surgeon to take the measures prescribed by his instructions, in order to preserve it from all further alteration."

The next document is an order of the day from the Prince, with regard to the various points of naval and military etiquette to be observed during the ceremonial of embarkation and afterward—The last one, however, is deeply interesting—a *process verbal* of the opening of the coffiin, drawn up by Dr. Guillard, surgeon major of the Belle Ponle. After reciting the precautions used in opening the lids of the several coffins, it continues:

"Something white, which appeared to have become detached from the lining, covered, as if with a thin gauze, all that the coffin contained. The cranium and forehead which adhered strongly to the satin, were particularly stained with it, but very little was seen on the lower part of the face, on the hands or on the toes. The body of the Emperor was in an easy position, as when it was placed in the coffin; the upper members were laid at length, the left arm and hand resting on the left thigh; the lower limbs were slightly bent; the head, a little raised, rested on a cushion. The voluminous skull, the high and broad forehead, preseted themselves, covered with hard and yellow teguments closely adhering to them. Such appeared also, the contour of the orbits, the upper edges of which were furnished with eyebrows.—Under the eyelids were still to be distinguished the ocular globes, which had lost but very little of their volume or form. The eyelids were compietely closed, adhered to the subjacent parts, and were hard under the pressure of the finger.—Some eyelashes were to be seen on their edges.—The bones of the nose, and the tegument which covered them, were well preserved; the tubes and nostrils alone had suffered. The cheeks were full. The teguments of this part of the face were remarkable for their softness to the touch and their whiteness. Those of the chin were slightly blue, a tint they had borrowed from the beard, which had grown after death. The chin had undergone no change, and still preserved the peculiar type of the face of Napoleon.

"The thin lips were parted, and three of the incisive teeth, very white, appeared under the upper lip, which was a little raised toward the left. The hands were perfect, not having undergone the least change. Although the joints were stiff, the skin preserved that peculiar color which is only to be found in the living man. The nails of the fingers were long and adherent, and very white. The legs were in boots; but, in consequence of the opening of the seams, the last four toes were out on each side. The skin of these toes was of a dead white, and furnished with nails. The anterior region of the thorak was much depressed in the middle, and the sides of the belly hard and sunk. All the members covered by the clothing appeared to have preserved their shapes. I pressed the left arm, which I found to be hard and diminished in thickness. As to the clothes, they appeared with their colors, so that the uniform of the horse chasseurs of the old guard was to be recognized by the dark green of the coat and its bright red facings. The grand cordon of the legion of honor was across the waistcoat, and the white breeches were partly covered by the hat, which was placed on the thighs. The epaulettes, the star, and other decorations attached to the breast, had lost their brilliancy and turned black. The gold crown of the cross of officer of the Legion of Honor had alone preserved its polish. Vases of silver appeared between the legs, one surmounted by an eagle, which rose above the knees; they were found entire, and closed. As there were adhesions between these vases and the parts they touched, I uncovered them a little, the King's commissioner not thinking it right that they should be removed for the purpose of a closer examination."

The *proces verbal* goes on to state that the above particulars might have been more full, but they were sufficient to show that the preservation of the body was more complete than circumstances of the autopsy and inhumation warranted an expectation of. It then proceeds:—

"This is not the place to inquire into the causes which have to this extent arrested the progress of decomposition; but there is no doubt that the extreme solidity of the masonry of the tomb, and the care taken in making and soldering the coffins in metal have powerfully contributed to this result. However this may be, I feared the effect of the atmosphere upon the remains, and was convinced that the best means of preserving them still longer was to exclude them from its action. I eagerly complied with the desire of the King's commissioner, that the coffins should be immediately closed. I restored the wadded satin to its place, after having steeped it in creosote, and then caused all the wooden cases to be closely fastened as possible, and those of metal to be hermetically soldered. The remains of Napoleon are now in six coffins—one of tin, a second of mahogany, a third of lead, a fourth also of lead, separated from that within by sawdust and wedges of wood—the fifth, the sarcophagus of ebony—and the sixth, the outer case of oak."

Funeral of Napoleon.

PARIS, December 15.

At 8 o'clock this morning numbers of persons were already assembled at the door leading to the Church of the Invalides, which was not opened till 9. Great confusion was occasioned by carts of sand that went in every five minutes, throwing back the crowd and frightened people to death. At last the doors were thrown open and, after rushing about through endless long passages, we found ourselves in the interior of the beautiful chapel of the Invalides. The effect was most striking. The whole of the nave carpeted in black, with seats arranged *en ampitheatre* on each side filled with military, and up the side aisles, between the pillars, were numerous rows of benches all occupied by a multitude in deep mourning. Between the pillars were hung black draperies embroidered with silver borders and deep silver fringe, a large lustre hung in the centre of each, whose many lights shone brilliantly in relief against the dark draperies. The pillars were ornamented with gilded trophies, the names of Napoleon's victories, Austerlitz, Wagram, &c. and on each side of the pillars were three large tri-colored flags. The upper tribunes, containing thousands of people, were also hung with black, embroidered with silver border and golden emblems, and, surmounting each division in these tribunes, was a black medallion, surrounded with laurels, on which were inscribed in golden letters the principal acts of the Emperor's life, such as the peace of Amiens, and Luneville. Above these medallions, and extending all round the nave were immense numbers of flags taken from the enemy in different battles. From the door of entrance up to the rails of the choir were placed at short distance enormous candelabras, twelve or fourteen feet high, from which issued brilliant colored flames.

The choir and dome, which form perhaps more than half the church, separated from the nave by a flight of steps, were hung with purple cloth from the ground to the summit, and brilliantly lighted by hundreds of lustres. In the centre of the choir, in front of the altar, was erected the splendid catafalque, a representation in gilded wood of the tomb that is to be erected in marble, supported by four pillars, and surmounted by a golden eagle with outspread wings. At 1 o'clock the cannon announced the departure of the King for the Tuileries, and at 2 the procession entered the church, headed by the Prince de Joinville, with the 400 marines of the Belle Poule, remarkably handsome looking men. The clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Paris, awaited the arrival of the body. This was decidedly the most striking and beautiful moment of the whole ceremony, the steps leading up to the choir lined on both sides with military and the old Invalids, so many of whom had fought under Napoleon; the whole of the aisle filled on both sides with troops, and all down the centre of the steps and part the aisle, the body of clergy standing in religious silence, awaiting the entrance of the *cortege*. The archbishop's attitude would have made a lovely picture—his eyes fixed on the cross, that was carried on high before him, and his hands joined in prayer, apparently heedless of the crowds around him, called one's thoughts from the pageantry of the scene to higher things.

Most of the cures of Paris were also in the procession, and the appearance of so many of these good ministers of peace among the multitude of military formed a striking and beautiful contrast. The drums rolled, the cannons shook

the old walls of the Invalides, and then the muffled drums came slowly and solemnly up the aisle. At last the coffin came in sight, borne by several of the marines of the Belle Poule, and some of the old invalids, and the four corners by his old friends Bertrand, Marchand, Lascases and ——. The coffin was covered with purple volvet and a large white cross, and the Imperial Crown was laid on it covered with black crape. The moment the coffin passed, there was a strong demonstration of enthusiasm and acute feeling; every one rose up and bent forward, but not a word was uttered; a religious silence prevailed. In front of the magnificent white and gold organ was erected a large platform for the musicians, and as soon as the body was brought up to the choir and the mass began, Mozart's celebrated Requiem was performed by all the principal singers of the Italian and French Operas. An interesting sight also was the arrival of the venearble old Marshal Moncey, who had long since expressed his ardent wish that he might live to see this day.—He is in a very infirm state, and they say has been nursing himself with great care, to be able to encounter the fatigue of being present to receive the remains of his beloved master. He arrived in a chair on wheels, and was with great difficulty lifted up the steps into the chair. It was a curious incident in the beginning of the day to see the little bustling M. Thiers, strutting about in his cloak, and collecting a crowd around him in the middle of the church to hear him talk to M. Mole, as if he had been in a saloon. The crowd augmented every moment and on every side people whispered *voyez the cour autour de* M, Thiers. I must not forget to mention the effect of the altar, which was glotious: numbers of silver hanging lamps, of the most elegant form, were suspended in front of it, and the altarpiece was of silver, a sort of chiseled silver on purple velvet ground. On each side of the altar and on each side of the catafalque were tribunes and benches: in one of the tribunes hung with purple cloth, were the king and the ministers, and in the other the Infanta of Spain; and every part of the immense building was full from 9 in the morning till half past 5, in spite of the cold which was intense.

The cold was indeed bitter for those to whom tickets had been allotted for the tribunes that occupied each side of the aveuue leading up the esplanade of the Invalides from the quay to the great gate; but the crowd bore the biting frost with patience, for it was decidedly one of the best positions for seeing the funeral procession pass. The stands were already filled by 11'clock, and It was not until 2 o'clock that the procession procession reached the quay. Never was sight during this interval of three mortal hours, less appropriate to the occasion than the spectacle now before us. The intense cold rendered movement neecssary for fear of being frozen to the spot, and to keep themselves warm, the spectators in the stands began to dance. The mania gained the crowd below, and for a long time the troops of the line and the National Guard, were joining in one general *contredance*, or an enormous *ronde de la main*. This preliminary *orgie* while waiting for the body of the great hero of their nation, and in the face of the long line of statutes of their greatest warriors, struck us peculiarly French—perhaps we mean inconsistent. *Apropos* of the long line of warrior statutes that lined the avenue, the idea struck as good. Those heroes heroes seemed placed there to recieve the last, perhaps greatest warrior of the nation, as he was restored in death to his country. They may have been coarsely executed for the greater part, but this succession of warriors from Charlemagne and Clovis down to the last Generals of the Empire, placed upon the passage of the Emperor to salute him as he passed to his last home, was well conceived. But why place the Emperor near the end of the line, in his imperial robes, to greet himself! A *gamin* near us shouted, as the procession passed, *Tiens! voila comme l'Empereur fait la queue a lui meme!*" Till the procession really reached this the hours of impatient waiting were really long; the dancing however, which we have already described, whiled away the time of some, and the cannon fired from the first court of the Invalides, every quarter of an hour, seemed to warm the hearts, if not the limbs, of the others.

For our parts, the cannon had one great advantage: the rich clouds of rolling smoke that they had sent forth hid from our eyes for a time the bare poles and skeleton scaffolding of the half-draped spars that were announced in the programme as a triumphal funeral entrance to the Invalides. Nothing could be more paltry, more ugly, more disgraceful than this ragged-looking curtain to the great drama that was to be acted. Ten workmen might have completed in time what it was impossible for three to finish, as they went through their lazy movements seemingly as if they had received orders not to have it done in time.—The very fire-pots that occupied tripods at the top of the two entrance gateposts of plated half-gilt wood seemed as if they too, had received orders not to burn and only to smoke.

The same *ordre du jour* was zealously observed by the other candelabra that alternated with the statutes along the avenue leading to the Invalides, and that smoked instead of blazing, and went out before the procession reached us, had cleared up beautifully. A small quantity of snow had fallen, but the Heavens did more for the solemnity of the ceremony than man had done. The day, as far as the season of the year would admit of, was a day such as proverbially graced Napoleon's fetes in his imperial splendor, and greeted him again as he received his last honors. We hear it called a Napoleonic day.

From the point of view of the esplanade of the Invalides the coup d œil of the procession was magnificent. It was perhaps the best situation for seeing it pass. The sight was really grand as the procession headed the funeral car along the vista leading to that splendid building at its termination. The funeral car we have said—but this epithet might have been left aside, for, splendid as was the machine that bore the Emperor's coffin, it was a triumphal car, but had but few attributes of a funeral nature.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Hartford Review.

SAM PATCH'S LAST LEAP.

The memory of Sam Patch will live forever!—Associated, as is his name, with the Falls of the Genesee, whose terrific waters go in their majestic thunderings down the dizzy depths of one hundred and twenty feet, into the awful chasm that engulphed his body from all human view, it becomes a part of their history, and form an era and an event which cannot be overlooked. The following description of his "last leap," which occurred at these Falls ten years since, was written by a gentleman who witnessed his airy flight, and may be depended upon as correct. "Some things can be done as well as others," said Sam, and as the last words died upon his lips, he leaped into eternity!

If our memory does not fail us, it was in the fall of 1830 when Sam Patch made his appearance in Rochester, N. Y. to take (as he said) his "last leap" over the Genesee Falls. He was just in the prime of life, well formed, and possessed that bold and reckless daring so necessary to accomplish a feat fraught with so much danger as the one he was about to perform.

Perhaps it may be well here to observe that in the spring previous, he had jumped these falls and came out below with safety, and without any apparent injury; otherwise it might be supposed that he was insane, or intended suicide. At the appointed time the people began to assemble in large numbers from all directions, the old and the young; and among them might be seen many who had come from the adjoining towns and villages, all pressing on with eager haste, each anxious to precede his neighbor, in order to secure the most eligible position: their faces beeming with joy and pleasure, in anticipation of viewing so novel and interesting a scene.

The banks on each side of the river below the falls, which are from 100 to 125 feet in height, were completely covered with spectators. Some of the most daring in their anxiety to obtain a place from which they could have an unobstructed view, forgot for a moment the danger to which they were subjecting themselves, and stood upon the very verge of the precipice, while the timid and cautious occupied the more elevated and less dangerous positions. The roofs of the houses, the windows, and every accessible point from which a view could be obtained, were literally crowded; probably presenting one of the most animated and lively scenes ever witnessed on the banks of the Genesee.

The point from which our adventurer was to make his descent, was a small island, situated about midway of the river, on which, near the brink of the precipice, was erected a staging 24 feet high, making an elevation of 120 feet from the water below, the falls being at this place 96 feet in height.

All were impatiently awaiting his arrival, when his coming was announced by the loud cheering of those who had assembled on the island, which continued but for a moment, then all was silent. A few moments elapsed—he then emerged from the multitude—ascended the ladder to the top of the staging, approached the edge of the platform, and surveying with scrutinizing glance the gulph below, apparently lost in thought and contemplation of the frightful part he was about to act, and the fearful consequences that might follow. But, as if recollecting himself again, he stepped back, turned and addressed a few words to those who were in his immediate vicinity, bid his friends a last farewell, and with one bound cleared himself from the platform and descended into the watery element below! A splash, a few ripples on the water, and all was over! Every eye was riveted on the spot, gazing with the utmost anxiety, expecting every moment to see him rise to the surface; but alas! they were doomed to disappointment; nothing was to be seen but the agitated waters, and not a sound was heard but the continuous roar of the mighty cataract. Soon the awful truth flashed upon our minds that he had fallen a victim to his temerity, and sunk to rise no more, and this was truly and emphatically his "*last leap!*"

Search was immediately made for his body, but it was not found until the next spring, when it was picked up and interred on the shore of Lake Ontario, near the mouth of the Genesee river.

In the New York Mercury, a popular writer called "Dow, Jr." weekly exhorts its readers.—They are quaint productions, and have the air of novelty, as well as originality. The moral is good, and the similitude is an easy and natural one:—

"My friends allow me to show you how the human body is likened to a house. My text explains this. It says that the big bones are the main timbers, very true. It also says that the ribs are laths, well plastered, but I should say that they are rafters that run into the ridge pole or back bone. The mouth is the door, and the nose is the chimney—especially for smokers. The throat is the entry that leads to the kitchen of the stomach, where all sorts of food is cooked up; the lungs are the bellows that blow the flame of life, and keep the pot of existence always boiling; the heart is the great chamber, where the greatest variety of goods imaginable are stored, some good, many bad, and a few rather middling.

"In this way, my readers, you see the house of the human body is formed; and since it is a house of no small value, you ought to be careful of it, keep it well swept, and never let cobwebs of sin gather in the corners of its apartments. I beseech you especially, to look after the great chamber of the heart, and see that every thing there is arranged according to the very letter of morality.—If there be any useless rubbish there, clear it out to make room for goods that are saleable in the markets of the virtuous. The chambers of some hearts presents an awfully dirty appearance! I should like to walk into them with a bran new broom: the way I'd brush out sin, and sand the floor with virtue, would be a caution to depravity!"

Mania a Potu.—The New Orleans Picayune after some thrilling remarks on the awful misery to which men subject themselves by seeking oblivion from care, in the artifical exhilaration of spirituous liquors, adds the following dreadful description of a person whom the editor had seen rendered demoniac by excessive intoxication:

By an accident we yesterday stood with chill'd veins and staring eyes, witnessing a spectacle of this kind. We were in company with a phiysician at a moment when he was called upon to administer relief to the victim. In the corner of the room we found the tortured wretch, crouching and peeping fearfully through the rungs of a chair, at a swarm of flying snakes, which he said were darting through the room in all directions. Bloated terror was in his countenance. He sprang from the corner and flew from one position to another in agonizing alarm. Devils were pursuing him—behind, before, above, and below, and all around him objects of terror and danger appeared, and instruments of death meanaced him on every hand. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets. His exclamations were so full of misery that

the heart ached to hear him. Then again his fit assumed another form, and he ran about the room jumping over chairs and calling to us to see him walk upon the ceiling. Then he raved for liquor, screamed aloud, cursed the world and his own existence, demanded brandy with wild and furious gesticulation, and again sunk into grief and tears, complaining that all the world was leagued against him, and even devils were employed to persecute him.

Suddenly he fell into a sort of waking trance. He was lifted on the bed, and there he lay, grasping at the air, with such horrible contortions of coutenance as made our flesh creep upon our bones. The unfortunate wretch has recovered, as our friend, the physician, declared danger to be past while we left him, but who may form a conception of the naguish endured during that horrid paroxysm? Years of the severest trials and misfortunes should be considered luxurious ease in comparison with one hour of such frightful torment of soul and body. If the condition of eternally condemned spirits may be revealed to mortal comprehension, surely the miserable victims of this malady experience some foretaste of the sinner's doom.

Early Marriages.

Great as may be the inconvenienee attending early marriages, they are not to be compared to those attending long engagements. The position of both parties is, in a manner, the reverse of that which they will respectively occupy in after life. The lady commands, the gentleman obeys; and when this state of things has existed for any length of time, it is no easy matter to restore them again to their natural state, for although no woman of sense, who respects her husband and herself, will ever wish to domineer, and no man of sense will submit to it, and yet the precise limits to which authority may fairly be extended on the one hand, and obedience expected on the other, are so illy defined that it requires often great tact and management to adjust the balance; and this difficulty is naturally increased when the parties have been for a long time playing directly the contrary parts. Lovers, too, are naturally living in a complete state of deception and hypocrisy, in most cases probably quite unintentionally; but where there exists a strong desire to please, there must also necessarily exist a strong desire to keep one's faults in the back ground, and exhibit only the most pleasing parts of one's character, Half the unhappiness that exists in married life, is, I believe, to be attributed to the discoveries that are constantly making of the great difference of dispositions before and after marriage. Then come accusations of deception—very unfairly, as before said, the fraud was an involuntary one, and inherent in human nature; accusations are followed by recriminations and all the misery and bitterness of married life, merely because the lovers expected to marry angles, and found out that they have married human beings like themselves.—*Sir F. Vincent's Arundel.*

Highly Concentrated Talk'ng.—'Waitaw,' said a superlative swell at one of our hotels, 'waitaw, bring me the nutrative vegetables.'

'The wha' sa,' said the waiter.

'The nutrative vegetables,' fellow.

'Hav'nt got a single drop of that brand left in the cellar, sa,' said the waiter, not wishing to show his ignorance, and believing that it was some rare wine that was called for—'excellent Larose, tho' sa, and some very fine sparkling hock; bring you a bottle?'

'Waitaw,' said the exquisite, in a drawling tone, 'waitaw, you are excessively ignorant—you awe—you awe an unfinished idea of vulgarity. Bring me the po-ta-toes, fel-low.'

'Sa'tainly, sa,' said the remover of greasy dishes, slurring his tongue over every word, 'sa'tinly, sa—didn't understand you when you spoke French.

Away he flew, and in a moment a plate of potatoes was placed before the lackadaisical dandy.

A Solemn Thought.—The New York Sunday Mercury contains the following remarkable sentence in one of the sermons of the amiable Mr. Dow. "Oh, it almost makes me spring aleak around the heart, when I reflect upon how soon we shall all be trampled upon by the foot of posterity, how soon they shall scamper over the sodded roofs of our silent mansions, while we sleep on forever in the iron bound slumbers of *corporeal abscatteration!*"

Style is the gossamer on which the seeds of truth float through the world.

Sunday Reading.

FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

THE BIBLE.

"Of all the books in the world," said the pious Wesley, "give me the Bible;" and this is the language of every individual who fears God and is endeavoring to "work out his salvation through fear and trembling." It is said to be Heaven's second best gift to man; and truly it is. Were the Bible to be taken from us, and the knowledge we now possess of its doctrines and precepts to be erased from our memory, how very soon would the "fine gold become dim," and the "crown fall from our heads!" Left without a knowledge of our Creator, of ourselves, or of good and and evil, we would be rocked on life's tempestuous sea, without a knowledge of the port to which we are advuncing, or of the dangerous rocks and quicksands that lay in our course.

It is a knowledge of the Bible that has raised us as a nation to the proud eminence on which we now stand—the beacon light of the world. Of the nations that have not the Bible, politically it may be said, they yet "sit in the region and shadow of death;" and as it regards religion, much more so. The Bible enlightens the mind of man—sets his mind at rest in regard to what is to be hereafter—marks out the road to certain happiness in this life, and to eternal happiness in the world to come. "Of all books in the world, give me the Bible." DISCIPLUS.

THE JEWESSES.

Fontanes asked Chateubriand "if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men?" To which Chateaubriand gave the following poetical and Christian one:—"The Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns and subjected him to the ignominy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Savior, and assisted and soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ on his part extended his mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him—the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought balm and spices, and weeping sought him in the sepulchre. "Woman why weepest thou?" His first appearance after his resurrection was to Mary Magdalene.—He said to her, "Mary." At the sound of his voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered "Master." The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewess."

SELECT SENTENCES.

Four things we can never take the full dimensions of, namely, the evil of sin, the deceitfulness of the heart, the love of Christ, and the perfections of God.

He that will not bear Christ's reproach, shall bear his own; which will be infinitely worse.

Particularly avoid three sorts of persons, namely, apostates, angry men, and those who are given to change.

Be not venturesome in exposing thyself to needless dangers; for he that courts perils, shall die the devil's martyr.

The Dutch proverb saith, "Stealing never makes a man rich, alms never makes a man poor, and prayer never hinders a man's business."

God loves the poorest saint on earth incomparably better than any angel in heaven loves God.

An ungrateful man is the devil's lodging house, supported with five pillars, namely:—ignorance, pride, discontent, covetousness and envy.

The True Star.—The is one star that will never disappoint the hope it awakens; its ray is never dimmed and it knows no going down—its cheering light streams on through ages of tempest and change—earth may be darkened, systems convulsed, planets shaken from their spehres, but this star will pour its steady, undiminished light. The eye that is turned to it will gladden in its tears; the countenance that it lights, sorrow can never wholly overcast, the footstep that falls in its radiance finds no gloom even at the portal of the grave. It is the star—

"First in night's diadem—
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

Odds and Ends.

Young friends, let us advise you to be careful in the choice of a wife; do not marry a fool, unless you wish to beget for yourself trouble and shame. Money, nor beauty, nor respectable connections, will compensate for the mortification and misery of a silly wife.

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of maintaining all. "But you have sons big enough to earn something and help you now," said a friend. "The difficulty is, they are too *big* to work," was the answer.

Pretty Fair.—An Ohio editor, in recording the career of a mad dog, says: "We are grieved to say that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, seriously bit Dr. Hang and several *other* dogs."

Men in Office should be men of Business.—He who is too indolent or too careless to attend properly to his *own* business, ought not to be entrusted with that of the public.

"Jim, I have heard tell of a man eating all within a circle of six feet, but I swanny if I can't eat the whole length of this table, and one of them ere fat waiters to boot, and then git up hungry."

The Pic says there is no truth in the assertion that a man in a nightmare the other evening got his toes entangled in his eye-brows, and in a furious effort to get them loose, jerked his head off!

Teachers may cultivate the child's intellect and improve the mind; but the things said and done at home are the busy agents in forming the child's character.

"My divinity!" cried a gentleman to his wife. "He does right to call her so," whispered a good natured friend, "for to my knowledge she has nothing *human* about her."

A gentleman who had just recovered from a severe sickness, remarked that he felt very weak. "No matter how *weak* you are," said the Major, "if you're *fortnight* enough to get well."

Advice.—Young men, if you go on a sleigh ride, be sure that you have *belles* in your *sleigh* as well as *bells* on the horses. Samivel Veller says that "such *belles* are werry musical."

Two table spoonfuls of Mrs. Squibbs' "Yeast Powders" given to a lazy jackass will make him *work* "like a horse," for twenty-four hours.

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

An Irishmrn, describing the death of a friend, who fell into Mount Vesuvius, observed, "Poor fellow, he died in taking too much of the *crater.*"

Solitude.—Those beings only are fit for solitude, who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's," as the fellow said when he was pushing it for Texas.

"Am I not fondly thine own?" as the fly said to the spider.

"'Twas wrung from me," as the chicken said when he lost his head.

"I'm for *change*," as the loafer said when he stole the bag of specie.

"Pete, are you into them sweetmeats agin?" "No marm, them sweetmeats is into me."

The whispers of malevolence have done more mischief than famine or the sword.

The spirit of poesy is the morning light which makes the statue of Memnon sound.

Experience is the most eloquent of preachers but she seldom has a large congregation.

Nonsense—Any thing you can't understand.

There are no greater chameleons than words.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1841.

To Correspondents.—Lines "To Miss A—," from a correspondent in Franklin, Ind., will be given in our next.

"Do any thing but love," abounds with bad sentiments, bad versification and bad orthography. The writer can do better, by taking proper pains.

PLAGIARISM.

The readers of the Gem and Amulet will recollect, that some six or seven years since, we published an original tale, entitled "The Sudden Change of Fortune," or, as it may be more generally known, the Tudor Story. We hazard nothing in saying, that few tales were ever published in this country that have become so popular, or have been more extensively copied, than the one in question. So familiar has it become with every reader of light literature, that we had no idea that at this late day, any paper of respectability would venture to publish a tale made up of the same general incidents, though they might be dressed in a different suit, as original. But in this we have been disappointed. A tale, entitled "The Sailor's Wife," written for the New York Atlas, by C. Burdett, is now going the rounds of the papers, the prominent features of which are almost precisely the same as those of the Tudor story. Indeed, if the names and dates and the scene of the tale were altered, every one would think he was reading the story of his old friend Tudor again.

We know not, neither do we care, who this C. Burdett is; but we feel ourselves justified in branding him as a base plagiarist.

Adventure with a Lammergeyer.

A hunter who was sporting on the banks of the lake of Wallenstad, in Switzerland, discovered the nest of one of those destructive birds, the "lammergeyer," a species of vulture. He shot the male, and made his way along a projection of the rock, with a view of taking the young ones. He had raised his arm and put his arm into the nest, when the female, hovering over his head, unperceived by him, pounced down upon him, fixing her talons in his arms, and her beak in his side. The sportsman, whom the slightest movement must have precipitated to the bottom of the rock, with that coolness and self-possession so peculiar to the mountain huntsmen of that country, notwithstanding the pain he experienced, remained unmoved. Having his fowling piece in his left hand, he placed it against the face of the rock, pointed to the breast of the bird, and with his toe, as they always go barefooted, the better to enable them to hold and climb the rocks, he touched the trigger and killed his enemy on the nest. Had the bird been any where else, it must have dragged him down along with it.

The hunter procured assistance from an inn near by, and brought the two birds as trophies of his valor, away with him. Some of these birds have been known to measure 17 feet from tip to tip of the wings, and are only equalled in size by the condor of South America.

☞ A great many pretty paragraphs may be found in the editorial department of the Philadelphia North American since it came under the control of Walter Colton, formerly, we believe, of this city. The following is a specimen:

A lady on taking up a newspaper looks first to the marriages, then to the deaths: first to what is most to be desired, then to what is most to be dreaded. Like a pendulum in its oscillations, she leaves one extremity only to gain another; but she beautifully illustrates human life, which is itself a pendulum, vibrating between a smile and tear.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

Polish Patriotism.—A Polish soldier belonging to the French battalion, in the civil war in Portugal, was mortally wounded. A short time before he expired, he drew a package from his breast, and giving it to one of his companions, thus addressed him: "Take this; 'tis the earth of my poor unhappy country, the soil which gave me birth; let one half be sprinkled over my grave and the other given to my only child, as the dearest legacy his father can leave him."

Time effects great changes.—In former times, the business of the horse dealer was considered among the liberal professions, and the nobleman did not derogate from his rank in carrying on this traffic; but at the present day, a horse jockey's calling is regarded as any thing but honorable.

Pickpockets.—Never walk with your hands in your pockets. If you do, the thieves will take you for a flat: "that is a weak-minded person, and likely to be operated upon successfully."—Let there be nothing absurd in your dress, for by the outward, pickpockets judge the inward man.

Lucky.—Gen. Count Foucher de Cariel, who died a few years since near St. Cloud, though he had been in the army from 1784 to 1815, and had had twenty horses killed under him, never received a single wound.

Climate of England.—In England, during five months of the year, they cannot do without a fire, during three they cannot do with one, and during the other four they can neither do with nor without one.

Human Strength.—It is ascertained that, toward the end of the sixteenth century, four men had the same amount of power which five had a century afterward. The food had essentially changed.

Horsemanship.—In all epochs and all nations, horsemanship has been considered one of the most noble, useful and brilliant exercises to which man can addict himself. It can scarcely be indulged in to too great an extent.

An Ancient Republic.—At the time of the destruction of the Venitian republic by Bonaparte, her government was the most ancient in the world—about eleven centuries.

A Sad Reflection.—Of the years since the creation of the globe, 3,000 were devoted to ignorance and darkness, and 2,000 have been declared fabulous and doubtful.

Italic Letters.—It is said, with how much truth we know not, that the italic letter was invented in imitation of the careless hand-writing of Petrarch.

Mahomedan Fable.—The Mahomedans have a curious fable, which represents the basis of Caf, a remarkable mountain in Asia, to be an emerald, whose reflection produces the azure of the sky.

True Patriotism.—By preserving the institutions of our country, we are paying to posterity the debt we have contracted with our ancestors.

Health and Illness.—When we are in health, troubles are pleasures; when ill, pleasures are troubles.

Playthings.—Glory, ambition, armies, fleets, thrones and crowns, are the playthings of great children.

Umbrellas and Mad Dogs.—Umbrellas are usually carried in wet weather, and dogs usually run mad, if ever, in dry.

Orthography.—"Vitals baked heer," is the sign of a baker in London.

Female Lecturers.—However captivating may be a woman's voice—her matter or her manner—in a public lecture room, we are so far uninitiated in modern innovations as to think her out of her sphere when occupying such a situation. We have, therefore, noticed with no high degree of approbation, the recent conspicuous part acted by the lady of one of the gallant Generals of the American Army on the rostrum at Cincinnati and New York.

Colton, the new and chaste editor of the Philadelphia North American, we perceive, is of the same opinion. In noticing her visit to the "city of brotherly love," he has the following fair *hit* at female lecturers—

Mrs. Gaines and the General lectured last evening before the Southwark Institute, on floating batteries and the horrors of war. Mrs. G.'s lecture on this terrific theme is like a rainbow rising bold and beautiful over a cataract of agony and thunder, and will have just about as much effect in silencing uproar and mitigating horror. The only difference is, the rainbow comes in obedience to a law of nature; the lecturer, in violation of all its proprieties. We may yet live to see bonnets and bodkins in our legislatures, and cradles on their way to Congress. How interesting it would be to hear the little blue-eyed fellows there, filling the pauses of female oratory with their piping voices.

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber
While thy mother makes her speech,
And the nations catch with wonder
What a woman's tongue can teach.

Then with kisses she'll caress thee,
Caught from out thy cradled rest,
And with yearning rapture press thee—
Blue eyed cherub—to her breast.

Freaks of Fashion.—The gentlemen of Paris, at one period, wore hoops.

FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

To the Memory of Alice C. Haskin, *(daughter of Whitman B. Haskin, of Ogdensburgh, formerly of Rochester,) who died Jan.* 3, 1841, *aged* 1 *year and* 6 *months.*

Thy memory will ever live in the undying affections of a mother.

Sweet be thy sleep,
Unbroken by a mother's anguish wild;
I would not wake thee from thy slumbers deep,
Alice, my child.

No! thy glad spirit,
Like a freed bird, has soared in light away;
And I would not recall thee to inherit
A prison-house of clay.

The strife is o'er!
To God again his own best gift is given;
And now my child beholds forevermore
His face in heaven

Yet let me gaze
On the fair shrine from which the soul is flown
A few short moments, while the grave delays
To claim its own.

How sweet in death
Appears that face so calm, so purely fair:
Beauty, that fled not with the fleeting breath,
Still lingers there.

The tomb, the narrow tomb
Hath shut its doors upon thee; thou hast gone
While yet a child—a flow'r not full in bloom—
And made thy couch alone.

In the calm grave
Nor care, nor pain, nor sin, shall harm thee more;
The storm is past, and life's last troubled wave
Has thrown thee on the shore.

Thought cannot follow thee;
Fancy would fail, and reason lose its way;
But this I know—that wheresoe'er thou be,
There is eternal day!

Farewell, my child!
The blessed thought is mine, in good or ill,
That thou an angel art, and undefiled,
And I thy mother still. J. P. W'G.

Rochester, Jan. 13, 1841.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

Life and Death.

BY J. D. R.

Scene.—A Young Man in the bloom of health, preparing for a Ball, is adjusting himself before a Mirror.

"Yes! I am in my prime!
The hopes of early manhood fire my brow,
And fortune's ruddy glow,
In smooth perennial flow,
Has graved success upon my future's prow,
Mixed by no monitory chime,
Like that which Clothos mingles with the breeze of passing time!
'Tis true, they tell me of a 'coming day,'
When like a flower of Autumn I'll decay;
When the cold mists of the relentless tomb
Shall hide my beauty in its mould'ring womb:
But away! these are phantasy's figments—away!
And are light as the gossamer wing of a fay!
Give care to the fretful, and tears to the weak,
But while health's rapid currents are coursing my cheek—
While the lark is still weaving her song in the sky,
And the world seems as buoyant and happy as I,
I will laugh with the loudest, be sportive and free
As the snow-bosomed bird of 'old ocean' can be!
My locks are as dark as the raven's wing,
And love's light smiles from my eye-lash spring;
On my cheek bland Summer has left her glow,
And hope's gay maidens are kissing my brow!
Then go, hated phantom! that fain would descry
Some gathering cloud in my star-jeweled sky:
I'll away, ha! ha! to the midnight ball,
Where light toes trip o'er the carpeted hall—
Where the garlanded arches are swelling with glee,
And the song and the wine-cup are flowing and free!"

☞ A Phantom appears, and addresses him thus:—

"Ah, luckless youth! like that gay feather,
Dropp'd from the plumage of some frighten'd bird,
On the smooth bosom of yon boding stream,
Whiffled about by the gay zephyr's breath,
That circles there upon the summer's eve—
How light and careless is its waveless flow!
It has no ballast save the weary gnat
That rests a moment on the downy raft,
Then flies aloft to buzz awhile, and die
At day's decline!
Dashed over rugged rocks
That lift their sullen surface 'mid the spray
Of frighted waters on the fearful edge
Of yon dark precipice, ☞ that same calm tide
Shall roll! and in the horrid chasm that rifts
Deep thunders 'mid the now boiling surges
Of that stream, all that has glided, thoughtless
Upon its flatt'ring lip must dash unheeded!
And this gay feather, torn to shreds, will fall
Unnoticed in its gurgling waves.
"Even so shalt thou,
Poor dotard, on the dang'rous stream of life,
Feel an untimely palm chill thy warm cheek,
And, like the winter's blast upon the autumn flower,
That draws its bright corolla up, and nips
The life-veins on its tender stem,
☞ Descry in the same mirror that reflects
Thy boasted beauty now, the filmy eye
And shrivel'd cheek that tell of Dissolution!
Ah! measure well the narrow shore of life,
Nor call me 'hated' while my anxious breath
Woos thee to scan the future's misty womb!
☞ To-morrow's sun may cast its last gold ray
☞ Upon the sorrowing cypress of thy tomb!"

* * * * *

'Twas the decline of day; and the proud sun
His circle in the ether nigh had run;
The flocks were bleating on the distant hill,
And soft winds bore the murmurs of the rill;
The woodland choir were warbling sweetly where
The wild moss rose embalmed the tepid air;
The shepherd's lay swept o'er the tranquil lake,
And mingled with the croaking of the brake.

* * * *

'Twas then upon my ears low pealing fell
The measured toll of the lone burial bell,
Weaving upon the gathering shades some spirit's parting knell!

Now through the lawn that leads to yonder glade,
Where o'er the tomb the willow throws her shade,
A solemn band, with slow and measured tread,
Bear to his last long home th' unconscious dead.
Bowed is the head in grief, and the salt tear
Falls from the heart, warm on the mantled bier!

* * * *

The sturdy sexton, toughest of his kind,
Stood by his spade, and on the evening wind
I heard the man of God's lone accents steal:—

"Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away. There is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again: but man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

* * * *

Scarce had he ceased, when, on the fresh cut turf
The Phantom rose! there was a wounded smile
Played on his warm cheek, and I could trace the tear
Of lovely pity glaze his brilliant eye,
While thus he addressed the coffined clay:—
"Ill-fated youth! did not I tell thee this,
When but yestreen I wooed thee to escape
Thy syren song that led thee to thy tomb?
The morning flow'r has cast its leaves at noon,
And thou, so young! hast pass'd thy Rubicon!
Thou that couldst spurn my warning from thine ear,
As though a wasp were huddled in its folds!
Ah, Youth! how fares thy boasting spirit now?
Torn in an hour from night's chaotic glee,
Alas! how unprepared to meet thy God!"

* * * *

He vanished, and the rumbling earth
Fell hollow on his oaken bier;
And sighs were sighed, and hands were wrung,
And kindred dropp'd their requiem tear.

And on his narrow bed I saw
The dark-leaved cypress planted there,
On which the sun shed his last ray,
Then left it to the evening air.

FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

To a Brother.

BY MISS F. W. MUDGE.

Oh, could we fondly linger yet
Around these chosen bowers,
While mem'ry with her magic wand
Recalls the happy hours
Of childhood, when with pastimes free,
Our years were spent in social glee!

Those years are fled, but there remains
A feeling 'kin to pain,
When I reflect that ne'er on earth
Those scenes will come again;
For childhood's years have pass'd and gone,
And youth's usurped the vacant throne.

And those kind friends to mem'ry dear,
The playmates whom I loved;
Where are they all? Ah! some, I fear,
Have found an early tomb:
While others equally sincere
Are shedding oft the sorr'wing tear.

But some bright spirits still are left
To cheer life's rugged way,
Round which a halo from above
Sheds a resplendent ray
To guide the wayward thoughts above,
Where all is peace and hope and love.

Wheatland, 1841.

FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

To C. B. V——.

A darkness hath o'ercast my brow,
A gloom sits heavy on my heart,
And oft the tear, as it doth now,
Unbidden from my eye-lids start.

There is a spirit haunts my brain,
And seems to whisper mournfully,—
I ne'er may see that face again—
I ne'er may feel its potency!

And but for that cold, chilling look,
My heart had felt no blighting scar;
My breast the painful sigh might brook,
And still my eyes disdain a tear.

But it is pass'd! the hand that wove
The tender tie hath severed it;
The smiles that taught my soul to love,
No more upon its surface flit.

Yes! all, like some enchanting dream,
Hath vanished to return no more;
Joy sheds not one reviving beam,
And hope's prophetic song is o'er!

Alas! that vows so fondly spoke
Should be thus torn from out the breast,
And holy bands thus quickly broke
That might have made us sweetly blest!

But fare-thee-well! and ever bright
Be all the paths thy footsteps stray,
Nor ever know thy heart a blight,
Nor joy nor gladness pass away!

Rochester, 1841. G. K. W.

A lady who has been turning over the political papers of both sides in hopes to find a scrap of poetry or a bit of miscellany, and has encountered nothing but long columns of figures headed with the mystic letters O. K., says they must mean "Oll Krazy."

Good.—A person said, in our hearing, the other day, that editors for the most part were a thin, pale-faced set. A lad standing near, made this witty observation to his chum: "There, Bob, I told you I have often read about the editorial *corpses*."

"What are you doing there?" inquired Jack of Tom, as he caught him peeping through the key-hole. "What's that to you?" said Tom, "I don't like to see a person prying into other folks' business."

A militia captain receiving a note from a lady, requesting "the pleasure of his company," understood it as a compliment to those under his command, and marched the whole of them to the lady's house.

Law.—An uncertain and eccentric machine, that not unfrequently destroys him who sets it in motion.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 18th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. SYLVESTER HOYT, to Miss EMILY BLISS, all of this city.

In this city, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Joseph F. Cox, to Miss Lucy Gridley.

In Chili, October 29th, Mr. JOSEPH CURTIS, Printer, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH GURNEY, of the former place.

On the morning of Dec. 28th, 1841, in Newburry, Ohio, by the Rev. Mr. Witter, Mr. JOHN FISK, of the city of Rochester, New York, to Miss MARIA H. HAYDEN, of the former place.

In Shelby, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. D. F. Parsons, Mr. Hiram Frary, to Miss Rosina Snell, daughter of Mr. John P. Snell, all of that town.

In Ithaca, on the 5th of Nov. 1840, by the Rev. William Wisner, Mr. Floyd S. Helm, to Miss Betsey C. Jones, daughter of Philo Jones—both of Southport, Chemung co., New York.

By the same, on the same evening, Mr. Albert Jones, of Southport, to Miss Juliaett Howland, of Delhi, Delaware county, New York.

In Payson, Adams county, Illinois, on the 24th of Dec. last, Samuel Helm, formerly of Southport, to Miss Sophia Prince, of the former place.

In Holley, on the 5th inst., by the Rev. R. S. Crampton, Mr. STILMAN A. CLARK, of Brockport, to Miss SELINA A. HATCH, of the former place.

In Clarkson, on the 12th inst., by Rev. Mr. Bull, George Whiting, of Sweden, to Louisa Spaulding, of Clarkson. Also, on the 6th inst. by Elder Hannibal, John Windos, of Sweden, to Sophronia Babcock, of Clarkson. Also, on the 2d Dec., by Elder Hannibal, Silas Crary, of Sweden, to Mary Chapin, of Clarkson. Also, on the 10th Dec., by Rev. Mr. Bull, E. W. Bartley, of Clarkson, to Mary Ann Crippen, of Sweden. Also, on the 13th inst., by Rev. Mr. Bull, George Crippen, of Sweden, to Mary E. Bartley, of Clarkson. Also, on the 13th inst., by Rev. Mr. Judd, Seymour Howard, of Sweden, to Louisa Mason, of Clarkson. Also, on the 31st Dec., by Rev. Nathan Fellows, Mr. John Van Auckin to Miss Artemissa Wolman, all of that place.

In Lockport, on the 27th ult., by H. Richardson, Esq., Mr. Joseph Burke to Miss Jane McGregor. Also, on the 5th inst., by Rev. Mr. Babcock, Mr. N. H. Beck to Mrs. Lydia Levan, of Cambria.

In Pultneyville, on New Years Eve, by Rev. John Robinson, Mr. William Tompkinson to Miss Alzina Chappel.

By the same, on the 10th inst., Mr. Sylvester P. White to Miss Roxana Rice, both of the town of Williamson.

In Lima, on the 31st ult., by Rev. Mr. Barnard, Lewis Hurd, M, D., of Three Rivers, St. Joseph county, Mich., to Mary, daughter of Ira C. Winans, Esq., of Lima.

In Newark, on the 24th ult., by Rev. Mr. Dodge, Mr. Jason S Sanford, of Palmyra, to Miss Betsey Valentine, of the former place.

In Sodus, on the 30th ult., by Rev. C. Merwin, Mr. M. Cuyler Young, of Jordan, to Miss Lois Amanda Andrews, of the former place.

In Royalton, on the 6th inst., by Rev. Mr. Wait, Mr. Charles A. Lowber to Miss Emily Safford, daughter of Elias Safford, Esq.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

Terms.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, FEBUARY 6, 1841. No. 3.

Original Tales

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

LOVE AND FOLLY,

OR A SLICE OF THE WORLD.

There are pleasures and beauties in all the seasons which the varient year presents. Spring is joyous and gay as childhood's careless, sportive hour; and time then glides swiftly by on airy wing, like the dream of innocence and love.—Summer and winter have each their bounties and enjoyments, and in their turn make glad expectant man. But there is no time so wholly enwraps and charms the soul of sentiment and feeling, as the calm afternoon of a sunny autumn day—when the golden orb of light has left his fiery car, and, disrobed of his fiery splendor, reclines in the western sky, placid and serene as the eye of justice. In such a scene there is something fascinating to the contemplative mind, one that seeks to know itself and enjoy its own godlike treasures. The heyday jollity of frolicksome spring, and the restless excitement of busy summer, are past, and all around is sober—sad. The approaching twilight, the harmonic chime of neighboring bells, a passing cloud, the breeze faintly sighing through the almost leafless branches, the slight ripple of the pebbly brook, and the rustle of dry and fallen verdure, sooth and quiet the turbulent passions, and pensive meditation gives sweetest pleasure.

It was such a time when Edward Coventry was seen slowly leaving the crowded streets of a busy city, in one of the New England States, and passing along an unfrequented path to the open country. The casual observer would have seen nothing unusual in his appearance; but he who studies man, would have given him more than a passing glance. Twenty summers had given a manly firmness to his step, and a rounded fullness to his finely moulded form; the calm, steady gaze of his clear blue eye, the mild expression of his handsome mouth, and so much of a broad forehead as could be seen, were indications of his qualities not to be mistaken. Left an orphan at an early age, with all the obstacles of an unfeeling world to combat, he had proudly soared above them all, and now, with a vigorous and active mind, a liberal education, and a practical knowledge of the world, he was preparing himself for the sacred desk—a profession peculiarly suited to his amiable and contemplative nature.

Except an occasional glance before, as if to see his way, he noticed nothing around, but moved leisurely on, until an angle in his path brought him to an open common, covered with a sparce growth of pine, interspersed with oak and chestnut, through which a grass-grown track led to one of the principal avenues of the city. Crossing this plat of land to the west, and passing down a slight declivity, he approached and reclined against a small oak that grew on the brink of a rocky precipice and overhung a deep gulph, through which a small stream of water wound a serpentine way. He seemed lost in contemplating the beauties of the western sky, over which the setting sun, already half hid by a distant hill top, radiated its rich and mellow tints of gold. A glow of inward joy passed over his noble features, and his eye lighted up with unusual brilliancy as he gazed toward the horizon. The thoughts that occupied his mind were plainly discernible in the varying expression of his countenance.

As the shades of twilight stole over the landscape, and objects were dimly seen at a distance, he changed his position, and bent his eyes, with fixed earnestness down the abyss before him; his lips were slightly compressed and his brow more sternly knit. The revery into which he seemed enwrapped, was broken by a confused and indistinct cry. He turned and saw a horse bearing a female form dashing furiously toward him. The rider had evidently lost all control over the frightened animal, which sped onward with fearful velocity, scattering the foam from his distended nostrils; and when another bound would have cleared the edge, and plunged horse and rider on the rocks below, he saw the chasm before him, quickly and firmly braced his limbs, uprent the turf, and checked his dangerous impetus. This sudden motion of the horse threw the lady with much violence from the saddle, toward the sloping brink. Edward Coventry, who a moment before was all calmness and quiet, was now roused and nerved for any danger, and darting forward, quick as the lightning's flash, he caught the lady's helpless form when on the very verge; but by the effort lost his balance, and in the struggle to regain it, he slipped, and with a fearful, piercing shriek, they both went down!

While whirling from the dizzy height, with a strange presence of mind, young Coventry caught with one hand by a projecting shrub, and with the other supported the almost lifeless form of the unfortunate lady; and thus suspended, with the most frightful death staring up from the jagged rocks and yawning gulf below, expecting that his hand would relax its grasp, or that the frail shrub would not support their weight, they dangled in mid air *whole moments* of agonizing suspense.—Happily, aid was at hand, and by the assistance that was promptly offered, young Coventry's burden was raised in safety to her anxious friends, (with whom she had started on a pleasure ride, when her horse took fright;) but before the ropes could again be lowered, an attempt to change his position, and rest his already benumbed arm, severed from the bank his frail support, and amid screams of horror from above, he fell upon the flinty rocks beneath!

* * * * * * * *

In a richly furnished apartment, around which a massive chandelier threw its mellow light, a lady stood beside a couch, close curtained with the richest drapery, through a small aperture in which the light fell on the pale wan, countenance of a sick man. She was quite young, just budding into womanhood, rather taller than the usual height of women, her form was of the most perfect symmetry, and every limb was graceful, yet possessing that rounded fullness which is indispensable to perfect beauty. The dark auburn hair, untortored by iron and unfettered by comb, fell in glossy ringlets over as softly rounded shoulders as ever the fairest Circassian could boast.—Her head was bent forward, her lips slightly parted, and her eyes, which were of the softest azure, were fixed with intent earnestness upon the countenance of him who lay before her, unconscious of her presence. She stirred not, but seemed listening to his short, quick breathing. A deep-drawn sigh heaved her snowy bosom, as she stepped to a side table on which were the usual concomitants of a sick chamber, and taking a small glass flask, she bathed with its contents the invalid's feverish brow. As she was thus engaged, she spilled some of the stimulating liquid in his face, when with a half-suppressed groan, he opened his eyes. She started quickly back, and a flush of crimson overspread her face, as she put her finger to her lips, enjoining silence and quiet upon him.

As is probably already anticipated by the reader, the patient was Edward Coventry. The force of his fall was providentially broken by some smooth, projecting rocks, and although lifeless when first found, yet, by the timely application of restoratives, he soon breathed: from that time he had laid where we last left him, perfectly insensible, parched by a burning fever, and constantly attended by her whose life he had perilled, his own to save.

Few would feel a deeper sense of gratitude for even a small favor, than Clara Morrison, and none could better appreciate a noble and generous act. Of a gentle and affectionate nature, her sympathies were easily excited under any circumstances, by the suffering of others; but now her grateful soul glowed with intense feeling as she watched with anxious care at the bedside of young Coventry. Like one who in his dreams is transported to some fairy land, amid the sweet odor of spicy groves and the soft carol of singing birds, our invalid gazed around; unconscious of the past, he was bewildered by the present—his eye kindled with delight as it followed that sylph-like form that glided noiselessly around the room, and when her soothing voice explained to him his situation and enjoined repose, and her cool soft hand parted the hair from his feverish temples, an extatic thrill shot through his soul. Day after day passed on, and he slowly recovered—his fever had left him, and his bruises nearly healed, but he was still feeble and confined to his couch. Yet those hours of suffering were fraught with happiness. A guardian angel hovered around him ministering to his slightest wants—the most poignant pains were benumbed by draughts of sweetest pleasure.

Edward's health was fast returning, and the morrow was fixed as the time when he should resume his duties and his studies. A small fire blazed in the grate, and threw a dim, flickering light around his room. It was early evening, and all was still, save an occasional crackling of the consuming embers. He arose from a table at which he had been writing, and after walking in a thoughtful attitude several times across the apartment, his pent-up feelings burst out in the following soliloquy:

"Verily, we are creatures of circumstance, a trifle may excite dormant springs of the soul, which will usurp the sceptre of the will, and control both intellectual and moral man. I have ever been a child of fortune, a citizen of the world, and knew full well how to appreciate the smallest bounties of Providence. Yet now—though after

much suffering and a miraculous escape from death the vigor of health is returning to my feeble frame, and its flush to my pallid cheek—where are those mingled emotions of heartfelt gratitude and thankfulness, which lesser blessings were wont to excite to a benificent Creator? They are smothered by a holy feeling which then I never knew. I love and am beloved! Yet shall I encourage feelings in an already too confiding breast, that may prove a canker worm to its happiness? Soon other and higher duties will demand my thoughts and time; and the gayeties of the world will efface from her mind a passion generated by a few romantic incidents. Perhaps it will be better —" He paused and mused a moment, and then exclaimed with energy and animation, "No! I wrong her noble nature; hers is not the fleeting partiality of a child-like girl—'tis a feeling deep, pure, strong. I'll see her, and if she wills it, link my destiny with hers. I can do my duty to my Maker and to Clara."

When Edward entered the drawing room that evening, his mind was not yet calm, and something like melancholy overshadowed his countenance, which even the smile of Clara failed to remove. She was seated on a sofa, examining some music, which was quickly laid by as he approached and seated himself beside her.

"What makes you look so sad?" said she, after a slight pause, looking earnestly in his face. "My opiates are not prescribed to cloud my patient's brow;" and an arch smile, half forced, half natural, played around her eye and slightly curled her lip.

"If I look sad," he replied, "it is not caused by want of skill in the prescriptions of my fair physician."

"That would be flattery indeed, were it not that it was intended as such. But as you have now told me what is *not* the cause, will you be so kind as to answer my question, and tell me what *is?*"

"I believe the thoughts which occupy the mind, usually give expression to the countenance; in that case, it would be my sad way of thinking."

"Well, really, I am much the wiser for my interrogatories. My skill in cross-questioning, I fear, would suffer by a comparison with my reputation in the healing art. But to come to the point, and ask now what I should have done before—of what have you been thinking?"

"Clara," said he, with much feeling, "memory has been busy with the past. My mind has been reviewing the days of happiness gone by—scenes which are like an oasis in my lonely desert life.—I have had no time to revert to them before, for the present has engaged all. To-morrow I must leave you, to mingle again in the cold, unfeeling world, and there will be no fitter time than the present, to acknowledge my obligations to you.—Misfortune introduced me to your notice, and though a stranger, friendless, and an orphan, more than a sister's kindness has been lavished upon me. I cannot express my thanks; but I know that your generous soul will anticipate the overflowings of a grateful heart."

"Gratitude!" she exclaimed, as her voice trembled with emotion; "*I* am the one who should feel grateful. Your disinterested conduct saved my life, by periling your own. If I have alleviated suffering caused by that noble—more than generous act, so far I have done a pleasant duty. But a lasting obligation remains, by which my parents, as well as myself, are bound, which never can be cancelled."

Here her utterance was choked by emotion, and the starting tears bedimmed her eyes and wet their silken fringes.

"Noble, unequalled girl!" he passionately exclaimed, as he took and pressed to his lips her unresisting hand.

But, gentle reader, why need I relate the sequel? You are not ignorant of the human heart; you have felt its secret impulses, perhaps the purest, holiest pleasure of which it is capable. If so, I need not add, that eternal vows of constant and enduring love were given and received, and that one lengthened and impassioned kiss sealed the soul-uniting tie.

Most of Edward's leisure time was spent at Mr. Morrison's, where he was always a welcome guest. If Clara walked, he was with her, if she rode, he was at her side, descanting with glowing zeal upon the beauties of nature around them.—A spirit of enthusiasm would light up his deep expressive eye with more than an earthly fire, as he alluded to the evidence of a creating power in every object displayed in nature's vast cabinet; and she would listen with breathless interest to his eloquent burst of feeling, and the lucid effusions of his rich and cultured mind. Thus passed quick winged time away, till Clara left home, at the earnest solicitation of an aunt, to spend some months with her in a distant city.

* * * * * * *

It was more than a year after the introduction of our story, on one of those wet and gloomy evenings so peculiar to our northern clime, when rain and sleety snow filled the air, and its incessant pattering was heard on the smooth stone promenade, that a lone pedestrian, closely wrapped in a cloak, might be seen plodding his murky way up one of the principal streets in the city of B——. As he approached two large mansions, he paused and seemed to doubt which of them he had been seeking, when a man approached, whom our stranger thus accosted:

"Can you tell me which of those dwellings is the residence of Mr. Burton?"

"The ither one, if you plase, sir," was the Hibernian reply—and the informant passed on.

"Which can the fellow mean by the ither one?" mused the stranger to himself. "I am between the two, but as he came from the east, he probably meant the one I just passed;" and he approached and rung the bell, which was quickly answered by a pert and well clad servant girl.

"Is Miss Morrison in?" said he, without entering the door.

"Walk into the parlor, sir; I will see sir," was the ready reply, as she tripped lightly up a flight of stairs, and rapping at a door, after a moment's pause slowly opened it, with "a gentleman in the parlor, ma'am—enquired for you, ma'am."

"Who is he, Bess?" asked the lady within.

"Don't know, ma'am; he's a strange gentleman, dressed in black, ma'am," she answered.

"Well, Bess," said the lady, "assist me in arranging my hair; these curls are always disordered, but then they are fashionable and one must wear them."

This ceremony was soon performed, and it must be acknowledged she left her room with other feelings than those caused by the visit of an ordinary acquaintance. The description of the stranger which she had heard, had given a flush to her cheek, which changed to a deep crimson when she saw Edward Coventry before her.

The meeting and reciprocal salutations were full of feeling, though Edward's quick eye marked in her conduct a lofty bearing, a conscious self-superiority, which seemed to command deference and submission to her, and he determined to know the cause. Accordingly after the usual inquiries concerning parents and friends by the one, and the delivery of messages and mementos by the other, he asked her how she had spent her time since she had left home.

"Very pleasantly," she replied. "There is more life and animation here than in our city. A continual succession of balls, levees and parties, occupies our whole time, and gives a zest to life that in our dull town I never knew."

"Then you too have acquired a taste for fashionable life?" said he with earnestness. "Believe me, Clara, the zest you speak of, is none other than dissipation of any kind will yield; it is unnatural, and happiness thus produced is unreal, and shadowy as the 'baseless fabric of a vision,' yet not as harmless."

"Oh!" said she, in a lively manner, "there is so much excitement about it! one sees so much of the world and makes so many acquaintances, who are so polite and attentive."

"Their attentions and this politeness are nothing but the hollow cant of fashionable hypocrisy—that self-same heartless coquetry you once despised."

This he said with so much feeling, that she, seemingly offended, replied with much spirit,

"Mr. Coventry, I hope you will allow me to think on these subjects for myself, and if I wish to be gay and enjoy what pleases me, it is my privilege, as it is yours to wear a plain, uncomely coat or a demure and solemn phiz."

Such language, spoken in such a manner and on such an occasion, deeply wounded his sensitive nature, and as soon as he recovered composure enough to reply, he said,

"Clara, I sincerely regret having given you offence. I presumed on the relation existing between us, and spoke as I was wont, to *you*, with freedom and candor. Pardon my presumption, and my words shall be selected with more caution in future."

"It is of little consequence," said she with a careless toss of the head,—and he continued,

"My 'plain coat' and 'demure' countenance were never before alluded to by you in a scoffing way. Clara, you are sadly changed, (pardon me if I offend.) You forget that an humble and sacred duty devolves upon me; my studies are ended, and I am now on my way to the theatre of my future labors."

Here he was interrupted by the announcement of a visitor, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and decorated by a profusion of long black hair, exquisite emperials and a dainty ratan. He entered the room with an air of conscious superiority, saluted Miss Morrison with the utmost grace, and seated himself without bestowing more than a haughty glance at the unassuming Coventry.

"Mr. Clavering, Mr. Coventry, an acquaintance from H——," said Miss Morrison.

"Haw de ye doe, Mr. Kawventree?" said the man of hair, raising his glass to his eye and scrutinizing Edward's dress from his boot to his cravat; "hoppee to mak yer acquaintance."

Edward bowed with a manly ease, and remained silent.

"Haw wos ye pleased with Mrs. Gawdon's pawtee, Miss Mawison?" asked the exquisite, playing with his ratan.

"It was very pleasant, sir," said she.

"Vawstly so," said he, drawlingly, arranging his pomatumed locks. "Ye wos the stawr of the pawtee, Miss Mawison."

"Thank you, sir," said his fair auditor.

Here Edward arose, and wishing Clara a 'good night,' and bowing politely to him of whalebone and hair, left the room. His feelings are better imagined than described. The change in Clara he attributed to the right causes. Unused to the luring baits of fashionable society, she had been induced to participate in its attracting scenes.—Her gentle manners, extreme beauty, and reputed wealth, had made her the pride of her relatives

and the admired of every circle. Throngs of insidious sycophants courted her favor and were ever ready to do her homage. The poisonous tongue of flattery had bewildered and intoxicated her inexperienced mind, and woman's vanity had been excited, and woman's ambition aroused.

Edward pressed a sleepless couch that night.—His breast was rent by contending emotions, and his brain fired with images of the past. Yet when he arose, though it had cost him a painful struggle, his course was fixed; and when he entered the dwelling of Clara's aunt, the storms of his mind had subsided, and all was calm and tranquil as a summer's sea. He was received with more formality than he anticipated, and found the object of his visit dressed with more than ordinary elegance, in momentary expectation of some wished-for company. He alluded to their interview on the previous evening, and regretted its unhappy termination, saying that the entrance of her friend had prevented his explaining more fully the words which were construed so harshly by her. She slightly and haughtily bowed, and he continued,

"Time was when any thing I might say, would not give offence to *you*. The change that circumstances had wrought, I dreamed not of, but tho't you the same Clara Morrison I once knew you. This should with *you*, at least, explain my conduct."

"If you allude," said she, with the same air of cold disdain, "to the relation *once* existing between us, I have but to say, that I have seen and know more of the world; and that as the *woman*. I cannot recognise the acts of the silly, romantic girl."

"Am I to understand from that," said he, with tremulous voice and quivering lip, "that all those sacred pledges are to be disregarded: those blissful hours buried in oblivious forgetfulness, the best affections of a heart already yours, trampled upon, and even the bonds of proffered friendship despised and rejected? and all for the momentary adoration of a herd of apish clowns, and the dazzling glare of flattery, which will soon disgust you with yourself and freeze the tenderest, warmest feelings of your soul?"

"Mr. Coventry," said she, and she raised her head to its proudest altitude, drew up her expanded nostrils, and spoke in tones of the utmost contempt, "your sermon would sound far better from the pulpit, and your exhortations in a class meeting of your grave-faced brotherhood. When I need a priest to correct my morals, a more *disinterested* and gallant one shall fill the confessional chair; and *now* this interview can close as soon as your sense of politeness may dictate."

"Farewell, Clara!" said he, "you have my best wishes for your happiness now and hereafter, and should you ever need a friend, remember the name of Edward Coventry; in him you will find one changeless and true, in the very core of whose heart *gratitude* is indelibly engraved. Till then, FAREWELL!" and he left the room.

After he had gone, her better self resumed the throne. Edward's parting words rang in her ears and thrilled through her soul; the thought that she should never see him more, awakened in her breast feelings that had been smothered and benumbed, but which now burst out in their pristine vigor, like long confined volcanic fires; the thousand incidents of by-gone days, passed in hurried review before her distracted mind; her recent conduct was written in letters of fire on memory's tablet, and glared in lurid light before her eyes; she was miserable. Pride, ambition, had wrought it all.

* * * * * * *

It was afternoon of a warm Saturday, near the close of the year 18—, when from the town of G——, in one of the southern states, might have been seen a dark, threatening cloud gathering in the west, which seemed to presage a violent storm. As the low muttering thunder grew nearer and louder, the planters in the vicinity might have been heard urging their slaves to renewed exertions in the preparatory arrangements for a rainy day; and their sooty faces wore a broader grin of joy in anticipation of a time of rest, when they could gather round their cabin fires to sing their songs and laugh their laughs.

Just as as the large drops of rain began to patter on the window panes and bedot the dusty street, a plain travelling carriage entered the village by the principal avenue, and drew up to a large hotel. The jaded steeds betokened a long and weary drive that day, and a glance at the two inmates of the carriage was enough to stamp them "strangers" on the observer's mind, and excite a wish to know them more. One was a lady, closely muffled in a riding cloak and hood, whose sallow countenance and tottering step, as she alighted, plainly marked the invalid. The other a gentleman in the summer of manhood, though his hair was slightly grey, and a few of the furrows of care marked his brow and cheek; and when he gave directions to the servants, though his tones were mild, yet it needed no second tho't to convince them that his were the orders of one accustomed to command.

It continued to rain, and our travellers, after making arrangements to remain over the Sabbath, retired to their rooms. The next was a bright and smiling sabbath morn. It cheered the drooping spirits of our invalid, who, long before the villagers were astir, was seated at her open window, which overlooked a landscape rich in ornament as the fairest of the vine-clad fields of France.—While she was gazing with eager delight around, her door opened, and she turned and exclaimed,

"Father, what a lovely and enchanting country! The storm of yesterday has left the air as pure and sweet as nectar, and yon plantations look as green and fresh as our northern farms in June. See yonder cottage with the verandah all covered with vines, at the end of that poplar shaded lane, and the small lake behind it. How the rays of the sun gaily dance on its mirror-like surface! What a charming residence! And see! the whole country is bedotted with them! It seems like a creation of fancy."

"It is beautiful indeed," said he; "and I am glad to see its happy effects on my daughter.—Your look is animating and your pale cheek has taken a ruddier hue." She smiled sadly and their conversation continued.

That day, when the church bell chimed its welcome warning, the feeble stranger leaned on her father's arm, and they moved slowly toward the place of worship. They arrived at the entrance just as a group of ladies from the neighboring plantations were alighting from their sleek and spirited riding horses. They noticed the strangers, and politely offered to show them seats.

The building was a noble edifice, and filled with an eager, listening multitude. A young man arose in the pulpit, and commenced the services by reading a hymn in a clear, silvery voice. Before he had finished the first stanza, a slight rustle and a few suppressed voices, were heard near the entrance, but they soon ceased. He was succeeded by the rich and solemn notes of the organ; and then nothing was heard save the deep, clear tones of the praying man; and when he ceased, a low, yet audible response arose from the bowing mass before him.

When he addressed the assemblage, it seemed that an overcharged heart had burst its barriers and given its glowing thoughts to them. The words that came from his lips, were ladened with the spirit of truth, and his earnest manner carried conviction to every mind. His eye and features were lit up with enthusiasm by the thrilling interest of his theme, and bursting all bonds of art, nature assumed control. Every passion-speaking muscle was eloquent, and soul communed with soul. In the midst of one of his loftiest flights, when he alluded to the follies of life, and the poisons of fashion—when the vaulted roof reverberated with the thrilling words he uttered, and the gaping multitude, half raised from their seats, bent forward to catch the glowing sounds, a lady was carried fainting from the church. It was the invalid of whom we have spoken.

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That evening the young pastor called to see her. As he entered the room, she exclaimed, "Edward! dear Edward!" and he saw before him Clara Morrison! not as he once knew her, in the pride and loveliness of youth and health, but as the wreck of beauty and picture of death. Her wan countenance and leaden eye told the tale. Consumption's hungry worm had fed upon her life.—He could not speak, but took the thin hand extended to him, and pressed his lips to her cold forehead.

"Edward," said she, "I have wrought my fate. I crushed the love that promised happiness, and cherished the adder that stung *your* godlike soul, and now sips *my* life away. To cull the *gilded* flowers within my reach, I lost Elysium's amaranthine wreath. I've pined in sorrow since those cruel words were said. Can you—*will* you forgive the error of a proud and reckless girl?"

"It is forgiven, Clara," said he; and the warm tears dropped fast upon her hand.

"Nay, do not weep," said she, "that pains me more than all. Edward, help me to the window—I want to see the stars you used to talk about."

He drew a lounge to the window, and did as she requested, and she continued,

"Sit down beside me, Edward, and let me lean against you."

He put his arm around her emaciated form, and softly laid her head upon his breast.

"There," said she, "I am easy now, and happy! How soft and balmy is the evening air.—The moon smiles sweetly upon us, and the stars twinkle as they used to do when you taught me to love them, and spoke of the celestial world beyond. Have you forgotten those blissful hours? Speak, Edward; I wan't to hear that voice again."

And she looked up in his face with a serene and heavenly smile; but he could not speak then—his heart was too full for utterance. As he turned his swimming eyes toward Heaven's ebon vault, he heard a slight gurging in her throat—he looked, and Clara *was dead!* M.

NO NEWSPAPERS.—The time is coming when the man who has the means (and who has not?) and does not take a newspaper, will be looked upon by his neighbors as a fish without a fin, a crow without a wing, a blind horse, a mole, or what you please. Such an individual might do well enough to live in the manner of a Robinson Crusoe, but he has no excuse for thrusting himself among those who do take newspapers and are better informed, to gather whatever political or general intelligence they may choose to drop for him. We know many such men, and might name them, but we refrain; but you, gentle reader, can point them out yourself.—*Am. Union.*

The ability to make a good wife does not come instinctively. The duties must be learned—an apprenticeship must be served and she who declines this must fail when she comes to the trial.

What is the differance between a brewer and a flea? The one *buys*, and the other *takes, hops*.—*Boston Post.*

The Old World.

From the Boston Courier.

EGYPT AND MOHAMMED ALI.

The London Morning Chronicle has a series of letters from Dr. Madden, on the state of Egypt in 1840, which contain a mass of interesting facts connected with the present moral, political and physical condition of that country. These letters, which would fill several pages of our paper, we have abridged, to bring them within the limits consistent with other engagements. Several of the letters are occupied with the personal history of Mohammed Ali. The following abstract embraces the prominent facts and incidents.

Mohammed Ali was born in 1769, at Cavallo, in Roumelia. He was left an orphan at an early age, was protected by a wealthy Aga, became a dealer in tobacco, made some money in this trade, and married well. When Bonaparte's invasion of Egypt caused the Porte to collect troops from the different Turkish provinces, he placed himself at the head of three hundred men, and was appointed colonel of this force. He was present at the battle of Abaukir, and was promoted to the rank of a commander of a thousand men. Kourschid Pacha, who was then governor of Egypt, was at variance with the Beys, and harrassed by his own Albanian soldiers. Mohammed Ali profited by this state of things, was employed by the Pacha, and managed to gain over the Albanians who were so hostile to his master. Kourschid discovered his views, and ordered both him and the Albanians to return to their country. He feigned submission, allowed the refractory soldiers to persuade him to remain in Egypt, connived at the pillage of Cairo, the deposition of the Pacha, and, apparently with reluctance, acquiesced in his own installation in the office of Governor of Egypt.

For several years he was alternately at war, and in favor with the Porte. In 1811, he was sufficiently strong to put his grand project of exterminating the Mamelukes into execution. The ceremony of the investiture of his son Toussoun with the caftan, on his taking command of the expedition proceeding to Arabia against the Wahabees, offered a favorable occasion. A royal banquet was prepared in the citadel, the guests were invited, between 400 and 500 of them came, and they were all, with the exception of one man, slaughtered in cold blood, in the sight and at the bidding of Mohammed Ali, whose memorable words on the occasion, "Vras, vras!" ('kill, kill!') are not likely to be forgotten.

For six years, he made war on the Wahabees, triumphed at last, and gained a great loss by his success. He now became ambitious of military renown. In 1824, he sent a large armament, consisting of 16,000 infantry and 700 cavalry, against the Greeks. The battle of Navarino lost him his fleet, and about one half of his troops perished in this expedition. In 1831, he invaded Syria with 24,000 infantry, four regiments of cavalry, and from 60 to 80 pieces of cannon, avowedly to recover 6000 fellahs, or subjects of his, who had fled from the terror of his government in the province of Charkyeh, in Egypt, to Abdallah Pacha, the governor of St. Jean d'Acre, to whom he wrote saying that "he would come to Acre to demand his 6000 fellahs, and to take them away, *and one man more!*" and he kept his word, for he carried away his fellahs and "the one man more," after a siege of six months.

No sooner had Acre fallen into the hands of Mohammed Ali than he was declared a rebel by the Porte. In July, 1832, the battle of Koniah ensued between the Turks and Egyptians. Victory was again on the side of the Pacha, and it opened the way for Ibrahim Pacha to Constantinople. Ibrahim was within five days march of Constantinople, but the remonstrances of Monsieur Cochelet with Mohammed Ali, it is supposed, prevented the accomplishment of the Pacha's grand scheme; and Ibrahim's march on the Turkish capital was consequently deferred. On the 14th of May, a partial arrangement was concluded, recognizing the Pacha in the government of Syria and Adana.

In the mean time, the Sultan recovered sufficiently from the blow inflicted on his power at Koniah, to be able to send another army into Syria, in 1839; and the battle of Nezib ensued, which seemed to have given the death blow to the military character of the Turks, and left Mohammed Ali in the possession of the whole of Syria.

In August, 1840, a Turkish vessel-of-war arrived at Alexandria, with a Turkish envoy, and an English and Austrian agent charged with the proposals of the Four Powers to Mohammed Ali.

These propositions it is unnecessary to detail; suffice it to say, Mohammed Ali was called on to evacuate Syria, and to restore the Turkish fleet. The possession of St. Jean d'Acre for life, and the hereditary government of Egypt, were offered to Mohammed Ali in return. The proposals were virtually rejected, but not in the most unequivocal terms. But his language did not pass current either with the envoys or the consuls, and the Pacha was compelled to explain himself in somewhat plainer terms, and after a declaration that "he was in the hands of God, and his trust was in him," he signified to one of the consuls that "he had won Syria with the sword, and he would keep it with the sword."

Such was the state of things in Alexandria, in the months of August and September last. Alexandria resembled a place more in a state of siege than a peaceful city, devoted to commercial pursuits; its streets were bristling with bayonets; the square in the Frank quarter was daily thronged with troops. The unfortunate Arabs were dragged from their homes in every town, to be converted into soldiers; their villages literally depopulated along the Nile, and they, brought down in droves of fifty and sixty in a gang, bound with ropes, to be drafted into the different regiments. In Alexandria, the white adult male population was turned into a national guard, boys of thirteen and fourteen and upwards forming a large portion of these troops.

Mohammed Ali is now in his seventy-second year. He is hale and strong in appearance, somewhat bent by age; but the energy of his mind, the vivacity of his features, and the piercing lightning of his glance, have undergone no change since I first saw him in 1825, nearly fifteen years ago.—He is about five feet six inches in height, of a ruddy, fair complexion, with light hazel eyes, deeply set in their sockets, and overshadowed by prominent eyebrows. His lips are thin, his features regular, extremely changeful, yet altogether agreeable in their expression when he is in good humor. At such times, his countenance is that of a frank, amiable, and highly intelligent person. The motion of his hands, and his gestures in conversation, are those of a well bred person, and his manners are easy, and even dignified. He perambulates his room a great deal when he is at all disturbed, with his hands behind his back, and thinks aloud on these occasions. He sleeps but little, and seldom soundly; he is said by his physicians to be subject to a determination of blood to the head, attended with epileptic symptoms, which recur with violence when he is under any unusual excitement. In the late difficulties, previous to his answering the proposal of the Four Powers, these symptoms made it necessary for his physicians to bleed him in the arm, and take away a pound of blood.

His palace at Alexandria is elegantly furnished in the European style, with chairs and tables, looking-glasses, pictures, and a large bust of the Viceroy himself. He continues the old Turkish habit of sleeping on a mattrass, on the floor. He rises early—generally between four and five—receives every one who comes to him, dictates to his secretaries, and has the English and French newspapers translated and read to him. His only language is the Turkish, and he speaks it with the greatest fluency, and in the most impressive manner. In his conversation he is sprightly, courteous and intelligent. On every subject he gives those about him the impression of a shrewd, penetrating, right-thinking man. He speaks very distinctly, and with remarkable precision. He is simple in his mode of living, eats after the European manner at table, and takes his bottle of claret almost daily. His manners are extremely pleasing, and his general appearance prepossessing; his expression is that of a good-humored, amiable men, but when he is disturbed in his mind, he seems not to have the slightest control over his feelings or over his features, and when he is displeased, his scowl is what no man would willingly encounter twice. A medical gentleman, who had occasion to visit him at a very early hour the morning after the arrival of the Turkish fleet, which had just fallen into his power, found him at the dawn, alone, in his apartment, stationed at the window, gazing on those vessels which were destined for the destruction of his Syrian fleet, and which were now quietly "reposing on their shadows" in his own harbor at Alexandria; and, as he gazed on them, very earnestly talking to himself, as if deeply engaged in conversation.

He has now three sons living.

Ibrahim Pacha was born at Cavallo, in 1789, and is now in his fifty-first year—middle-sized, extremely stout, and by no means prepossessing, either in his manner or appearance. His features are large, heavy, and marked with the small-pox. He is light complexioned, grave-looking, and haughty and austere in his regards. He understands both the Turkish and Arabic languages, and speaks the latter fluently. His habits are not temperate; but latterly he has been more abstemious than usual. His health is greatly impaired by his excesses, and he is now laboring under symptoms of dropsy. He commenced his military career in 1816, against the Wahabees. In 1824 he commanded the expedition against the Morea; and since the year 1831, he has been employed in Syria. Altogether, for nearly a quarter of a century, he has lived in camps, and is a fortunate soldier—a brave one, no doubt. Of late years, the ferocity of his nature has been softened down, and the sanguinary acts in which he indulged in younger days, have not been followed up by similar enormities for some years past. It is said that he is very inimical to his father's views with respect to manufactures, and that all his tastes are for agricultural improvements, and in the indulgence of these he has introduced a vast number of foreign trees and plants into Egypt; his gardens and extensive plantations at Cairo, are better deserving of these names than any others in Egypt.

Toussoun Pacha, the second son, died in 1813, leaving one son, Abbas Pacha, lately Governor of Cairo, and now commanding a part of the forces in Syria. He is of a cruel, crafty and sanguinary character, and is detested by every one about him.

Ismail Pacha, the third son, perished in the war of Sennaar, and left no children.

Seid Bey, the fourth son of Mohammed Ali, was born in 1822—is intelligent, extremely well educated, speaks and reads and writes the Turkish, Arabic, French and English languages. He is very corpulent, ungainly in his appearance, and inactive in his habits. He has been brought up for the navy, and is destined to command the fleet of his father.

Mohammed Ali, a remarkable fine little boy, of about nine years of age, is the fifth and youngest and favorite son of the old Pacha.

There are things to admire in the anomalous character of Mohammed Ali. In his legal tribunals he discountenances venality, is disposed to have justice impartially administered, and leans toward mercy in all judicial proceedings; and capital punishments are seldom or never carried into effect. He is tolerant, moreover, in religious matters. This man was intended for better things than the circumstances in which he has been placed, and the people by whom he is surrounded have allowed him to attain to. Though his intellectual powers have been greatly overrated, he has qualities that ought to have made him, if not the founder of an empire, at least a prince whose power was not destined to be shaken in his latter years. His bodily vigor is now beginning to break down, but his mental energy is still unimpaired. The resources of his country have long been embarrassed, and yet his ambitious views are more extensive than ever. He has wasted his treasure in foreign wars, and none of his conquests have any appearance of permanency. During the five and thirty years he has reigned over Egypt he had wonderfully augmented the produce of the soil, and the people of his country are not only diminished in numbers, but deteriorated in their condition. When he took possession of the government the people were oppressed by their improvident rulers; but the removal of the Beys only paved the way for an organized system of regulated rapacity, such as the people of Egypt, in all the periods of their misery and slavery, had never groaned under; and the government of the Beys, even when the country was most insecure for strangers, was a mild one for the people when compared by them, as it now is, with that of Mohammed Ali. It was the misfortune of the Pacha, from the beginning of his career, to have been surrounded by bad advisers, by European Counsellors, who had other purposes to serve than those of Mohammed Ali, and to whom the real prosperity of his country, or the condition of his people, was of no other importance than as their own political views were influenced by them.

The old adage, *aut deus aut demon*, is proverbially true in the estimate made of Mohammed Ali by those in Egypt, who, fortunately for them, are not the subjects of his highness, and those who most unfortunately for themselves are his subjects. This observation does not apply to his official agents and the members of his family. His con-

duct toward them must be considered apart. He is a good master to the former, and in his domestic relations he is an amiable, and even an estimable man. The foreigners in Egypt have much to be grateful to him for. The free exercise of every religion is tolerated by him, and the different sects whose members hate one another in proportion to the approximation of their tenets, and whose animosity, I might say, is in ratio with the slightness of the shades of difference in the doctrines which separate their creeds, are prevented in Egypt by the vigorous hand of Mohammed Ali from persecuting one another; and it is only in the great strong-holds of fanaticism, such as Damascus, in which his power is too weak to keep the separate sects from publicly harassing, anathematizing, and even killing one another, where their hatred is suffered to lead to very glaring acts of injustice and persecution.

Travelers, so far as their personal safety is concerned, have reason to speak in the highest terms of the security afforded them by the measures of Mohammed Ali, for their protection in every part of Egypt. There is no European country where one may travel with greater safety than in Egypt. Robberies and murders for the sake of plunder are almost unknown. In this respect Mohammed Ali has certainly effected much; but the means by which he has effected so much, and the terrible acts of indiscriminate vengeance inflicted on the innocent as well as the guilty, whenever any village or district is the scene of an outrage which is brought to his notice, are of so Turkish a character, that it may be unjustifiable for a European to form a notion of their merits or demerits by any European standard.

Sunday Reading.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

If you would fit your children for heaven—governing them in the earthly, as they must hereafter be governed in the heavenly family—you must *always require obedience to your commands.*

This is of the first importance—of the first importance in early life. And when I see, on every side, the woful neglect, in this very particular, which prevails in families where better things should be expected—oh, that this printed page might *speak!* that the earnestness of its tones might give emphasis to its words! But alas! it is silent: and God, alone, can give it energy!—Reader, may I ask you to *think*, and to ponder again and again upon the unspeakable importance of this rudiment of a right education!

Let the disposition of the immortal spirit be unruly—let its *will* rise and live supreme; and you *educate it for collision with Jehovah!* Every instance of insubordination strengthens that habit which unfits the soul for subjection to the laws of God. With disobedience, or with the least approximation to it, the parent should never compromise. Such tendencies must be overruled; and the child be made to feel, in its earliest, what it must know, in all its future existence,—that there are wills superior to its own, to which it must bow in cheerful subjection. The parent by securing in early infancy, this subjection to himself, is training the child in the way it should go, and is thus fulfilling the ordinance of Jehovah.

O, I have often wondered, yea, and sometimes shuddered, when I have seen the parent pass over the transgressions of his child—when I have heard the voice of parental authority answered only by a murmuring refusal. It matters not how trivial a requisition is, if it is but wise and reasonable—and such, it should always be; for, in this respect you should govern as God governs, who never regards the least law as unimportant—when it is once reasonably made, it should never yield before the reluctance of the child.

I truly look upon that parent—and how many such—who passes unnoticed the disobedience of a child, as I would look upon a heathen mother, while instructing her child in the principles and practices of some soul-destroying religion; for every act of disobedience comprises the very essence of sin, and is a new step in the road to death.—Wo to that parent who beholds his child disobedient and neglects to intervene and enforce his authority. Such authority may be exercised kindly and mildly, while it is maintained firmly and constantly.

The child should never know the time when it is not to obey immediately and cheerfully. The beginnings of evil are small, and the first manifestations of disobedience can be controlled. Thus if you will prevent the habit, it is well; but if you allow the child to disregard your laws, you are recreant to God, who has given it to you to train up for Him—you are recreant to your own offspring, whom you are allowing to advance, unrestrained, to eternal ruin. Oh that parents would ever have before them the legitimate, awful end of filial disobedience, and they could not look upon the slightest symptoms of this hell-disease, without alarm and pain!

It is impossible, either for language, or for human conceptions, to magnify the evil of early disobedience. Imagination, even, cannot paint its dangers in too high colors. And could a majority of professing Christian parents but witness their own neglects in this very particular, together with their true bearings, it would fill them, I doubt not, with amazement, and cause them to cry out, wo is me. If your children do not obey the earthly parent whom they see, how can you expect them to obey that Heavenly Father whom they see not? If they do not yield to you even an outward subjection, how can you expect them to obey that God whose law searches the heart and tries the reins of the children of men? An habitually disobedient child presents awfully alarming symptoms of confirmed depravity and ripening ruin.—If he disobeys you a little, he will disobey you in a greater; thus advancing till he despises those laws of God that control the inner, if not those that control the outer man.

As to the season of requiring obedience, it is sufficient to say that it is none too early to apply God's rules, when the child is old enough to obey the devil's; or, in other words, it is full time to make a child obey, when it evidently knows enough to disobey.

Parents, be adjured, then, in the name of your children and of God—both of whom your responsibilities concern—be adjured, as you would avoid unfaithfulness to the latter, and cruelty to the former, *to establish and maintain parental authority.* Let it be even and mild—let it be constant and uncompromising, and then you will have fulfilled, in your sphere, this department of your duty, and you can leave the rest with God; the child will pass from under your tutelage, into the more extended spheres of its existence, with that pliant will, and with those habits of subordination which afford the best promise of ingrafted piety.

Curious remarks on the Bible, by a widow at 65, who had nothing to do, and could not sleep.

The Bible contains 3,566,489 letters, 810,697 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,227 times; "Lord" 1,854; "Reverend" only once, and that in the 111th psalm. The 27th verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains the alphabet. The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The first man recorded as buried in a coffin was Joseph, 50th chapter of Genesis and 26th verse. No where but in the 1st chapter, 2d Timothy, is the name "grandmother" mentioned. Two particularly fine chapters to read you will find in the 2d of Joel and the 26th of Acts. There is no name or word of more than six syllables in the Holy Bible.—*English Paper.*

Selected Miscellany.

JOHN HANCOCK.

BY E. S. THOMAS.

The memory of this great patriot, statesmen, and orator, has been most grossly neglected; while hundreds, whose services in the cause of Independence were not a tythe of his, have been eulogized to the skies, and live on canvass and in marble, this great patriot's name but seldom finds a place even when celebrating that freedom he was among the first, if not the very first, to risk his life in obtaining. I have for years noticed this neglect with feelings of unfeigned regret. Never was a man more beloved by any people than Hancock was by the people of Massachusetts. With the exception of a single year, when Bowdoin was *put* in, he was for sixteen successive years elected their Governor, and closed his patriotic and illustrious life in that high station. Hundreds of times have I seen him, when so worn out and crippled by disease that he could not stand, taken from his carriage into the arms of two faithful servants, (who regularly attended for the purpose) and carried up to the council chamber, a distance of nearly fifty yards from the street. The last time he addressed his fellow citizens was the most impressive scene I ever witnessed. A town meeting was called upon a question of great excitement. Old Faneuil Hall could not contain the people, and an adjournment took place to the Old South Meeting-house; Hancock was brought in and carried up into the front gallery, where the Hon. Benjamin Austin supported him on the right, and the celebrated Dr. Jarvis upon the left, while he addressed the multitude. The Governor commenced by stating to his fellow citizens that "*he felt*" it was the last time he should address them—that "*the seeds of mortality were growing fast within him.*" The fall of a pin might have been heard, such a death-like silence pervaded the listening crowd during the whole of his animated and soul stirring speech, while tears ran down the cheeks of thousands.

The meeting ended, he was conveyed to his carriage and taken home, but never again appeared in public; his death followed soon after. The corpse was embowelled and kept for eight days, to give an opportunity to the citizens from the distant part of the State to render the last tribute of respect to his memory. They came by thousands and tens of thousands; the procession was an hour and a half in passing. The post of honor among the military was given to the Concord Light Infantry, under Capt. Davis, the same who commanded them on the ever-memorable *nineteenth of April, '75.* It was the most solemn and interesting, and incomparably the longest funeral procession I ever saw. Samuel Adams, who was lieutenant-governor, became governor ex-officio by the death of Hancock, and followed the bier (there were no hearses with nodding plumes in that day) as chief mourner, but the venerable patriot could not endure the fatigue, and was compelled to retire from the procession.

Hancock, before the Revolution, was a man of vast fortune, and though he permitted it to flow in the cause of his country like water, he had still enough left to support a splendid establishment, and lived and entertained like a prince. His generosity was unbounded. I well remember that one evening in each week during summer, a full band of music, at his own expense, attended the citizens who were promonading on the mall. He seldom left Boston to visit at any distance, but when he did he was escorted by a volunteer troop of cavalry, who held themselves in readiness for that purpose. He was very fond of joke and repartee, so much so that a worthy citizen of Boston, Nathaniel Balch, Esq., a hatter, who never failed to appear among the invited guests at his hospitable board, obtained the unenvied appellation of "*the Governor's Jester.*" The celebrated Briesot, in his travels to the United States, speaks of his meeting this gentleman at Hancock's table; and such was the mutual attachment between the Governor and Mr. Balch that if the former was called away, no matter what distance, Squire Balch attended him like his shadow, which the following circumstance most happily illustrates: Governor Hancock was called on a visit to the then province of Maine, on which occasion he travelled in State, and was attended by the Hon. Col. Orne, one of the Executive Council, and Nathaniel Balch, Esq. Their arrival at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was thus humorously announced; "On Thursday last, arrived in this town, Nathaniel Balch, Esq., accompanied by his Excellency John Hancock, and the Hon. Azor Orne, Esq."

The events of by-gone days have been brought to my recollection by the following short paragraph from the N. Y. Evening Star:

VALUABLE RELIC.—We have had left for us at our office, for inspection, the original commission appointing John Hancock first Major General of the Massachusetts Colony. It is dated May 30, 1776.

THE WHIPPLE FAMILY.

We published last week, an article which first appeared in the New York Courier and Enquirer, and which has been generally copied by the newspapers throughout the country, giving an account of a family in Groton, in this county, of the name of Whipple, which, when united by the intermarriage of a widow and widower, both of the name of Whipple, and neither of whom were more than 42 years of age, comprised the number of 32—the widow having 16 children and the widower 14.—We have since made inquiries in regard to the facts, and find them substantially correct. The family now lives within about seven miles of New London. One part of the statement, however, should be corrected. We mean that part of it which describes the families as being destitute.—The truth is, that the family of Whipple belongs

to a small community of Quakers, who live near the head of Mystic river—who are as independent in their circumstances as any people in the world—none of them ever having known want or destitution. They are a frugal, industrious and ingenious people, among whom children at an early age are taught to occupy themselves in some useful employment, and those hours which many parents permit their children to spend in pursuits which are worse than useless, are by these people made useful in increasing the gains of the family. So that every child, after a certain age, helps to bring something to the hive, instead of diminishing the store. Their industry, however, does not prevent them from giving due attention to the education of their children, for which purpose a sufficient portion of time is allotted; and among the population of the country, we know of no class of people more distinguished for their intelligence, industry and rectitude of life than the Quakers of Groton.—*New London Adv.*

NEVER MARRY.—The following interesting piece of advice was given by a housekeeper to a maiden lady of thirty, who at last thought of entering into bonds: "Take my advice, ma'am and never marry; now you lie down master and get up dame. I married a cross man of a husband, and the very first week of our marriage, ma'am, he snapped me up because *I put my cold feet to his'n!* You don't know the men, ma'am, as well as I do."

The lady was not far from right; and in corroboration of the correctness of her husband's conduct, we beg leave to relate an anecdote told by a Boston physician of the olden time. It is a true one. When a young man, he occupied a chamber separated from that of a married couple by a thin partition; one cold night he heard the gruff voice of the husband grumble out, "*take away your cold hocks,*" to which the wife replied in a querulous tone, "Ah! you did not speak so to me when we were first married. Then you used to say to me, *take awdy your little footsy tootsys!*"—*Bay State Democrat.*

Odds and Ends.

The Nantucket Islander says, "Society makes criminals and then punishes them for their misdeeds." There is a great deal too much truth in this.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—The Richmond Transcript neatly remarks: "We wish Mrs. Gaines would do like other ladies—draw a *curtain* over her lectures."

If there is one creature I abominate, it is he who will smile upon you with soft words, but the moment your back is turned, thrust a dagger to your honor and reputation.

ROMANTIC.—Miss Mary Ann prettyman, quite a pretty looking girl too, was arrested in Philadelphia a few days since, and committed to prison, for stealing *five sucking pigs!*

If the world should'nt burst up in 1843, according to Dr. Miller's prophecy, wouldn't he feel flat? —*Sunday Mercury.*

If it should, wouldn't we all feel flatter?

Why is a man ruled by an ugly old woman, like a piece of meat awkwardly carved? Because he is HAG-led.

Reading only furnishes the mind with materials of knowledge. 'Tis thinking makes what we read ours.

"How dreadful short the days are," as the woman said when she let her breakfast dishes stand till she had read a novel.

"I was terribly *put out* about it," as the fellow said who was kicked down stairs for making a row.

"I will *call* again," as the man said who was shouting for help.

"My bark is on the wave," as Pat remarked the other day, as his shanty sailed off down stream.

"You couldn't get along without my *puffs*," as the engine said to the steamboat.

A dandy's side arms are his whiskers, a demagogue's his supple knees.

"My dear wife!" as the man said when he looked at his last milliner's bill.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

BRISK TIMES.—Fifteen weddings took place at Winchester, Ky., on Christmas day.

NIAGARA.—Ocean pouring over Caucasus.

Female Education.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

OLD MAIDS.

MR. EDITOR—It was not a bad reply that a young lady made, when asked why she did not marry, that "she did not know which to choose, when there were only two orders of men, each of whom might pass under the denomination of Sir Harry Harmless or Sir John Brute."

Now, sir, I have been induced to make this remark from observing in the Gem a satirical remark on old maids, whom I regard as a portion of society that have been to long inhumanly laughed at and scandalized. Being a real lover of justice, I must take up the cudgel in their defence.

"Annette," in the New Genesee Farmer, has written on Farmer's Daughters and their homes, but she does not as yet touch the right point, to prevent old maids from becoming such. Their education should fit them, in the first place, to become wives, mothers and housekeepers, which duties the American women, more than any other nation, are called on to perform. As Dr. Johnson has observed, "a woman cannot know too much of arithmetic." It is one of the most striking defects in our system of education, that females are so generally uninstructed in the common forms of business. Much precious time in early life, is devoted to some accomplishments which are forgotten amidst the cares of a married life. Ornamental should not take the place of useful studies, in any of the fair daughters of America. Transplanted from her native place to the far west, and often left young with a helpless family of children, a widow, she is deprived of her future support, in a great measure, and her orphan children left penniless, by her not understanding the nature of contracts and the forms in which they should appear, and her inability to keep accounts correctly.

Woman should be educated as a companion for man, not in a nunnery, but with him, as President Edwards set the example, in former times, by giving his daughters lessons with his sons; thereby fitting them for the stations which they filled so well. Now all this I am urging on our females, and those having the guardianship of them, in order that they may, if they should voluntarily remain single, be prepared to sustain that character and dignity in society to which they are entitled. And here let me give an illustrative fact, and I am done for the present:

A certain farmer in one of the New England States, had a family of nine daughters, and one son. His daughters received a useful English education and all the accomplishments of that day, (some forty years ago.) They were then taught to provide for themselves by some useful trade. One was a seamstress. She came to this part of the country with a married sister, saved her money, and purchased a farm in the Holland Purchase—soon after which her brother-in-law sold out, and took all his property to Illinois to purchase again, leaving his wife and five children with her sister, purposing to return for them when located, but he was taken sick and died among strangers, and his property could not be found.—The widow remained with her sister, and by their united exertions, they have reared and educated the children, cleared and built suitable buildings on a new farm, without any assistance from friends or relatives, besides supporting all the expenses which such a situation naturally makes necessary.

Such facts speak more eloquently in favor of a true system of female educatien, than the most finely worded essays that could be written.

ZENO.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1841.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"The Fair," by "E." contains some good sentiments. But measure and rhyme do not constitute poetry. Some of the expressions are quite too tame and common place, and there are several grammatical errors. Try again.

Lines "To E. B——," are too "piquant, exquisite and fascinating" for our use.

"S. P." in our next number.

ERRATA.

In the article "DAVIA," published in the first number of this volume, there occurred, owing to the blind hand of the manuscript, several errors, the most important of which are corrected as follows:—

6th	par.,*	13th	line,	for	*me,*	read	*her.*
"	"	32d	"		*eve,*	"	*e'en.*
7th	"	14th	"		*turret*	"	*secret.*
9th	"	13th	"		*Pardinia*	"	*Sardinia.*
13th	"	19th	"		*summoned*	"	*mirrored.*
15th	"	15th	"		*now*	"	*none.*
29th	"	4th	"		*head*	"	*heart.*
"	"	6th	"		*sins*	"	*sire's.*
31st	"	41st	"		*worldly*	"	*worthy.*

*It will be understood that in numbering the paragraphs, we only count each speaker and every verse of the songs.

Mr. Burdett, the Plagiarist.

We copy the following article from a late number of the Brooklyn Daily News:

"C. BURDETT, ESQ.—We have read with a great deal of pleasure, many beautifully written stories which have appeared in several of the New York weekly papers during the past year, by a young gentleman of our city, Mr. C. Burdett. We understand he is under an engagement to furnish to the Sunday Morning News, one of his happy productions every week. We take pleasure in calling attention to the writings of Mr. Burdett, for we feel assured they can be read with both pleasure and profit. Each one we have perused inculcates some sound moral lesson. We shall, as soon as possible, re-publish some of these pleasing stories."

This "C. Burdett, Esq." is the same individual of whom we spoke in the last number of our paper, as having remodled and published as original, in the New York Atlas, the popular tale written for the Gem, some years since, and usually known as the Tudor Story. We know not whether this is one of the "pleasing stories" which the Brooklyn News promises to give, or not, nor whether it is one of those which has contributed to the literary reputation of Mr. B. Be this as it may, the "young gentleman" is certainly strutting in plumes borrowed—nay, *stolen*—from us; and we have deemed it alike due to ourselves, our correspondent, and those for whose tastes he may cater, to expose him.

If Mr. B. is envious of notoriety as a writer, we advise him to make use of fair and honorable means to attain it. A literary pilferer, of all classes of writers, we hold in the greatest detestation. Such a person can only be actuated by a most reprehensible species of vanity. Nothing noble or manly enters into his composition. Instead of appearing before the public in his true character, and depending upon his own merits for approbation, he throws around himself the reputation he has filched from others—thus virtually rendering himself a mere jack-daw dressed in the peacock's attire.

It may not be unfair or unreasonable to presume, that as Mr. B. has played the plagiarist in *one* instance, he may do so again. At any rate, we caution the editor and readers of the Morning News to be on their guard against further imposition by the "young gentleman."

The Turkish Women Market.

The buying and selling of human flesh and blood is, at best, an execrable business—one which ever has, and, we doubt not, ever will, receive the anathemas of the humane and philanthropic. But when the fairer portion of our race—the young and beautiful of the gentler sex—are thus trafficked, like so many beasts of burden, at markets established for that purpose, the most flagrant injustice is done to our natures. There is something peculiarly revolting at the idea of such a sale. Timid and virtuous themselves, these girls are quite as likely to fall into the hands of the unfeeling and debauched, if not more so, than into those worthy of the confidence and affection of their guileless hearts. The highest bidder always secures the fair commodity, who, too often, is doomed to drag out a life of neglect, abuse and disappointed hopes.

Notwithstanding the Circassian and Georgian females, who principally supply the Turkish market at Stamboul, are not wholly ignorant of the hardships endured by their sisters, it is a singular fact, that many, if not the greater portion of them, look forward to the time when they shall become the object of competition, with every indication of satisfaction and pleasure. This can only be accounted for by the manner in which they are educated. From their youth, they are brought up by their parents for the merchants. If born Mahommedan, they remain so; if born Christian, they are educated in no faith, in order that they may conform, when purchased, to the Mussulman faith. They live a secluded life, are harshly treated by their relations, never seeing a stranger's face, and can form but few ties of friendship or love, nor preserve any very pleasing recollections of home. Their destination is constantly before their eyes, painted in glowing colors; and so far from dreading it, they are said to look for the moment of leaving their native soil for the market, with very nearly as much eagerness as a parlor-boarder of a French or Italian convent for her emancipation.

In the market, these doomed creatures are lodged in separate apartments, carefully secluded, where, in the hours of business, they may be visited by aspirants for possessing such delicate ware. On such occasions, they are subjected to a scrutiny which, to say the least, would shock the delicacy of those who are more sensitively educated. The common price of a tolerably looking maid, is about $450. Some bring much more, the value depending as much on accomplishments as beauty.

The girls from Nubia and Abyssinia, who are coarser in their appearance and manners, are exposed publicly on platforms. They are easily sold, and are usually purchased by the Turkish ladies, for domestics. Their lot is really to be regarded as more enviable than that of the maids of Circassia and Georgia. The usual price of one of these domestics, is about $50.

We regard the day as not far distant, when this traffic will be quite abolished. Indeed, it does not appear to be curried on as extensively now as it was a few years ago. Since the means of communication between Turkey and the more enlightened European countries, have become so vastly augmented, more liberal and humane principles seem to have possessed the Turks; and we regard the hope as not too sanguine, that one after another of their old traits of barbarism will soon be partially or wholly renounced, until they shall become entitled to a rank among the truly civilized nations of the age, and when their only claims to the possession and affection of the female sex, shall be founded alone upon the principles of love and honor.

ANTI-GRAHAMITES, BEWARE.—Food half masticated is probably more injurious to health, than that of a more pernicious quality if well subjected to the action of the teeth and mixed with saliva in the mouth. This is too little known or not sufficiently regarded. Many cram their mouths "with substantials," give them a twist or two with their tongue and grinders, and then with a full sup of hot drink wash them down, leaving the stomach to perform, besides its own functions, those of the other organs. This practice probably cost a man his life a few weeks since, in Philadelphia.—Thomas Kilson, a tavern keeper, aged 57 years, while seated at the dinner table, fell suddenly backwards and expired. The coroner found in his throat two pieces of beef connected by a piece of skin, one of which only had been masticated. The effort to swallow one had, of course, lodged the other, and produced suffocation.

"NATIVE STEEL."—Mr. B. S. Roberts, in his report of the geological and minerological examination of a portion of Franklin and Clinton counties, mentions the existence, in the town of Duane, of "*Steel Ore*" or "*magnetic oxide of iron*," possessing all the properties of manufactured steel, in an inherent state. The vein of ore has been worked eight years, but the properties of the ore were not known till recently, except that it yielded a better quality of iron. Among the qualities of this ore are mentioned these: the expense of cementation is avoided, the ore yielding superior steel by the processes of casting and bloomery—it retains steel qualities through repeated meltings—it can be moulded to any shape with accuracy and reliance; and tools made of it will be all steel.

RAILROAD OVER A TOWN.—The Manchester and Birmingham Railroad in England passes *over* not *through*, the town of Stockport, which, being situated in a valley, is too low for the level of the Railroad. A viaduct, 1786 feet in length, consisting of 26 arches, has been constructed, which goes complety over the town—all the streets passing under the arches. It stands 111 feet higher than the river which flows beneath it. It was 21 months in building, and cost about $3000,000.—The materials are brick and stone: and the whole work is put together in so substantial a manner that it has not settled *half an inch*.

"WALLINGFORD."—The Evening Advocate of a recent date, contains a Review of the original tale entitled "Wallingford," published in the first number of the current volume of the Gem. When we state that the Reviewer is a self-conceited individual who thinks that his own productions and those of his friends, are alone suitable for the public eye, no further notice of his present effort will be expected at our hands.

By the way, some of our exchanges are republishing Wallingford, and others speak highly of its merits.

BACK NUMBERS.—A large edition of this volume of the Gem has been printed, and any number of subscribers, commencing now, can be supplied with the back numbers.

THE BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.—A merchant lately advertised "A boy wanted." Next morning he found a band box at his door with this inscription: "How will *this one* answer?" On opening it he found a chubby specimen of what he wanted, (?) warmly done up in a flannel!

EARLY.—The dinner hour in Paris, during the reign of Louis XIII, was eight o'clock in the morning.

FOWL-MOUTHED—Having a keen appetite for chickens.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

BOLOGNA.—Many of the cheese mongers' shops at Bologna, would startle even a Rochester alderman, with the piles of fat and savory eatables, ranged in tempting succession round their shops. Their doors are flanked by huge Parmesan cheeses, baskets of macaroni, &c., while the windows are stored with rolls of Bologna sausages of an unusual size, hams and truffles. The image of the Blessed Virgin is to be seen in many of these shops, peeping out of the sausage mountains; and in the wine cellars, too, she is placed, with a lighted lamp in front, near the jolly profane Bacchus astride of his butt.

A TRIFLING DISPARITY.—The English attribute the cause of Americans dying with consumption, to their tight windows and the absence of fresh air in their rooms; whilst the Germans give as a reason, that in this country we always have our windows open, and sit in strong draughts of air.

THE INCONVENIENCE OF CUSTOM.—The coronation of Louis XV. was delayed three or four years, because he had neglected to send in time to Armenia for *ermine*. The animal is small and getting rare, and orders must be transmitted for the fur several years in advance.

A PUNCTUAL CORRESPONDENT.—A married gentleman in Europe, is in the habit of receiving lengthy and affectionate letters from his wife in America. These he never opens, but carefully lays them by, tied up and labelled according to their dates, in order, on his return, that his wife may read them to him all of a lump.

MELANCHOLY EXPRESSIONS.—Both in sound and sense, the words "no more" are, perhaps, more descriptive of melancholy than any others in our language. Second in the scale to these, may be placed the single word "alone," next to this "never," and last "adieu."

KNOWLEDGE OF THE FRENCH.—An English officer, before the expulsion of the Bourbons, had frequently heard the air *Henri Quatre*, the "God save the King" of the French, played, went into a music shop in Paris, and asked for the tune of *Henry Carter!*

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—A German once made the following beautiful apology to his mistress, for negligence in epistolary correspondence: "Remember that one gives no other answer to the rose for its precious fragrance, than to inhale it with delight."

IMMODERATE ENJOYMENT.—Our laughing, if it be loud and high, commonly ends in a deep sigh; and all the instances of pleasure have a sting, though they carry beauty on the face and sweetness on the lip.

VALUE OF TIME.—We once heard of a great economist of time. If a person extended a visit to him over ten minutes, he would rise, point to a large clock, and say, "see, you have been here ten minutes."

A BULL.—"Every monumental inscription," says Dr. Johnson, "should be in Latin, for that being a *dead* language, will always *live*." This would be a bull in any other writer.

OUR NATURES.—Man possesses three natures—a vegetable one, which is content merely to exist; an animal, which destroys; and an intellectual, which creates.

VANITY.—Every one at the bottom of his heart cherishes vanity. Even the toad thinks himself good looking: "Rather tawny, perhaps, but look at my *eyes*."

Original Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

STANZAS,

Suggested by hearing a Bird sing on a sunny day in Winter.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

I.

Bird, cease thy lonely song,
Waste not thy music here—
The day is sunny, but storms fierce and strong
Shall cause thy tiny breast to quake with fear;
O cease awhile, for long
And sunny days draw near.

II.

The treacherous wintry wind
Is slumbering in its cave—
O, tender hedgling, why art thou behind?
Soon o'er thy form the wintry blast will rave!
Canst thou no resting find
Far o'er the southern wave?

III.

Soon will the Spring return
To paint the violet blue;
Flora will scatter wide her teeming urn,
The bright earth slumber gemm'd in rosy dew,
And the gay tints of morn
Rival the evening's hue.

IV.

Then mayest thou ever sing,
Perch'd o'er some babbling stream,
Swelling its chorus till the old woods ring,
And wild flowers startle at the vocal dream,
Deeming the sound to spring,
From the sun's waving beam.

V.

Then spread thy dappled plume,
And through the azure sky
Trace thy far course to regions that assume
The livery of Spring-time's comely dye;
'Till our bland months resume
Their richer drapery!

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

ACROSTIC.

Fair stranger, welcome to our quiet home—
Oft hast thou been of late, (among the rest,)
Round our warm fireside, the most frequent guest.
To thee we give with cheer, our choicest room—
Here, in this chamber, a *conclave* for thee,
Enrobed in *satire*, thou shalt surely be.

Rose of the winter months, in fragrant bloom,
O'er every leaf, the tint of beauty glows.
Charmingly sweet, the breath of thy perfume,
Hath swept across our hearts—most lovely Rose!
Enough to win them—and they must disclose
Such love as they have never felt before!
Then in our fervent souls, thou mayest repose,—
E'en still thy fragrant perfume there to pour,
Round every raptured heart, both now, and ever more.

Gem of the soul—of clearest, purest thought,
Extracted from Love's mine, and dearly bought—
May all thy rays of beauty shine
Amid each fireside circle of sweet home,
Ne'er to be clouded nor in vain to roam,
Dim in the night—to go out in fine!

An Amulet, a witching charm,
Most needful to our hearts, art thou;
Unhurt by thee, who canst not harm,
Love binds thee to her bosom now!
Extended be thy blessed sway afar,
To shine and glow, like yonder evening star.

ETHEL.

[For the Gem and Amulet]

"Gally Cold Water Men."

Tune, "*Gaily the Troubadours.*"

Gaily cold water men,
Lift your loud song;
Throw it o'er the welkin
Loudly and long!
Sing of the chrystal brook,
Sing of the stream,—
Take your cup, fill it up!
Fill to the brim!

Come, come, ye red wine men,
Cast your cups away;
Death's within the tainted rim,
Ruin and decay!
We have the purest wine,
Brewed in the sky;
Take our cup, fill it up!
Drain, drain it dry!

Hark! 'tis the red-wine men,
Coming from afar;
See! they're all returning—
Home from the *Bar!*
Leaving the groggeries,
Hither they come!
Welcome them, water men—
Welcome them home!

Now see the brandy streaks
Hast'ning away!
Now see the bloated cheeks
Laughing and gay!
Glad is his cheerful heart,—
Bounding and free!
"Brooks and springs," hark! he sings,
Water for me!

J. D. R.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

To the Memory

Of Miss CERTRUDE FORT, of Ira, Cayuga County, N. Y. who died Nov. 16, 1840, aged 21 years.

BY J. F. VAN EPPS.

MANY HAVE BEEN THE TEARS SHED FOR THEE.

Thy memory will ever live in the undying affections that are garnered up in the recollections of the precious character and sweet deportment thou hast left behind. In the endearments of the social and domestic circle Seldom has death levelled his arrow at so *high an object*, and accomplished so much at one stroke. Thy young friends have lost a *beloved* and *faithful* monitor. We trust thy dying address has touched chords that will vibrate to all eternity in the salvation of souls. Thy death is realized by none. But thou art gone

Beyond the highest height
That poet ever soared, up to the seat
Of "Him who lov'd" thee, thou hast taken flight;
Stars, Suns, beneath thy feet!

Winter has piled his snow
Upon the earth that warps thy shrouded breast,
While thou art slumbering silently below
With thy sister at rest.*

'Tis well it should be thus,
That nature sympathises when we part
From those who were beloved and endeared to us,
The kind and warm of heart.

Yet winter will pass by
And spring flowers bloom upon the barren ground,
And warm winds of summer softly sigh
Thy resting place around.

E'en now a joyful spring
And glorious summer break upon thy sight,
And thou art sweeping on a spirit's wing
Through the far worlds of light.

No touch of pain
Casts its dark shadow on thy marble brow,
And tears of grief shall never stain
That pale cheek now.

'Tis at the time of prayer,
When we look round and see a vacant seat,
We need not wait, oh then! we miss thee there,
Nor hear thy coming feet.
"God's name be praised!" she reigns! she reigns!

* Her Sister FRANCIS, aged 11 years, who died a few hours after, was interred in the same grave.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Departed Child.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIENDS OF JULIA S. CAMPBELL, WHO DIED DEC. 18, 1840.

Oh! sad the void within our home,
And lonely is our hearth;
Since she the loved, the youngest one
Hath passed away from earth.

At early dawn we miss her now—
Her voice of childish glee,
That seemed to come like spring's first glow,
Or summer's melody.

We miss the step so free and light,
That told us school was o'er;
The greetings blithe, the kind "good night"—
Ah! these we hear no more.

We miss her at the hour of prayer,
And when to heaven we raise
The tuneful voice, she is not there
To join us in our lays.

We miss that eye so mild and clear,
With look devoid of guile;
And of all charms that made her dear,
The bright and winning smile.

Yes—she is gone: yet mem'ry brings
The dear loved form and face;
And still to them the torn heart clings
With fond, though sad embrace.

Tears dim our eyes—and we may weep,
'Tis sorrowing nature's boon;
Jesus the great Redeemer wept,
When one He loved was gone.

Yet there is balm to heal our wo,
Light to dispel our gloom;
The Sun of Righteousness can throw
A radiance o'er the tomb.

He, too, each dreary void can fill,
And lead our souls to prove,
That even this, his righteous will,
Bears token of his love.

A. C. P.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

COMPARISONS.

The sheenless canopy of night
Is mantling o'er me now;
No rolling orb gives forth its light,
With kind and cheering glow.
Thus is the pilgrimage of life;
A dark and weary way,
Too often passed in pain or strife,
Without a joyous ray.

But yet we know the morn will break,
And scatter all the gloom,
And bid the world to life awake,
And burst the emblem tomb.
Thus shall it be beyond the flood,
That bounds the vale of time;
The pure in heart shall praise their God,
In choral chants sublime.

The present scene is ever bright,
Without some shade or gloom;
To-morrow seems more full of light,
We grasp for future bloom.
'Tis thus thro' life and time and Earth,
A scene, we say, of pain;
We know that an immortal birth,
Will be eternal gain.

And when we grasp what seemed so fair,
Of Earthly make or worth,
We find too oft a sting is there,
And curse the thing of Earth.
Not thus, *not* thus, when Heav'n is gained,
When CHRIST's own welcome sounds;
Then bliss ineffable, unfeigned,
Eternally abounds.

R. L. A.

MARRIAGES.

In this City on the 27th inst., by the Rev. J. CHASE, Mr. JOHN S. VANCOTT to Miss ELECTA, daughter of Thomas H. Dunning Esq.

In this city, on the 28th inst., by Rev. Tryon Edwards, Mr. JAMES M. McLAUGHLIN, to Miss JULIA ANN E. DYKE.

In this city, on the 18th inst., by Rev. M. Tooker, Mr. Sylvester Hoyt to Miss Emily Bliss, all of this city.

In this city, on the 21st inst., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Robert Hinckley to Miss Malinthe Davenport, both of Walworth.

In Williamson, Wayne county, New York, on the 26th December, 1840, by the Rev. A. C. Lathrop, Mr. William McIntyre, of Sodus, to Miss Mary McIntyre, of the former place.

In Williamson, by the same, on the 25th instant, Mr. Edwin Pallister, to Miss Lydia Nash, both of the town of Williamson.

In Port Gibson, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. William Roe, Mr Manson Schutt, to Miss Caroline Codman, both of the former place.

In Hopewell, on the 19th instant, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Morris Warner, of Parma, Monroe county, New York, to Miss Margaret Marks, of Haverstraw, Rockland county, New York.

In Le Roy, on the 31st instant, by H. H. Carpenter, Esq. Col. Horace Olmsted, to Miss Rachel Pollock, both of Stafford.

At Lenox, Madison county, on the 21st instant, by Rev. A. P. Mason, John Marble, M. D., of Marion, to Miss Sarah Whitman, Esq., of the former place.

On the 24th instant, by Rev. Samuel Wilson, Mr. Chester Pardy, to Miss Rhoda Mitchell, all of Palmyra.

In Carlton, Orleans county, on the 20th instant, by the Rev. A. Irons, of Yates, Mr. John Hall, to Miss Caroline Woodmansey, both of the former place.

In Genesco, on the 21st instant, by Elder Hail Whiting, Mr. Aaron Clark, of Niagara county, to Miss Rachael Daily, of the former place.

In Genesco, on the 21st instant, by Rev. John Parker, Mr. Leonard Dieffenbacker, to Miss Maria Darlen, all of the above named place.

In Mount Morris, on the evening of the 10th instant, in St. John's Church, by Rev. H. S. Attwater, Mr. Morris S. Kimball, to Miss Louisa C. Tobey, all of Mt. Morris.

In Attica, on the 21st instant, by the Rev Mr. Taylor, Mr. Philander Chaddock, of Middlebury, to Miss Malvina Walbridge, of the former place.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Neill Johnson, Mr. Benjamin Kellogg, to Miss Ann Elizabeth Stackpole, both of Pekin, Illinois.

Jan. 21st, at Brandon, Vt., by the Rev. Josiah Perry, of Ludlow, Vt., Mr. DANIEL MARSH, of Rochester, New York, to Miss ELIZA M. MASON, of the former place.

In West Henrietta, on Monday, the 4th instant, by Eld. James B. Murray, Mr. Eliphlet W. Gondy, to Miss Fanny E. Brininstool, all of the above place.

In Milton, Ohio, on the 31st Dec., by Rev. Mr. Boyd, Mr. Benjamin D. Carlile, of Milton, to Miss Harriet L. Townsend, of Rochester.

In Cambria, on the 19th inst., by Rev. Mr. Bridgeman, Mr. William Scott, Jr., to Miss Louisa M., daughter of Mr. Smith Brown, all of Cambria.

In Albion, on the evening of the 13th inst., at the Baptist Church, by Rev. Aaron Jackson, Mr. Royal Southwick, of Somerset, to Miss Lydia Childs, of Albion.

In New York, on the 17th ult., by Rev. Drake Wilson, Mr. James Green, in his 81st year, to Mrs. Betsey Green, in her 61st year, both of Greenwich, Ct.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

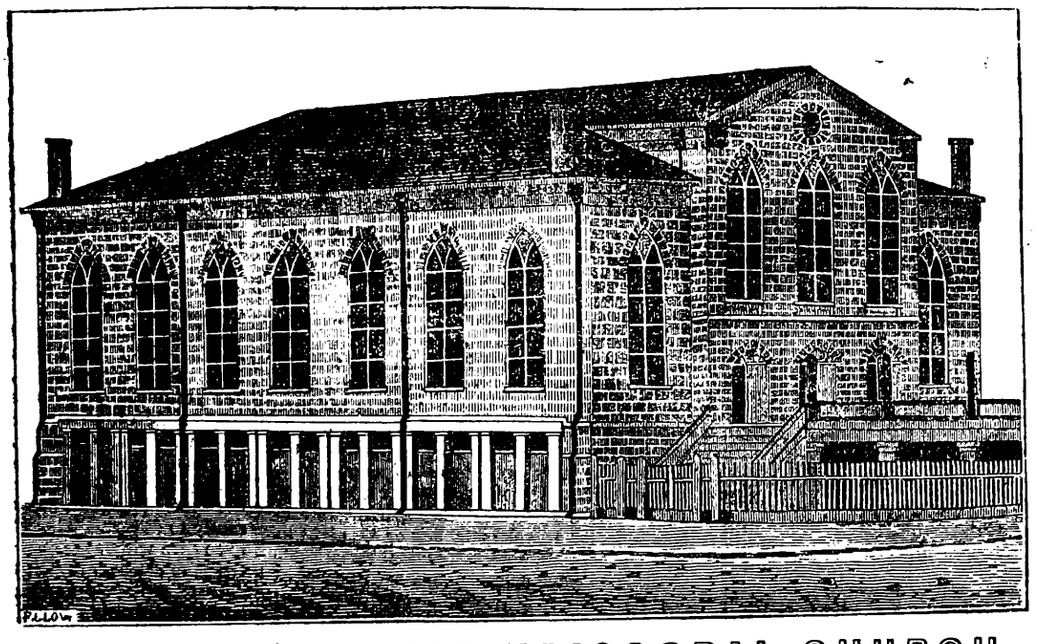
TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

Vol. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1841. No. 4.



FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

RE-BUILT AFTER THE FIRE.

Description of the Cut.

From O'Reilly's "Sketches of Rochester."

First Methodist Episcopal Church.

The First Methodist Episcopal Church in Rochester was organized on the 20th September, 1820. On the 4th June, 1821, it was resolved to erect an edifice of brick, 52 by 40, which was done on the west side of South St. Paul street, opposite the first frame dwelling ever erected in what is now the City of Rochester. In 1827, an addition of ten feet was made to the west end of the building.

In 1830 it was resolved to make exertions for erecting a new church; and these exertions were so successful, that the massive and spacious stone edifice, on the corner of Buffalo and Fitzhugh streets, was completed and consecrated in the fall of the following year. This church was soon afterward destroyed by fire, and liberal contributions were made by the public to enable the society to repair their loss. A view is here presented of the renewed structure. The external appearance is improved by the substitution of high Gothic windows for the former style, &c. The engraving represents this edifice correctly. The fire occurred on the 5th of January, 1835, and the loss fell wholly upon the society as there was no insurance.

Selected Miscellany.

THE GENTLEMANLY MAN.—This is a man who is held in great consideration amongst the lower of the middle ranks. His dress, his air, his conversation, are all subjects of imitation. He lives on an annuity of five hundred pounds—does nothing at all useful—and despises all who do. His wife is the sixteenth cousin of a lord, which fact he took great care to communicate to the world in the newspapers at the time of the marriage.—He may consequently be said to belong to the aristocracy, and this accounts for his intimate knowledge of the marriages and intermarriages of the great ones of the land. He speaks learnedly of the operas, and knows to a day when the fashionable season commences and when it ends. He alludes frequently to circumstances which occurred when he was "on the Continent," and pities much people who have not travelled. He speaks French with the veritable London accent. He dislikes port, and has ideas about being helped twice to soup. He has a place taken in the front row of the dress circle when he visits the theatre, which he often does, being, he says, very fond of "public places." He goes to Boulogne, or Ramsgate, in September, because nobody of the least consideration can then remain in town. Margate he considers vulgar. He is partial to astonishing waistcoats, and revels in eternal white kid gloves. Morning, noon and night is he gloved the same—in defiance and utter disregard to the wholesome love of contrast. He wears a blue coat with embossed gilt buttons. He knows all the leading men in politics at first sight. He once met Theodore Hood at dinner. He has often seen Grisi off the stage. He has shaken hands before now with a baronet. In fact, he is a very superior, well-informed person, and is universally considered, by his friends, a most "gentlemanly man."

The standard of the first regiment of the old Imperial Guard, which Napoleon embraced at Fontainebleau in 1814, on taking leave of the army, and has since been preserved by Gen. Petit, has, by him, been delivered up to the King, in order that it may be deposited at the Invalides, with the sword of Austerlitz, presented by Gen. Bertrand. The colors are much faded by time and service, but there may be still read, on one side: "Garde, Imperiale. l'Empereur Napoleon au premiur regiment de Grenadiers a pied, vieille Garde." And on the other: "Marengo, Austerlitz, Gena, Eylau, Friedland, Wagram, Moskowa, Vienne, Berlin, Madrid, Moscou."

A friend of the Rev. Mr. LELAND, since his death, hns handed us the following lines, which were composed by Mr. L's wife, some time before her decease:

He like his master was by some despised,
Like Him by many others lov'd and prized;
But his shall be the everlasting crown,
Not whom the world but Jesus Christ shall own."

A fashionable Sambo from New York, who had just landed at Boston, accosted a friend of his with, "Nigga, do you know waur de Dremont house be?" "Gosh amighty! I wish dis nigga had as many dollars as he know waur dat ar house be,—wah—wah!"

Items from the Philadelphia North American.

EDITORIAL.—The editors of New York and Boston make their editorials of late as long as a Dutch courtship; in which it is said one of the parties always sleeps while the other talks. Long editorials and long sermons pay a poor compliment to the intelligence of the hearer, the reader and the writer too. The drivellings of a long article are worse than the droppings of the eves on a man's bare neck in a January thaw. Monks may count their beads, ruminate and read long editorials, but business men have time for neither. They want the pea, and not the pod.

An old man as he walks looks down and thinks of the past; a young man looks forward and thinks of the future; a child looks every where and thinks of nothing.

A man who speaketh modestly and beareth himself meekly is a dry stick to a fashionable woman.

The romance of love does very well before marriage; but after it, sinks into the real pork and cabbage of human life.

The man of one idea is like the cowslip with a buzzing bumblebee in its shell.

If frequenting the theatre be an evidence of gentility, then refinement should take its shape and hue from those in the pit and gallery, since they are at the bottom and top of the business.

A political partizan and a pig in a poke are governed in their motions by their gear.

REMARKABLE.—The printer of the Farmers' Advocate says, "We do not pretend to 'believe in dreams,' but we had one a few nights since, of a singular character, that we cannot resist an inclination to give it publicity. We dreamed (for printers are subject to dreams) that all our delinquent subscribers flocked in and paid up all accounts—consequently we immediately procured new type from New York, enlarged the Advocate, and paid off the paper maker. In this we were exceedingly delighted—but just as we were about to render a host of grateful acknowledgments to our patrons, an unlucky, blundering little insect, (which we think might have found better lodgings) gave us such a friendly grip between the shoulders, that we awoke under the dreadful apprehension that the sheriff had favored us with a call—but 'twas all a dream—all but the *bite*."

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOMICIDE.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF LAUNCELOT LIMNER, ESQ.

It was late in the afternoon of a genial spring day, that a noble-looking Spanish cavalier was seen riding into a quiet little village, snugly nestled in a valley at the foot of the mountains that stretch along the western borders of the province of Valencia. The sun, which was just retiring behind the tops of the mountains, left the valley immediately at their base in a melancholy shadow; while he east upon the vast plain beyond, a rich and vigorous glow, which showed that he was not yet setting, nor shorn of his splendor, amid the golden and rose-colored haze upon the western horizon. The cavalier rode slowly on through the village, casting a benignant smile upon the urchins, who, attracted by his splendid dress, ran along by his side to gaze upon him; and passing through the principal street, took a narrow road that wound up the side of the mountain, to an antiquated castle, which stood beetling upon an eminence, overlooking the vast plain, and the village sleeping below.

As he approached the castle, it was evident that at first he was regarded as a stranger; but no sooner had he doffed his Spanish hat and sweeping black feathers, displaying his high and expansive forehead and his noble and benevolent features, than he was recognized by the old seneschal as his long-expected master.

"An, Seignior," said the faithful old servant, "long have my wearied eyes strained themselves down this winding road, looking for your return to this retreat of your ancestors, and right jealous have I been of the attractions of the lowland estates, that have kept you so many years from us. Your honored father never left the castle three months together."

"True, good Gomez," said the master, "but he was of a moody temperament, and preferred these wild rocks and forests, to the sunny plains; but whether I prefer them or not, I must now perforce make the best of this rude retreat, for all the rest of my rich inheritance is gone from me; but I trust not without making many a heavy heart lighter, and smoothing the rugged path of life to many a suffering pilgrim."

The good old seneschal seemed hardly to comprehend his master's meaning, and a few words of explanation may be necessary for the reader.

Don Vincente de Raymar, at the early age of twenty years, came into the possession of one of the richest inheritances in all Spain. He was an only son; and his father, a morose, retiring, and penurious man, had lavished all the affections of a soured and disappointed heart upon this darling object, and had bestowed upon him all the advantages of a perfect education and princely accomplishments. Don Vincente, after the death of his father, as if proud of exhibiting the most striking contrast of character, moved in the gayest circles of Madrid, and was not only most prodigal in his personal expenditure, but most beneficent in his largesses and charities. By degrees, either through satiety or some other cause, he became less self-indulgent, but at the same time more and more generous to others; till at last all Madrid was ringing with the praises of the young cavalier's wonderful self-denial, and still more wonderful munificence. His whole delight appeared to consist in giving, and his whole time was absorbed in seeking out objects of charity. Even the beautiful and accomplished Donna Xilia de Toranti, who at first had captivated his heart, now seemed to have lost her power over him; and numerous other lovely damsels, who could not fail to be struck with his fine person, and romantic generosity of character, tried all their arts of captivation in vain. In short, his generosity became a kind of monomania; and although at first indulged in some measure no doubt from love of admiration, it now assumed the character of a ruling passion. His fortune melted rapidly away before it, and in a very few years, while he was yet quite a young man, he found himself deprived of all his estates, except one on the mountains, and was brought to a stand by his inability to find a purchaser for that remote relic of his vast patrimony. This crisis, however, did not seem to cause him to reflect on his actual condition; but he at once resolved to retire to that estate, and find there a new field for his active and extraordinary benevolence. As he had no longer the means of founding convents, and supplying the luxurious but necessitous extravagance of his peers, he thought he might discover in these remote regions, and among these humble villages, a theatre for the exercise of his ruling passion, adapted to his altered circumstances.

No sooner, therefore, had he established himself in his new situation, than he proceeded to make himself acquainted with the condition and wants of all the good people of the neighboring hamlets. In such small communities, the minutest actions of each member are known and canvassed by all the rest; and it required but a few acts of generosity on the part of so prominent a personage, to spread his notoriety and fame as extensively among these villagers and peasants, as the squandering of his immense estates had done at Madrid. Rumors of his boundless wealth were circulated, and the people, whose wonder was aroused, and whose imagination became highly excited, began to fancy that they had but to wish for any blessing, and it would at once be supplied by the good Don Vincente.

Things were in this condition, and the whole country was resounding with the praise of the benevolent Don Vincente, when the public ear began to be occupied by other equally extraordinary circumstances. The passage across the mountains, near Don Vincente's castle, was a great thoroughfare, but led for several miles through gloomy forests, and wild, rocky, and uninhabitable wastes. This region in former times had been a famous resort of bands of robbers, but of late years, by the vigilance of the alcaydes of the neighboring villages, and the aid of a small body of troops furnished by the government, had ceased to be infested by these outlaws, and was considered safe for travelers by day or by night.—Within a short time, however, several remarkable robberies, and some murders, had been perpetrated in this rude and benighted region. The good Don Vincente appeared very much distressed at these extraordinary occurrences, and took an active part, such as became his benevolent character, in the efforts to discover the cause and put an end to the enormities. His high rank, and the exalted reputation which he enjoyed, gave him great influence; and the measures taken to attain these objects were entirely of his dictation. One day, while he was on a visit to the alcayde of the village, the worthy Pietro d'Almanzor, to consult upon some steps which he advised should be taken in reference to this subject, he fell into conversation with the magistrate's son, Ferdinando d'Almanzor, whom he had observed to be of a melancholy turn of mind, and whose interesting appearance altogether had attracted his regard, and excited his sympathies.

"I pray you, tell me, my young friend," said the kind Don Vincente to the disconsolate youth, "why it is that you always wear so sorrowful an aspect, and that you resist my solicitations to know the cause of your grief, so that I might perchance have it in my power to relieve it."

"Alas, no, Seignior," replied Frederick, "bountiful as you are, you have not the ability to aid me, and I would not afflict your generous heart with a fruitless recital of the sourcess of my unhappiness."

"Nay, but I insist," said Don Vincente, "that you tell me, for you can form but a very inadequate estimate of my means of assistance, or the fertility of my resources."

"True, Seignior," replied the youth, "but it is not money that can help me, but power over the will of others; and I fear me, with all your kindness of heart, and power of persuasion, you can do little for me."

"Say not so, Ferdinando," responsed Don Vincente, with a benignant smile; "know you not that my influence through the whole country is unbounded, and that I have already laid almost all the people under obligations to me?"

"Well, then," exclaimed Ferdinando with a sigh, "I will tell you my story, though with little hope that you can in any way extricate me from my difficulty."

"You know the excellent widow Isabella D'Estremar, and her daughter Julia, who reside in the little white cottage, embowered in the orange grove by the great path near the foot of the mountain, and not far from your castle. I have seen you there once or twice, and have heard them both speak of you in the most enthusiastic terms, not only of your general benevolence, but of your especial kindness to them in their humble though not entirely destitute condition. They were formerly in better, although not affluent, circumstances, during the life of the father and husband; and Julia had received the education and accomplishments appropriate to her sex and station.—Soon after their retirement to the little cottage, I was pursuing my sports upon the mountains, when I came to a rivulet that ran brawling and sparkling down a wooded ravine, rejoicing in its own liquid music, and its covert of trees, like a wild bird warbling in its green protecting bower. I paused to enjoy the sweet sounds that seemed attuned to a harmony in my own bosom, amid the solemn stillness of the mountain height, rendered more impressive by the gentle shadow that brooded over its steep declivities, and the intense sunshine that slept upon the plain below.

"I loved such scenes with an absorbing but undefined passion, and my whole soul was gushing with sweet but inexplicable emotions. While under this magical influence, and just as I was penetrating the covert of trees to the rivulet, I beheld seated upon the opposite bank a beautiful maiden, with a book in one hand, which she was reading, and the other slightly raising her garments from the water, while she bathed her naked foot, of snowy whiteness and exquisite proportions, in the cool and gurgling stream. A sudden thrill penetrated my bosom, that made my heart beat audibly, and I stood for a few moments perfectly entranced. As soon as I could in the least command my overpowered senses and scattered reflections, I determined not to surprise her, or make her aware of my presence, until she should change her position. After waiting in perfect silence some minutes, persuading myself in the mean time, with much difficulty, that she could hear the throbbing of my heart, she removed her foot, that seemed like white marble dropping crystals, from the sparkling water, and covering it, arose, apparently to depart. Though determined not to let her retire without seeing me, when I made the attempt to discover myself I seemed rooted immoveably to the spot, and could scarcely command strength enough to break a twig, which betrayed my approach to the startled damsel. The spell being now partly broken, my limbs recovered their functions, and I rushed toward her, reaching forth my arms, and imploring her not to be alarmed.—As she turned her face toward me, hesitating whether to stop or go on, the rich auburn hair fell over her glowing cheeks and snowy shoulders, and from beneath their covert her dark flashing eyes poured their light with double fascination into my enraptured heart. You may say, perhaps, that it was this exquisite combination of sweet natural influences which I had been enjoying, that rendered my heart at that moment so susceptible to her charms: perhaps it was so; yet I need but to know Julia D'Estremar, for it was she whom I had thus met, to feel that she is in all respects worthy of the intense love which I had so suddenly conceived for her.

"I was not long in making known to her the emotions of my heart, nor in securing the entire affections of her own; and as my father had always been exceedingly indulgent to all my wishes, I saw no bar to my complete happiness. Judge of my surprise and grief, then, when I tell you, that when, with an exulting and confident heart, I went to that parent, hitherto so kind, to inform him of my bliss, and reveal to him my wishes, I received his severe reproaches and flat refusal!—He ridiculed what he called my silly romantic adventure; said Julia was poor, and unfit to match with a young man of my pretensions; and finally concluded by saying, that I must instantly abandon all future intercourse with her, for he had provided a match for me in the daughter of an old friend of his, a rich merchant of Tarragona, on the other side of the mountains. Indeed, so determined and precipitate is my father is this business, that, although it is now but three days since he first was informed of my ill-fated passion, he has already despatched a messenger to Tarragona, to request Don Antonio Zamara, the rich merchant, to bring his daughter Inez to the the church at Bexar, to be married to me to-morrow. In fact, Don Antonio is doubtless now on his way hither, with his daughter and her rich dowry, and will reach here across the mountains early in the morning. You see, then, good Seignior, that I have great cause for unhappiness, inasmuch as I have to choose instantly between disobeying the kindest of parents, with the loss of my inheritance, and marrying one that I cannot love, with the loss of one who is the idol of my heart."

"Indeed, my good young friend," said the sympathizing Don Vincente, "you *are* in a strait, to be sure; but think you it is the poverty of Julia alone that prevents your father giving his consent to your marriage?"

"This at first was no doubt the only cause,"

replied Ferdinando; but perhaps he has committed himself so far with Don Antonio, that he will now persist on that account."

"Well, Ferdinando," said Don Vincente, "perhaps, after all, Don Antonio may be detained, and not arrive to-morrow; and if so, I will contrive some way to break off this unlucky engagement. How large was the dowry that Don Antonio was to give with his daughter?"

"Ten thousand dollars," replied Ferdinando.

"This is a large sum, in the present state of my finances," said Don Vincente, musing; "but take comfort, Ferdinando: if all the other difficulties can be mastered, I will raise the same sum for a dowry to your beloved Julia."

"Noble benefactor!" exclaimed Ferdinando, "I cannot accept so heavy an obligation from you, even to gain so rich a prize."

"Nay, I shall not ask your leave," said Don Vincente, smiling; "it is Julia that is to accept the gift, not you."

So saying, the good Don Vincente left the young lover, half hoping, half despairing, and made his way to the castle.

Night soon closed in, and heavy black clouds were drifting rapidly through the sky, at intervals covering and revealing the crescent moon, while the sultry wind howled around the battlements and towers of the castle, and the tops of the forest trees. It was a dismal night, and occasionally, as if by convulsive fits, the pattering rain, which fell in heavy drops, pressed from the clouds like big tears from some suppressed agony, rustled mournfully among the forest leaves, or beat fitfully against the bald projecting rocks.

Don Antonio Zamara pressed his daughter closer to his bosom, and cast frequent glances back upon his servant, who rode close behind, well armed, as the howling of the wind seemed to increase as they approached the more desolate and gloomy passes of the mountain.

"Keep a good look out, Pedro," said Don Antonio to his servant, "and be ready with your pistols at a moment's warning; for I hear there have been of late frequent attacks of robbers upon wayfarers on these wild mountains, notwithstanding all the efforts of the worthy Alcayde D'Almanzor, and the good Don Vincente, to suppress them. Do not tremble so, Inez; I really do not suppose there is any danger, and no doubt the rumors are much exaggerated."

Thus saying, Don Antonio and his little party descended a declivity in the rough road, into a kind of ravine, overhung on each side by large massess of rock, covered by a thick growth of dark evergreens, and presenting in every aspect a very forbidding appearance.

Don Antonio kept a sharp look out, for he felt more apprehensive than he was willing to acknowledge; and at a slight turn in the road, he thought he discovered some object moving among the clefts of the rocks above and just before him. He stopped suddenly, to assure himself of the fact, but all he could see was an indistinct, dark mass, which appeared immoveable, and which he concluded must be the shadow of a rock, or tree, or cloud, to which the turn in the road, or the fitfulness of the moonlight, had given the appearance of motion. Thus assured, he proceeded a little farther, still keeping his eye fixed on the suspicious-looking object, when suddenly he saw the gleam of the moonlight upon some weapon, and in an instant, the flash of a pistol threw a lurid glare through the ravine, and its sharp, spiteful sound reverberated among the hills. The warm blood gushed from the bosom of Don Antonio upon his daughter, who sat on the horse before him, and the animal was plunging with fright, when the dark figure jumped from the cliff into the road, seized the rein, and supporting the relaxing frame of the father, and the fainting form of the daughter, he gently laid them both upon the ground.—All this was done with such rapidity, that the astonished Pedro, who rode up behind, had a pistol at his breast before he had time to discover what had happened.

"Peace, slave!" said the robber; "I would not take human life unnecessarily; and I will spare yours, if you will promise me straightway to take this young damsel back to her home. All I wish is the money your master brought with him."

Pedro was not a coward, but he had not self-possession to prepare himself for danger in time, and his life was at the mercy of another, before he could collect his scattered senses. Seeing his young mistress had fainted, and was lying on her father's bleeding bosom, with the struggling moonbeams rendering her pale face still more pallid and death-like, he promised every thing the robber required, gave up his weapons, and betook himself to assisting her captor in restoring her consciousness. While they were both thus engaged, stooping over the fair unconscious being, the mask which the robber wore partly fell off from his face, and gave Pedro a glimpse of his features. He hastily restored it to his position, but a glance taken at such a moment could not fail to make a deep impression. The robber was most assiduous in his efforts for the restoration of the maiden, and having finally succeeded, he placed her back upon the saddle, and turning their horses' heads the way they came, he bade both mistress and servant God speed to Tarragona. Much did the daughter plead for her father's body, but the bandit said they should not encumber themselves with it that night; but if they would send for it the next day, they would find it near the spot, carefully protected against farther injury. After Pedro and his mistress were fairly out of sight, the robber proceeded to gather up his booty, and rapidly disappeared through a by-path across the mountain.

Early the next morning, the alcayde began to prepare for the arrival of his friend Don Antonio, and for the approaching nuptials of his son. The day wore away till past noon, but brought no tidings of his friend and the bride with her rich dowry, and the worthy magistrate began to feel somewhat nettled and impatient. The good Don Vincente had been some time in the village, and foreseeing what would be the feelings of the alcayde at this apparent slight and delay on the part of the rich merchant, thought it a good time to address him in behalf of Ferdinando and Julia. He had called at the widow's cottage, on his way to the village in the morning, and bestowed on the fair Julia the same dowry that Don Antonio had promised to give his daughter. The alcayde entertained the highest respect for Don Vincente; but when he saw him coming, he supposed that the benevolent cavalier was going to trouble him about the old business of the robbers, and he did not feel in an humor for it just at this moment, when his mind was agitated by the non-appearance of Don Antonio. But Don Vincente knew very well what was passing in the mind of the worthy magistrate, and had sufficient sagacity to approach him with the most adroit and skilful address. He began by complimenting him upon the tact and judgment he had discovered in forming so advantagous an alliance for his son, and was indignant at the suspicion that had begun to be whispered about in the village, that the rich merchant was after all going to jilt them. He continued, by discussing various little points of etiquette and ceremony proper to be observed on such occasions, and occupied some time in general and desultory conversation; and finally, after the impatience of the magistrate began to assume the character of indignation, he ended by adroitly insinuating that there were other as good matches for his son as that with Don Antonio's daughter; and that for one he should like to see the rich merchant mortified by forming another as good an alliance for the young and gallant Ferdinando.

The alcayde, whose ruling passion was pride, and whose wrath waxed fiercer and fiercer every moment, began to feel almost willing in his heart that his son should marry the poor widow's daughter, in order to avenge his old friend's neglect; and was of course very easily persuaded to consent to it, when he found that she had a dowry of ten thousand dollars. Don Vincente, finding his triumph complete, hastened to the young lovers, and communicated his success, while the liveliest emotions of joy swelled his heart, and beamed in his open and benevolent countenance. The twain were at once united in wedlock; and it was difficult to determine who were the happiest, the kind Don Vincente or the youthful lovers.

As soon as the murder and robbery of the rich merchant Don Antonio was bruited abroad, Don Vincente hastened to the alcayde, manifesting the greatest consternation at the event, and the deepest interest in putting an effectual stop to all further outrages of the kind. He offered at once to arm his servants and retainers, and to post them himself every night, as a patrol, under his own particular supervision, at the most difficult passes of the mountains. The worthy magistrate was overwhelmed at this act of patriotic generosity; and as the troops of the government were at a great distance, and much needed in other quarters, he thankfully accepted the proffered aid, and vested Don Vincente with full power to protect the whole mountain region. He entered at once upon the discharge of his new duties with great zeal. He posted a great number of his retainers, thoroughly armed, at such parts of the mountain pass es as he thought most needed protection, with strict orders for none of the parties to leave their posts, under any circumstances, even though they heard firing in other directions, lest the discipline and order of his arrangements should be disturbed. Thus night after night did he establish the patrol on the mountains, and was often observed to go from post to post, frequently depriving himself of sleep all night, in his zeal to render his plan of protection complete. But notwithstanding all these efforts and plans, the robberies and murders continued to increase in frequency, and the whole matter seemed involved in the most impenetrable mystery. Although the posts were changed nearly every night, the perpetrators seemed to know, as if by intuition, the parts that were left unguarded. In one or two instances, the noise of the affray between the robbers and the travelers was heard by some of the patrolling parties; but it was beyond their beat, and as the sounds might proceed from another patrol, their instructions from their master precluded their interference.

The mystery grew more extraordinary every day, and various conjectures were made as to the cause, by different persons, according to their fancy, their temperament, or their respective degrees of sagacity and information. Some of the more ignorant and superstitious began to surmise that some evil spirits, or perchance the Evil One himself, haunted the mountains; others, more enlightened, considered that they must be in human shape, as the tracks left behind exhibited no obliquity: some, who possessed fertility of invention, supposed that they must have dens in caverns of the mountains, whose entrance was so concealed by rubbish, or other means, as to elude the search; while a few were bold enough to assert that the robbers must be some of their own fellow citizens, inasmuch as none others could anticipate so exactly all their movements; and as particularly, on one occasion, on the night of an extensive robbery, an individual in a disguise was pursued as far as the castle, and only escaped by dropping his mask, which he did in such a way as led his pursuer to suppose that he had jumped with it down a very steep precipice, while in fact he escaped under cover of the night, and the delusion of his stratagem, in a different direction. The mystery was now assuming a very painful aspect. Neighbors began to suspect each other, especially where there were any family feuds: circumstances in the conduct of individuals began to be closely scrutinized, and strange inferences were drawn from actions before perfectly harmless: a great many were brought before the alcayde on suspicion; and though they were always discharged for want of proof, still the mere fact of being arraigned on such charges, created heart-burnings and enmities, that destroyed the peace of the hitherto quiet and happy village.

The benevolent Don Vincente did all he could to soothe these natural outbursts of human passions, and was particularly industrious in trying to allay the universal suspicion that now began to get afloat, that the robbers were citizens in disguise. His largesses and benefactions were if any thing greater than ever, and there seemed no end to his vast resources for purposes of benevolence. But this created less wonder among the mass of the people, as they were ignorant of the fact that he had squandered away his other estates, and still supposed that he received from them a large portion of the means he lavished upon others with such noble and extraordinary bounty.

In the mean time, the worthy Alcayde Pietro d'Almanzor sickened and died, and his son Ferdinando succeeded him in the magisterial office.—Though young and inexperienced, Ferdinando prosecuted the investigation into the outrages upon the mountains with more energy and vigilance than his father. He caused several villagers, and even some retainers of Don Vincente, to be arrested and brought before him, on the charge of being concerned in these daring infractions of the public peace. Among the latter, was Don Vincente's porter, near whose lodge had been found a mask, dropped one night by the robber, in his hurry to escape pursuit. The interest created by these proceedings was intense throughout the surrounding country. The young alcayde held a court of investigation almost every day in the village; but although much testimony was taken, little light was thrown upon the mysterious affair. On one occasion, however, more than usual interest was manifested. It was rumored that Pedro, the servant who was with Don Antonio at the time he was waylaid and murdered, was

to be examined, and the court-room was filled with anxious listeners. Among the rest was the alcayde's young and beautiful wife, who sat near her husband, and directly in front of the witness. Pedro gave a circumstantial account of the attack upon his master on the mountains, as above detailed, and was proceeding to give a minute description of the person and appearance of the ruffian who perpetrated the horrid deed, when the court was interrupted for a moment by the entrance of Don Vincente. He pressed through the crowd, bowing and smiling kindly upon all, and receiving on all sides the strongest manifestations of favor, passed by near the witness, Pedro, and was proceeding to take his seat by the side of the alcayde, when a sudden exclamation of surprise and horror arrested the attention and thrilled the bosoms of all present. It proceeded from Pedro, who stood pale and trembling, with his eyes half starting from his head, but fixed upon the calm countenance of Don Vincente, half shrinking from the object, and returning again quickly to it, as if by some horrid fascination.

The agitation of the witness threw the whole court into confusion, and created the more astonishment and concern, that no one could discover any adequate cause for such extraordinary emotion. As soon as the alcayde had recovered somewhat from his surprise, he demanded of Pedro the cause of his agitation; but it was some time before he could be made to comprehend that there was any one present except Don Vincente. As soon, however, as his eye wandered from the one object, and he saw other faces around him, he exclaimed with great vehemence, and in a tone of deep horror, pointing to Don Vincente, "*There is the murderer of my master!*"

The whole assembly rushed forward, as if with one accord, to seize the base traducer of so much virtue; and Pedro would have been torn to pieces on the spot, had not Don Vincente himself interfered, and waving his hand to command silence, exclaimed slowly:

"My friends, peace! Heed not this poor man's delusion. He doubtless means well, but has been deceived. Let us proceed in the examination."

"I will at once," said the alcayde, "if you desire it, send this base slanderer to a dungeon, instead of seeking any more information from one so little entitled to credit."

"By no means," replied Don Vincente; "I insist that you proceed with the examination. It is possible that some fancied resemblance, which has led the witness to make this egregious mistake, may lead to the detection of the true offender."

"Well, as you please," said the alcayde.

"After you caught an accidental glimpse, as you say, of the ruffian's face, what happened next?' inquired Don Vincente.

Pedro began now to recover his self-possession, and to perceive that he had placed himself in a very unpleasant situation. He possessed considerable natural shrewdness, when not overcome by his excessive timidity; and reflecting that at least his person was protected from violence by his very position, he felt reassured, and answered Don Vincente's questions with so much firmness and precision, that the latter evidently appeared less inclined to go very minutely into particulars. Pedro's tongue, however, had now got fairly loose, and ran over the subject as briskly as his eye did over the person of Don Vincente. Suddenly his eye was arrested by the hilt of Don Vincente's sword; but going on with the testimony, he said:

"To go back a little with the story: when the robber first fired from the shadow of the rock, and leaped down upon the path, as I told you, he hit against the rock, and struck something which glittered as it fell from his person, and which I picked up; *and it fits here!*"

So saying, and as sudden as a flash of lightning, he seized Don Vincente's sword, placed a kind of gold button upon the hilt, and thrust it immediately before the face of the alcayde.

The boldness of the deed, the suddenness of the action, and the palpableness of the evidence, perfectly overwhelmed Don Vincente, and threw the alcayde and all the assembly into the utmost consternation and horror.

Donna Julia, dissolved in tears, rushed to her husband's feet, imploring mercy for their benefactor; and all present, on their knees joined in the petition, for there was not one who had not experienced his kindness and generosity. Each one had some noble deed of the good Don Vincente to recount to the alcayde; some insisted that such a man could not have been guilty of murder; others thought that if guilty, he should be pardoned for the good he had done; and all agreed that, whether guilty or innocent, the alcayde, of all men in the world, should be the last to feel any doubt how to act in such an emergency. Thus pressed on all sides, his wife weeping at his feet, and all his friends and neighbors joining in her entreaties, the poor alcayde was sadly perplexed what to do; although his conscience told him he should merge the friend in the judge, and forget his private obligations in his public duty. While thus wavering, and overwhelmed with perplexity and grief, he was relieved in some measure by Don Vincente himself, who, recovering from his confusion, and assuming his usual calm and placid manner, thus addressed the assembly:

"My friends!—for I have some title to call you such, notwithanding the confession I am about to make—I pray you listen calmly to what I have to say, and if you cannot pardon my acts, you can at least appreciate, for you have felt, my motives. The impulse of benevolence was natural to my heart, and grew into a passion by indulgence.—As long as my fortune lasted, I indulged it without reserve; but the very cause that exhausted the one, added fuel to the other. I found myself almost penniless, but with habits of munificence which assumed the character of a morbid passion, without the means of gratification. Madrid, the scene of my triumphs and my enjoyments, became irksome to me; and thinking that perhaps the income of my estate here on the mountains might afford me the means of indulging my passion proportionate to the simple wants of the objects around me, I came here unconscious of the fatal violence of the flame that was consuming my bosom, and unsuspecting that the desire for doing good could become so uncontrollable as to lead directly to the perpetration of evil, and smother every principle of conscientiousness in the feeling of benevolence. But such, unfortunately, is human nature: impulses are stronger than principles; and when the former have vanquished the latter, they fall into conflict with one another.—It is not until the internal fires of the earth have burst the restraints that nature imposes, and rush forth through the superincumbent crust in volcanoes, that the ferocious conflict of the elements commences; until then, how harmless, and how unconscious are we even of their existence, while above them, the calm sunshine sleeps upon green bank, quiet lake and sunny flower! It was your hand," continued he, turning to the alcayde, "that helped to break through the restraining crust of my heart; not, as you supposed, to let forth sweet waters, but fatal fires, to consume and destroy.—Your sorrows excited my sympathies to such a pitch, that I could restrain them no longer; and impelled by an unconquerable desire to relieve them, at all hazards; I conceived the project of furnishing Donna Julia with the requisite dowry, and removing her rival at a single stroke. The idea being conceived, impulse bore down reflection; and indeed I had no time to reflect. Don Antonio was on his way to claim your hand for his daughter. Strange infatuation! The thought of promoting your happiness so completely engrossed me, that I was totally insensible to the misery I was inflicting upon others, and the crime with which I was polluting myself. Carried away by this impetuous passion, it was I that murdered Don Antonio, and robbing him of his money, furnished Donna Julia the next morning with her dowry. I see you all shrink from me with mingled incredulity, pity and horror. I could expect but this, so soon as my conduct should be known. All I ask is, that in condemning me you impute my crimes to their true cause."

Don Vincente sunk back in his chair, covering his face with his hands, while his bosom heaved with contending emotions. He remained silent for some moments, while the bystanders gazed in each other's faces in silent amazement.

The alcayde broke the painful silence, by saying that his own feelings, if not the law, put this case beyond his jurisdiction; and Don Vincente, seeing how much he was affected and overcome by his grief, offered of his own accord to surrender himself up to the higher authorities of the kingdom.

The next day Don Vincente was sent with an escort on his way to Madrid, there to receive his trial; but he was not doomed to witness his own disgrace amid the scenes of his former glory; and even the last act of his life was destined to exhibit the ruling passion strong in death. On his way to the city, the horse of his guard became fractious, while passing down a narrow path on the side of the mountain, with a frightful precipice yawning below; and Don Vincente riding up to his assistance, was himself unfortunately plunged with his horse over the fearful chasm, and both were instantly dashed to pieces.

Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

THE SHIPWRECK—A Fragment.

Night closed upon the waters, and the moon came to her place in the heaven's, silvering the heaving billows with her mild and mournful light. The stars twinkled in the azure firmament, and many a joyful, sparkling eye watched them, and there was in their glance, joy, hope, forgetfulness of the past, and carelessness of the future. There were youthful and happy beings upon the deck of that lone ship. There were those who were hastening to friends and the home of their childhood; and there were some who were leaving friends and kindred behind them, and going among strangers; but all were alike wrapt in forgetful enjoyment of that beautiful evening.

They gazed upon the heavens and fancied they could read long life and prosperity. Many a youthful heart beat high in anticipation, and many a bright cheek flushed, as they spoke of the loved ones they were so soon to meet. And there was one among that happy band who seemed formed for bliss alone—a bright, laughing, joyous being, the darling of admiring friends, and the idol of her family. Her every smile was joy, but there was an expression of firmness and courage in her sunny eyes, seldom seen in one so young. Who would have believed that in a few hours that beautiful form would be food for the monsters of the deep, and the light of those eyes be quenched forever? Yet on that deck, the laugh and jest went round, and fearlessly they gazed into the clear blue heavens, and the still, motionless surface of the deep.

But soon there was a cloud, a little cloud upon the edge of the horizon, and the practiced sailors knew the terrible warning. Then the tranquil, happy dream was broken, and the rattling of cordage, the lowering of masts, and the hoarse voice of the trumpet were heard in the confusion of preparation. Strange and terrible were these sounds to the shrinking listeners. There were pale faces, and beating hearts, and throbbing pulses, in that silent group; but still they hoped. They watched that little cloud, as it spread, and spread, until the pale moon and the beautiful stars were quenched in darkness, and then the livid lightning played, and the voice of the Omnipotent thundered thro' the heavens, while fierce winds, like ministers of wrath, stirred up the foaming deep to fearful fury. Then there was a terrible scene upon the deck of that quivering vessel. The mother clasped her children in her arms, and wept and wailed in hopeless agony. The father raved wildly for some means of saving his loved ones, and the hardened sailor blasphemed the name of his Maker.

But where was that careless, happy maiden, upon whom every eye had been fixed in admiration on that eventful evening? Calm and unruffled as in her happiest moments, she knelt upon the deck. Her hands were clasped, and her eyes were raised, but hope and faith, unmixed with terror, beamed in those liquid orbs. She appeared like an angel from heaven about to return to her native skies. Then were the highest, holiest traits of her character developed. Then was her piety tested, and nobly it stood the test. And yet there was bitterness in her fate. Who could look upon the approach of death without a shudder? There is an awful solemnity in the moment which seperates the soul from its tenement of clay and sends it into the presence of its Creator. There is something terrible in the idea that we are looking upon the bright, beautiful world for the last time. Religion does not render people callous and indifferent. It does not benumb the sensibilities or

deaden the emotions of the human heart, but it elevates the understanding, and raises the affections to things above the earth.

That power was felt by more than one of that devoted band, and as the masts fell, one by one, and the vessel rocked in the hurricane, the first cries of terror subsided, and prayer ascended from that living grave to the just and righteous God. Still frightfully the storm increased, and the waves beat with deadening, shivering weight upon the frail bark, as it struggled, "like a thing of life," against the furious tempest. Short was the struggle. The cracking timbers parted, and the human cargo was buried in the boiling abyss.—Youthful beauty, decrepid old ago, and sinless infancy perished together. The white spray of the ocean was their winding sheet, the wild winds chaunted their dirge; and friends lamented their untimely fate. The storm again ceased, the waters were calm, and the sun rose in cloudless beauty upon a shapeless wreck. M. E. E.

The Old World.

From the Comet of Many Tales, a Comic Annul, for the year 1841.

SOVEREIGNS OF THE WORLD:

ENGLAND.—Victoria, born in 1819. Queen, defender of the faith, and of her ministers; who, in return for her patronage, cling to her person and her table with the tenacity of ivy, and like the ivy, would be in the dust to-morrow but for the support to which they cling. She is the only wife in the empire who is not subject to her husband—*de jure* we mean; for, far be it from us to say that she is not subject to him *de facto*. If her being the wife of a prince whom she has chosen herself be an auspicious omen, her reign cannot but be prosperous—as Heaven grant it may be! That her husband is worthy of his good fortune is proved by the fact, that all the world has been talking about him for the last twelve months without saying a word to his dispraise. He appears to be winning golden opinions by assimilating himself to the English gentlemen—a character which the greatest monarch in the world might be proud to make his model.

FRANCE.—Louis Phillippe, born in 1773. A man of three titles—Duke of Orleans, King of the French, and Napoleon la Paix. The first, the work of birth; the second, the work of accident; the third, the work of talent. His fortune has been triple, like his titles—first a noble, next a Jacobin, and thirdly a King. His wealth is enormous, and he has used it for three purposes—to enjoy the reputation of being the richest man in Europe; to marry his daughters to all the needy princes of Europe; and to purchase the French by gilding Versailles for the Parisians, hanging up fables of French battles, and delighting them, from the peer to the beggar, with the belief that they are the first populace in the world. A people of contradictions, they are now with one hand trumpetting a challenge to Europe, and with the other digging a ditch for the defence of Paris. They have erected a despot, under the title of a "citizen king;" and, to revive republicanism, are bringing back the bones of the haughtiest of emperors.

RUSSIA.—Nicholas the first, born in 1796—a daring, active, and ambitious despot. He began by excluding his brother Constantine from the throne, and is supposed to have the largest œsophagus of any sovereign in existence. He has already swallowed Poland; has made an enormous bite out of Persia; holds Tartary in his left hand, ready for a luncheon; Turkey lies dressed before him for a dinner, and what he is to sup on, or where, is known only to himself and his old namesake. But he is vigorous, vigilant, subtle, and persevering; and, therefore, the better to be baffled by Lord Palmerston!

PRUSSIA.—William the Fourth, born in 1795. Since the beginning of this year, successor to his father, Frederick William the third. His character is yet to be known. He is supposed to be a lover of war, as all princes are for want of something else to do; and certainly no lover of the French, from his recollection of that most polished and plundering of all nations; but a worshipper of Russia on the principle that makes the African bow down.

CHINA.—Taou Kwang. China is the great tea warehouse of mankind. A quarrel having been raised by some of its dealers, the warehouseman has shut up his shop. Foolish as this was, the dealers stood on the point, and determined to starve—more foolish still. But this was not enough. The warehouseman turned some of his capital into powder and shot, and building up his shop windows, mounted them with guns. The dealers, already half ruined, resolved to go the whole length, turned the tea money into cannon balls and Congreve rockets, and determined to burn down the warehouseman, shop and all to force him to trade with them again—most foolish of the whole! The affair is going on still, and the dealers say that, when they shall have destroyed some thousands of Chinese lives, and wasted some millions of British money, they will only be the more amiable on both sides, and will have the privilege of buying more tea and selling more poison than ever.

BELGIUM.—Leopold the first, born in 1790.—The luckiest of the luckiest family in Europe.—An Austrian captain of cavalry, who superseded the Prince of Orange in the alliance of the Princess Charlotte of England; enjoyed a pension of £50,000 a year for twenty years, of which he saved every shilling; next superseded the prince of Orange in the possession of Belgium, and is now a King on the simple credit of having a good leg, doing nothing, and being a Coburg.

AUSTRIA.—Ferdinand, born in 1793. In Austria the government is wholly constructed on the principle of the nursery; the people are children who think of nothing but their breakfast, dinners and suppers, and, if furnished with dolls and dances, are as happy as the day is long. But they never *grow*. When refractory, they are whipped or put in the black hole. When good-humored, they are suffered to run about the fields, provided they never run out of sight of the head nurse, and can be brought back by a check of the apron string. While they live, they merely walk in go-carts; when they die, they are merely wrapt up and put to bed.

SPAIN.—Maria Isabella Louisa, born in 1830. The youngest of sovereigns, though by no means the most childish. Her mother manages the state for her; General Espartero manages the state for her mother; the mob manages the state for the city of Madrid; and the mob itself is managed by the beggar, the thief, and the soldier. The civil war has died out for want of material, and Spain is now amusing itself with shooting prisoners.

PORTUGAL.—Maria da Gloria, born in 1819.—Sovereign of an "independent" country, which England alone saves from being swallowed up by Spain; ruled by an "imperishable" constitution, which has been changed three times since her accession in 1826; and sitting on the throne of an enlightened, free, and "tranquilized" nation; themselves ruled by the priests, the police, and the mob of Lisbon.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.—Charles John the fourteenth, born in 1764; formerly Bernadotte, a singular instance of fortune, seconded by conduct.—A Frenchman, entering the service as a common marine; then rising above the highest to the throne; and then rising above the man who placed him there by keeping the throne when Napoleon had lost it. He now lives the solitary survivor of the Napoleon monarchs; a bold, vigorous and honest man; a brave soldier, a successful general, and in a country of strangers, a secure king.

HOLLAND.—William the First, born in 1775.—The first king of the Netherlands—a kingdom cut from France by the scissors of the Congress of Vienna, and cut in two by the hatchet of the mob of Brussels: a prince hard headed, hard working and hard used. To solace the cares of sovereignty in the foggiest land of the universe, he fell in love. But the Duke dreaded the expense of a royal marriage; the Prince of Orange dreaded a step mother; and the old women of the court a rival. What king could prevail against the union of these forces? William the First, with a broken heart and a helpless sceptre, had the sole alternative of marrying or resigning. A Marc Antony of seventy, he has resigned.

TURKEY.—Abdel Mehed the Unfortunate, son of Mahmoud the Unlucky; born in 1823. He has come to the throne as a man might come to his dinner, with a party of wild beasts around the table. It is not likely that he can much enjoy the meal. All the sovereigns of Europe are open-mouthed around him, and he is spared from hour to hour only by the show of their tusks at each other. But the first bite is the signal for universal battle, and whichever gorges, Turkey must furnish the meal.

Health Department.

DEATH FROM TIGHT LACING.

I have seen and am much pleased with your paper, and doubt not it will do much good. I hope for it an extensive circulation. In one of the late numbers you call for facts, whether communicated in elegant language or not. I have recently learned one to which I gave all possible publicity, and have told it in almost every circle of the young in which I have since found myself. Two weeks since, while on a visit to the house of a respectable, long experienced physician, in one of the southern boundary towns in New Hampshire, he gave me the following account, as near as I can recollect.

He was called, a week or two previous, to visit a young female, I think over twenty years of age, who was distressingly ill of a complaint of the lungs, laboring under great difficulty of breathing, which his discrimination led him at once to impute to a long continued practice of tight lacing—a practice which is slaying its thousands and tens of thousands in our enlightened land. There was, in his opinion, an adhesion of the lungs to the chest, and a consequent inflammation, which had proceeded to such a height that death was inevitable. Little or nothing could be done. The poor girl, after a few days of acute suffering, fell a victim to—(what shall I say! I am unwilling to wound the feelings of her friends,) her own folly and vanity. It could not be *suicide*, because no such result was contemplated, though the deed was done by her own hand. We can call it by no other name than *self-slaughter*, for such even an external examination of the body proved it to have been.

The shoulder blades were found to be literally lapped one over the other; the false ribs had been so compressed, that the space of only about an inch and a half remained between them; and so great was the curvature of the spine, which had been girded in by the cords of death, that after the corpse was laid out for interment, two pillows were put under the arch thereby formed, while the shoulders rested on the board. She was a large, healthy person, and was ignorantly led, by the desire to please, to sacrifice her life at the shrine of fashion, and the prevailing false ideas of beauty of form. She was said to be of amiable disposition, and correct moral habits, otherwise.

My own mind was so impressed with the recital of this story, that I could hardly forbear weeping over the folly, weakness and ignorance of my sex. I inwardly wished for the ability to bring this case of suffering and death into the ears of every female in the land, until their voluntarily assumed "straight jackets," that indicate nothing better than mental aberration in the wearer, should be voluntarily thrown aside.—*Health Jour.*

DEATH.—It has been customary, in some of our cities and towns, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings, in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed, in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty; a checked circulation, cold, fever and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaim her friends. Was it Providence or her own folly? A beautiful young bride goes night after night, to parties in honor of her marriage. She has a slight sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare, for who ever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is seized with inflammation of the lungs, and dies before the bridal days are over. "What a Providence," exclaims the world; "cut off in the midst of happiness and hope." Alas, did she not cut the thread of life herself? A girl in the country exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet instead of a flannel garment. Rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly, with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it to her vanity and avoid the folly in future? Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance, indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, etc., and all is quietly imputed to Providence. Is there no impiety, as well as ignorance, in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to frightful diseases that cut short life, and of the long maladies that make life a torment or trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body—this "goodly temple"—would gradually decay, and would die as if falling to sleep.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

Odds and Ends.

An orator in the Irish House of Commons was describing the inordinate love of praise which characterized an opponent. "The honorable member," said he, "is so fond of being praised that I really believe he would be content to give up the Ghost, if it were but to look up and read the stone cutter's puff upon his grave."

"Why is the letter D like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because WE can't be WED without it.

A woman called on Dr. B. one day, in a great peal of trouble, and complained that her son had swallowed a penny. "Pray, madam," said the doctor, "was it a counterfeit?" "No, sir, certainly not," was the reply. "Then it will pass, of course," was the facetious reply of the doctor.

A gentleman riding through the town of——— one day, met an awkward fellow leading a hog, whom he accosted in the following manner:—"How odd it looks to see one hog lead another!" "Yes," replied the chap, "but not so odd as it does to see a hog ride on horseback!"

He that sinks to a familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connections: and though he may easily plunge still lower, he will find it almost impossible ever to rise again.

Gardners know that plants can be bro't up on water, air and light, without earth, and they will flower but bear no fruit. So it is with girls in whose education there is no proportion of solid matter.

No one, says Jerome, loves to *tell* a tale of scandal except to him who loves to *hear* it. Learn then, to rebuke and check the detracting tongue, by showing that you do not listen to it with pleasure.

A theatrical manager once apologized for the absence of a favorite actor on account of "sudden indisposition." "Gradual indisposition, you mean," bawled out a fellow from the pit, "I saw him two minutes ago getting drunk at the piazza."

A tailor presented his account to a gentleman for settlement. "I'll *look over* your bill," said the gentleman. "Very good," said the tailor, "but pray don't *overlook* it."

Turn a deaf ear to the backbiter; if thou receivest not his words, they fly back and wound the reporter; if thou receive them, they forward and wound the receiver.

There is a time when we may say nothing; and a time when we may say something; but there never will be a time when we should say all things.

Men lose many excellent things, not because they want power to obtain them, but spirit and resolution to undertake them.

IMPROVED TELEGRAPH.—Place a succession of gossips, male and female, half a mile apart and communicate to the first a secret.

A BOILER BUSS'D.—Married, in Bobolinkin Hollow, Iowa Territory, Mr. John Buss to Miss Ann Boiler.

Luxuries and ornaments should not be considered necessaries, extravagance the basis of respect nor idleness happiness.

You are "sharp set," as Joe said to the man at dinner, who, for the want of a chair, was seated on the edge of a shingle.

"Drop a line if you wish to see me," as the fish said to the angler.

"I trample genius under my feet," as the louse said when he got atop of the poet's head.

Why is an Irishman turning over in the snow like a watchman? Because he is *pat*-rolling.

The spirit of hartshorn affords an instant cure for the sting of a wasp.

Sense and beauty, like truth and novelty, are rarely combined.

It is with our judgment as with our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Few are so wise as to prefer useful reproof to treacherous praise.

Prosperity procures friends; but adversity tries them.

Every dew-drop and rainbow hath a *heaven* in it.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1841.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our patience has held out to the last degree of endurance, and we must speak or do something worse. We are daily overrun with such horrible specimens of composition and penmanship, that we have become vexed into a mad fever. We insist that correspondents should be more particular; in short, that their articles should be ready to go into the hands of the compositor without a single mark of the pen by us.

If the imperfections of which we complain were seen in the articles only which we would reject without hesitation, the annoyance would not be so great. But false grammar, illegible penmanship, *no* punctuation, bad sense, and inelegant phrases, all, or any one of which, lead us into errors when we do the best we can, are interspersed in some of the otherwise best communications. This not only subjects us to the unpleasantness of rejecting what, with a decent degree of care and pains on the part of the author, would be very good, or publishing under a great liability to commit blunders; but, if we publish, the author comes blustering and scolding because we have destroyed his meaning and disgraced his name.

We have further to complain that many persons send in their articles with acknowledgments that they are unfit for the press, requesting us to make all "necessary corrections." We do protest, in the name of common decency, against such effrontery. We are not in want of stacks of "vile contaminating trash," and we most sternly demur against the indignities thus offered us.

We are always glad and thankful for good articles, and we *can* submit to pruning and revising, for them; yet when loosely and carelessly written they have but half a chance for publication; and even if not fit for the public eye, if written in a plain hand, and capitalized and punctuated correctly, we can endure the perusal and respectful disposition of them; but when a miserable hen-track scrawl, with neither grammar nor sense, meets our eye, the author must look out for a proper return for his insult.

We design these remarks to be taken kindly by those who favor us with admissible communications, while we hope they will be sufficient to deter the lame from any attempts to jump—upon our premises.

As an instance of defects in articles which we publish, we have been obliged to make *thirty-nine* additions and alterations of punctuation in the article "Pulaski." We hope often to hear from the author, but we ask him to be more careful in future.

"H." is again welcome to our columns. We hope frequently to be favored by his pen. He must, however, permit us to caution him to be more careful, and submit his productions, before sending them to the press, to a more careful revision.

Lines to "E—— G——," we cannot publish. If "C." could not tell his love during "five years" of sweet admiration, he must be weak above.

The article by "A Youth," intended to be poetry, but which possesses not rhyme, measure, nor good sense, is not fit for publication. With a sufficiency of addition, subtraction, punctuation and corrected sentiment, it would *do!* But *we* cannot perform the complicated task.

We regret that we have not space for the "Last of the Red Men,"—our columns having been filled before we received it. It shall have a place in our next.

Not having been able to obtain a cut to accompany the lines on "Solitude," by our esteemed correspondent "J. D. R.," in season for our present number, their publication is necessarily deferred until our next.

"Yankee Doodle," is by far to refined and elevated a production for a periodical. We advise the author to publish it in book form, in order that it may have a popularity commensurate with its merits. We give the last stanza as a specimen:

> "But I can't tell you half I see
> They kept up such a smother
> So I with my hat off made a bow
> & scampered home to mother"

THE KNICKERBOCKER for February, comes filled with its usual variety of interesting matter, and continues to sustain the high character conceded to it throughout the country. Its chief attraction is a magnificent poem by ALFRED B. STREET, entitled the "Gray Forest Eagle." Mr. Street is a new candidate for public favor, and the best poet that has appeared for some time. There are various other productions equally useful and interesting, from the pens of distinguished writers. There is nothing from WASHINGTON IRVING. "For the first time," says the Editor, "the Crayon Papers have failed to arrive." We perceive that the proprietor has secured for each future number a *Copy Right*, "not," says he, "to prevent our contemporaries in the country, from selecting such portions as may suit their taste, but to prevent the "*Mammoth Journals*" of the Atlantic cities, from taking as soon as published, from the Magazine, those papers and series of papers which cost us an annual outlay of thousands." This is right. The Blanket sheets devour every thing within their reach. One or two might be tolerated, but because they have succeeded well so far, we find a new one started every few weeks. One, of barn-door size, from Boston, with the following poetical title,

> "THE UNIVERSAL YANKEE NATION.
> The Largest Paper in all Creation,"

has been received. Its contents are "flat, stale and insipid." If the publishers will send us one or two more, we will paper our kitchen with them. We have no opinion of papers that we have to get on the top of the house to read. We mean, however, no disparagement to the "New World" or the "Brother Jonathan," both of which are able and well conducted journals. But two such are *enough*.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.—The February number of this popular periodical contains an engraving of a scene in Scotland, suggested by Burns' well known ballad, "The Rigs O' Barley." A view of the rustic lovers seated in the deep seclusion of a field, surrounded by blooming flowers and trees in their loveliest foliage, while the happy swain is whispering the accents of affection into ears already captivated by the soul-breathing fervor of love, just at the moment when, as the poet expresses it,

> "I kent her heart was a' my ain—
> I loved her most sincerely;
> I kissed her ower and ower again,
> Among the rigs o' barley,"

is enough to make the most churlish old bachelor wish himself a young man again.

THE PATENT SCREW PROPELLER.—The new mode of propelling steamboats, on the principle of the screw, the invention of Mr. Smith, of Folkeston, England, has recently been tested at Dover, and is said to have worked remarkably well.—The Earl of Dundonald, who witnessed the trial, observed, that "in three years it would be a matter of wonder how such a barbarous contrivance as paddle wheels was ever adopted." A number of vessels are now building in England, to be propelled upon this principle.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

THE ELEMENTS OF CHIVALRY.—An old writer describing the state of England before the reign of Henry VIII. says, "No younger brothers were allowed to betake themselves to trade, but were coachmen or retainers and servants of great men, rode good horses, now and then took a purse, and their blood, that was bred at the good tables of their masters, was, upon every occasion, freely let out in their quarrels."

AN INFERENCE.—A fellow was once asked what inference he could draw from the text in Job, "And the asses snuffed up the east wind?"—"Well," he replied, "the only inference that I can draw is this, that it would be a long time before they would grow fat upon it."

PROGRESS OF FASHION.—The London and Parisian fashions are coming in vogue in our own unfashionable city of Rochester. The hour designated in the cards for the congregation of a genteel party, a short time since, was nine o'clock in the evening!

VERY NICE.—An eastern paper tells of a gentleman who is so very neat and tasteful in his domestic arrangements, that he has all his firewood painted and varnished, so as to render a pile of it rather ornamental than otherwise.

FASHION.—In 1776, the ladies' dresses were made so that no appearance of a waist was visible. The length of a petticoat for a middle-sized female in the summer of that year, was five feet and an inch.

MANLY EMPLOYMENT.—Before the invention of jack planes, poor lads were hired to turn the spits in the kitchens of the wealthy, "licking the dripping pans, and growing to be huge, lusty knaves."

A SENSIBLE APHORISM.—The world stigmatizes many men with the reputation of being wicked, with whom a woman would be but too happy to pass her life. So said Mademoiselle de Sommery.

DIAMONDS.—The Emperor of Austria has a diamond worth 155,682 pounds sterling; that of George IV. was worth 22,000 pounds; and that of the late Duke of York 8,000 pounds.

REFINEMENT.—In the time of Chaucer, it was considered as a sign of polite education, not to wet the finger deep in the dishes, forks not being then in use.

DEARNESS OF COAL.—In 1643, the use of coal had become so very general in London, and its price was so very high, that many of the poor perished for the want of fuel.

FISH.—Phillip II. of Spain gave as a reason for eating fish, that "they were nothing but element concealed, or a jelly of water."

LITTLENESS OF MIND.—Little minds triumph over the errors of genius, as an owl rejoiceth at the eclipse of the sun.

HARVEY.—This celebrated individual was once printed out, as "the man who invented the circulation of blood!"

THE SPANIARDS.—An old writer says: "The Spaniards are eagles on their horses, lions in their fastnesses, and women in the open gelds.

IDLENESS.—This vile habit has been described as "the cushion upon which the devil reposes."

SCANDAL.—Every body condemns scandal; yet nothing circulates more readily—even gold itself is less current."

☞ RUSSELL, the vocalist, is giving Concerts in Boston, having just returned from a successful tour through the British provinces.

STEEL ORE.—In the town of Duane, Franklin county, in this State, is a vein of magnetic oxide, distinguished from the other minerals of that region by its capacity of yielding, directly from the process of smelting, a substance possessing all the physical and chemical process of manufactured steel, from which, by the simple mode of moulding and casting, razor blades, penknives, shears, plane irons, gouges, axes of all sizes and descriptions, and every variety of tools of the machinist and carpenter's shop, are at once produced, having all the properties and best qualities of the purest steel.

☞ A knife cast from the recently discovered steel ore in Franklin county, is in the possession of Mr. COOK, corner of Buffalo and Exchange streets, for inspection.

THE CREOLE GIRLS.—The editor of the New Orleans Picayune gives a highly wrought picture of the beauty and fascinations of the Creole girls. If we are to believe him, they are the loveliest and most fascinating creatures in the universe—with eyes as bright as the stars of night, and hearts as warm as their own sunny skies. He avers, that with a single glance, they can make a fellow's heart bump, his head swim, his veins burn, his fingers itch, his heels dance, his nerves tremble, his hair stand, and his mouth water!—Charming creatures, truly.

SEVERE COLD IN EUROPE.—The cold is said to be unusually severe in all parts of Europe. Three thousand persons are reported to have died in Sweden. In Bohemia and Moravia, all the ponds were frozen to the bottom. In Hungary, 80,000 horned cattle, together with great numbers of birds and animals in the forest, have perished. Similar accounts of the severity of the weather are received from many other parts of Europe.

WESTWARD HO!—According to the account of climate, soil and minerals given by the Geologist who has recently examined the upper Peninsula of Michigan, we infer that the region south of Lake Superior will be the next Paradise to which those dissatisfied with Western New York may flee to and—have a chance to get inured to hardships.

GOLD.—During the year 1840, there were coined at the United States Mint and its branches, $1,677,292, of which over $500,000 were obtained from mines in the United States.

BACHELORS.—A bill has been introduced in the Illinois Legislature for taxing old bachelors, or single men over twenty-five years of age.

WASHINGTON FASHIONS.—A lady correspondent of the Cincinnati Chronicle writing from the Capital thus discourseth:

"Great attention is given by the fashionables to the article of dress. Velvets are much in vogue; the prevailing colors being blue-black and crimson. Cloth walking-dresses are also fashionable, though but little *walking* is done where carriages are so abundant. The great novelty of the season is the introduction of very small, plain, flat gilt buttons on dresses. They were at first confined to the cuffs, but lately nearly every dress has three rows on the front of the body also. De Lains are going out of use, as the buttons make no contrast on fancy goods. They look to the best advantage on the blue-black velvets for indoor dresses, and on blue cloth for carriage or walking habits. The most admired morning dresses are made of velvet, very full in the skirts, tight sleeves, with embroidered cuffs, twelve buttons on each cuff, twelve in the centre row on the front, and eighteen on each of the outer rows—the latter gracefully curving to the shape. These dresses are extremely beautiful, and as the rage for gilt buttons is every day increasing, they will no doubt continue long in use, for nothing can be prettier for dress ornaments."

Foreign Embroidery.

We copy the following communication from the Albany Advertiser, because it eloqnently pleads the cause of "the females of our own cities," large numbers of whom are pining for want of employment, while millions are annually sent out of the country to buy foreign fripperies and gew gaws, which might just as well be manufactured here:

EXTRAVAGANCE.

It is no wonder, Mr. Editor, that the country is so embarrassed and so much in debt to Europe, when we regard the headlong extravagance of the times. Notwithstanding the universal distress, the rage for dress and display was never greater. When we see, for instance, the rich velvets, the embroidered cuffs and collars, the expensive capes, and the costly laces, which are now worn by all classes of females, we may well ponder and pause at the consequences yet to ensue.

If Mr. Adams would propose to tax the exbroideries that now come by millions of dollars into our country from France, he will not only benefit the nation, but individuals. Why is it that the females of our own cities cannot embroider as well as French women? Why shall our ladies pay from $5 to $50 for a pocketh andkerchief? If they will be so extravagant, let them at least be patriotic, and give their money to ther neighbors and their poor relations.

Really, it is time that the press should speak out. It is time that all true Americans should set their faces against this ruinous fondness for foreign fripperies. If our statesmen instead of wrangling for office, would think a little more of the true interests of the people, it would be far better for them and for the nation. A CITIZEN.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The New Orleans Advertiser of the 23d ult., breaks forth into the following rhapsody:—

"How our heart swells within us, when we read of the prosperity and enterprise of our *native* State of New York, once the land of the Dutchman, now the seat of Empire in America, with her thousand towns and two and a half millions of souls—with her almost endless lines of canals and rail-roads—with her half a million of children, on whose heads the benefits of common school education are poured out—with her great and glorious city of a hundred spires, the London of the New World! Who would not be proud of such a State—of such a city, for his birth-place?

MINERALS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The value of the annual produce of the mines in the British Islands amounts to the enormous sum of $90,000,000. The principal metals are coal, iron, lead, tin, zinc and silver. Of these, coal produces nearly $40,000,000, and iron about $35,000,000.

A KINGLY PATRON.—Louis Phillippe has appropriated the sum of about 100,000*l.* for the special encouragement of native arts, sciences and manufactures, for the ensuing year.

PHRENOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.—It is related of Dr. Magin, of Frazer's Magazine, that going out to a duel one morning, he was taken suddenly ill, in the coach, and was obliged to return.—Soon after, a spot of hair over his organ of courage shone amid the black that surrounded it, as white as snow. We have before us a letter from a reverend gentleman of this city, detailing a singular phenomenon in his own case which has been attested by Dr. Caleb Ticknor, and other distinguished phrenologists. In sore trials and grievous perplexities in his church, certain organs of his brain were excited to the utmost; in consequence of which the hair and skin situated over them, with a demarcation perfectly distinct, suddenly became white as in age. The case is a very extraordinary one.—*Knickerbocker.*

Hard times with one portion of the community is when they cannot procure the necessaries of life—with another, when they cannot obtain the luxuries. They are hard times with the mechanic when he cannot get bread—with an epicure when he cannot wash down his venison with champaigne.

"Now Jonathan, don't call me *Miss*, I beg on ye." "Well Sewke, I'm darned glad you don't want me to*m iss* you—I never meant to, by gosh."

Original Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Eclipse.

She rose in her full beauty, peerless queen!
And twilight shadows vanish'd. Hill and vale,
Forest and city, all in mellow light
Were surfeiting; while ocean's mirror wide,
A second starry firmament displayed.
Earth gloried in its treasure. Day's proud orb
Gather'd such splendor round it, as repell'd
The timid gaze, while she with winning smile,
And pensive loveliness, entranced the eye.
But see—dim shadows fall; the landscape seems
Now less enchanting; sombre grows the wood,
And towering spire, while the broad stream sends back
A faintor glow. Upon the lovely moon
A dense dark spot appears. 'Tis spreading now,
And gathers blackness—Ah! that beauteous orb
Hath disappear'd, and eve,s bright scenes are gone.
Thus fades all human glory. High enthroned,
The haughty monarch gazes on the throng
That do him rev'rence, as though they were born
To be his vassals, while for him alone
The crown was wrought; but now a shade of time
Passes, and tears the sceptre from his hand,
And he is laid in dust. Fame twines a wreath
Of laurel for the brow, which scarce is fixed,
Ere 'tis cast down, a vain and wither'd thing.
Wealth gathers all its shining dust, and lures
Its thousand votaries, yet e'en while they boast,
It seems to gather wings and flee away.
All visions bright of fancied greatness fade,
And purchas'd friendship sinks to nothingness.
Life, too, when most attractive, soon is changed
To all the gloom of death.
Learn, mortal, then,
To tear all hope from earth, and chain it where
Vicissitude comes not; where glory reigns
Immortal and resplendent, with no cloud,
Or dark dull orb to intercept its rays.
There fix thine eye, and lay up treasures there.

A. C. P.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Criminal.

I looked upon his manly form on which I'd gazed before,
And strangely fraught with other scenes came back the
days of yore.
I thought upon his youthful years, his young and guileless
heart,
Where pale remorse, and calm deceit, and grief had borne
no part.
I wandered back in saddened dreams to childhood's morn-
ing hour,
When hand in hand we ranged the fields to cull the bloom-
ing flow'r.
I thought upon the happy home where once his footsteps
roved,
And dwelt upon each silent charm which erst in youth he
loved.
The silver stream, the cottage walls, the green and verdant
plain,
The clust'ring vine; and all in life we'd prize to know
again.
I thought of all! a father's pride; for this his blooming boy,
When careless by that father's side, he quaffed the cup of
joy;
And caught instruction's gentle tone, from one now far
away,
Ere wayward, wild and reckless grown, she taught him day
by day:
While he with childlike wonder, sought, and raised his
beaming eye,
And closer press'd to gather ought that charm'd his infancy.
And brightly shone his pure heart there, upon his fair young
brow,
And e'en the gazer well might deem that he was sinless
now.
And could I mark the fearful change which years had on
him wrought,
And coldly turn my glance aside, and be unmoved in
thought?
Ah no! that scene had power to chain the inmost soul,
And deeply move each hidden fount beyond my weak con-
trol.
I wept! but not for paltry gold or glitt'ring gems that shine,
Or any treasure I could hold and call the bauble mine.
Nay! these are dim and trifling things, and prove of little
worth,
Compared with those resistless charms which mark the soul's
high birth.
I wept, to see a noble mind, so early turn aside,
From all it loved in childhood's hour, from virtue, truth and
pride;
To lay its choicest off'ring where their purity can fling,
Nought save a shadow on the heart; a crush'd and "guilty
thing,"
I wept! nor did I deem my manhood's noble'st prime
E'en sullied by the bitter tears which fell on such a shrine.
I'd seen the young in beauty's bloom, and all unmarked by
care,
Haste with these blossoms to the tomb; and lay each fond
hope there!
And oft in life mine eye had marked, the brightest, fairest
thing,
Change from its worth and loveliness, to blight and wither-
ing!
Yet ne'er in all my wand'ring dreams, did sadness o'er me
steal,
As when I gazed upon that brow, where *guilt* had set its
seal.

S. P.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Self-Murderer's Soliloquy.

Yon setting sun now sinks, how mild to rest,
How bright the scene, how calm, how fair;
All Nature basks in Spring's adorning vest,
While I but breathe a tainted air.
Yes, I am thus shut out from all employ,
Nor fitly can with brutes commune—
My wasting, wretched soul hates every joy,
Nor hears but fiendish sounds attuned.

All men seem joined round one domestic hearth,
But I'm cast out—nor lisps my name
In love, a child, nor bosom friend, on earth:
Murderers and serpents hiss my fame.
No cheerful scene delights my darkened eyes,
I'm bound to vice with iron band;
To ruin's chaos rushing down—I prize
No joys, no love, no gentle hand.

Behold yon castle! once beneath its shade
I slept, in innocence and peace;
Nor could I rest, 'till I had knelt and prayed,
And felt from duty thus released.
Now 'mid the flowers of this glad world I dwell,
A monster big with guilt and crime:
Come fiends, and drag me down to hell;
Drive off these thoughts of youthful time.

Yon weary laborer see—would I could toil,
And blood ooze through these pores for pain
If I might sleep—these tempting fiends might foil,
And one sweet hour of rest might gain.
And yet with all my wo I cannot weep;
Oh! could I but shed one, one tear—
I'll plunge me headlong down yon dizzy steep,
And end my wo, my pain and fear.

I shrink back—Oh! thou castle of my youth—
Ye smiling vales I once enjoyed—
Elysian scenes of childhood's faith and truth—
While I'm in guilt and crime employed.
This dagger! yes, I'll plunge it deep in gore—
Key to unbolt Eternal Night
Send me if thou wilt to some blasted borne,
Companionless I'll take my flight.

H.

Kenyon College.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Pulaski.

When Freedom's sons their swords unsheathed,
To battle Freedom's foes,
Their vows of constancy they breathed,
Then went to aid her cause.

But few and weak their numbers proved,
Their enemies were strong;
But firm and undismayed they moved—
They chanted Freedom's song.

But ah! the strength of Britain's lords
Mocks at their efforts weak,
And o'er the land with gory sword
Columbia's heroes seek.

And near had Freedom's sun been set,
Her sons in death's dark sleep;
But Heav'n was merciful, and let
Pulaski cross the deep.

He waved his banner to the breeze
Blown o'er Columbia's shore,
And bade her wearied sons arise,
And fight her cause once more.

"They fought like brave men, long and well,"
Pulaski led the band;
They fought till England's ensign fell—
Oppression left the land.

Columbia shouts as Britain flies,
Who once could conquer all;
Freedom exults—(the tyrant dies)—
But mourns Pulaski's fall.

Hark! as the twilight breeze flits by,
As through this gloom it flies,
Methought I heard it, murm'ring, sigh,
"Weep, Liberty! he dies."

A. F. W.

Active and Passive Love are thus described by the Picayune:—"When a man strays out late at night, strolls carelessly home, goes whistling up stairs, and is met at the top by his 'cara spola,' who combs his head and brandishes a broomstick and uses her voice actively, that is love in the active voice. When a pretty girl takes a kiss with perfect composure, and looks as if she wouldn't care if she took two or three more, that is passive love."

A Gentleman.—In our view (says the Public Ledger) a gentleman is one who scrupulously regards the rights and feelings of others, who acknowledges all mankind to be one family of brethren, born to the same rights and to the same duties, their obligation to love each other, and do as they would be done by, and to labor incessantly for each other's moral, intellectual, and physical improvement.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 11th instant, by Rev. P. Church, Mr. John A. Magee, to Miss Sarah Jane Conway.

In this city, on the 7th instant, by Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. DeWITT C. HAWLEY, of Ridgeway, to Miss MARY A. HORTON, daughter of Z. Horton, Esq. of Marshall, Michigan.

In this city, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Ward Thompson, to Miss Catharine Diviney.

In this city, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Capt. Robert Patterson, of Kingston, U. C., to Miss Ruth Bankhead, of this city.

In this city, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. G.S. Boardman, Capt. Robert Patterson, of Kingston, U. C., to Miss Ruth Bankhead, of this city.

In Canandaigua, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. William Wilder, of Attica, to Miss Adaline M. Seeney, of the former place.

Feb. 9th, in the town of Niagara, by the Rev. Mr. Halsey, the Rev. Mr. Chapin, of Lewiston, to Miss Martha, daughter of Isaac Smith, Esq. of the former place.

In Barre, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Aaron Jackson, Mr. G. M. Briggs, to Miss M. J. Hoag, all of that town.

In Scipio, Cayuga county, on the 8th instant, after the order of the Society of Friends, Mr. Daniel J. Halsted, of Rochestnr, to Miss Neomi Halsted, of the former place.

In Ogdensburgh, on the 19th inst., by Rev. J. A. Savage, David Ramsay, jr. esq. of Bath, Steuben county, to Miss Jane E. Brown, daughton of Hon. W. C. Brown, of Ogdensburgh.

In Bath, on tho 27th ult., by the Rev. E. Everett of Naples, Mr. Edward Niles to Miss Martha J. M'Clure, daughter of Dea. Finla M'Clure.

In Palmyra, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. T. S. Brittain, Mr. Bruce Everson, merchant, to Miss Lucy Crowell, all of Palmyra.

In Jerusalem, Jan. 26th, by the Rev. A. Chase, Mr. Jesse Danes to Miss Chloe P. Stark.

By the same in Benton, on the 28th ult. Mr. Harmon Briggs to Miss Hannah Lester.

In Lyons, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. W. H. Goodwin, Henry G. Moore to Miss Eliza Ann Drake, both of Lyons.

In Canandaigua, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. WILLIAM WILDER, of Attica, to Miss ADALINE M. SEENEY of the former place.

In Bennington, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Preston, Mr. Francis Wilcox of Hamilton, U. C., to Miss Rachel Doty, of the former place.

In Attica, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. J. B. Preston, Mr. Hamilton White, of Syracuse, to Miss Sarah Randolph, daughter of G. B. Rich, of the former place.

In Little Falls, Herkimer co. Jan. 24th, by the Rev. J. M. Olmsted, Mr. Charles M. Dudley of Pittsford, Monroe co. to Miss Catharine McChesney, daughter of Walter McChesney of the former place.

In Charleston, S. C. on the 19th ult., by the Rev. Stewars Hanckle, Mr. George E. Harral, of Mobile, Ala., formerly of this city, to Miss Anna C. Righton of Edentown, N. C.

At Rush Run, Pa., on Tuesday last, by the Rev. G. Spalding, Mr. William Mathews, of Southport, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of Lathrop Baldwin, Esq. of the former place.

In East Barre, on the 28th ult, by the Rev. Aaron Jackson, Mr. George N. Briggs, to Miss Mary Jane Hoag, both of the former place.

In LeRoy, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Chauncey Alma, of Buffalo, to Miss Caroline M. Morehouse, of the former place.

In Elba, Genesee co., on the 28th of Jan., by the Rev. D. S. Dean, Wm. R. Mudge, of Chili, to Miss Caroline S. Whitney, of the former place.

In Ionia, Mich., on the 7th inst., by Rev. Mr. Butolph, Mr. Sanford A. Yeomans to Miss Abigail Thompson, both of Ionia. At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Silas A. Arnold, of Cass, to Miss Philena Conkey, of Lyons, Mich.

In Alabama, Genesee county, on the 30th ult., by Rev. D. Fairchild, Mr. Edward Tuttle, Jr., of York, to Miss Nancy Printop, of the former place.

In Barre, on the 19th inst., by Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. John Clark to Miss Jennett Wilson, all of Barre.

In Dansville, on the 31st ult., by Rev. S. C. Church, Mr. James Cleaveland to Miss Nancy Sims.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

Terms.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, MARCA 6, 1841. No. 4.

Original Tales

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

THE ITALIAN ORPHAN GIRL.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF ONTARIO COUNTY.

"Winter's wrath, with blasts and storm,
And one eternal magazine of frost,"

Binds us within doors—making the time to hang heavily on our hands. At every return of this dreary, desolating season, "when unslumbering winds make bitter music," my memory conjures up again the winter spent so pleasantly, where the trees never cast their foliage, where the soft sighing zephyrs lulled me to repose, and wafted sweet odors from the fragrant flowers of an unblighted bloom; and I almost wish those happy days to return, that I might live them over again.

A few years ago, I was prevailed upon by a particular friend to avoid our cold, comfortless, and to me, health-destroying months, by spending a winter in his family in South Carolina. I found him, with his amiable wife, most delightfully situated at a country residence. Every thing around bespoke not only the comforts, but the luxuries of life. The trees were all bright with their thick, dark foliage—flowers, rich and rare, bordered the walks and shaded the verandahs—a wild, meandering rivulet kissed the green turf at the foot of the lawn, and nature all seemed decked in its hues of gladness. My kind friend made me one of his little family, and I was happy, exceedingly happy. But there was one week of more particular interest than any other. The quiet of our happy retreat was not often broken in upon; but one morning, in the midst of our romantic seclusion, we were surprised by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. C——, old friends, and dearly loved, who had just returned from a five years' residence in Italy—that land of poet's song, of sunny clime, and glorious sky. They brought with them a little girl, just "gathering the blossoms of her fourth bright year," an orphan, though she knew it not, for they had adopted her as their only and darling child. You may well imagine that these three were a welcome accession to our family party; and we were the better pleased at their timely arrival, as a few choice friends were to be with us in the evening. The hours flew by unnoted, and, almost before we were aware, the lamps were lit, the doors closed, and we gathered together with our evening guests in the parlor. The little Emma became a universal favorite, and amused us much with her innocent prattle. She was a beautiful child, with "rosy cheeks and a smile ever ready to coax them into dimples." The fair hair hung in a profusion of golden ringlets about her finely rounded neck and face, and her bright, laughing eyes were the very soul of happy innocence. And then she seemed so amiable, and, in her artless simplicity, so affectionate, that one could not help loving her if he would. The clock struck nine, and she involuntarily sprung from her low seat, forgetful of the presence of others, and whispered, "Yes, dear mama, I am ready." Mrs. C. followed her to the door, and smilingly said, "It is her hour for retiring." Little Emma gracefully kissed her hand to the company, and with a "sweet good night, till morning light," playfully bounded away to bed.

No sooner had she gone, than one of the gentlemen said to Mr. C., "That surely cannot be your own child, for she has not the least resemblance, in form or feature, to you or Mrs. C."

"No," said Mr. C., "we never had any children, until about three years ago, we adopted this dear little Emma. But I can assure you we love her as truly and as fondly, as though she had been ours from the very first."

We all joined in the entreaty that he would tell us her history and of her parents. He consented to gratify us, and proceeded as follows:

"Shortly after our arrival in Italy, we one day visited some ruins of considerable interest. We had not wandered far, or long, before we found ourselves in the midst of a party who were on the same errand. As is usual with those whose interests are one, we were soon on very sociable terms, and our expressions of wonder, of astonishment, and of admiration, were mingled together. But never have I felt my soul so thrilled with beauty, or my heart so completely fascinated, as it was then. You know I was ever a passionate admirer of nature, in her simplest and in her wildest moods. I have revelled in the breeze, as it goes up the mountain's side, and touches the forest boughs. My soul has lost itself in its own extacies when gazing upon the clouds, the fair moon and her train of stars, and they have seemed like an element for holy thought. And I have gazed upon the sublimity of God's works with unutterable feelings, till it seemed to me that my heart would burst with its own rapture, and my spirit wing itself away to those immortal regions where it might wander onward and onward forever, with nothing to check or to bound its unlimited desires. But I wish I could describe to you the beauty, the soft, pure, chaste beauty, which was then presented to my admiring gaze. But I cannot tell you so that you will feel as I did then. Italy's gorgeous, glorious skies were bending over us, and the descending sun shed upon us his softest, mellowest light. The 'distant hills bent their pale blue tops to the waters,' and as we gazed, far and wide, the country was Eden-like in its beauty, and seemed fanned by the pure breath of Heaven. And then around us lay those mighty ruins—magnificent even in their decay—covered with their rich velvet moss, encircled by the twining ivy; and with each one our imaginations connected some legend of strange romance or of intense interest.

"We had become wearied with our wanderings, and our excited feelings were settling down into a calm and holy enjoyment. Our little party were scattered about, as inclination prompted, over a considerable extent. We had each been indulging in our own reveries for some time, when, looking around, Mrs. C. remarked, 'I wonder what has become of our invalid?' We were not long in spying her out; for she was one not to be mistaken in a crowd, or even at a distance. A little way from us, we saw her seated upon a prostrate, moss-covered pillar, leaning gently upon her husband's arm. She had laid aside her bonnet, and her glossy curls had strayed from their fastenings; and with her brow uncovered to the breeze, she seemed like one of those sweet visions of the imagination which sometimes flit before us—too bright for earth. She was stately in her appearance; and yet 'her fairy form was delicate as though some balmy breeze had fanned her into life:'

"And she indeed
With her pale, snowy brow, and changeful cheek,
And the clear starlight of her serious eyes,
Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks
And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful,
E'en painfully!—a creature to behold
With trembling 'midst our joy, lest aught unseen
Should waft the vision from us."

"She had gazed on nature in the loneliness and majesty of the scene, until the calm of all around her insinuated itself into her own bosom, and her enlisted feelings flushed her lovely face with a slight and delicate bloom—the bloom of her own pure heart. There was a gentle fire in her dark blue eyes, and a smile of innocent meekness on her lips, like a bright sunbeam upon the still waters. Her fond, her almost adoring husband, bent his admiring gaze upon her, as though naught else could win his thoughts. And they seemed in truth formed for each other—for he with his high intellectual brow, and dazzling eyes of light, in his strong yet graceful manliness, was proudly beautiful. She waved her hand for him to look upon the beauties before them—and then as the gentle breeze wafted their tones to us, we found that to him might be applied the remark of our blessed Savior, 'one thing thou lackest,'—and he was pleading with him to drink in, with those deep harmonies of nature, the deeper love of God; that the beauty which came floating through his soul, and the founts of music that were o'erflowing in his breast, might be sanctified and purified, and fitted for a continuance amid the glories of the upper world. He listened to her earnest and eloquent pleadings, till he buried his face in his hands, and could answer her only with tears.—Oh! how did our hearts yearn towards them as they sat thus. But the gold grew pale in the twilight sky; and with the evening air came murmuring thoughts of home, so we left the scene and returned.

"Weeks and months passed away, and we saw nothing, heard nothing of the Italian strangers in whom we had become so deeply interested. We began to think our wishes for a more intimate acquaintance could not be gratified. One evening our kind hostess informed Mrs. C. that the other suit of rooms, on the same floor of our own, had been fitted up by a very wealthy gentleman, who with his wife was to be added to her list of boarders the next day. When we entered the dining room the next day at noon, it was with some anxiety as to the characters of those added to our little community. But what was our surprise and delight when we found in Mr. and Mrs. Lamoilette, our expected guests, the interesting Italian stranger, and his lovely invalid bride. A mutual recognition took place, and from that day we were friends; nay, more than common friends, for our hearts became knit together in one inseparable bond. Particularly was it so with the ladies."

"Yes!" said Mrs. C., who had entered the room during her husband's recital: "we did indeed love each other with all the fondness and affection of sisters; with the the 'calm love that grows within the soul like an expanding flower.'"

"Oh! Death knows no distinction, else had she
Whom we remember now, escaped his grasp;
For she was gentle—all her heart was love.
Her spirit was as though an angel's thought
Might love to linger there—so pure and meek;—
But such perfection may not tarry here!"

"No!" said Mr. C.; "and she has now gone home to heaven. But we will hasten with our story. Ten happy, joyous months passed rapidly away, when our sweet little Emma just opened upon us her loving eyes. But then came intense anxiety; and for five long weeks we watched Mrs. Lamoilette, daily expecting to see her pass away from earth. But she was spared for other scenes. I shall never forget the delight we experienced, when, after so long a silence, she first touched the strings of her own sweet harp, and sung in the softest strains the song we loved.

"One balmy afternoon, we persuaded her, for change of scene, to join us in our room, promising her every comfort she possessed at home.—When Mr. Lamoilette saw her comfortably seated, and her sweet, pale face lit up with smiles, he glided out of the room, but in a few minutes returned with his idolized child. Holding it up, and looking upon its young and beautiful mother, he exclaimed, in all the warmth of his Italian nature, 'Am I not happy, too, too happy? Oh! I am almost burthened with excess of bliss!' And truly he did seem happy, beyond all expression. Alas! the earthly portion of his happiness was of short duration, and he had ever been too well content with his full cup of *present* enjoyments, to drink of the waters of life, or seek for bliss beyond the sky. Alas! alas! the 'one thing lacking' was never sought so as to be obtained.

"The very next day he looked upon us, spoke to us, for the last time. He was in his usual high spirits, and took his accustomed morning walk with me. As we returned, a letter was handed to him, requesting his presence at N——, a place about ten miles distant. He ordered his horse, and prepared to start—then saying to Mrs. L., who looked a little sad, 'Now, dearest, for one long day I leave you; but it is with the kindest, best of friends, and you will be happy'—with his ever cheerful smile he rode away. But 'the sudden tempest scatters the loveliest blossoms—the thunder-cloud steals upon the bluest sky—and the brightest morning is often closed upon by the darkest night.' Ere the twilight dews began to fall around us, the message came that our beloved friend—*was dead!* He was wending his way homeward in company with two or three others, when his horse suddenly became frightened, and, dashing him to the earth, injured him so severely that he died in a few minutes.

"The dreadful, the heart-rending intelligence, was communicated to Mrs. Lamoilette in the most cautious and tender manner. But when she understood its full import, she flew to the window, clasped her hands in agony, and with a maniac's stare, gazed wildly at the gate through which he was to enter. They brought him in; and she stood over him, pale as marble, and gazed upon him with a tearless eye. She could not weep.—The fountain of her tears was scorched and dry; and her bereft heart withered beneath the stroke. We took her from the room, but she spoke not—her deep groans pierced our very souls—while we could offer her no comfort, no consolation, nor in the least allay her anguish.

"Oh! what may soothe such agony intense?
What calm the wild commotion, when the breast—
Like some wide sheet of water as a storm
Sweeps o'er its surface—with a whirlwind strives?
Almighty gust of grief! that lays the soul
All desolate, and tears away the stays
Of christian fortitude and holy hope?"

"Two days passed away; and all that remained of our high-souled, noble, and endeared friend, was prepared for the tomb. As I laid back the pall, and gazed upon his marble features, I could not but wonder and admire; for even in death he retained his proud, manly beauty, and his look of high-wrought intelligence. Sickness had made no ravages, and he had not yet numbered thirty summers; and truly his was

"An image fair,
Where all the loveliness of youth and mind
Were with an artist's elegance portrayed."

"Mrs. Lamoillette had in a measure recovered her composure. Christian principles had triumphed. Her Heavenly Father had poured into her torn bosom the oil of consolation, and with a holy trust she bowed her will to his. But *the last look* must be taken. She bent over him, and her burning tears fell fast upon his icy cheek—she pressed her fingers on his death-closed eyes—she clasped his lifeless hand in hers, and thought o all their deep-toned happiness, their fondly cherished love, now ended forever! How could she give him up? She was now 'but a divided being! Ah! who was left to love as he had loved? She laid her head upon his pulseless heart, and prayed for strength, for resignation, and for holy peace—

"Till soothed, she rose and touched with her white lips
His clay-cold brow, and left him with his God."

"We committed him 'ashes to ashes,' and 'dust to dust,' mourning sincerely his untimely end; and most of all, that he died without 'hope.' From that hour our sweet invalid, our dearly loved Mrs. Lamoilette, drooped like a lilly broken from its stem. 'The echo to her heart was gone,' and not all the endearing charms of her lovely infant, or the fond tenderness and watchful care of her kind friends, could keep her from the tomb. She mourned for her lost husband as one mourns when all hope has fled; for she knew he had laid up no treasure in heaven—he had never tasted the waters of life, and he could not sing the song of the redeemed. Yet from her chastened heart escaped no murmur. She continued to bestow her fond caresses upon the lovely Emma, now doubly dear, and with a constant effort to be cheerful, ever wore a placid smile. We had twined her affections around our hearts with a thousand strings, and we grieved to find her daily passing away—yet so it was. One day we were seated near her couch, chatting in our accustomed manner; she had appeared unusually cheerful, looked better and had even exerted herself so far as to take her harp and play for us a soft and tuneful air. It was the last time her slender fingers ever moved over those strings. But I am anticipating. We obeyed the summons to tea, and left her for awhile to her rest, under the care of her kind nurse.—When we returned, she was sleeping sweetly; but she soon awaked, and with a mournful smile said to Mrs. C., who stood gazing upon her pale face, 'My dearest friend, my more than sister, I have been dreaming of you. It was a sweet dream.—Now take the easy chair and sit close to me; and I will tell you a few incidents of my life, for I have one favor to ask of you before I go to my long rest, which my wasting frame and feeble pulse tell me must soon be.' Then slowly and faintly she told me of her childhood's days; when not a cloud o'ershadowed her bright sunny hopes; or a thought of darkness or of sorrow ever crossed her lightsome heart. She was an only child, of parents not wealthy, though in comfortable circumstances, who bestowed every attention upon the education and well being of their beloved daughter. But most of all were they untiring in their efforts and unceasing in their prayers, that in the joyous hours of her young heart's happiest days, she might be clothed in the Redeemer's righteousness, and fitted for a seat at his right hand. Thus did she pass fifteen years of uninterrupted felicity. Alas! 'earth's happiest hour fades softly away like a morning flower.' In one short week she was made an orphan; and most keenly did she realize her loss. Her beloved mother was laid low with a fatal disease then incident to the southern part of Italy; and after four days of intense suffering, she closed her eyes in death, and went to her eternal rest. The father watched and soothed until he drank contagion from the lips he loved—and he, too, laid down and died. She was alone in the world; though she met with a kind friend in every acquaintance, and many sought to make their home her home, yet she felt like a lone one, with nothing to live for. A kind uncle, the only near relative she had, took her away from her desolate home and her parent's graves, where day and night she wept and mourned and pined away; and most assiduously did he try to wean her thoughts from her heart's deep sorrow. But she could not forget the past! And though her bereavements were sanctified to her soul's best good, her spirit drooped, her gayety fled, and she withered as a blighted flower. Year after year she sought the graves of her honored parents, tended the rose trees she had planted there, and watered them with bitter tears.

"A short time after her third annual visit, she knelt at the bridal altar, and gave her long promised hand to Mr. Lamoilette. He had loved her from her cradle hours, and now he took her to his home and heart, and cherished her with the deepest affection, and the most ardent love. They had nothing to bind them to any one spot, (for he too was an orphan) and as his fortune was immense, they travelled when and where they chose, trying every means to regain her lost health. For the benefit of some mineral springs in the neighborhood, they took up a temporary residence at S——, and engaged board for a year at the house where we had found a home.

"Here," said Mrs. L., faintly, for she was almost exhausted, "here we met you—loved you—and you know all the rest. I need not, and cannot recount it." She shuddered, laid her face close to the sleeping Emma's, and clasped her thin hands upon her heart to still its tumult.—We endeavored to persuade her to rest now, and leave the remainder of what she wished to say until the morrow.

"No!" murmured she, "to-morrow I hope to be in heaven. Let me talk now while I may.—Take this dear child from my dying pillow, and hold her where I may look once more upon her."

"We did so; and as she gazed upon the unconscious infant, the burning tears fell fast and her lips trembled with agitation.

"Sweet child!" said she, "my darling Emma, for your sake I would have lived—but it may not be! I shall go to a bright and holy home, and leave you in a sinful world. But when my father and my mother forspoke me, then the Lord took me up—so will he do for you; and may you never feel your loss as I felt mine. Into his hands I commit you! Dear, dear Emma, my sweet child, *my all of earth—farewell!*"

"She closed her eyes and remained silent for some time. We bathed her temples and her cold hands—and looking up, she whispered feebly,

"Beloved, beloved ones, when I am gone, will you take my Emma, and make her *your child?*"

"We told her we should most gratefully accept the gift.

"Call her by your name," said she; "let her know no other till she is old enough to understand it *all*,—then tell her of her parents. Train her for the skies; and we shall all soon meet again! Farewell! Now sing the song I love."

"This last was rather gasped than spoken.—

Our scalding tears were falling fast, and we could scarce command our trembling voices so as to articulate, but Mrs. C. took the harp she had given her, and we stood beside her and tried to sing, "There's rest in Heaven!"

"Pale as the white rose withering she lay,
Lovely, though dying—and her eye divine
Gleamed o'er the deepening shadows of decay
Like a stray sunbeam on a ruined shrine.
She seemed too beautiful for Death's embrace,
And holiness engirt her as a zone.
Language had fled, but music's pictured grace
Hung on those lips that late had breathed its tone:
And with a holy look of hope and peace,
She bowed her head. The parting pang was o'er—
Yet no convulsion marked the soul's release;
Her pallid lip a smile of rapture wore;
Her fleeting soul one radiant beam had caught
Warm from the fountain of Eternal Day,
And left the image of the breathing thought
Impressed in beauty on the breathless clay."

"Yes! her ransomed soul had 'floated on that wave of sound to Heaven,' to enjoy its eternal rest,

"We took the lovely Emma. We need not say how dearly we have loved her, or how closely her artless affections are entwined around our hearts. But she does not yet know she has a mother in glory."

Popular Tales.

From Graham's Gentleman's Magazine.

THE RESCUED KNIGHT.

A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

It was starlight on Gallilee. The placid lake lay at the feet, slumbering as calmly as an infant, with the wooded shores and the tall cliffs around reflected darkly on its surface. Scarcely a breath disturbed the quiet air. Occasionally a ripple would break on the shore with a low, measured harmony, and anon a tiny wave would glisten in the starlight, as a slight breeze ruffled the surface of the lake. The song of the fisherman was hushed; the voice of the vine-dresser had ceased on the shore; the cry of the eagle had died away amongst his far-off hills; and the silence of midnight, deep, hushed, and awe inspiring, hung over Gallilee.

A thousand years before, and what scenes had that sea beheld! There, had lived Peter and his brethren; there had our Saviour taught; and on the broad bosom of Gennessarat he had walked a God. What holy memories were linked in that little sea! How calm and changeless seemed its quiet depths! A thousand years have passed since then, and the apostles and their brethren had mouldered into dust, yet the stars looked down on that placid lake unchanged, shining the same as they had done for fifty centuries before.

On the shore of the lake, embowered in the thick woods, stood a large old, rambling fortified building, bearing traces of the Roman architecture, upon which had been engrafted a Saracenic style. It enclosed a garden, upon one side of which was a range of low buildings, dark and massy, frowning, and partly in ruins, but which bore every evidence of being almost impregnable.

Within this range of buildings, in a dark and noisome cell, reclined upon a scanty bed of straw a Christian knight. His face was pale and attenuated, but it had lost amid all his sufferings, none of his high resolve. It was now the seventh day since he had lain in that loathsome dungeon, and the morrow's sun was to see him die a martyr for not abjuring his religion.

"Yes!" he muttered to himself, "the agony will soon be over; it is an hour at most, and shall a Christian knight fear fire or torture? No, come when it may, death should ever be welcome to a de Guiscan; and how much more welcome when it brings the glories of martyrdom. But yet it is a fearful trial; I could fall in battle, for there a thousand eyes behold us; but to die alone, unheard of, with none but foes around, and where none shall ever hear of my fate. Oh! indeed that is bitter. Yet I fear not even it. Thank God!" he said, fervently kissing a cross he drew from his bosom, "there is strength given to us in the hour of need, which bears us up against every danger."

The speaker suddenly started, ceased, and looked around. The bolt of his door was being withdrawn from the outside. Could it be that his jailor was about to visit him at that hour? Slowly the massy door swung on its hinges, and a burst of light streaming into the cell, for a moment dazzled the eyes of the captive; but when he grew accustomed gradually to the glare, he started, with even greater surprise, to behold, not his jailor, but a maiden richly attired in an Oriental dress. For an instant, the young knight looked amazed, as if he beheld the being of another world.

"Christian!" said the apparition, using the mongrel tongue, then adopted by the Saracens and Franks in their communications, but speaking in a low, sweet voice, which melting from the maiden's tongue, made every word seem musical, "do you die to-morrow?"

"If God wills it," said the young knight firmly, "but what mean you?—why are you here?"

"I am here to save you," said the maiden, fixing her eyes upon his, "that is," and she paused and blushed in embarrassment, "if you will comply with my conditions."

The young knight, who had eagerly started forward at the first part of her sentence, now recoiled, and with a firm voice, though one gentler than he would have used to aught less fair, exclaimed,

"And have you been sent to tempt? But go to those from whence you came, and tell them that Brian de Guiscan will meet the stake rejoicing, sooner than purchase life by abjuring my God."

"You wrong—you wrong me," hastily interposed the maiden. "I come not to ask you to desert your God, but to tell you that I also would be a Christian. Listen—for my story must be short,—my nurse was a Christian captive, and from her I learned to love my Savior. I have long sought to learn more of your religion and am come now," and again she blushed in embarrassment, "to free you, sir knight, if you will conduct me to your own land. I am the daughter of the Emir; I have stolen his signet, and thus obtained the keys to your cell."

"It is enough, fair princess, any more than deliver," said the knight eagerly; "gladly will I sell my life in your defence."

"Hist!" said the maiden in a whisper, placing her finger on his lips, "if we speak above a murmur we shall, perhaps, be overheard—follow me;" and turning around, she passed swiftly through the door, extinguished her light, looked around to see if she was followed, and flitted into a dark alley of overhanging trees.

Who can describe the emotions of de Guiscan's bosom as he traversed the garden after his guide? His release had been so sudden that it seemed like a dream, and he placed his hand upon his brow as if to assure himself of the reality of the passing scene. Nor were the sensations which he experienced, less mixed with the tumultuous. But over every other feeling, one was predominant—the determination to perish rather than to be re-taken, or, least of all, to suffer a hair of his fair rescuer's head to be injured.

The noiseless but rapid flight toward the lower end of the garden, thence through the postern gate into the fields beyond was soon completed, and it was only when arriving at a clump of palms, beneath which three steeds and a male attendant could be seen, as if awaiting them, that the maid broke silence.

"Mount, Christian," said she in a sweet voice, now trembling with excitement; and then turning towards her father's towers, she looked mournfully at them a moment, and de Guiscan saw, by the starlight, that she wept.

In a few minutes, however, they were mounted; and so complete had been the maiden's preparations, that de Guiscan's own horse, lance and buckler had been provided for him. But on whom would suspicion be less likely to rest than on the Emir's daughter?

They gallopped long and swiftly through that night, and just as morning began to break across the hills of Syria, they turned aside into a thick grove, and dismounting, sought rest. The attendant tied the foaming steeds a short distance apart and for the first time the princess and de Guiscan were alone, since his escape.

"Fair Princess," said the young knight, "how shall I ever show my gratitude to you? By what name may I call my fair deliverer?"

"Zelma!" said the maiden, modestly, dropping her eyes before those of the knight, and speaking with a certain tremulousness of tone that was more eloquent than words.

"Zelma!" said de Guiscan astonished, "and do I indeed behold the far-famed daughter of the Emir Able-dek, she for whom the Saracen chivalry have broken so many lances? Thou art indeed beautiful, far more beautiful than I had dreamed. The blessed saints may be praised that thou wishest to be a Christian."

"Such is my wish," said the maiden, meekly, as if desiring to change the conversation from the late act, "and I pray that, as soon as may be, we may reach some Christian outpost, where you will place me in charge of one of those holy women, whom I have heard my nurse so often speak of, and after that, the only favor I will ask of you, sir knight, is that, should you ever meet my father, Abel-dek, in battle, you will avoid him, for his daughter's sake."

"It is granted, sweet Zelma," said the Guiscan, enthusiastically. But the attendant now returning, their conversation was closed for the present.

Why was it that de Guiscan, instead of retiring to rest, when having formed a rude couch for Zelma, he persuaded her to take a short repose, kept guard for many hours, busy with his own thoughts but without uttering a word? Certain it is, that though the young knight had gazed on the bright eyes of his own Gascony, and seen even the fair-haired maidens of England, yet never had he experienced toward any of them, such feelings as that which he now experienced toward Zelma.—Hour after hour passed away, and still he stood watching over her slumbers.

It was late in the afternoon when the little party again set forth in their flight. De Guiscan, when the road permitted it, was ever at the bridle reins of Zelma, and though his keen eye often swept anxiously around the landscape, their conversation soon grew deeply interesting, if we may judge by the stolen glances and heightened color of Zelma, and the eager attention with which the young knight listened to the few words that dropped from her lips. How had their demeanor changed since the night before! Then the princess was all energy, now she was the startled girl again. Then de Guiscan followed powerless as she led, now it was he to whom the little party looked for guidance.

"Pursuit, the saints be praised, must long since have ceased," said de Guiscan, "for yonder is the last hill hiding us from the Christian camp. When we gain that we shall be able to see, though still distant, the tent of my race."

The eyes of the maiden sparkled, and giving reins to their steeds, they soon gained the ascent. The scene that burst upon them was so grand and imposing, that involuntarily for a moment they drew in and paused.

Before them stretched out an extensive plain, bounded on three sides by a chain of hills, while on the fourth and western border, glistened far away the waters of the Mediterranean. Rich fields of waving green; sparkling rivers, now lost and now emerging to sight; rolling uplands, crowned with forests; and dimly seen in the distance, a long line of glittering light reflected from the armor of the Crusaders, and telling where lay the Christian camp, opened out before the eyes of the fugitives.

"The camp—the camp," said de Guiscan joyously, pointing to the far off line of tents.

The maiden turned her eyes to behold the glittering sight, gazed at it a moment in silence, and then casting a look backward in the direction of her father's house, she heaved a deep sigh and said calmly,

"Had we not better proceed?"

"By my halidome, yes!" said de Guiscan with sudden energy, "see yon troops of Saracens pricking up the mountain in our rear—here—in a line with that cedar—"

"I see them," said Zelma, breathlessly, "they are part of the Emir's guard—they are in pursuit."

"Oh—no," was the only answer of the young knight, as he struck the Arabian on which the maiden rode, and plunged his spurs deep into his horse's flanks.

They had not been in motion long before they beheld their pursuers approaching better mounted than themselves, sweeping over the brow of the hill above, in a close, dense column.

"Swifter—swifter, dear lady," said the knight looking back.

"Oh! we are beset," suddenly said Zelma, in a voice trembling with agitation, "see, a troop of our pursuers are winding up the path below."

The knight's eyes following the guidance of the maiden's trembling finger, beheld, a mile beneath him, a large company of Infidel horse, closing up the egress of the fugitives. He paused an instant, almost bewildered. But a second was not to be lost.

"Where does this horse path lead?" he said, turning to the attendant, and pointing to a narrow way, winding among precipitous rocks toward the left.

"It joins the great road, some distance below."

"Then, in God's name, let us escape. If it

comes to the worst, I can defend it against all comers, provided there is a point too narrow for two to attack me abreast."

"There are many such spots!"

"Then the saints be praised. In, in, dear lady and all."

Their place was now equally rapid until they reached a narrow gorge, overhung by high and inaccessible rocks, and opening into a wide highway bordering upon the place below.

"Here will I take my position and await their attack," said de Guiscan, "How far is the nearest Christian outpost?"

"A league beneath."

"Hie, then, away to it, and tell them de Guiscan, escaped from a Saracen prison, awaits succor in this pass. We cannot all go; else we may be overtaken. Besides you may be intercepted below. If you live to reach the Crusaders, I will make you rich for life. By sundown I may expect succor if you succeed. Till then I can hold this post."

The man made an Oriental obeisance, and vanished like lightning down the acclivity.

"Here they come," said de Guiscan, "they have found us out and are sweeping like falcons from their heights."

The maiden looked, and beheld a troop of Saracens defiling down the mountain, one by one; the narrowness of the path forbidding even two to ride abreast.

"Allah il Allah!" shouted the foremost infidel, perceiving the knight, and galloping furiously upon him as he spoke.

Not a word was returned from the crusader.—He stood like a statue of steel awaiting the onset of the fiery Saracen. As the infidel swept on his career, he gradually increased his distance from his friends, until a considerable space intervened between him and the troop of Moslems. This was the moment for which the young knight had so anxiously waited.

"Allah il Allah!" shouted the infidel, waving his scimetar around his head as he came sweeping down upon the motionless crusader.

"A de Guiscan! a de Guiscan!" thundered the knight, raising the war cry of his fathers, as he couched his lance, and shot like an arrow from the pass. There was a tramp—a wild shout—a fleeting as of a meteor—and then the two combattants met in mid career. Too late the infidel beheld his error, and sought to evade the earthquake charge. It was in vain. Horse and rider went down before the lance of the crusader, and the last life-blood of the Saracen had ebbed forth before de Guiscan had even regained his position.

The savage cry of revenge which the companions of the fallen man set up, would have appalled any heart but that of de Guiscan. But he knew no fear. The presence of Zelma, too, gave new strength to his arm and new energy to his soul. For more than an hour, aided by his strong position, he kept the whole Saracen force at bay. Every man who attacked him went down before his lance or fell beneath his sword. At length as sunset approached, the Saracens hemming him in closer and closer, succeeded in driving him back beneath a projecting rock, which, though it protected his person, prevented him from doing any injury to his assailants, who, meanwhile, were endeavoring by climbing up the face of the rock to attack him from overhead. He found that it was impossible to hold out many moments longer.—He turned to look at the maiden: she was firm and resolved, though pale.

"We will die together," said she, drawing closer to his side, as if there was greater protection than where she had been standing.

"Yes! dear Zelma, for that is, I fear me, all that is left for us to do."

"Hark!" suddenly said the maiden, "hear you not the clattering of horses' feet—here in the rear."

"Can it be your attendant returned!"

"Yes—yes! it is—praised be the Christian's God!"

"I vow a gold candlestick to the holy shrine at Jerusalem!"

On, like a whirlwind, came the host of the Christians, over the plain beneath, and through the broad highway, until, perceiving their rescued countryman still alive with his charge, they raised such a cry of rejoicing, that it struck terror into every Moslem's heart. In a few moments all danger to the fugitives was over.

The infidels, now in turn retreating, were pursued and cut off almost to a man by a detachment of the Christian force; while another party of the succorers bore the rescued fugitives in triumph to the Christian outpost.

In the parlor of the ——— convent at Jerusalem, a few months later, de Guiscan awaited the appearance of Zelma. Since the day when they had together reached the Christian outpost, he had not beheld that beautiful Saracen, for she had seized the first opportunity to place herself under the instruction of the holy abbess of the ——— convent at Jerusalem. During that separation, however, de Guiscan had thought long and ardently of his rescuer. In the Bivouac; amid the noise of a camp; in the whirl of battle; surrounded by the beautiful and gay; wherever, in short, he went, the young knight had carried with him the memory of the fair being who, at the peril of her life had saved him from the stake. Their hurried conversation in the palm grove was constantly recurring to his memory. Oh! how he wished that he might once more behold Zelma, if only to thank her anew for his life. But constantly occupied in the field, he had not been at leisure to visit Jerusalem, until a summons came from France, informing him of his father's death, and the necessity that he should proceed immediately homeward, to preserve the succession of his barony. He determined to see Zelma once more, if only to bid her farewell forever.

As he was swayed thus by his emotions, he heard a light step, and looking up, he beheld the Saracen princess.

"Zelma!" he ejaculated.

"De Guiscan!" said the maiden, eagerly advancing, but checking herself as instantly, and stood in beautiful embarrassment, before the knight.

Both felt the difficulty of their relative positions and both would have spoken, but could not. At length de Guiscan said—

"Lady! I hrve come to thank you for my life before I leave this land forever."

"Leave Jerusalem—Palestine forever?" ejaculated Zelma.

A bright, but long forbidden hope, lighted up the countenance of the young knight, and perceiving the renewed embarrassment with which the speaker paused, he said,

"Dear lady! I am going to my own sunny land far away; but I cannot depart without telling you how deeply I love you, and that I have thought of you, only one of your sex, every since we parted. Oh! if not presumptuous, might I hope?"

The still more embarassed maiden blushed; but she did not withdraw the hand which the young knight had grasped. He raised and kissed it.—The next moment the trembling but glad girl, fell weeping on his bosom. She, too, had thought only of him.

The proudest family in the South of France, to this day trace their origin to the union of Zelma and de Guiscan.

Sunday Reading.

SCENE ON THE OHIO.

BY J. TODD.

"Well, it is now nearly forty years since I first saw the glorious Ohio. I shouted when I first saw it; I have loved it ever since, and when I die I hope I shall be buried on its banks. On a certain day I engaged to go down the river to Kentucky with Capt. Ward, as he was removing his family from the East. The journey was long, and at best would be tedious. I was a kind of pilot, for I was well acquainted with the river and all its points of danger. The country was full of Indians, and no settlement of any note had been made in Ohio. The whites and Indians too, were constantly making war upon each other. I do not know which was the most to blame: the whites killed the most and the Indians were the most cruel. We purchased an old square, crazy built boat, between forty and fifty feet in length, and about ten wide. We had a heavy load, furniture, baggage, horses, pigs, fowls, ploughs, besides nearly a dozen people. These consisted of the captain, his wife and children, a widowed sister and son, besides several men to manage the boat. When we left, we were fearful lest the Indians should attack us from the shore, but we knew that by keeping in the middle of the river, we should be beyond the reach of their rifles; or could be in a minute. Thus we passed on for several days, until we supposed we were beyond the haunts of the Indians. One day, just at sunset, after we had become tired with rowing, we let our boat drift lazily and carelessly along the current. We were just getting ready to put up for the night. The mother was promising the children a good run on shore. The widow was getting out provisions and making preparations for our supper. The captain and his nephew had hold of the oars, and moved them just enough to allow me to steer the boat.

"Rogers," said the captain, "suppose we put in this side of the point, and tie our boat to one of these big trees and there encamp for the night."

"It's a right good place, captain, and I like it. Besides, a few moments ago I thought that I heard wild turkies over the hill, and should like to have one for our supper."

So we put in toward the shore, and got within fifty yards of that point, when I heard a stick crack as if broken by the foot.

"A deer," said the captain.

"No, no," I shouted, "row, row, or we are all dead."

At that instant down rushed scores of Indians to the shore, with a shout that made the hills across the river echo it back again. The murderous creatures rushed down to the water's edge and presented their guns and opened a heavy fire upon us. In an instant the young man snatched his rifle and raising at full length fired at the nearest Indian, who had a shabby head dress. The Indian fell, and so did the young man at the same instant. As he fell the captain brought the boat around still nearer. The Indians yelled; the women screamed, the horses were falling and plunging, and bullets were flying thick around us. Yet above all the voice of Captain Ward rose cool—"Rogers, take my oar."

I took it, and he at the same instant seized a plank and rowed to such good purpose that in a few moments we were out in the stream, beyond the reach of their rifles. We knew they had no canoes, being on a hunting excursion, and we were safe. But oh! what a sight! the horses were all dead or dying, one child was badly wounded, the boat half filled with water, and the young man in his blood at the bottom of the boat. By this time the coolness of the Captain was all gone. He lay down by the side of his nephew, whom he loved as a son, and exclaimed, "O John, John! O Lord have mercy, I have brought the poor boy to his death!" But the widowed mother. She was as pale as a sheet, but she came to her son, raised his head in her lap, and opened his bosom where the blood was still coming. He was yet alive.

"John," said she in a sweet voice, as if speaking to a babe, "John, do you know me."

"My mother," said he in a whisper.

"Can you swallow, John?" said she, putting her hand over, and dipping some water from the river.

He tried, but could not.

"My son, do you know that you are dying?"

"Yes, mother—but are you hurt?"

"No, no—but don't think of me. Can you pray with the heart now, my dear son?"

"God be merisul to me a sinner, for the sake of ———"

"Jesus Christ!" said the mother, for he was gone. She bent over him a few minutes, as if in silent prayer, then kissed his lips, and for the first time, tears filled her eyes. Till that moment you would have thought she was talking to a child just going to sleep, her voice was so calm and so mild. She was a widow, and he was her only child, and a noble fellow he was. But she was a religious woman. I never saw religion like that before or since. We lay off the river till dark; and then silently came to the shore on this side, for the night. We dared not light a candle, lest the Indians should see it. We milked our only cow, and fed the children, and got them to sleep. We then brought the body of the young man up the bank, and when the moon arose, we dug the grave which you see yonder. We had to be careful not to weep aloud. But after we had opened the grave, and were ready to put the corpse into it, the widowed mother spoke:

"Is there no one here can offer a prayer as we bury my only child?"

There was no answer. We could all sob, but we had never prayed for ourselves. She then knelt down, and laying her hand on the bosom of her dear boy, she, in a subdued voice, uttered such a prayer as few have ever heard. She was as calm as the bright waters at our feet.

And when she came to pray for the whole of us—for the poor Indians who had murdered her boy; when she gave thanks to God that he had so long comforted her heart with her son; and when she gave thanks to God, who had given her such a son to give back to him, it was awful! we could not sob aloud! You preachers talk about sublimity, but if this is not it, I do not know what it is.

Well, there we buried him, and there he sleeps yet.

In the morning I got up at daylight, and came up here to place a stone at the head of the grave. It was bloody, for his head had rested upon it. I found the mother was here before me—perhaps she had been here all night. She was trying to do the very thing, and so without saying a single word I took hold and helped her to put the stone at the head of the grave. It is now nearly sunk in the ground, but it stands just as we placed it. When we had done, the widow turned and said "Rogers," but tears came, and I was thanked enough.

I have sat on this log many times and thought over the whole scene, and though the mother has been in the grave many years, yet I can see her even now, just as she looked when she turned to thank me, and I can hear her voice just as she spoke to her dying boy.

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE UNTO.—The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts, happened to stray into the road, a neighbor of a man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after he told him what he had done; "and if I catch him in the road again," said he, "I'll do it again."

"Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and I saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard, and *I'll do it again.*"

Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Selected Miscellany.

From the American Farmer.

Brother Jonathan's Wife's Advice to her Daughter on her Marriage Day.

Now, Polly, as you are about to leave us, a few words seem appropriate to the occasion. Altho' I regret the separation, yet I am pleased that your prospects are good. You must not think that all before you are Elysian fields. Toil, care and trouble, are the companions of frail human nature. Old connections will be dissolved by distance, time and death. New ones are formed.—Every thing pertaining to this life is on the change.

A well cultivated mind, united with a pleasant, easy disposition, is the greatest accomplishment in a lady. I have endeavored from the first to the present time, to bring you up in such a manner as to form you for future usefulness in society. Woman was never made merely to see and be seen; but to fill an important space in the great chain in nature, planned and formed by the Almighty Parent of the universe. You have been educated in habits of industry, economy and neatness, and in these you have not disappointed me.

It is for the man to provide, and for the wife to see that every thing within her circle of movement, is done in order and season; therefore let method and order be considered important. A place for every thing, and every thing in time, are good family mottoes.

A thorough knowledge of every kind of business appropriate to the kitchen, is indispensable, for without such knowledge a lady is incapable of the management of her own business, and is liable to imposition by her servants every day. But in these things you have been instructed.

You will be mistress of your house, and observe the rules in which you have been educated. You will endeavor above all things to make your fireside the most agreeable place for the man of your choice. Pleasantry and a happy disposition will ever be considered necessary to this important end—but a foolish fondness is disgusting to all.—Let reason and common sense ever guide—these, aided by a pleasant, friendly disposition, render life happy; and without these, it is not desirable. Remember your cousin Eliza. She married with the highest prospects; but, from a petulant, peevish, complaining disposition, and negligence, every thing went wrong, and her home became a place of disquietude to her husband. To avoid this, he sought a place to pass away vacant time, where, associated with those more wicked than himself, he contracted the habit of intemperance, and all was lost—and poor Eliza was thrown on the charity of her friends.

Be pleasant and obliging to your neighbors—ready to grant assistance when necessary. Be careful of their characters, and do not really believe an ill report. Throw the mantle of charity over their failings, knowing that we are human and liable to err. Abhor a tattler, and give no place to the reports of such. However strong a provocation may be, never contend for the last word.

Let your Bible show that it is used. Give no place to novels in your library. Let history, biography and travels be read, when time and opportunity admit—without interfering with the important duties of the family. Be not ignorant of the events of the time being, therefore read some journal of the day.

As to friends who may call on you—never be confused or in a hurry; treat them with hospitality and politeness, and endeavor to make them happy in their own way. Never tease them to do this or that which they do not prefer. True politeness consists in an easy and pleasant deportment, and making our friends easy, and permitting them to enjoy themselves in that way which is most pleasing to them.

Speak with deliberation. The other sex tell us that "the female tongue is never tired;" be it so: let it be regulated by reason.

At the close of the week, if possible, let all your work for the time be done; so that on Sunday you may improve your time in such a manner as will be appropriate to the day; and never, extraordinaries excepted, let your seat be vacant at church.

As to dress, decency is becoming to all; but extravagance opens a door to want; follow the fashions of the day as far as decency and good sense will approve, but avoid singularity. Be not troubled for what you have not, be thankful for, and take care of, what you have. A leghorn hat loaded with flowers, will not cure the headache, nor a gold watch prevent the consumption.

A TURKISH LETTER.—The English papers speak of a letter from the young Sultan Abdul Medjia to Queen Victoria, congratulating her Majesty on the birth of the Princess Royal. It is thus described:

We are assured that this epistle is quite a gem of Oriental rhetoric, and a rare specimen of the flowery eloquence so peculiar to the East. Nor is the form less remarkable than its tenor, as may be easily supposed from the following particulars, with which we have been favored from a valued source: The letter is about three feet in length by four or five inches in width. It is written in very beautiful characters, small, but extremely distinct, and evidently done with great care. In the margin is the autograph of the Sultan, with an enumeration of all the titles of "the Most High and Very Powerful Seigneur," which have appertained to his Highness's predecessors from time immemorial. The paper is of fine quality, resembling but superior to vellum, and with a fine enamel on its surface. The letter was enclosed in an envelope, and sealed with the armorial bearings of the Sultan. The whole was enclosed in a rich *sachet*, (or small bag, similar to a lady's reticule) of crimson satin, elaborately embroidered with silk and gold, and to which were attached a cord and tassel of bullion of the most *recherche* manufacture. Much curiosity has been excited in the highest circles, and by the few distinguished individuals aware of its receipt, to gain a sight of this almost unique specimen of epistolary correspondence from the Sublime Porte. We hear that it is much regarded by the illustrious personage to whom it is addressed.

PUTRIFIED TREES IN TEXAS.—A Texas paper gives an account of petrified trees which are found in some parts of that country. They are to be seen scattered in huge logs or blocks, or in small detached masses, over a large extent of surface, generally at a distance of eighty or a hundred miles from the coast. One of the largest of these specimens is said to be seven feet in diameter. It is completely silicified throughout, and is so hard that the chips readily strike fire with steel. The fibres of the wood are so distinct, that the rings denoting its annual growth may be distinguished. All the specimens that have been found, belong to one species of tree—probably different from any now existing on the globe. It resembles the pine more than other trees.

In many parts of the west, particularly in Kentucky, petrifactions may be seen at every step.—They are not in such large masses as those spoken of above, but mostly consist of shells imbedded in stone, with twigs and other ligneous particles.—The manner in which these formations took place is a matter of speculation. The existence of marine shells so far in the interior is the strangest part of the phenomenon.

EDUCATION.

"We utterly repudiate, as unworthy, not of freemen only, but of men, the narrow notion, that there is to be an education for the poor as such. Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky? Does not the glorious sun pour down his golden flood as cheerily upon the poor man's hovel as upon the rich man's palace? Have not the cottager's children as keen a sense of all the freshness, verdure, fragrance, melody and beauty of luxuriant Nature, as the pale sons of kings? Or is it in the mind that God has stamped the imprint of a baser birth, so that the poor man's child knows with an inborn certainty, that his lot is to crawl, not to climb?

"It is not so. God has not done it. Man cannot do it. Mind is immortal. Mind is imperial. It bears no bound of time, or place, or rank, or circumstance; it asks but freedom; it requires but light. It is heaven-born and aspires to heaven. Weakness does not enfeeble it. Poverty cannot repress it. Difficulties do but stimulate its vigor.

"And the poor tallow-chandler's son who sits up all the night to read the book which an apprentice lends him, lest the master's eye should miss it in the morning, shall stand and treat with kings—shall bind the lightning with a hempen cord, and bring it harmless from the skies.

"The Common School is common, not as inferior, not as the school for poor men's children, but as the light and air is common.

"It ought to be the best school, because it is the first school; and in all ground works the beginning is one-half. Who does not know the value to a community of a plentiful supply of the pure element of water? And infinitely more than this is the Common School; for it is the foundation that the man drinks, and is refreshed and strengthened in his career of usefulness and glory."—*Dist. School Jour.*

CARE.—It is one of the most delusive things in life, the idea of getting clear of care. It is inseparable with life—a part and parcel of it. True, a person may get clear of one care, or a set of cares—but it is only to make room for others.—Many have been wofully cheated with the idea of finding happiness by a withdrawal from business, and seeking ease and exemption from care in retirement. Care will find a man there, or anywhere—crawl forth out of the bushes, or the crevices of the house, in seclusion. It will fasten upon one in some shape—and the more pertinaciously, the more he strives to burst it off—because he is fated to it. No man is so little disquieted with care as he who cares nothing about it. It always pursues the cowardly and retreating. Better face right about and battle it—brush through the thickest of it—jump right in over head and ears—rather than timidly skulk from it.

STICHERY.—There is variety enough to satisfy anybody, and there are gradations enough in the stiches to descend to any capacity but a man's.—There are tambour stich, satin, chain, finny, new, bred, ferne and queen stitches; there is slapping, veining and button stick; seeding, roping and open stitch; there is cock seam, herring-bone, long stitch and cross stitch; there is rosemary stitch, Spanish stitch, and Irish stitch; there is back stitch, overcast, and seam stitch; hemming, felling and basting; darning, grafting and patching; there is whip stitch and fisher stitch; there is fine drawing, gathering, marking, trimming, and tucking.—*Countess of Wilton.*

GAMBLING.—Let every young man avoid all sorts of gambling as he would poison. A poor man or a boy should never allow himself to toss up for a half penny, for this is often the beginning of a habit of gambling, and this ruinous crime often creeps on by slow degrees. Whilst a man is minding his work, he is playing the best game, and is sure to win. A gambler never makes any good use of his money; even if he should win, he openly gambles the more, and he is often reduced to baggary 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 he wins, he injures a companion or friend.—And how can any honest man enjoy money gained in such a way?

CAUTION.—Never go any distance from home in these times, to collect money, however large the dues to you, without *taking along* enough to defray your expenses. A friend of ours neglected this precaution—and had to borrow money enough to bring him back.

GREEK PEASANT GIRLS.—Just as we reached Kalamachi, a *felucca* came to land with a party of Hydriotes on their way to Corinth. The attention of the *quidnuncs* of the village was divided between our honorable selves and the Hydriotes. It was soon, however, altogether transferred to the Hydriotes, for the party consisted chiefly of women and girls. They were somewhat abashed at our frank costume. Our guide, half savage as he was, had a keen eye for beauty, and following the light of a pair of black eyes, he led us to the boat.

The boat was laden with Greek Wine. An old woman, who seemed to be the proprietress of the cargo, offered us some wine, while the girls bounced on shore, standing in mute silence while we drank. I took a cup of wine as an excuse for a more minute glance at these Hydriote beauties, and while I was looking over the rim, the wine was trickling down upon the sand. This set them a laughing, in which we all joined, and restraint vanished. They were a merry, gay hearted set, and seemed to think that their beauty would lose nothing by good humor. They had

> Those large dark eyes that flash on you a volley
> Of rays that say a thousand things at once;

while the coronal of flowers that covered their raven locks set off their charms with great effect. And yet these were simple peasant girls. Their dress was the national costume, gay and brilliant as it has been for ages. The Ionic elegance of the clime pervades all classes, and there is no less poetry in the cloudless skies and picturesque scenery of Greece, than in the customs and temperament of her people. Byron's description of Haidee, the fisherman's daughter, might answer for one of these island beauties, who came upon us in this wilderness of mountain and glen, like the flash of a sunbeam through a rifted cloud. She was one of the beautiful creations of those warm climes, where the face is transparent with passion and feeling,

> Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes
> Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

We offered them an escort to Corinth, but the old dame was petulant at our attentions to her daughters, and declined it. Remounting our steeds we bade them adieu, but not without plucking a rose from their chaplets, as a sign of recognition should we meet them at Corinth on the morrow.

It was already night when we left Kalamachi. We galloped across the isthmus, leaving the baggage horses to come on at their leisure.—*Correspondence U. S. Gazette.*

POUTING ROOM.—John Adams, in his correspondence with Mr. Cunningham, gives the following description of a Boudoir: "What is a Boudoir? It is a *Pouting Room.* And what is a Pouting Room? In many gentlemen's houses in France there is an apartment of an octagonal form, twelve or fifteen feet across, and thirty-six or forty feet round, and all the eight sides, as well as the ceiling above, are all of the most polished glass mirrors; so that when a man stands in the centre of the room, he sees himself in every direction, multiplied into a row of shelves, as far as the eye can extend. The humor of it is, that when the lady of the house is out of temper, when she is angry, or when she weeps without a cause, she may be locked up in this chamber to pout, and see in every direction, how beautiful she is."

The hundreds of idle young men scattered throughout the country, and lounging about in our large towns, furnish indisputable evidence that many of the rising generation are contracting habits which, in after life, must cause a large amount of sorrow and wretchedness. Labor is not respected as it should be, and the consequence is, that idleness takes the place of industry, and poverty, ghastly and wretched, that of cheerfulness and content.

A lady once heard a man preach, and was so enraptured with him that she sent him a letter to the following effect:

"Dear Sir—There's my hand, (my heart you have already) with my fortune, which is very considerable. Will you accept? I am, &c. Anna." The clergyman unmoved by the entreaties of the lovely fair one, replied in the following terms: "Madam—Give your hand to industry, your dowry to the poor, and your heart to God."

MUTE ASTONISHMENT.—Never did we understand that term, until returning from abroad, we found the steps of our domicil calcined and hot beneath our tread—looking in the direction of our office we saw naught but space—we were MUTE with astonishment.—*Montgomery Phœnix.*

Odds and Ends.

PROVOKING REMINISCENCE.—The editor of one of our Harrisburgh exchanges gives a case of absence of mind in the following way:—"A girl who was one of our first loves, was one night lighting us out, after having passed a delightful evening, and in bashful terpidation, she blew us out of the door, and drew the candlestick behind the door and kissed it!"

A dutchman and his wife were travelling; they sat down by the road-side exceedingly fatigued.—The wife sighed, "I wish I was in Heaven." The husband replies, "I wish I was at the tavern."—"Oh, you old rogue," says she, "you always want the best place."

ELOQUENCE before a justice of the peace by a young attorney:—"Your honor sits high upon the adornable seat of justice like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal streams of justice, like the cadaverous clods of the valley, flow meandering at your extended feet."

WOMAN.—As a mother she scolds and spanks us: as a sister, tells of and pinches us: a sweet heart, she coquets and jilts us: a wife, frowns, pouts, frets, cries and torments us.—Without her what would there be to trouble us?

During the last Presidential contest, a Paris editor announced that he had received a file of American papers, and regretted exceedingly to find by them, that the two candidates for President were the greatest rascals in the country.

"I wonder how any one can eat his breakfast before reading a newspaper," said an old borrower of this article. "I wonder how any one can eat his breakfast after reading a *borrowed* paper," said his more conscientious wife.

When Frank Hayman had buried his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much money on her funeral? "Ah, sir," replied he, "she would have done as much, or more for me with pleasure."

ATTENTIVE.—"My wife is very atteutive to the pigs," said a gentleman the other day in the presence of several ladies. "That accounts for her attachment to you," responded one of the fair damsels. Pretty sharp joking, that.

"Do you like novels?" said a Miss Languish to her up country lover. "I can't say," answered he, "for I never ate any, but I'll tell you what, I'm tremendous at a young possum!"

Good resolutions are like soda water—if they stand any length of time before they are acted upon, they lose their strength and become "stale, flat and unprofitable."

Remember that *labor is necessary to excellence.* This is an eternal truth, although vanity cannot be brought to believe, or indolence heed it.

It is sometimes best to assume a bold tone, as the Romans threw loaves of bread, when starving, into the camp of the Gauls, for proof how sumptuously they fared.

Why is a tallow chandler the most vicious and unfortunate of men? Because all his works are *wick*-ed, and all his *wick*-ed works are brought to *light.*

A free, open, and undisguised behavior is an honorable appeal to generous minds, and he that takes an undue advantage of such a course commits a kind of high treason in the social code.

Men who stutter and stammer are often met with, but who ever heard of a female afflicted with an impediment in her speech?

The tic douloureux at the the temple of some men, is like a woodpecker tapping a hollow tree.

"I stand on on my reserved rights!" as the loafer said when he put his foot on the tread mill.

"I'm lost in grief," as the fly said, when he was drowned in a tear.

The fools are not all dead yet, as the thief said ven he was caught picking a printer's pocket.

Closing up a concern—Bunging up your neighbor's eye.

Saving one's bacon—Inviting a Jew to dine with you upon boiled ham.

Keeping up appearances—Wearing handsomely polished boots with no soles.

Getting once self in the papers—Going to bed between two double Brother Jonathans.

Sharp shooting—Firing off needles.

Words in season—A billet-doux in a salt-cellar.

What burns to keep a secret?—Sealing wax.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1841.

MR. BURDETT, AGAIN.

Our readers will recollect, that in Nos. 2 and 3 of our current volume, we charged Mr. C. BURDETT, of Brooklyn, with having published as original, in the New York Atlas, a tale entitled the Sailor's Wife, which in every essential feature and even in language, bore so close a resemblance to the Tudor Story, written for and published in the Gem, some years since, as to furnish the strongest evidence of its having been merely a slight alteration of the latter story. We marked our strictures and sent the papers containing them to Mr. B., being willing to afford him an opportunity to disprove, if he could, the charge of plagiarism.—He has attempted to do so, through the columns of the Brooklyn Daily News, but with what success, we leave it to our readers to decide. He stoutly denies having stolen the story from the Gem, stating that "he first heard it at sea, in 1831, that he wrote it in 1836 for the N. Y. Herald, and re-wrote it in 1840 for the Atlas."

This is the sum and substance of Mr. B's defence. But with this defence he does not seem to be satisfied himself, and virtually charges *our* correspondent with having stolen his story from the N. Y. Herald! He says: "I shall feel under particular obligations to the editor of the Gem, if he will forward me a copy of the *original* story which appeared in the Gem; and I shall feel much mistaken, if it is not found to correspond with the story written in 1836 for the Herald." Unfortunately for Mr. B., he is lame in this charge. The Tudor Story was written in New Hampshire, in the winter of 1834–'35—at least two years before Mr. B. pretends to have written his—and was published in the Gem in the spring of the latter year. That both stories "correspond" so nearly in every incident, that they would be taken by the generality of readers for one and the same we have ever maintained; and it is this similarity between them that has irresistibly forced the conviction upon our minds, as it has upon the minds of all who have read them, that one of the stories must have been manufactured from the other. Who, then, has acted the part of the plagiarist—Mr. B. or our correspondent? As we have seen, the Tudor Story was published in 1835, and the Sailor's Wife in 1836. Of course, our correspondent cannot be obnoxious to the charge of theft. If there has been theft any where, the reader is left to decide on whose part it must have been.

We regret that we are not able to send Mr. B. a copy of the Gem containing the Tudor Story.—The Gem passed into the hands of its present proprietors after that story was published, and the only copy of it in their possession, is in a bound volume. We have found among our old papers, however, the Boston Times of Dec. 13, 1838, containing the story, and have forwarded it to Mr. B. Because the story did not find its way into the Times until three years and a half after its first appearance, we hope Mr. B. may not be disposed to question the truth of our statement as to the time it was written and originally published by us. That statement, we can assure him, is correct in every particular.

We dismiss this subject with the remark, that if Mr. B. is not guilty of the charge we have preferred against him, the relation of even the same story, in language so strikingly alike, by two different writers, one of whom was told it upon the ocean, and the other in a distant state, is one of the most singular literary coincidences on record.

The Antiquities of America.

THE LECTURES.—That this immense continent, which, when first visited by Europeans, was nearly one unbroken wilderness, inhabited by straggling hordes of savages—that those deep and impenetrable forests were once occupied by cultivated fields, rich gardens and magnificent cities, and that here empires had risen and passed away, ages before its discovery by Columbus, is an idea altogether new and interesting, and which requires a great stretch of the imagination to believe.

Those who attended the able Lectures of the Hon. Mr. FURMAN before the Young Men's Association, some ten or twelve evenings since, were doubtless much instructed on this subject. The Lecturer displayed much ability and research, and presented in a clear and lucid manner, a great variety of new and interesting topics.

The positions he assumed were, that this continent was known to the ancient Egyptains and Phænicians, and that it was then inhabited by a highly civilized and commercial people, who were acquainted with many of the arts and sciences, —had a regular form of Government, a code of laws and system of religion. That they were overrun by barbarians from the northeast coast of Asia, and so completely and entirely subjugated, that even their name has perished in oblivion.

He believes that the country was frequently visited during the middle ages by the Northmen and Icelanders, and that all knowledge of it was subsequently lost, except what is preserved in the ancient records of those countries.

These positons were ingeniously sustained by a great variety of facts, traditions, and accounts of numerous remains of ancient art; especially the magnificent ruins of Central America, of which the Lecturer gave a most vivid description; and from whence he drew most of his conclusions as to the civilization, manners and customs of its ancient inhabitants.

We have not sufficient acqaintance with these matters to judge of the correctness of his theories; but as the subject is one of interest, and displays a wide field for investigation, we trust to see more attention given to it.

There is something grand and sublime in the idea that this vast continent has been the theatre of great and mighty events; that armies, as numerous perhaps, as those of Sesostris or Cambyses, have marched with "thundering tread" across these peaceful valleys;—that here some bloodthirsty Alaric, has descended with countless hosts of barbarians, and the people with their monuments of grandeur and magnificence have fallen before his ruthless sway, leaving nothing to record their fate, save those vestiges which time itself has not yet been able to destroy.

☞ THE LADIES' COMPANION for March, is before us, accompanied with a beautiful engraving on steel, giving a view of Northumberland, at the junction of the east and west branches of the Susquehannah, where sternness and rigidity give a beauty of no ordinary character to the scene, which is well represented in the engraving. The high literary and intellectual character which this magazine sustains and deserves among the publications of the day, renders praise or commendation unnecessary. The contents are entirely original, and the engravings are got up expressly for the work, which render it worth the attention of at least the fair portion of the reading community.

A DILEMMA.—A friend of ours observed the other day, that "we shall never have warm weather as long as the snow continues on the ground, and the snow will never get off the ground until it is warm weather."

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

PROVISION OF NATURE.—There are no rivulets springs in the island of Ferro. To supply the place of fountains, however, nature has provided a peculiar tree, at the summit of which a small cloud perpetually rests, which so drenches the leaves with moisture, that they constantly distil upon the ground a stream of fine clear water.—This tree is unknown to all other parts of the world.

GREENLAND DUELS.—The Greenlanders have a bloodless and at the same time effective manner of settling questions of honor. This is done by satirical songs, in which each party tells as many cutting truths of his antagonist as he can, though they are never mixed with rudeness or passion—the one who maintains the last word being the victor; after which, the parties are the best of friends.

TIME PIECES.—Some of the astronomical clocks of the present day, are so perfect that they do not err one beat of the pendulum in the year. We were once the fortunate owner of a watch that indicated the true time at least twice each day for many years.

END OF THE WORLD.—According to Professor Encke, the world will stand at least 219,000,000 years from the period of its creation—whilst Prophet Miller says that it will be numbered with the things that were, in 1843. A trifling disagreement.

MARRIAGE BROKERS.—A large proportion of the marriages in Genoa are negotiated by marriage brokers, who receive, in return for their services, a commission of two or three per cent. upon the marriage portion.

A BAD EXCEPTION.—A young married gentleman of our acquaintance, recently concluded an eulogium on the female sex, by saying, "Ah, sir, nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," rejoined a bystander, "a bad husband does."

TOBACCO—THE POTATOE.—The practice of using tobacco, is said to have been acquired from the natives of Virginia, at the time of its first settlement. About the same time, the potatoe was carried to England from America.

DISCOVERY OF ATTRACTION.—It is said that Newton's sublime genius read the nature of attraction in the simple accident of an apple falling before him from a lofty branch of a tree in his garden.

MYSTERY SOLVED.—"Shepherd," asked a sentimental young lady of a rustic who was attending some sheep—"shepherd, why have you not got your pipe with you?" "Bekase I han't gotton no backy."

CAUSE OF WINDS.—Winds are produced chiefly by the fluid atmosphere seeking its level, in obedience to the attraction of the earth, after the action of disturbing causes, such as the heat of the sun, &c.

EVIL FOUNTAIN.—There is a spring on the Penha, in Canton, the waters of which, according to the belief of the natives, make villains and reprobates of all who partake of them.

THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.—A colored lady having called for "flesh colored stockings," at one of our stores, the waggish clerk handed down a bundle of jet black.

TAKING MEDICINE.—It is stated in a German medical work, that a patient took so large a quantity of argentum, that he became perfectly blue!

SPEAKING AND THINKING.—Clearness is the rule of speaking, as sincerity is the rule of thinking.

THE YOUNG LADIES' MUSEUM, is the title of a monthly periodical, edited by the young ladies of the Female Collegiate Institute at Georgetown, Ky. Its professed object is the elevation of the present system of female education, an undertaking which is certainly laudable, and we should think none are more competent to assist than those most sensibly effected by any change which may take place in that portion of the intellectual world. This publication contains original essays and well chosen selections, which are calculated to excite a desire in the minds of the young for good sound reading, and something profitable as well as pleasing. The poetry, to say the least of it, is very pretty. The mechanical part, for neatness of style, reflects much credit upon its publishers.—The second volume commenced with the present year at the very low price of $1 00, in advance.

"THE LADY ISABEL."—The March number of Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine, is accompanied by one of the most superb engravings we ever saw, illustrating a tale of the seventeenth century, entitled as above. We would attempt a description of this specimen of art, but to be appreciated it must be seen. Fashionable readers cannot do without Graham's Magazine.

☞ The "Manchester Memorial and People's Herald," is the title of a racy little literary folio, published weekly in the new and rapidly growing manufacturing village of Manchester, N. H., by J. C. EMERSON. Its mechanical and business appearance is alike creditable to the printer and the village.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.—A friends of ours, who happened to be in one of the Fulton Ferry boats last week, on the occasion when it was two hours in crossing the river in consequence of the ice, witnessed an act of service and beautiful charity worth recording. The day was bitter cold, and the passengers crowded into the cabins and completely surrounded the stoves. Among the passengers were three poor, half-clad, shivering little beggar girls. Vain were their efforts to force themselves through the crowd to warm their benumbed limbs at the stove. None seemed to pity the ragged little beggar girls in the well dressed company—save one. It was a youth, apparently about thirteen years of age, a pupil of the naval school. He watched the little girls for some time, and having selected from the three the one who seemed to suffer most from cold, he took his warm worsted mittens from his own hands and placed them quietly and unostentatiously on the hands of the little sufferer. This was pure, sincere charity. Ye wealthy men, who endow hospitals for posthumous fame; who build colleges to perpetuate a worthless name, learn a lesson from this.—*Brooklyn News.*

Lady Bulwer in her new novel says a gentleman just returned from Egypt told the author, that doubting the miraculous effects attributed to the ancient modes of embalming, he took a mummy two thousand years old, plunged it into a warm bath till all the bitumen was detached from it, when the flesh instantly plumped up like that of a living person, and in a few hours was in a state of decomposition.

Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel and then placing the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Well, neighbor, do you think it would thaw again if placed in the bosom of an old maid?—*Chicago Democrat.*

As they who for every slight infirmity take physic to regain the health, do rather impair it; so they who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character, rather weaken it.

CRYING.—"Shall I cry your child?" said the proper officer to one who had lost his young one. "Bless you, no. As soon as he finds that he is lost, he will cry loud enough himself."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—An elderly gentleman walking along the street, took hold of a cow's tail, and gracefully placing it over her back, exclaimed, "madam, you have droopped your boa."

Original Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Last of the Red Men.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

The story of the dispossession of the Indian of his native rights, of the repeated encroachments of the White Man upon his conceded territories, and the extermination of entire and distinct tribes by the hand of more than savage barbarity, is one too well known to require reiteration—a story, the scene of a portion of which is laid too nearly in the midst of us not to awaken feelings of the tenderest sympathy and sorrow. Here the philanthropist can claim no blessing where the sword of the Christian has shown no mercy! Situated in the midst of the most enlightened nation in Christendom, and worshipping well nigh upon the same common altar of the "Great Spirit," the pestilence, as it were, which walked forth among them at noon-day speaks to the heart of man in a language which cannot be gainsayed—it falls upon us like the curse of Holy Writ, "descending even to the third and to the fourth generations." It is the stain upon our national escutcheon, "the damning blots" which time cannot erase—like the spots that haunted the vision of the Giaour,

"There's a blood upon that dirted blade,
A stain its steel can never lose!"

The days of superstitious cruelty and martyrdom may have passed away, but instead thereof has succeeded the reign of Mammon—an unholy thirst for gain—barefaced tyranny and aggression—a disregard of all the ties of consanguinity—of the claims of justice and the natural rights of man—and the whole existence of our Government, though founded on the utter denunciation of war and conquest, up to the present moment exhibits, with regard to this subject, a mournful tissue of inconsistency, from the murder of Philip of Pokanoket, to the treacherous capture of the noble though ill-fated Osceola.

Where now are the tribes which once peopled the beautiful hills and valleys of New England? the people that welcomed the coming of our Pilgrim Fathers among them weary with the toils of the sea—and with their scanty pittance of maize and the spoils of their hunting grounds "hospitably poured out," rescued them from the jaws of famine and inevitable death!

Where now the tribes which once launched their canoes upon our Lakes, and reared their bark-built homes upon their shore? The immortal Six Nations, with all their magnanimity, chivalry and soul-thrilling eloquence, have disappeared—some of their unconscious descendants now wander by the ice bound rivers of the North—some in the sunny South—some by the borders of the Western Lakes—and some, mayhap, are even now toiling, "with weary step and slow," the steeps of the Rocky Mountains,

"Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save his own dashings."

Thus wither the Tribes through the length and breadth of our land. But let us atone for past aggressions by timely deeds of charity and love; alas! even the sad remnants that still linger among us like the last faint glimmer of twilight, escapes not the microscopic glance of our over-zealous legislators—even they, forsooth, must pay to the last farthing the penalty of their fathers to fill the coffers of freebooters and pirates. The language of truth, "strange—stranger than fiction," is oftentimes harsh; but should not—may not be mitigated or suppressed. And however sad and unwelcome the reflection, it requires neither the wand of inspiration nor the lips of prophecy to predict the truth, that ere the present century shall have passed away, this outcast and down-trodden race will be known only in the pages of History and in the songs of the Poet, when the burthen of the following lines may find its fulfilment in the Past.

Wildly, O wildly the Indian sang,
And the echoing mountains enchantingly rang;
Now echoing—echoing down the deep vallies,
Now 'mong the wild rocks and dark caverns it dallies.
Wild was the song, but far wilder the form
That poured forth those sounds like the wail of the storm:
Waken, O waken, ye hills and ye mountains!
Listen, O listen, ye forests and fountains!
For the Last of the Red Men, in sorrow and wo,
Is chanting his death song and requiem low!

Wildly, O wildly the forest song fell
On the magical silence of woodland and dell;
The untutored music of nature rang out,
And echo prolonged the rude song with a shout;
And the power that broods o'er the depths of the forest,
Which the deadly approach of the Pale Face abhorrest,
And the wood spirits wail in their murky dominions
And forth from the hollow glens flap their broad pinions;—
For the Last of the Red Men, in sorrow and wo,
Is chanting his death song and requiem low!

Wildly, O wildly the Indian Seer
Poured his rude song on the haunts of the deer;
The panther looked forth from the door of his den,
And the black fox sprang swift to the depths of his glen;
The partridge flew up with a swift whirring sound,
And the eagle soared screaming his tall cliffs around:
Dying—still dying—and fainting away—
Till at length the ear listened in vain for the lay
Of the Last of the Red Men, in sorrow and wo,
Who sang his wild death song and requiem low!

* * * * *

Thus sang the wild Indian to woodland and wave,
Ere the bare rocky mountain-top lent him a grave;
He sang his wild song and the storm beaten cliff
Received the Last Red Man all pallid and stiff;
With his scalp lock all gathered with centuries gray,
With his wampum belt round him, and arms for the fray;
With his arrow filled quiver, and long bow of yew,
And heavy wrought club, and the war horn he blew,
When the Pale Faces came with their armies to sweep
His race from the prairie, the woodland, the deep,
Where the Red Men still rallied—though fast as the rain
All gory and ghastly they cumbered the plain,
And left the last Red Man, in sorrow and wo,
To chant their wild death song and requiem low!

He died 'mong the mountains, and coffinless there
He mouldered away in the sun and the air;
And the wild whistling winds, and the storms of the sky,
And the red bolts of heaven swept harmlessly by;
And the ravenous eagle and carrion crow
Shared with the lank wolf the banquet below;
And the White Hunter oft, as he wanders alone,
Still sees on those barren cliffs many a bone,
Decaying and bleaching, all bare on the ground,
With a few beads and arrow heads scattered around;
And the Hunter scarce dreams, as far homeward he hies,
That the Last of the Red Men there mouldering lies;
The Last of the Red Men, in sorrow and wo,
Who chanted their death song and requiem low!

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Solitude.

BY J. D, R.

Oh! for some sweet little cottage like this!
In some lone and sequestered vale;
By some gentle lake which the zephyrs kiss,
Where sweetness loads richly the gale.

I would deck my young bowers with roses,
My garden with violets stud;
Where the dew-drop of heaven reposes,
By the gentle meandering flood.

I would make me robes of the laurel green,
And a plume of flow'rets bright!
And free would I roam in the summer sheen,
And free in the pale moonlight!

I would quaff the wine of the babbling stream—
In the wave-washed white sea-shell;
And of flowers and Heaven be my nightly dream—
On my couch in the woodland dell!

The lark would whistle his matin song
In the early-dewy sky;
And the vesper-bird would the sound prolong
As the rays of the daylight die.

There, lonely, I'd spend my peaceful day
Where mortal might *never intrude!*
Where the timid deer never starts with fear
From his home in the tangled wood.

Oh! grant me, kind fate! but a speedy reprieve
From the din that haunts me here;
And I'd fly where humanity cannot deceive,
Nor shed o'er my exile a tear!

There, when life's lamp had flickered in death,
The winds would my body embalm;
The dove my lone bier with fresh flowerets wreath,
My mourner would be my pet lamb!

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Ode to Washington.

Written for the Celebration of Washington's Birth Day, by the Rochester Lyceum.

BY MISS S. J. CLARKE.

Great Washington! thy natal day
To every freeman dear,
Theme of the patriot poet's lay
Hath dawned upon us here.
And from thy blissful home on high
Where halos crown thy brow,
Let the kind glances of thine eye
Rest gently on us now.

And see! immortal chieftain see,
This day our patriot band!
The young, the gallant, and the free,
The strong in heart and hand,
Thy country too! behold it now,
Behold it in its pride,
The lake's expanse the mountain's brow,
The river's rushing tide.

Behold her sons, whose dauntless forms
The haughty foeman bravo,
Behold aloft 'mid calm and storms
Our spangled banner wave,
Behold our strength—the foe rejoice
In triumph now no more,
The Britain's proud exulting voice
Is hushed along our shore.

Behold how plenty, peace and health
And sweet contentment reign,
Alike amid the halls of wealth
And o'er the rustic plain.
How pure religion's holy light
Poured from Jehovah's hand,
Rolls back the gloomy clouds of night
That shrouded once our land.

Thy country—ah! she owes thee still
A debt she ne'er can pay,
Yet grateful hearts by vale and hill
Do bless thy name to day.
Amid the battle's blood and toil,
Great Washington, 't was thee,
That planted on our native soil
The banner of the free.

Immortal statesman, soldier, sage,
To every heart endeared,
In every clime, in every age,
Thy name shall be revered,
But here upon Columbia's sod,
Beneath Columbia's sky,
Next to our country and our God,
We love thy memory.

MARRIAGES.

On the 26th instant, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. WM. H SWEENEY, to Miss ELIZA HOYT, all of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. S. A. Baker, the Rev. Frederick R. Mastin, to Miss Sarah G. Angell, all of Scottsville.

In South Bristol, Ontario county, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Sanford, Stillman Wood, to Miss Amy Hicks.

On the 6th instant, at the same place, by Geo. W. Paul, Esq., Mr. Gideon Beman, to Miss Belinda Jackson.

In South Bristol, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Sandford, Mr. Asa Davis, to Miss Matilda Bray.

In South Bristol, Ontario county, by John Stutson, Esq., on the 24th inst., Benjamin Vannest, of this city, to Miss Ann Fleming, daughter of Hugh Fleming, of Medina, Orleans county.

In Lyons, on the 25th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Goodwin, late Pastor of the 2d M. E. Church, in this city, Mr. Charles H. Wakeley, of Rochester, to Miss Adelia, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Dorsey, Esq. of Lyons.

In Ogden, on the 24th inst., by Elder Case, Mr. Henry Zador, formerly of Germany, to Miss Demaras, daughter of Stephen Marvin, of Ogden.

In Perinton, on the 24th inst., by Elder ——, Mr. Charles Philbie, of Syracuse, to Miss Sarah Beardsley, of the former place.

In Batavia, at the residence of S. Eggleston, on the 22d instant, by S. Wakeman, Esq., Mr. Lewis Eggleston, to Miss Sarah Illinden, all of Pembroke.

In Wethersfield, on the 14th instant, by Elder Stow, Dr. Charles A. Northop, to Miss Julia A. Gibbs, daughter of Horace Gibbs, Esq.

In Mount Morris, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Farule, Mr. David Case, to Miss Mary Bassett, all of the former place.

On the 17th inst., in Geneva, by Ira D. Smith, Esq., Mr. John Scribner, of Perry, Genesee county, to Miss Elizabeth Drummond, of Canandaigua, Ontario co.

In Dansville, on the 17th instant, by Rev. Mr. Stenaberg, Mr. William McVickar, to Miss Eliza Fenstermacher, all of the former place.

In Chili, on the 18th instant, by John T. Lacey, Esq. DANIEL H. BURTIS, of this city, to MARY T. daughter of Jacob Strawn, of the former place.

In Buffalo, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hosmer, Mr. John J. Smith, to Miss Sarah Simcoe, of the former place.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Michel Gallehar, to Miss Ann Gosnell, of this city.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 20, 1841. No. 6.

Popular Tales.

THE BOARWOLF.

A TALE OF TERROR.

In that mountainous region called the Bergstrasse, which lies along the banks of the Rhine, it was formerly the custom of young men, when they came to a certain age, to enroll themselves in a company of hunters, for the express purpose of pursuing and destroying wolves; for which reason the band was called the wolf-slaughterers. Indeed, that part of the country is so craggy, so full of caverns, and so crowded with woods, that it is the place in the world most fitted for the harbor of wild beasts; and accordingly, there were in former times, a vast number to be found there; so many, in fact, that had not the wolf-slaughterers been very active, daring young men, it would have been almost impossible to have resided there; and it was only by their exertions, that the villagers of Fiendenheim were able to preserve any cattle. Many ages ago, and long before the invention of fireams, there were at the head of this band two young men, who were particularly successful in their attempts against wolves. They were both strong, fearless, well-skilled in the use of their weapons, and they were considered as chiefs of the troop, because each had destroyed more wild beast with his own hands than any other two belonging to it, although, between themselves, the number was equal; for if Hendrick (so one was called,) at any time had the advantage, Wolfgang, the other, never desisted from the chase till he brought home the head of a wolf, to reduce their conquests to the same level. This rivalry however, was not the occasion of any enmity between these young men; for, as they had been brought up from children together, they were acenstomed to strive for the same prizes, and engage in the same undertakings, so that they were always most pleased when both succeeded in the same degree. Indeed, it is said, that when one had the superiority, he always relaxed his exertions, till the other came up with him, and that they retained this habit in the chase; for Wolfgang has been known, after he had killed one beast, to miss the next purposely, that Hendrick might strike it, and Hendrick has done the same, when fortune was on his side. Another reason why there was no quarrel between them, perhaps, was, that they were both equally handsome. Not that they were alike in features, though they were of the same height; for Wolfgang's beauty had a boldness in it, which Hendrick's wanted, but then Hendrick's countenance was calm and interesting, and as their tempers agreed with their persons, each thought his own exterior the best, so that envy did not threaten to render their friendship of short duration. There is, however, always some stumbling block in the way of perfect happiness, and this the friends met with.

It chanced, one evening, whilst returning by themselves from the chase, bearing on the points of their spears the heads of two wolves, which they had just slaughtered, that they passed thro' a deep narrow glen, leading between high rocky banks, from the clefts of which grew out birch and mountain ash trees, in such numbers as to overshadow their path, and give a wild gloom to the space beneath. They had not reached half way, when they heard a loud groan, and looking carefully round, espied a hideous monster, partly concealed amongst tall stones and low bushes.—Wolfgang cried out, "a boar! a boar!" and Hendrick exclaimed, "a wolf! a wolf!" both preparing instantly to attack it. But the brute, which was employed in devouring its prey, after displaying a frightful set of jaws, and making show of resistance, turned its tail, and fled through the underwood, hidden from their view, till it reached the mouth of the ravine, when springing suddenly out, it escaped in the more open country. The huntsmen, however, knowing that it must choose to fly through the gorge of the pass, or remain in the dell, had hurried that way, and were close at his heels, when it darted from the thicket.—This gave them hopes, and giving full rein to their horses, they pursued it over a wide piece of heathy waste. They had now a good opportunity for ascertaining the nature of the animal they followed; but, notwithstanding their skill in the chase, they were unable to decide what kind of beast it was; for, though it had the straight back, bushy tail, and long gallop, of a wolf, still it had the thick, bristly, and snouted head of a boar, and its feet were not similar to those of any other animal they had seen. They, therefore, supposed it might be some mongrel brute, or one of the wild beasts brought from Syria, which had broken loose from the menagerie of the Archbishop of Mentz. But, be it what it might, they pushed after it with the greatest resolution, because, when they had started it from its lurking place, they perceived that it had been tearing in pieces the body of a child.

The direction which the monster took led them across a small stream that divided their district from the neighboring one, and brought them at last into a place dangerous for horsemen, and difficult for the pursuit of game. It was an extensive level, reaching from the rivulet to a distant range of hills, and would have been a plain had it not been covered with huge masses of detached rock, scattered about it, as if a large mountain had been dashed to pieces, and strewed over its surface. Many of the fragments were so large, that they resembled small cliffs, and from their tops and sides grew out and hung down trees and shrubs of every description. Several lay as if fallen against each other, so as to leave caverns and arches between their sides, and the red glare of the sun, setting behind the hills, gleamed through these openings in a wild and beautiful manner.—Other pieces were small and plentiful, lying in heaps, as well as separately, amongst the larger masses; so that, though there were many roads and passages between these rocks, still they were rendered unsafe for horses by these lesser stones.

The hunters had entered this region before they lost sight of their game; but, hoping to regain the scent, they dashed forward amongst the pathways, and after a short time saw the brute turning round a corner. This tempted them still further, till, after bewildering themselves amidst the intricacies of this desert, they gave over the pursuit, having ceased for some time to see the monster, and indeed, it was growing so dark, that they would not have been long able to view it had it been before them.

They now thought of returning home to Fiendenheim, and turned their horses the way contrary to that which they had come, and, as they rode along, wondering what kind of beast they had found that their exertion had both fatigued them and made them excessively thirsty. Accordingly, they resolved to take a full draught from the stream when they reached it, and agree to ask permission of the lord of the domain to bring their whole troop on the following day, to give full pursuit to so dangerous a monster. They were talking about dogs and weapons they would bring with them, when they caught a glimpse of light at a short distance, and wishing to obtain, if possible, something better than a draught of water, to quench their thirst, they made towards it, and arrived at the door of a residence, half cottage and half tavern, which stood under the side of one of the largest masses of rock; and they recollected that this place was the habitation of a hermit, a recluse so austere that he hardly ever suffered himself to be seen by any body.

They knocked at the door, however, and it was opened, not by an old man, with a white beard, as they expected, but by a beautiful girl of about sixteen, whose face and figure far excelled those of all the daughters of their native hamlet, and in truth, of any other place they knew. She blushed at first, and seemed inclined to close the door again, but Wolfgang asked, in a tone of compliment, that she would give them a draught of milk, and Hendrick seconded him, with such gentle supplication, that she felt almost compelled to speak; and then, not liking to refuse so small a request, she brought out a large jug, not of milk, but of true Rhedish wine, which she poured out into horns and offered to each of the huntsmen. They accepted her gift with many thanks, which she received with smiles; and, by way of prolonging the conversation, they inquired whether she had seen or heard of any wild beast near her habitation. She replied, that within the last few days, her father had told her that he had seen an animal that he had never seen before, and had bidden her be careful that she was not surprised, for that it was very ferocious, and had carried off the child of one of the inhabitants of the village of Grithausen. She then invited them to alight, saying that, perhaps her parent could tell them more concerning it.

The young men were both so fascinated with this beauty, that they would willingly have spent some hours in gazing at and conversing with her; but for some reason or other, they both obstinately refused, although she pressed them to enter the cottage. After a little more conversation, she wished them good night; and though they both intended to see her again, neither of them mentioned a word of his intention, either to her or to his companion. Indeed, from that moment they became so desperately jealous of each other, (which was the reason why they would not stop that night, each looking upon the other as a rival,) that they scarcely spoke all the way back to Fiendenheim; and the next day, instead of summoning the troop to give the beast chase, each rode separately in search of the cottage, where they met, and quarrelled for the first time; and so bitter was their enmity afterwards, that it would have been a pleasure to either of them, to have run the other through with a boar spear.

Meantime the wild monster committed great ravages throughout the surrounding country, and it became unsafe for men unarmed, and women and children to pass from one village to the other, so that there was a general alarm spread round about, for a great distance. The wolf-hunters made many attempts to destroy it, but in vain; for, though it did not keep out of the way by day, yet it was so swift, and so artful in eluding pursuit, that all their endeavors were fruitless. Even Wolfgang and Hendrick could gain no advantage over their companions, except getting a little closer to the beast than the rest. At length, the lords of the three villages, which this animal invested, fancying that there might be some want of energy in the attempts to destroy it, or, perhaps, a little fear, offered a reward of a piece of land to the man who should produce its head, "to belong to him and his heirs forever," besides the privilege of choosing the fairest maiden within their domains as a wife, to whom they also promised a portion.

This offer produced a great commotion among the young men of the three villages, as well as among the maidens; all of them being willing to obtain the reward; but upon Wolfgang and Hendrick it had a very strong effect. Since first beholding the young beauty among the rocks, they had both striven to gain her as a wife, but though she gave them equal audience, she declared positively in favor of neither of them. But when the reward was offered for the head of the beast, she said that she would willingly give her hand to the huntsman who should obtain it. Thus, besides the hope of obtaining the reward and the beauty, there was the fear that another should gain her, and Wolfgang said, that he would rather the beast should tear him in pieces, than that Hendrick should become the possessor of her; and Hendrick said much the same of Wolfgang. Nevertheless, the monster continued his ravages, though all the country was in arms against him; and it was at length reported, that Count Albert of Fiendenheim was going to invite all the knights and warriors of his acquaintance, to come and rid his lands of such a scourge.

When it came to be known that Wolfgang and Hendrick had quarrelled, the inhabitants of their village were anxious to know the cause of dis-

agreement between two such strict friends, and they soon found it out. But when the young men of Fiendenheim had seen the damsel, they said they could find nothing in her so enchanting; that there were many girls in their own hamlet far superior to her, and, in fact, that she was more disagreeable than pleasing. On the other hand, the two huntsmen had told their sisters that there could not be a greater beauty among women; that her countenance was delightfully fascinating, her eyes of the most brilliant black, her lips glowing coral, her nose finely formed, her complexion radiant with health, and her curling tresses of the loveliest auburn. This, of course, tempted many of the young women to make an opportunity of seeing her, and they agreed with the young men, that she was anything but agreeable. They found her features sharp and vixen-like, her eyes too small, and glowing more like coals than diamonds, her nose hooked, her complexion of a peculiar sallow, and her locks elfish, snakelike, and of a fiery red color. Her shape, which they had been told was exquisite, they thought too flimsy, and her dress was so gaudy and scanty, that they agreed she resembled one of the lost girls who wandered about the streets of Mentz, to tempt young men to their ruin, more than a modest inhabitant of the district of Brockencragg; and, in fine, they all agreed that she had infused some philter into the wine she had given to Wolfgang and Hendrick, and thereby deprived them of the right use of their senses and understanding. But, what displeased them more than anything else, was that she refused to tell from whence she came, or who her father was, nor would she listen to any inquiries about her family, saying, that those who liked her need not know her friends, and those who disliked her should not.

Wolfgang, as I have already said, was of a temper somewhat impatient, and when he heard that Count Albert proposed calling his friends to assist him, fearing he should lose an opportunity of at once acquiring the beauty, he mounted his horse, and set out on the chase, swearing he would never return without the head of the monster; and, accordingly, he tried every art he was acquainted with, to surprise it unawares, for when it was conscious of being pursued, nobody had any chance of coming up with it. All his address and toil, through the heat of the day, was, however, of no avail to him. Twenty times had he been on the point of plunging his short sword between his ribs, and as often had it slipped aside and disappointed him. At last, toward evening, when all the rest, similarly engaged, had given up the chase, he fancied that the animal appeared lame, and exhausted with fatigue. Although he was scarcely otherwise himself, this idea dissipated all his weariness, and hoping that he might now run it down, he borrowed a fresh horse from the nearest house, and returning to where it lay hid in its lair, he forced it to rise, and betake itself to that same plain over which he had first pursued it, in company with Hendrick. He had now no doubt that it was maimed, for it ran with a limping gait and with less speed than before. However, it managed to keep him at too great distance behind to wound it, and taking the same course it had formerly done, it led him across the boundary stream, and amongst those wildly-scattered crags where it had once escaped before. But as Wolfgang had now more advantage than at that time, both in the freshness of his horse, and in the knowledge of the roads which he had acquired in his visits to the cottage, he was able to keep the boarwolf (for so the monster was called by the peasantry) in sight.

The red glare of the setting sun was now again gleaming through the uncouth archways, and along the narrow passes of the rocks, as the impatient huntsman followed the brute into the centre of the level. Here, entering upon a small sandy space, scattered over with fragments of stone and dead wood, Wolfgang lost sight of the animal, for as it had reached the plain before him, he could not decide the way it had taken. His temper, which had long been giving way during the pursuit, now totally forsook him, and throwing himself from his horse, he rolled upon the sand, cursing and blaspheming every thing that came in his mind. He lay thus employed, with his face toward the ground, when fancying that he felt a strange gust of heat pass over him, he turned his head and beheld the figure of a being somewhat human, but more resembling a devil. It had horns and a tail, its horns curled round its ears, and its tail was short and turned up like a hook. It was hairy all over, and its feet ended in hoofs, like those of a hog.

Wolfgang was in too great a rage to tremble.

"Wolfgang," said the being, "if you will give me power over you four-and-twenty hours, you shall cut off the head of the boarwolf."

"I agree," sad the huntsman, without stopping one moment to consider.

"Then kiss my hand in token of obedience," said the stranger.

Wolfgang kissed the hand held out to him, and whilst he started back, for the touch of the being burnt his lips, it vanished, saying, "chase the boarwolf to-morrow."

The huntsman now remounted his horse, and without allowing himself to think of what he had done, he hastened to the cottage of the beauty, with whom he staid, conversing till daylight, for both she and her father treated him as though they could not treat him too well.

At daybreak he saddled his steed, and set out to dislodge the boarwolf from its lurking place, impatient both to make sure of the rewards and to return home, for as he had vowed not to go back without the head, so he had kept his word.

When Wolfgang reached the glen, where he expected to meet the boarwolf, he found Hendrick there with some companions, who had risen early that morning, to try the powers of two large dogs, which they had procured from a great distance. These were blood-hounds of a fine breed, and were now employed by Hendrick, because all the other dogs that had been employed in the chase of this monster refused to follow it, being so terrified, that whenever they were put upon the scent, they howled and slunk away in fear.—Wolfgang, elated with the kindness so lately shown him by the beauty and her father, and relying on the promise that he should cut off the head of the boarwolf, could not refrain from uttering a loud laugh of contempt, when he saw the pains taken by his former friend and his associates. He even bid him, with a sneer, "go home and look out for a wife, for that he meant to marry the beauty that night himself." Hendrick was too intent on endeavoring to get scent of the wild beast, to reply to these insults, and having ascertained that it was not in the dell, he hurried over the hills, in search of it; and his rival, notwithstanding his security, not being willing that he should first start the game, set off to another spot where he had once or twice met the animal.

About an hour after this, Wolfgang unearthed the boarwolf. It sprung from beneath the root of an old withered yew tree, which grew over a low dark cave in the side of a bank, just as the sun rose brilliantly from behind some opposite hills; and when the ferocious brute opened its jaws, to utter a hideous roar, its long tusks gleamed in the morning rays, and the white foam spirted from its mouth like flakes of snow, while its bristly hide seemed to glitter in the light, as if throwing out sparks of fire. The eager huntsman rushed forward after it, eyeing with joy the ghastly grinning head, which he expected soon to sever from its huge ill-fashioned carcass, and which was to form the foundation of his fortune, and the pledge of his union with his mistress. He forgot that Hendrick was also in the field, with his friends and their unerring dogs, or if he thought of him, it was only to enjoy the anticipated mortification of his former friend, when he returned to the village, bearing with him the spoil for which they both thirsted so ardently.

The boarwolf, however, as if conscious that its existence was to terminate that day, seemed resolved to exercise the strength and perseverance of its pursuer. It took wider and more intricate circuits than it had ever done before, it turned more frequently to bay, and almost appeared to enjoy the eager onsets which the huntsman made to overcome it; but the horse of Wolfgang could only be brought to ride at it by the most strenuous endeavors of its master, exhibiting such evident marks of dismay at its glaring eye-balls, and erected bristles, that he could scarcely keep its head toward it; and when he offered to dismount, for the purpose of attacking it with his sword, the monster took the opportunity of making off at full speed.

In this manner the chase continued till long past noon, by which time Wolfgang had become faint with hunger and exhaustion; he had been extremely fatigued the day before, and had not closed his eyes during the night, having been too much engaged with his mistress to think of sleep. Besides, he had scarcely tasted food since the morning of the day before, for he took nothing but wine at the hermitage, and this day he would not stop one moment to assuage his hunger at the cottages of his acquaintances, near which he passed, lest the boarwolf should escape, or have time to refresh himself by rest. However, he recollected that his mistress, when she heard that he intended to renew the chase early in the morning, had given him a small cake, which she had prepared during his stay, for she said that she was certain his eagerness would not allow him to think of refreshment, and that her gift would quell his appetite, and support his strength, till he had slain the monster. Upon this he drew the loaf from his pocket, and ate it, with many mental thanks for the kind attention of the giver, and he felt his desire to slaughter the boarwolf increase with his wish to obtain the hand of so amiable a girl. As she had said, so the cake, though small, satisfied his hunger, and renewed his spirits, or rather made them more buoyant than before. Indeed, so much did he feel elated, that he spurred on his horse as if just set off in the pursuit, and the monster was obliged to fly more quickly than he had ever done. But the weather, which had hitherto been brilliant and enlivening, now suddenly altered; large masses of dark clouds rolled up from behind the distant mountains, the wind rose, and swept along the edges of the woods with violence, full drops of rain fell at intervals, and the distant waters of the river were heard rushing along their rocky bed. Wolfgang was too much accustomed to the field not to know that these signs presaged a storm; but his ardor would not permit any idea of relinquishing the pursuit to enter his mind; besides, he fancied these signs were but preludes to the death of the boarwolf, and he gazed at it with exultation, as for the third time that day it hurried through the dell where he and Hendrick had first discovered it. His spirits, now high and free from fatigue, bore him along with a feeling of triumph, and though the wind shook the branches of the trees over his head, and sighed in the most threatening manner, he paid no attention to the impending tempest.

At length, as he once more spurred along to the rocky level, the clouds burst over him, and a deluge of rain and hail surrounded him instantaneously; he seemed almost as if enclosed in a moving mass of water, and as the drops struck against the ground, they broke into a fine mist, which rose up on the wind like a second shower, or as if the earth were heated and being quenched by the rain, while large hail stones flew and danced about in every direction, causing his horse to start repeatedly.

So thick and heavy was the shower, that Wolfgang lost sight of the boarwolf for a short time, though it still kept about the same distance before him. But an unusual darkness now began to add to the horrors of the storm, not like the approach of night, but of a deep gloom, as if the sun was losing its light. Thunder burst in loud peals amongst the hills, and flashes of lightning at times shot along before him. Yet all these combined terrors had no effect on the mind of the huntsman; at least he laughed at them with the feelings of a man intoxicated, for the few mouthsful he had taken had produced a state of idea almost similar to the effect caused by liquor, without impeding his capability of bodily action. A hundred times he blessed the providence of the beauty, in providing against his fatigue, and he heard the swollen waters of the boundary stream foam amidst the stony windings of its channel, without one impression of fear, or suggestion of prudence.

The boarwolf chose the widest whirlpool over which to leap, and Wolfgang sprang boldly over the boiling vortex. He heeded not the laboring breath and staggering limbs of his coarser, but spurred him violently as he entered the district of Brockencrag, along the path which led to the hermitage, for in that direction the monster proceeded before him.

The storm raged with peculiar fury in this wild and desolate region. The wind roared hideously, as it rushed along the numerous passages amongst the rocks, and the summits of the tall trees, that grew upon them, were bent below the crevices in which their roots found nourishment. Twice did Wolfgang escape the fall of trunks, which were torn with harsh crashes from their beds, and many times was he nearly struck from his saddle by pieces of stone, broken from the margin of cliffs by the lightning, which now darted closely around him. But his spirit and his persuasion that the head of the monster would soon become his spoil, were unabated and unallayed, till just as he was approaching the cottage of his mistress, the boarwolf uttered a tremendous yell, which was answered by the distant bay of dogs. "That fiend Hendrick!" muttered Wolfgang, as the idea that his hated rival might rush in between him and his

reward, glanced across his mind. He spurred on his steed more unmercifully than before, and was in an instant close by the hermitage. The beauty, as if fearless of wild beasts, of lightning, or of thunder, stood at the door, waving her hand in encouragement to her lover, and he thought she seemed to enjoy the flashes of fire that glanced along before her; her face was bright, her eyes shone, and her hair floated on the wind. He heard her say, "Do you hear Hendrick?" and in a moment was out of her sight and hearing, for having turned a corner, the brute led him directly to the centre of the level. All the fury of the storm seemed likewise to tend that way; for the violence of the wind, rain and hail behind him, was almost intolerable. His horse rushed along as if borne by a rapid stream, striving more to keep itself steady than to maintain its speed; the lightning flashed round every crag, and the thunder seemed rolling along upon the earth, and jarring it every instant with the scattered fragments of rock. Even these he fancied tottered as he passed them, and shook their crumbling edges on his head; tittering and grinni g whispers seemed to mock his ears, as he listened to the deep mouthings of Hendrick's blood hounds; and the boarwolf growled and tore up the earth as it fled before him. However, he gained upon it, and only intent upon the accomplishment of his wishes, drew forth his short sword to make a desperate attack, for he perceived by its agitation and furious howls that it would soon turn to bay. He was close at its heels, as it entered upon the sandy space in the centre of the level, and at the instant the monster turned and offered resistance, his horse fell dead close beside it. The boarwolf sprung upon Wolfgang and ripped up his thigh with his tusk; but the huntsman, though writhing with pain, struck a tremendous blow at its brawny neck, which cleft the spine, and its head hung from its shoulder. Another blow severed it completely; but at that instant a dense smoke, mingled with flame, issued from the carcass, and the boarwolf was changed into that fiend-like being whom he had seen in that same place the day before!

"Wolfgang," it exclaimed to the terrified hunter, "thou hast cut off the head of boarwolf; for twenty-four hours thou art mine—aye, and forever!—be thou now a boarwolf!"

"Not now!" cried Wolfgang, gasping with horror at the thought, "Hendrick is coming, he will slay me."

"I mean it!" replied the demon, laughing ferociously, "I brought him here, his dogs are mine—see he comes!"

Wolfgang turned his head and saw Hendrick rushing toward him; he felt his figure change, his hands become feet, his head grew large and bristly, he sunk down toward the earth and stood like a four-footed brute, but bewildered and unable either to fly or resist. The most bitter feelings of terror and despair overwhelmed his faculties. He sprung into the air, and attempted to scream with rage, but he only uttered a harsh, hoarse roar, like a boarwolf. It was answered by Hendrick, who at that moment fixed his eye upon him, with a wild shout of joy; his friends also shouted, and the blood hounds, giving a tremendous yell, sprang upon him and held him firmly with their teeth. Hendrick leaped from his horse and raised his sword, and while Wolfgang vainly strove to exclaim, "Spare me, Hendrick! spare me!" his rival and former friend smote off his head at a blow. His spirit fled with a groan, a dreadful clap of thunder shook the earth, a flash of lightning enveloped the group, and scathed the bleeding body of the huntsman; but Hendrick nevertheless lifted up the head, and with his companions gave three victorious shouts; he then thrust the point of his spear into the neck, and remounting his horse, rode away from the plain with his associates, bearing before him, unconsciously, the head of his once nearest friend.

They made their way directly to Fiendenheim, and were received joyfully by the villagers, who ran to inform Count Albert. The lord received the spoil in form, admiring its ghastly look, and directed his seneschal to make out the deed of gift, of four acres of land, to Hendrick, the wolf-slayer, to him and his heirs forever. He then bade the fortunate huntsman to choose the maiden he liked best for his bride, and bring her to him on the following morning, as he intended to bestow upon her a marriage portion.

Hendrick, notwithstanding the fatigue he had undergone since day-break, could not resist the pleasure of communicating his success to the beauty, and of claiming her promise. He therefore quitted Fiendenheim, and took the direction of the Brockencrag level, with almost as much speed as if engaged in another chase. The weather was now calm and serene, the wind had subsided, not a drop of rain fell from the unclouded sky, and a pure and beautiful evening had succeeded to the tempestuous afternoon; nor would it have been suspected that such a storm had so recently occurred, had not the swollen streams, that rushed among the rocks, and over the pathways, been unusually large, and their waters turbid, and loaded with fragments of branches, and the spoils of their banks.

By the time the eager lover arrived within sight of the cottage of his mistress, the first stars of evening had appeared, and a gentle gloom had fallen on all the surrounding objects. A calm stillness was spread over the vast desert of scattered rocks, only interrupted by the croak of the raven, which sat among the overhanging trees, or by the shriek of the owl, which floated forth from the recesses amongst the cliff. But of a sudden, as Hendrick spurred his horse up to the door of the hermitage, a strange wild shout of mirth burst from within the dwelling, composed of sounds and voices he had never heard before. The chimney, too, smoked violently, and a bright gleam of light shot across the pathway, and small rays issued from beneath the eaves and crevices in the walls.

Impatient and alarmed, Hendrick, with a lover's privilege, hastily opened the door, and entered; but what was his amazement to find himself in the midst of a company of beings of the most appalling description. There sat in the old chair, which the beauty's father was wont to occupy, the same fiend who had tempted Wolfgang to his destruction. Before him, in the midst of the floor, was a large fire, blazing up to the ceiling in blue flames, mingled with green and yellow. Around this danced a circle of devils, of all figures and sizes, throwing themselves into the most distorted attitudes, and shrieking at alternate intervals.—There lay on the floor a human carcass, the head of which was covered by a black veil, and the old fiend had his feet placed upon it, while his hoofs, now lengthened into claws, penetrated the flesh, and when the demon contracted his talons, the body gave convulsive throes, and dashed its limbs about to the great diversion of the assembly.

Hendrick stood and stared aghast at this sight, for a crowd of fears and suspicions overwhelmed his soul. He looked around for the beauty and her father, but in vain; till at length a tall slender fiend sprung from the centre toward him, and seizing his hand in her burning grasp, drew him forward, saying, "Why Hendrick, my betrothed, do you not know your bride?"

Hendrick gazed upon her, and saw in her sharpened features, parchment skin, and glowing eyes, some appearance of the girl who had been the sole object of his and Wolfgang's love; but with a shuddering heart he endeavored to free himself from her grasp. She, however, held him tightly, and drawing him to the circle, another fiend caught him by the hand in the same manner, and he was thus forced to dance round the fire as one of the group, while the demons grinned and chattered at him with fearful and milicious joy.

Although the heart of Hendrick sunk within him at the hideous figures and grimaces of his companions, his senses still remained, and his thoughts were bent on finding some method of escaping from this detestable spot. His love and hopes were converted into the utmost disgust and dread, and his eyes wandered from side to side, to avoid the diabolical leers and hellish mockery of the fiend who pretended to be his bride. She, however, seemed not to regard his hatred, but, telling her crew that he was impatient for the conclusion of his nuptials, stopped opposite to the frightful demon who sat in the chair.

"Father," said she, "this is my bridegroom; he wishes you to unite us forever."

"Have you the ring?" said the old fiend, in a harsh and hollow voice.

"This is the one he gave me," said the pretended bride, holding forth one which Hendrick knew he had presented to her some days before.

"Is he willing to bind himself to you and yours?" said the presiding devil of this infernal ceremony.

"You shall hear him promise," answered the bride. "Speak, Hendrick, love, speak," continued she, to the astonished huntsman, whose hair now stood on end, and whose limbs quaked beneath him, while the sweat stood cold upon his brow, though the room felt like a furnace.

"If he will not speak, let him kneel and do homage," exclaimed Satan.

At this the fiends on either side of the terrified hunter, strove to pull him down; but Hendrick, aware that by that prostration he should yield up his soul to the powers of darkness, resisted with his utmost strength, while he groaned loudly, and wrestled with the demons.

"Show him then," cried the arch demon, stamping with passion, "show him what he shall become, unless he obeys. Let him see! let him see!—up, Wolfgang, up!" continued he, shouting hideously. Upon this the corpse that lay at the foot of the chair started from the floor, and as the black cloth fell from its head, Hendrick recognised the bloody corse of his friend Wolfgang. The head was resting on the shoulders, but there was a deep red gash around the neck, as if it had been divided.

"Dost thou know him?" cried the fiend-bride, as she saw her lover tremble involuntarily.

"Yes, he knows him," cried the old demon, "and shall be like him, unless he joins in the chase." He then vociferated, "the boarwolf! the boarwolf!" and the body of Wolgang was changed into the resemblance of that monster, and began to run around the cottage, while all the imps and demons, uttering tremendous yells, pursued it, darting fire from their nostrils, and piercing the howling brute with their burning claws. Hendrick's two companions endeavored to pull him forward after the rest, and the principal fiend exclaimed, "Force him! tear him! drag him!" but the huntsman's feelings were wound up to a pitch of horror, and struggling violently, he exclaimed, "God and St. Hubert protect me!" The fiends instantly screamed and let him go, and he sprang through the fire, his only way to escape, and out at the door. In an instant he was on his horse, and in good time, for the whole legion of devils poured out of the cottage with the boarwolf at their head.

Hendrick dashed his spurs into the sides of his beast, and fled, and the frightful crew followed, filling the air with their vociferations. At every instant one or the other of the demons seemed on the point of pulling him from the horse; they snatched at him, at his arms, at his legs, at his neck, and at his long, flying dress, that floated on the air behind him. They called on him to stop; his bride offered to throw her arms around him, she shrieked in his ears and blew fire from her mouth, she cursed and reviled him. But the huntsman still fled, and called on the saints to assist him, till reaching the boundary stream, he leaped his horse over its rapid current, and found himself free from his hateful persecutors. Nevertheless, he checked not his bridle, but kept on his way till he reached the village of Fiendenheim, where he rushed in dismay up to a crowd of the inhabitants.

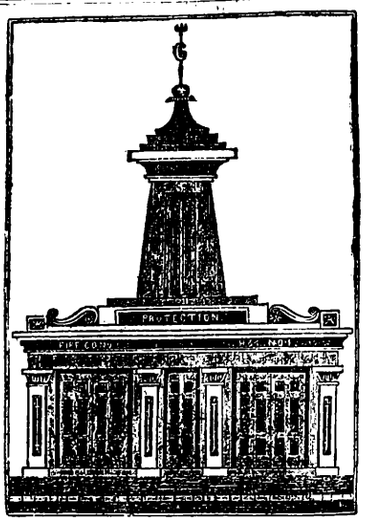
The men of Fiendenheim shouted when they saw the successful huntsman, who had ridden forth in the anticipation of happiness, return so terrified, and the women screamed as they gazed at the man and horse, black with smoke and dripping with perspiration. "Is this the bridegroom?" cried they. "Where is the bride?" Hendrick for a long time, could not speak; at length, after drinking a deep and long draught, to clear his throat, he told what he had seen. All the hamlet was in agitation. They ran to the castle of Count Albert, and clamored to see the head of the boarwolf. The warder called for torches, and led the way to an inner court; but instead of the grim visage of the rapacious monster, they beheld the pale and withered features of Wolfgang the huntsman, slowly dropping gore, as it stood on the end of a pike. Hendrick fainted, and lay long in a trance, and when he did recover he retired into the monastery of St. Hubert, where he shortly died.

Ages have passed away since this event is said to have occurred, and generation after generation has sunk into the tomb, but the tradition survives; and the peasant of the Bergstrasse, when he hears the howls of the wolf, redoubled and prolonged by the echoes of his mountains, starts with horror, and recollects the fate of Wolfgang the hunter; and it is still asserted that, on the anniversary of the fatal night when he was slain, the boarwolf is seen to run, yelling amid the hills, pursued by the demons to whom he so unhappily bound himself.

"An incident of deep and thrilling interest," as the man said when he fell into the well and dislocated his nose at the elbow.

A woman's courage is always the courage of the mind—the highest description of valor of which the human soul is capable.

Fire Department.



Protection Fire Company No. 6.

In connection with the above representation of the Engine House of FIRE COMPANY No. 6, and HOOK & LADDER COMPANY No. 1, a sketch of the history of those companies has been handed us for publication, from which we make the following extracts:

Fire Company No. 6 was organized under the village charter, in February, 1833. The Fire Department at this particular juncture was situated under rather unfavorable auspicies. At this time there were five other companies in the village, but they were not then efficiently organized. No. 6 had about 26 members, composing some of the most spirited and active young men in our city. They petitioned the Trustees for an Engine, which was granted—the one which they got was not large, but the company made up this deficiency by their activity and energy. The first opportunity offered for the Company's entering into competition with the other Companies of the city, was at the fire on the old Acqueduct, when two Flour Mills and one Saw Mill were burned to the ground. They were the first to play upon the fire at that time, and have not often been behind since.

Mr. HENRY MILLARD was appointed the first Foreman of the Company, and Mr. GEORGE JONES the Assistant Foreman. During the two years the conduct of the Company was held by these officers, its reputation was ably sustained. The Company increasing in size, they petitioned the Common Council for an enlarged Engine, which was immediately granted. Upon the resignation of Mr. Millard, Mr. JOHN I. RIELLY was elected Foreman, which office he held about two years.—Upon his resignation he was presented by the Company with a copper and silver Trumpet in approbation of his services as an officer. In 1836, A. J. LANGWORTHY was elected Foreman, and has since continued to hold the office.

In September, 1840, the Company removed from their old quarters on Fitzhugh street, to the new and elegant building on the same street, opposite the National Hotel and next door to the Methodist Chapel. The building was erected by the Common Council, but the finishing and fitting up was done by the Members at their own expense, and which they have executed in a very elegant and tasteful manner. On the 2d day of October last, the new Engine House was opened by the Company for inspection, and visitors invited to attend. An immense concourse of our citizens visited the House, thus showing a flattering appreciation of the efforts of such companies.

The Company at present numbers upwards of fifty, and in equipments, spirit and enterprize, is inferior to none in our city.

Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, was organized on the 23d of November, 1827, at which time Mr. PHELPS SMITH was unanimously elected Foreman. The Company were then without a Carriage House, the carriage being kept in the Court House yard of the then village of Rochesterville; but they removed in 1833 to a house which had been finished for their use by the Trustees of the village, on Fitzhugh street. Soon after its organization, December 21th, 1827, at the fire of Mr. E. PECK's Paper Mill, it met with a most disheartening accident, in the death of Mr. THOMAS M. RATHBONE, who was killed by the falling of a chimney; being the first of the members of the Fire Department of Rochester, who had fallen a victim to his energetic efforts to preserve the property of the citizens. It would be unjust to the Company to suppose they did not deeply regret the loss they sustained, but it only had the effect of awakening new activity.

They have experienced many of the vicissitudes of which other Companies in the Department have been subjected, but have ever proved themselves worthy of the many favors they have received from a generous public, and many buildings have been preserved to our city, and all our inhabitants have practically been convinced of the appropriateness of their motto—"*We raze to save.*"

The following gentlemen have held the office of Foreman since the resignation of Mr. Smith, with credit to themselves and honor to the Company, having been elected in the years mentioned, and continued until others were appointed:

In 1829, JOHN BINGHAM—1830, HENRY BUSH—1833, CHARLES R. WARD—1834, CHARLES HOTCHKISS—the last of whom held the office until he removed from the city.

On December 5, 1837, THEODORE B. HAMILTON, Esq., their present spirited and worthy officer, was elected Foreman, under whose efficient command the Company have been maintained with equal credit for spirit, energy and activity to any in the city, and as ready as any of their "*ever ready*" brethren who "man the brakes."

In May, 1840, they procured a new set of equipments, which for elegance and durability are not surpassed in the Department, either for show or service. On the 1st of September, 1840, they removed their carriage to their new and splendid Carriage House on Fitzhugh street, which the Common Council had built for them during the previous summer.

The Company have also fitted up their Rooms in a tasteful and elegant manner, which has elicited the approving compliments of all visitors, particularly, the beautiful centre flower of STUCCO WORK, containing the motto and name of the Company—prepared and presented to it by Mr. JOSEPH C. HYATT, and lettered and gilded by Messrs. EVANS & ARNOLD, of this city, which does great credit to the artists and is a beautiful and chaste ornament to these rooms.

The Company are at the present moment in a most prosperous state, numbering over fifty members, and being one of the largest and best provided Companies in the city.

We may here remark that the above wood engraving is by J. H. RICHARDSON, of this city.

THE CHINESE WALL.—A naval officer writes: "When at Pe-che-lee, we had a trip to the great wall of China, with the Admiral. The end comes down into the sea about half a mile. There is a fort on the end of it, with a large tower. It is one of the most stupendous affairs I ever beheld. It appears about thirty feet high, and about the same in width. It has a watch tower about every mile of it. The land is very high in the vicinity, some of the hills about 2000 feet, and the wall goes completely over the tops of the mountains, and is seen as far as the eye can reach."

Sunday Reading.

From the "Tree and its Fruits."

THE POWER OF WOMAN.

I well remember the first time that I ventured home in a state of intoxication. I knew my situation, and dreaded that my wife should discover it. I affected to be witty, affectionate and social, but it was a total failure. I felt the power of the fatal poison momentarily increasing. I saw the inquiring eye of my wife fixed upon me, with a look of unutterable grief. It was only with her aid that I was able to reach my pillow.

The checks which her ignorance had imposed upon me being now removed, all restraint was soon swept away, and I came home night after night in a state most revolting to the feelings of a delicate, affectionate female. In vain my amiable companion wept and expostulated. I was too much entangled and corrupted to break away either from my vices or associates. They neither feared God nor regarded man. I was led captive by their devices.

I became, I will not say an infidel—for I was too ignorant of the theory of scepticism to be one, I became a mocker. "Fools make a mock at sin," and such a fool was I. I saw that this part of my conduct was extremely painful to my pious wife, and tried to restrain myself from trifling with the bible in her presence; but I loved to raise loud laughter among my boisterous companions, and the indulgence served to strengthen the pernicious habit, that I was often detected in the use of this offensive language.

It was not until I became a father, that her touching appeals on this subject reached my conscience. "Must this child," she would say, "be trained up under these baneful influences? Must he be taught by parental example, to despise and ridicule the Scriptures with his lisping tongue, before he is able to read its contents, or realize its heavenly origin? No counteracting influence of mine can obliterate from his mind the jest with which his father has assailed this or that sacred passage."

Our son now became an interesting little prattler, imitating whatever he heard or saw. I perceived, with a sort of diabolical pleasure, that the first efforts of his infant tongue were to imitate my profane language, the recollection of which now sends a thrill of grief and horror through my bosom. In vain did his sorrowing mother endeavor to counteract the influence of my wicked example. I continued to swear, and he to imitate my profanity, unconscious of its turpitude. On a certain occasion I returned from one of my gambling excursions and found my wife and child absent. On inquiry, I ascertained she had gone to her customary place of retirement in a grove, at some distance from the house. I knew she had gone there for the purpose of devotion. I had been accustomed to see her retire thither at the evening twilight, and though I thought her piety unnecessary, I had no objection to it as a source of happiness to her—but that she should take her child with her, excited my surprise. I felt some curiosity to follow her. I did so, and took my position unseen by her, but where I had a full view of her attitude and features. She was kneeling beside a rock, on which lay her bible before her. One hand was placed on its open pages; the other held the hand of her fair boy, who was kneeling beside her, his eyes intently fixed on her face. She was pale and care-worn. Her eyes were closed, but the tears were chasing each other down her cheek, as she poured forth her soul in prayer, first for her husband, that he might be reclaimed and saved; but especially did she plead with God, that her son, whom she unreservedly dedicated to him, might be saved from those sins which were taught him by his father's example. "Save him," she cried with agony, "save him from taking thy great and holy name in vain; and give his anxious mother wisdom, fortitude and grace, effectually to correct and break up the habit of profaneness."

"Poor mother! pretty mother!" said the child, rising and wiping off the tears with his soft hand. "Don't cry, mother; father will come pretty soon."

Wretch that I am! said I to myself. What pangs have rent that gentle bosom! That child has so often seen her weep on account of my protracted absence, that the little fellow now supposes it the cause of her agony and tears.

I crept silently from my hiding place, and returned home with a conscience harrowed up by

the keenest of self reproaches. I knew that her feelings were not the fitful ebullitions of passion or excitement. I had long been convinced that her conduct was regulated by firm and virtuous principles, and the bible which I so lightly esteemed, was the rule of her life. On her return to the house she was solemn, but the law of kindness still ruled her tongue. She did not reproach me, but from that day she firmly and faithfully corrected our little son for the use of profane language, even in my presence, when, perhaps, he had just caught it from my lips.

She succeeded in conquering the habit in her child, and when she had restored him, she had cured me. I resolved to abandon forever the use of language which had cost her so much pain.—I did abandon it from that time. I was now effectually reclaimed from two of my prominent vices. But my habits of intemperance were daily becoming like brass bands. My morning, noon, and evening dram, my loss of appetite, and trembling nerves, proved the strong grasp it had upon my constitution.

I was still associated with my wicked companions—still followed up a system of gambling which was rapidly bringing ruin on myself and family. My handsome estate left me by my father was nearly wasted. Meantime, my family increased. I resorted to the lottery and every species of gambling, to meet its increasing demands—but every step plunged me deeper in guilt, debt and mysery.

My wife was in the habit of sitting up till my return, however late it might be. She had no doubt in this way saved me from perishing, as I was often too much intoxicated to find my way even to the door, without her assistance.

One cold, wintry night, I had been out till a late hour, but returned free from intoxication.—On coming silently to the house, I saw my wretched wife through the window, sitting over a handful of embers, with her babe and her bible in her lap, and the tears freely gushing from her eyes.

A vivid sense of my own baseness came over me. I paced the yard for some moments in agony. In attempting to enter the house, with a fresh resolution upon my tongue, I fainted and fell upon the floor.

Upon the return of consciousness, I found my wife had drawn me to the fire and was preparing me a bed, supposing the swoon to be the usual effect of ardent spirits. I sprang to her side, fell on my knees, and before her and Heaven vowed never again to taste of any thing intoxicating.—I was then thirty years old. Years have since passed over me and my vow is still unbroken.

PAINE'S AGE OF REASON.—A writer in the Western Observer states that he is acquainted with a gentleman to whom Paine once declared in private conversation that he regretted having published "The Age of Reason," as he himself believed the Bible to be the word of God.

Selected Miscellany.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—"But why *don't* you get married?" said a bouncing girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth-faced, innocent-looking youth who blushed up to the eyes at the question.

"Well I—" said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes upon vacancy with a puzzled and foolish expression.

"Well, go on, you what?" said the fair cross-questioner, almost imperceptibly inclining nearer to the young man. "Now just tell me right straight out—you what?"

"Why I—O, pshaw, I don't know!"

"You do, I say you do, now, come, I want to know."

"O, I can't tell you"—

"I say you can. Why you know I'll never mention it, and you may tell of course, you know, for havn't I always been your friend?"

"Well, you have, I know," replied the beleaguered youth.

"And I'm sure I always thought you liked me," went on the maiden, in tender and mellow accents.

"O, I do, upon my word—yes, indeed I do, Maria," said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly, and he found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.

Then there was silence.

"And then—well John?" said Maria, dropping her eyes to the ground.

"Eh? Oh—well," said John, dropping his eyes and Maria's hand at the same moment.

"I'm pretty sure you love somebody, John; in fact," said Maria, assuming a tone of raillery, "I *know* you're in love, and John, why don't you tell me all about it at once?"

"Well I"—

"*Well I!* O, you silly mortal, what *is* there to be afraid of?"

"O, it aint because I'm afraid of anything, at all; and I'll—well now, Maria, I *will* tell you."

"Well, now, John?"

"I—"

"Eh?"

"I—"

"Yes."

"I *am* in love! now *don't* tell—you won't, will you?" said John, violently seizing Maria by the hand, and looking in her face with a most imploring expression.

"Why, of course you know, John, I'll never breathe a word of it—you know I won't—don't you, John?" This was spoken in a mellow whisper, and the cherry lips of Maria were so near John's ear when she spoke, that had he turned his head to look at her, there might have occurred an exceedingly dangerous collision.

"Well, Maria," said John, "I've told you now, and so you shall know all about it. I have always thought a great deal of you, and"—

"Yes, John."

"I am sure you would do anything for me that you could"—

"Yes, John, you *know* I would."

"Well, I *thought* so, and you don't know how long I've wanted to talk to you about it."

"I declare, John, I—you might have told me long ago, if you wanted, for I'm sure I have never been angry with you in my life."

"No, you wasn't; and I have often felt a great mind to, but"—

"It's not too late now, you know, John."

"Well, Maria, *do* you think I'm too young to get married?"

"Indeed, I do *not*, John; and I *know* it would be a good thing for you, too, for every body says the sooner young people are married, the better, when they are prudent and inclined to love one another."

"That's just what I think; and now, Maria, I *do* wan't to get married, and if you'll just—"

"Indeed I will, John, for you know I was always partial to you, and I've said so often, behind your back."

"Well, I declare, I've all along thought you might object, and that's the reason I've been always afraid to ask you."

"Object! no, I'de die first; you may ask of me just anything you please."

"And you'll grant it?"

"I will."

"Then, Maria, I wan't you to pop the question for me to Mary Sullivan, for—"

"*What!*"

"Eh?"

"Do you love Mary Sullivan?"

"O, indeed I do with all my heart!"

"I always thought you were a fool."

"Eh?"

"I say you're a fool, and you'd better go home, your mother wants you! O, you—you—you—*stupid!*" exclaimed the mortified Maria in a shrill treble, and she gave poor John a slap on the cheek that sent him reeling. It was noon-day, and yet John declares he saw myriads of stars flashing around him, more than he ever saw before in the night time. Poor Maria

> "Never told her love,
> But let concealment, like the worm i' the bud,
> Prey on her damask cheek."

Thus, alas, how often are the germs of young affection cast away! For it is but too true, as David Crockett beautifully expresses it,

> "The course of true love never did run smooth!"

MYSTERIOUS PROFESSIONS.—"Now Tom," said the printer of a country newspaper, in giving directions to his apprentice, "put the 'foreign leaders' into the *galleys*, and *lock 'em up*—let 'Napoleon's remains' have a larger *head—distribute* the 'army in the East'—take up a line and finish the 'British Minister'—make the 'young Princess' to *run on* with 'the Dutchess of Kent'—move 'the Kerry hunt' out of *the chase*—get your *stick* and conclude 'the horrid murder' that Joe began last night—wash your hands and come up to dinner, and then see that all the *pie* is cleared up." Some printers are *devils*—and no mistake. —*N. Y. Morning Signal.*

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE CULTIVATION OF MUSIC.

Have our readers ever considered the many advantages to be derived from a general cultivation and diffusion of a taste for music through all classes of society, so that all—the poor as well as the rich, the laborer as well as the man of leisure, can appreciate its beauties and enjoy its delights? The idea has often occurred to us that those who have the charge of instructing the rising generation of our country do not sufficiently understand the incalculable advantages to be derived from the *general* improvement of *all* in this innocent and useful branch of education. It has heretofore been considered merely as an accomplishment to be acquired by those who had the leisure and the means to succeed in its attainment. But this is a manifest error. Impart a taste for music to the young, and every pupil, whatever his occupation or pursuit, will surely find time to perfect the lessons thus early begun. Every one discovers opportunities to enjoy his pleasures; *make music a pleasure* and all will find time to enjoy and improve it.

We thus urge the cultivation of musical taste, because we believe that it is eminently calculated to humanize mankind, and to exhibit the more refined and better feelings of his nature. It checks his grosser propensities and polishes the rougher points of his character. It renders him the civilized, intelligent and cultivated being his Maker intended him to be, and destroys the coarser impulses that a degraded position in society has a tendency to impart,—it raises him above the level of the brute, and bestows on him more of the attributes of his Creator.

One of the more immediate effects of such tastes is, to check the coarse species of indulgence to which the laborer is so apt to resort,—the fancied pleasures of the tippling house. We well remember, that almost every evening during the last summer, while returning to our home after the usual duties of the day were over, in passing along one of our streets we were regularly delighted with the sweet music of a clarionet. For the first few days we passed along without inquiry as to the musician; but at length the daily occurrence of the thing excited our curiosity, and we sat about ascertaining the whereabouts of the performers. Our friends can well imagine our satisfaction when we found it to proceed from the residence of a poor scissors grinder, dependent upon the slight proceeds of his daily toil for the maintainance of his family and himself—with few of the necessaries and none of the common luxuries of life around him; and yet this humble laborer, with his children clustering around his knee, thus solaced his own cares and relieved his worldly anxieties, while he administered the purest and softest pleasure to his dependent family. We looked around, and within earshot was a tippling house, where we saw a score of men no worse off in wordly advantages than this poor scissors grinder, who were spending their hard earnings in the means of brutalizing intoxication. He said they were his daily companions, but that while they forgot their cares and labors in that poisonous cup which elevates but to destroy, he found a better and more lasting consolation in the simple enjoyment in which we had surprised him. We have kept this man in our eye, and we find a comfort added to his home every time we visit it. The love of music had refined his tastes and made him a more contented and a better man.

Now why should not the same effect be more generally produced by bringing the same cause into more general operation! Why not impart to the mechanic the ability thus to enjoy himself by means of early instruction? Our laboring classes are superior to those of other countries, because they receive, with few exceptions, the means of information through their acquaintance with the fundamental branches of education. But this is not enough—we should afford them the means of recreation—such means as should have a tendency to render their amusements innocent and improving. We believe that the cultivation of a musical taste as a branch of education will produce this result, and we trust that the time is not distant when our law makers will turn their attention from political discussions and party squabbles to the better employment of devising means permanently to improve the *whole people*. When that period shall arrive we hope that the first effort will be, to introduce into our public schools a system of musical instruction.

We never knew a dandy that could take a hint unless it were accompanied by a kick.

A Prudent Wife and a Strong Apron.

Mrs. W., consort and help meet of Mr. W., merchant of New York, was a very economical woman, and, if her eulogist was not mistaken, had a very strong apron. The circumstance narrated by the friend of Mrs. W. was as follows:—Mr. W. was a merchant in affluent circumstances, did a very heavy business, and conducted all his affairs with the utmost regularity. Every department of business was completely systematized; even family expenditures were restricted to regular daily appropriations, and no surer is the sailing master of a ship to make his observation, work his traverse and ascertain his exact latitude and longitude every noon, than was Mr. W. to have all his accounts nicely balanced, and ascertain his exact whereabouts in business every night. But as wise, prudent and punctilious as he was, he could not withstand the temptation to overtrading during one of the great paper expansions; and when the revulsion came, he found himself embarrassed beyond all his efforts to extricate himself. He had stood firm as a rock while many of the most reputable houses tumbled to ruins around him, but he could not collect money due him from his best customers, and there was one remaining note of ten thousand dollars that would fall due in a few days, and he could devise no way to meet it. The notice came from the Bank, but three days remained, and every resource failed.—The first of these three days was spent in fruitless attempts to borrow. The second was as fruitlessly spent in trying to force a sale of goods. Nobody had money to lend—no body had money to purchase goods at any price.

The last day of grace arrived, and horror was depicted in his countenance. Mrs. W. knew nothing of his troubles, and on perceiving him evidently in great distress of mind, she insisted on knowing what was the cause of his trouble. It was folly to conceal his ruin from her, and he condescended to make her acquainted with the cause of his misery. How much, she inquired, will save you from failure? Ten thousand dollars, he replied, will pay my last note in bank; but for want of this I must suffer the disgrace of having my note protested, assign my property for the benefit of my creditors, and suffer my name to go into the world as a bankrupt. Is this all, said she?—Why bless me, my dear Mr. W., I can supply you with that sum without going out of the house.—Not waiting to hear the question he was preparing to ask, she tripped up stairs, and in less time than I have occupied in telling the story, she returned with seventeen thousand dollars in her apron, all in change, which she had saved within a few years from her daily allowance of market money!

All who heard the recital of this circumstance by the friend of Mrs. W. were highly delighted with it, save one sharp-nosed slab-sided yankee, who would not believe it though an angel had told it, till he had applied the test of figures to it, to ascertain its probability. As he finished his calculation, and was in the act of returning his pencil to his pocket, he burst into a roar of laughter. All eyes were turned upon him, and the narrator demanded what he meant by such uncivil deportment. "Nothin' at all, stranger," said the calculator, "only I was thinkin' what a tarnal strong apron that ere woman must a had on, to bring seventeen thousand dollars worth of change down stairs. I've cyphered it out on this here paper, and it will weigh jist half a ton, if there ain't a single copper among the whole on't."—*Buffalo Republican.*

The London Season, that period of the year when, to those who look on the surface of society, London wears its most radiant smile; when shops are gayest and trade most brisk; when down the thoroughfares roll and glitter the countless streams of indolent and voluptuous life; when the upper class spend and the middle class make; when the ball-room is the market of beauty, and the club-house the school for scandal; when the hells yawn for their prey, and the opera-singers and fiddlers—creatures hatched from gold, as flies from manure—swarm, and buzz, and fatten round the hide of the gentle public. In the cant phrase, it was "the London season." And happy, take it altogether, happy above the rest of the year, even for the hapless, is that period of ferment and fever. It is not the season for duns, and the debtor glides about with less anxious eye; and the weather is warm, and the vagrant sleeps unfrozen, under the starlit portico; and the beggar thrives, and the thief rejoices—for the rankness of the civilization has superfluities clutched by all. And out of the general corruption things sordid and things miserable crawl forth to bask in the common sunshine—things that perish when the first autumn winds whistle along the melancholy city. It is a gay time for the heir and the beauty, and the statesman and the lawyer, and the mother with her younger daughters, and the artist with his fresh pictures, and the poet with his new book. It is the gay time, too, for the starved journeyman, and the ragged outcast, that, with long stride and patient eyes, follows for pence, the equestrian, who bids him go and be d——d in vain. It is a gay time for the painted harlot in a crimson pelisse; and a gay time for the old hag that loiters round the threshholds of the gin shop, to buy back, in a draught, the dreams of departed youth. It is gay, in fine, as the fulness of a vast city is ever gay—for vice as for innocence, for poverty as for wealth. —*Bulwer.*

A Blue Jacket's Opinion of Steamers.—If you wish to put an old sailor's patience to a severe test, although it is not quite fair, talk to him about steamboats. It is his *questio vexata*—the hedgehog that he cannot help attacking, though he knows that he will suffer by it. He will tell you that this smoky, dirty craft will ruin all good seamenship, and put all valor and gallant bearing out of the world. Although he hates a steamer as a nuisance, and curses it as an impertinance, he has a secret and superstitious dread of it, and holds it to be a machination of the devil. Thus runs his opinion: "While things were as they was, d'ye see, we blue jackets had it all our own way; for d'ye see, if Johnny Crapaud fought, we wopped him; if he built more ships, we took them! And so Beelzebub grew spiteful; and ses he, whilst a British sailor gets his grog and prog, d'ye see, I shall never be able to shove my oar into his boat, and turn the world topsy-turvey, d ye see? So he plans with the tee-totallers and the saints, and tries to disrate the grog-tub and promote the tea-kettle, d'ye see? But he could not do that by halves, for which, d'ye see, may there be an eternal frost in his fire-place, and his coals run short. So, having partly failed, what does the devil do? Having got the right hint, he turns the tea-kettle into a boiler—claps wheels to the ship's sides, as if they were no better than hackney coaches, or so many dung carts—and thus ruins, d'ye see, the out-and-out blue water sailor forever. I've done it, says he, d'ye see; and I never hears one of these varmint steamers sputtering, fizzing, hissing, but I think I hear the devil a saying, 'Ah, Jack, you willain, I've done you at last! d'ye see?'"

A Couple of Anecdotes.—The author of the caustic article on Congressional Eloquence, in the last North American Review, in the course of his illustrations, relates the following anecdotes, which though old, will bear repeating:

The versatile Gen. Alexander Smyth, of Virginia—now legislator, now soldier, now commentator on the Apocalypse—in the course of a two days' speech upon nothing in Committee of the Whole, was called to order by Mr. Arthur Livermore, of New Hampshire, for irrelevancy of matter. "Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Smyth, "I am not speaking for the member from New Hampshire, but to posterity." "The gentleman," rejoined Livermore, "is in a fair way to have his audience before him."

There is another in relation to the forensic eloquence of the Federal city. A Western advocate already prominent in the Legislature had begun somewhere near the origin of things, and the first principles of society, and was working his way down through Bracton and Coke to the case in hand, in argument before the late Chief Justice Marshall. The magnificent old gentleman was seldom weary and never impatient; but he thought that on this occasion some time might be saved. "Brother H——," said he, "there are some things which a Chief Justice of the United States may be presumed to know."

Gallantry.—A sailor who had spent nearly all his days on the blue waters, and knew little of land gear, came ashore the other day, and in passing up street, saw a little woman going along with a large muff before her. He stepped up very politely, and offered to carry it for her, as he was going the same way.

"In this country," says an English editor, "it is considered the heighth of folly for a man to get drunk and lie across a railroad with the idea of obtaining repose." The same opinion obtains to a considerable extent in America.

Odds and Ends.

An ill tempered person is mostly given to slander, and knowing the intemperance of his own thoughts, seeks for hidden meanings—in the words of others "He sees more devils than all hell can hold."

Industry.—It is wonderful how much may be done by persevering industry. A married lady of our acquaintanee counted all the principal stars in less time than it would have taken an ordinary woman to knit her husband a pair of stockings.

Fonteline being one day asked by a lord in waiting at Versailies what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly he replied—"A clock serves to point the hours and a woman to make us forget them."

A harmless Irishman was eating an apple pie with some quinces in it—"Harrah dear honey," said he, "if a few of these quinces give such flavor, how would an *apple pie* taste made of *all quinces?*"

Un-Buttoned.—The Superior Court at Hartford recently granted a petition for divorce by Ursuline B. Button from Josiah Button. She won't B. Buttoned any longer.

Whales spout; so do politicians. Murder will out; so will the measles. Good men are scarce; so is British gold. Humbugs are plenty; so are fools.

An old man as he walks looks down and thinks of the past; a young man looks forward and thinks of the future; a child looks every where and thinks of nothing.

Never dispise a man because his employment is mean, or his clothing is bad. The bee is an insect that is not very pleasing to the sight, yet its hive affords an abundance of honey.

A wag, criticising a bad picture, said that it looked as if the painter had rammed all his colors, gamboge, carmine, and ultramarine, into a blunderbluss, and fired them off at his easel.

A young lady a few evenings since said to her beau, "please clasp my cloak." "Certainly," said he, throwing his arm around her, "and the contents too."

Modern Hospitality—Waiting upon the "gentleman" with scrupulous civility for the sake of the rhino.

What some people call freedom, is nothing else than a liberty of saying and doing disagreeable things.

A forthcoming publication states the population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain to 1840, to be 27,200,000.

Potatoe.—This vegetable should be roasted or broiled. A boiled potatoe is like a soldier drenched with rain—weak and inefficient.

Both alike.—"You needn't feel so big," said a butcher's man to a young doctor; "for we are both of a trade. We are both paid for killing."

"This is a *squally* affair," as Prince Albert said to Queen Victoria, when the Royal Baby burst out a crying.

Puff—An editor tickling his friend's elbow, in the hope that his may be tickled in return, on the principle that one good turn deserves another.

The Boston Mail says there is a man in that city who eats so much pork that he squeals in his sleep.

We dislike to see little boys smoking cigars and chewing tobacco; it looks as though they were in a hurry to make fools of themselves.

The philosophers say there is no such thing as color, yet the times certainly look black and every body looks blue.

We ought not to destroy an insect, we ought not to quarrel with a dog, without reason sufficient to vindicate us through all the courts of morality.

There is a man down east who speaks so thick that his voice is often taken for hasty pudding.

Usury—Money put into a damp vault until it sprouts, like old onions in a cellar.

"I have a *stake* in the country," as the farmer said when he was mending fence.

"Very fond of you, my *deer*," as the gourmand said to the haunch of venison.

"How are the mighty fallen," as the loafer said when he fell in the gutter.

A good heart will at all times betray the best head in the world.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1841.

ERROR.—The last No. of the Gem should have been 5 instead of 4.

Remains of a Gigantic Mastadon.

The People's Gazette of March 4th, published at Hinsdale, Cattaraugus co., states, that while the workmen engaged on section one hundred, of the Genesee Valley Canal, a short distance south west from that village, latitude 42 deg. and 12 min. north, were excavating in a bank some seventeen feet from the surface, they came in contact with the tusk of one of those animals of ancient times, the *Mastadon or Mammoth*. A part of the tusk was all that was obtained, owing to the immediate falling of a large portion of earth. Those engaged in using the pick axe at the time not noticing readily the tusk, it was somewhat broken to pieces. The earth where it was found, and for some distance around, is composed of alternate stratas or layers of sand and gravel, showing conclusively, the action of water at some far distant period of time. The land over and about where the relic lay embedded, was till very recently covered with a heavy growth of pine and hard wood timber, and in fact, immediately over where the tusk lay, seventeen feet above, there is the stump of a pine at least three feet in diameter, the growth of five hundred years.

From a careful examination of the parts of the tusk obtained, the editor came to the conclusion that the diameter of it must have been at least eight inches and the length some eight or ten feet!

CHINESE CLIMATE AND HOUSES.—The climate of China is probably somewhat colder than the corresponding latitude in this country. Not a house, however, has a fire-place or the means of having one to give warmth. Nor is there such a thing as a pane of glass to admit light and keep out wind. The Chinese substitute a thin paper for glass; and instead of warming themselves by a fire, they clothe themselves with cloak upon cloak till they have a sufficient number to keep them warm, and when they feel too warm they take off one cloak at a time till they feel comfortable.

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.—How true it is, that "in the midst of life we are in death!" Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON, of Bradford county, Pa., was married a few days since to a highly accomplished young lady; but he was a corpse in less than twenty-four hours after the celebration of that event. The wedding party, whilst on a pleasure excursion, stopped at a hotel on the Allegany; and as Mr. T. was walking toward the stove to light a cigar, he suddenly fell and expired. The anguish of the bride is represented as beyond description. Her loss, in being thus early robbed of the object of her young heart's affections, can only be appreciated to those who have sustained one equally afflictive.

THE METROPOLITAN.—Mrs. MASON'S reprint of this periodical for February, has been received. A greater part of it is devoted to the continuation of "The Blue Belles of England," by Mrs. Trolloppe; "Memoirs of an Italian Exile;" "History of the Jews," by M. Capefique, and "Lord Killekelley," by Abbott Lee. All of these papers are very interesting. Mrs. Trolloppe's is quite a clever sketch, partaking much more largely of feminine refinement in its style, than her "Domestic Manners in America." The Metropolitan also contains a few other papers of merit, some of which we shall probably transfer to our columns.

CEYLON.—The island of Ceylon is associated in the mind of the lover of romantic literature, with many interesting recollections. It was here, in the recesses of its most impenetrable mountain forests, that the once celebrated Lewis laid the scene of his striking tale, "The Anaconda;" here, Sinbad the Sailor made one of his famous haults, and encountered one of his most marvelous adventures; and here, too, one of our oldest voyagers —remarkable for his simple credulity and unbounded faith in the supernatural—inhaled those delicious odors, which, while yet half a league from the shore, made him fancy, he tells us, that he was approaching Paradise—an idea which, it may be remembered, furnished Milton with one of his most delightful similes.

To those wishing an extended history of this island, we would recommend the recently published work of Capt. FORBES, who was a resident of Ceylon for eleven years, and who has had an abundant opportunity of becoming acquainted with every thing connected with the place that can interest the general reader.

NEW NOVEL.—COOPER is about publishing a new novel, in which Leather-Stocking figures for the fifth time. The scene is upon one of the lakes in this state in the early part of the eighteenth century. The novel will represent the youth of Leather-Stocking, with the life of the father of Uncas.

We hope the author will not consider himself called upon to prosecute any of our brethren of the press, should they choose to exercise a critic's rights in a review of the work. By the unjust course Mr. Cooper has pursued toward many of the conductors of the press, the corps generally, we believe, entertain less regard for him than for any other literary writer, of any note, of the day; and if he does not wish to forfeit all claims to their respect, his conduct toward them must be marked with more courtesy than it has been heretofore. If his works cannot stand upon their own merit, let them, and, if need be, their author, sink into merited insignificence.

SQINTING.—Nature, in her dealings with some of her children, is oftentimes annoyingly capricious. Many of her caprices the "lights of science" have long and strenuously battled with, but without success—whilst to others, an effectual corrective has been applied. Among the latter, we may mention squinting, or, as our M. D.'s would style it, *strabismus*. This deformity of "the index of the soul," it is ascertained, is produced by a certain nerve of the eye, and is instantly remedied by simply severing that nerve. This discovery, we believe, was made in Germany, about two years since, and bids fair to prove of great service to mankind.

Within a few weeks, the operation has been performed by different physicians of this city, as well as by many throughout the country, and in all instances that have come to our knowledge, with complete success.

Club-foot, another of Nature's deformities, has also been cured by some of our physicians, by an operation somewhat similar to the above.

FANNY ELLSLER has arrived at New Orleans, and has been engaged at the St. Charles' Theatre for twenty nights, to the tune of *a thousand dollars* a night! Pleasant that! She is to be *assisted* by Miss C. Ellsler and Messrs Sylvain and Parsloe.—*American.*

He that hath a God, a good heart, and a good wife to converse with, and yet complains that he wants society, would not have been easy and contented in Paradise, for Adam himself had no more But every married man is not possessed of all these blessings.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

THE EAST INDIA ROSE.—This rose is far more fragrant than those of America or Europe, though it does not attain as large a growth as those of either of the latter countries. It might unquestionably become so by a little cultivation, but the Indians are content to take what the hand of nature has given them, and resort to few artificial aids for the improvement of her lavish beauties.

SAYING ONE THING, AND MEANING ANOTHER.—Men do not always say what they mean. There is a very good character in "Will Watch," (a novel,) of an old admiral, who invariably ends his assertions with a flat contradiction of them, as—"I assure you he is a clever fellow—that is—when I say clever, I mean nothing of the sort; but, you comprehend."

PRINTER'S PROOFS.—It is related of Robert Stevens, one of the early printers, that to render his edition immaculate, he hung up the proofs in public places, and generally recompensed those who were so fortunate as to detect any errors.—This might be a very good practice, but it would not be found very convenient to the printers of our dailies.

HYPOCRISY.—La Rochefoucault tell us, in one of his withering maxims, that there is something in the misfortune of others, not altogether displeasing to us. It is even so; and when a man tells us he is sorry for our misfortunes, the most liberal construction we can put upon it is, that he is not *very* glad.

THE ABIPONES.—These are a tribe of Indians inhabiting the country along the banks of the La Plata, in South America. They are peculiar for residing on islands or upon the tops of trees during the five winter months when their country is inundated.

YOUTHFUL FEELING.—"As I approve of a youth," says Cowley, "who has something of the old man in him, so I am not less plesaed with the old man who has something of the youth." He who follows this rule, may be old in body, but can never be old in mind.

MAKING A NOISE AFTER DEATH.—John Ziska was a distinguished leader of the persecuted sect of the Hussites. It is recorded of him, that, in dying, he ordered his skin to be made the covering of a drum. The Bohemians hold his memory in superstitious reverence.

LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.—The total annual proceeds of English literature, divided among booksellers, authors, engravers, &c., may be estimated at 2,500,000 pounds sterling.

THE CAMEL.—The "ship in the desert," is the oriental figure for the camel or the dromedary; and they deserve the metaphor well—the former for his endurance, the latter for his swiftness.

MILITARY ALLOCUTION.—At the battle of the Pyramids, in July, 1798, Bonaparte said: "Soldiers! from the summit of yonder pyramids, forty ages behold you!"

APING THE GREAT.—There is no harm in not being a great man, but there is much in trying to appear one, without the heart and mind of greatness.

TEMPLE OF THESEUS.—This Athenian temple is probably the most perfect ancient edifice in the world. It is about 2500 years old.

PARIS.—The new fortifications of Paris will be eighteen leagues in length, forming a complete circumvallation of the city.

DESTINY.—"Women," says Dr. Lieber, "were born to be married."

Original Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Hymen and Cupid:

A DIALOGUE.

HYMEN.

My life is one of constant toil,
Upon this fair and sunny soil;
Full oft I join the merry pair
'Mid smiles and joys all seeming fair,
In all the pride and pomp of wealth,
With all the bloom of youthful health,
With all of state and festive board
That art can frame and lux'ry hoard;
In scenes like these of old we met—
Why dost thou stay nor grace them yet?

CUPID.

Dost thou suppose a seeming friend
Can for my absence make amend?
Thou surely art unfaithful grown,
To me and mine inconstant shown.
Come, then, fair friend, believe it best,
Banish thy late and foe-like guest.
Is there not found amid thy scenes
A falseness and inconstant mien?
Do not thy bands all gossamer prove,
Still less with texture firm inwove?
And canst thou boast of many deeds?
Ah! who has sown those discord-seeds?
And why is there so seldom found
A blissful peace which beams around,
And spreads through life a perfect bliss?
Ah! why do serpents rather hiss,
And sting and poison every hour
That's spent within connubial bower?
Some foe has linked his arm in thine,
That ceaseless thus thy pris'ners pine.
In ancient days thy captive-band
Was bliss alike in every land.

HYMEN.

These thoughts are only partly just—
A foe of yours or mine, I trust,
Ne'er graced my halls with mirthful glee,
To bar thy face or injure me;
The ills thou mourn'st I would redress,
But Fate's decrees, desires suppress.
Their future state I can't control;
'Tis thine to melt and mould the soul
That would in harmony combine,
And wear in bliss these bands of mine:
If thou refuse to work with me,
In vain alike our toils will be.
I would that you would haste with me,
And join once more in marriage glee.

CUPID.

Full oft of late this seeming friend
Does at thy rites, all joy, attend;
To be a guest with him I spurn;
Can Love and Lucre mingled burn?
No Love the heart of him can fire,
Who courts thy bands for Lucre's hire;
I cannot, will not, hear thy calls,
Till Plutus's banished Hymen's halls. H.

Kenyon College.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

A Vision.

INSCRIBED TO MISS I. W. S., OF PENN YAN.

The sun had kissed the western sky,
The Autumn winds were still,
The winding brook that murmured by
Was echoed from the hill.
The moon shot forth her silver rays
Among the forest trees;
It was a night when elves and fays
Rode forth upon the breeze.

The sky above, the forest round,
Were mirrored in the stream;
Methought I trod enchanted ground,
Or dreamed a fairy dream;—
All hail the dawn of Fancy's power!
Hail Inspiration's spell!
I would not barter this one hour
For aught, but I——I.

Not long I'd wandered musing lone,
Forgot all mortal fears!
When visions bright around me shone—
Visions of far-off years!
Beyond the bourn that mortals ken,
I saw elysian fields;
And myriads there, in every glen,
Sprang light to pleasure's reels.

There minstrels, in immortal rhyme,
Foretold when battles cease;
Each waving, as he beat the time,
The olive-branch of peace.
They sang the last fell conflict o'er,
The last of leaden hail;
When orphans' cries we'll hear no more,
No more the widow's wail.

And more they sang—of equal rights,
Which equal laws maintain;
While echo, from those golden heights,
Prolonged the heav'nly strain;—
Such strains "the stars together sang"
To cheer the flying hours,
When infant Time his march began
"In Eden's rosy bowers." E. H. H.

Geneva, 1841.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

To Miss A——.

When the bright sun lights up the East,
And from afar his glories shine,
My waking spirit flies to thee
And fondly wishes—*Thou* wert *mine*.

When evening shades around are thrown,
And kindred hearts to love incline;
When flowers their sweets are scattering,
My spirit wishes—*Thou* wert *mine*.

When late at midnight's hallow'd hour
The wea y ones from toil recline;
When spirits o'er my pillow soar,
In dreams I think that *thou* art *mine*.

Whate'er may be my future fate,
Whatever ills my hopes destroy,
Thy love would light around my path
A spell, that would my thoughts employ.

My life may flow on roughly then,
My foes may hate, my hopes decline;
My friends may change, but I would smile,
And fondly whisper—*Thou* art *mine*.

If life such bliss as this does yield,
And Fortune round my path does shine,
A thousand worlds I'd freely give
For bliss like this—*To call thee mine*.

Franklin, Ind. J. G.

Variety.

SPIDERS *versus* LAWYERS.—There is one class of spiders, industrious, hard-working octopedes, who, out of the sweat of their brains, (I take it by-the-by, that a spider must have a fine craniological developement) make their own webs and catch their own flies. There is another class of spiders who have no stuff in them wherewith to make webs; they, therefore, wander about, looking out for food provided by the toil of their neighbors. Whenever they come to the web of a smaller spider, whose larder seems well supplied, they rush upon his domain—pursue him to his hole—eat him up if they can—reject him if he is too tough for their maws—and quietly possess themselves of all the legs and wings they find dangling in his meshes: these spiders I call enemies—the world call them lawyers!—*Bulwer.*

CONNUBIAL.—A couple were united in the bonds of matrimony, a few evenings since, who were so bad off for the "ready" that their friends were obliged to raise a subscription to procure the license. After the ceremony was performed, and the parson seemed waiting for his usual fee, he was accosted by the bride with: "Sir, do you credit for marrying; 'cause if you don't, you'll have to put John in jail, and let him swear out."

SMOKING.—A pipe! It is a great soother! a pleasant comforter! Blue devils fly before its honest breath! It ripens the brain—it opens the heart; and the man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan!—*Bulwer's Night and Morning.*

Garrick having a green room wrangle with Mrs. Clive, after listening to all she had to say, replied, "Madam, I have heard of tartar and brimstone, and I know the effects of both; but you are the cream of the one and the flower of the other."

A SOLID UNDERSTANDING—The head composed entirely of skull-bone.

A man was choked to death out South a few weeks since, by a piece of rope being tied round his neck. He was choked because he killed his wife, which twelve of his fellow countrymen pronounced to be a crime. It is hard, too, that a man cannot do what he likes with what belongs to him! The world is coming to a pretty pass.

An old Dutch lady at a religious meeting became very much concerned for her soul, and went about sighing and sobbing, and would not be comforted. Upon being asked by the minister what the matter was, she replied "that she couldn't pray in English, and was afraid the Lord couldn't understand Dutch."

There is a man in St. Louis, who was so large when a baby that it was impossible to name him all at once. He was laid on his left side, when they called him SAM, and as soon as they could turn him over, he was named SNOBBS. A middle name was intended for him, but his body was so round it *wouldn't stay on.*

On searching a lady suspected of stealing a skein of worsted from a Baltimore dry good store one day last week, the following articles were found snugly stowed away in the bosom of her dress, viz:—the skein of worsted, two shawls, a pair of stockings, and a *pair of skates.*

A woman who neglects her household affairs, and goes gadding abroad to see and be seen, instead of doing her duty at home, is one of those persons in society which should not meet with the countenance of the public.

"You look," said a German minded and imaginative friend to a pale, haggard smoker, "you look as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 9th instant, by Rev. Tryon Edwards, Bishop of the First Presbyterian Church, Rochester, Rev. ELI SMITH, Missionary at Beyroot, Syria, to MARIA WARD CHAPIN, eldest daughter of Hon. Moses Chapin.

In this city, on the 11th inst., by Rev. James B. Shaw, Pastor of the Brick Church, NATHANIEL B. MERICK to MARTHA BURCHARD, all of this city.

In this city, on the 11th inst., by Rev. P. Church, Mr. Samuel Titus, Jr., of Henrietta, to Miss Frances H. Foster, of this city.

On the 4th March, 1841, at No. 45 Frank street, [illegible] married, by Rev. Manley Tooker, IRA BLANCHARD [illegible] Michigan, and NANCY JONES, of Rochester.

In this city, on the 19th ult., by Rev. Manley Tooker, Mr. Leonard Killam to Miss Harriet R. Staples, all of this city.

On Thursday morning, the 4th instant, by his Honor the Mayor, FARRINGTON PRICE, to JANE, daughter of the late Benjamin Underwood, all of this city.

In Lakeville, on the 25th ult., by Rev. Merit Harmon, Mr. Andrew Engles, to Miss Harriet Bayless, both of Conesus.

In Avon, on the 25th ult., by Elder Hail Whiting, Mr. William A. Hogmire, to Miss Hannah Vanness, both of the former place.

In Victor, on the 10th inst. by Rev. Charles F[illegible]man, Bishop of the Presbyterian Church in that place, JOHN H. PIXLEY, Esq., of East Bloomfield, to Miss JANE A. TALLMADGE, eldest daughter of Samuel Tallmadge, Esq., of the former place.

In Medina, on the 3rd instant, by the Rev. G. P. Prudden, Mr. Nathan R. Kenyon, to Miss Isabella Furgason both of that place.

In Walworth, on the 10th inst., by Rev. Mr. Mandeville, Mr. D. T. Hanna, of Macedon, to Miss Laura H. Nims, of the former place.

"*Union is Strength.*"—Married—In Alexander, Genesee county, on the 9th inst., Capt. C. H. Mason, of Clarkson, to Miss Caroline M. McOmber, of Alexander.

At Trinity Church, Buffalo, on the 11th inst., by Rev. C. S. Hawks, Mr. S. HICKOK, of Springville, Ill., and Miss C. MAXWELL, of Hudson, N. Y.

On Monday evening, 22d February, at Bellevue House, near Cincinnati, the residence of S. J. Brown, Esq. by Rev. Henry V. D. John, Mr. S. S. NICHOLS, of Rochester, New York, to Miss ELIZABETH J. daughter of Dr. Edwin A. AtLee, formerly of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr. Benson, Mr. John Miller, of this city, to Miss Laura Paddock, of Penfield.

In Genesco, on the 2d instant, by Ira D. Smith, Esq. Mr. Duncan McColl, of Caledonia, to Miss Christiana Miller, of York.

At Sparta, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. Thomas Aitken, James S. Hammond, to Miss Maria Gillespie, grand daughter of the late Rev. Andrew Gray.

In Batavia, February 18th, by the Rev. J. A. Bolles, Cornelius H. Caufield, to Miss Rosetta Berry, daughter of Richard Berry, of that village.

In Palmyra, on the 4th inst., by Rev. G. R. H. Shumway, Mr. Leonard Van Alstyne, of Victory, Cayuga county, to Miss Tabitha H. Preston, of Palmyra.

On the 4th instant, by Rev. Samuel Wilson, Mr. Jesse Vine, to Miss Lucy Ann Chappel, all of the village of Palmyra.

In Penfield, on the 4th of March, by Rev. Jonathan Beman, of Orleans county, Mr. John Miller, of Rochester, to Miss Laura Ann, daughter of John Paddock, of Penfield.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1841. No. 7.

Popular Tales.

From the London Metropolitan.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ALFIERI.

Two men who had sought for protection from the rays of the sun in an arbour which was overshadowed by the thick leaves of a wide-spreading vine, were seated opposite to each other, leaning on a table, and smoking perfumed cigarettos.

The elder, who appeared to be about forty years of age, was tall and pale; his costume, which was rich although simple, had somewhat of a military appearance about it. As for the younger, he was characterized by that slovenly elegance which had begun to be fashionable in Italy as well as in France, toward the end of the eighteenth century.

"Faith, Alfieri," said the elder of the two, "you were the last person in the world I expected to have met at Abano."

"Yet, methinks, the sick man's place should be where he may hope to mend his health."

The young man looked at the count: "The fact is, you do look paler than usual; have you consulted the best physicians?"

"Yes."

"And what do they say?"

"The same thing over and over again. They promise me in the winter that I shall be well in the summer; and when the summer comes and I feel no relief, they assure me that I shall be better in the winter. The Milanese doctors recommended the air of Naples, and the Neapolitan doctors that of Milan; and so they go on, turning me over from one to the other, until I expect some day to die on the road between these two places, if I continue to follow their ordinances."

"Come, come, nonsense, did you ever hear of anybody dying at your age?"

"Sometimes," murmured Alfieri pensively, and shaking his head.

"I bet I know what ails you: you have eternally present to your mind the predictions of your old sorceress."

"Am I wrong, Cellini? I was only twelve years of age when that old woman told me all that has happened to me since. She said that I should leave Piedmont, that I should become a poet, and that my name should be celebrated."

"And that you would die at thirty-five. Who doesn't know that part of your history? You have written on it an admirable sonnet which all Italy knows by heart. But that a man like you should put faith in the mummery of an old woman, is what I cannot understand."

The count sighed, but made no answer: a short silence ensued.

"Shall I tell you what it is that kills you?" rejoined Cellini. "At the bottom you are not ill, you are only low-spirited."

"That's what the doctors say," replied the count sadly, "but I feel it will carry me off at last."

"Why not seek for some distractions? Why don't you travel? When you quitted Milan, your intention, if I mistake not, was to go to Spain."

"I have been there."

"Ah! indeed—and from thence to France."

"I have been there."

"And thence to Germany."

"I have been there."

"But you must have been every where, if that's the case. The fact is, I know you are a most expeditious traveller; you traverse each country as fast as your horse can gallop, but you can't have had time to see anything."

"Pardon me; I have seen mountains, cities, roads and plains; and in the midst of all this, numberless myriads of human beings very busy doing nothing."

"And what did you particularly notice?"

"Three splendid institutions: the *schlague* in Germany, the *police* in France, and the *inquisition* in Spain."

"You're as full of satire as ever, I see," said Cellini laughing; "a misanthropist and a republican, a real descendant of Brutus in the papal states. But really, Alfieri, you do not deserve the favors which fortune has bestowed upon you; all our theatres ring with your triumphs. Italy has its eyes upon you; you are noble, rich, young, and yet you seem tired of life. What is it you would have to be happy?"

"That is more than I can say; something perhaps which is possessed by the lowliest of the crowd which covers me with acclamations; a quiet and retired habitation, an obscure destiny, and a woman who would love me, seated by my side."

"But what hinders you from having all this?"

Alfieri shrugged up his shoulders, and heaved a deep sigh. "You forget," said he, "that chance has made a *celebrated* man of me, and a celebrated man is like a wild beast, every body rushes to get a sight of him. Every man thinks he has a right to spy into my actions; I am never alone; my books are like courtiers, they announce my arrival wherever I go. As soon as I appear in an assembly, farewell to free and friendly conversation; universal silence prevails, the guests are all on the tiptoe of expectation; they expect to hear me speak as if I were a book. The women are all silent through fear, or else they give themselves airs to attract my notice. Brought up, as I was, almost in the midst of woods, secluded from society in my youth, I feel confused at being singled out as the object of universal attention; unable to distinguish between real sympathy and impertinent curiosity, I wrap myself up in my reserve, and remain silent. I am therefore considered proud, when I am only unhappy. Ah! were I poor, destitute, and miserable, I might believe in the affection of those who surround me; but I am now ever in doubt whether it is myself or my reputation which is sought after."

"I understand—you are as unfortunate as a king."

"You seem to jest, but it is strictly true, nevertheless. When I arrived here, I thought I had escaped from all my troubles; for a few days I was free to live like everybody else, I was comparatively happy—but the arrival of a man who had seen me I don't know where, destroyed everything."

"That's the way of the world," said Cellini—"your celebrity is a burden to you, and I, who work my fingers off, remain buried in the most enviable obscurity."

"It is your own fault; you don't stick to anything seriously."

"My dear count, you seem to forget that I am in the pay of an *impressario*, obliged to have three acts ready every month. You don't know what it is to be a composer to a theatre; it's like the landlord of a public house where there is a continued call on his genius."

"Until he at last gets to the bottom of it."

"That's just what has happened to me; I managed to live some time on about a dozen decent ideas—you know what an idea is, a thing you can dish up with about fifty different sauces; you can put the beginning at the end, the middle at the beginning, and people wonder at the author's fecundity. I went on in this manner for about three years; but at last the public discovered that I gave them turned cloth for new—I was hissed."

"Well, and how did you manage then?"

"Why, I determined travel and regenerate my ideas."

"And do you think you shall succeed?"

"Quite certain of it. There are a great many persons at Abano, and plots are as thick here as the grasshoppers were in Egypt in the time of Pharaoh. In less than a month, I warrant you that I shall have gathered materials enough for as many comedies and dramas as will last me ten years at a moderate calculation. I only arrived yesterday, and am already on the scent of an intrigue."

Alfieri smiled incredulously.

"'Tis a fact," continued Cellini, lowering his voice; "yesterday, heated by travelling and unable to sleep, I ventured into the garden; you know the small pavilion at the extremity of the gravel walk."

"Yes."

"Well, I was strolling about near it, when I heard a door or window suddenly close. I turned about, and found myself cheek by jowl with a man."

"Can it be possible?"

"Seeing me, he stopped short and seemed inclined to speak, but he altered his mind, turned away, and disappeared."

"Did you distinguish his features?"

"As I do yours now—it was splendid moonlight."

"And you would recognize him again?"

"I have done so already."

"How?"

"This morning I saw him in the pump-room."

"Do you know his name?"

"They call him Marliana."

The count started up with vivacity. "Are you sure he came out of the pavilion?"

"I couldn't swear to it, but I think he did."

"And you are sure that it was close to the pavilion at the bottom of the garden near the poplar trees, that you met him?"

"Yes, under the windows of the Marchioness Alcanza."

Alfieri turned pale, his lips trembled convulsively, but he mastered his emotion and sat down again.

"You see that I haven't lost my time," continued Cellini, who had not remarked the count's uneasiness. "I am on the scent of a love affair, which will no doubt furnish me with some excellent scenes. I had already remarked this Marliano, on account of his being so very ugly; he looks like the penitent thief, in my idea. Seeing him continually in the company of the marchioness, who, by-the-by, appears to hate him, I at first took him for her husband, but I was mistaken; there is a mystery about it, which you must help me to penetrate."

It was indeed a secret; but it was not only now that the count desired to discover it. Cellini was far from being aware how interested his friend was in this mystery, and what anguish his recital had inflicted upon him.

The marchioness had been about three months at Abano. She had come alone, and was ill.—Alfieri had done his best to avoid her; indeed he let slip no opportunity of showing his aversion when chance threw them together; but the young widow did her utmost to overcome a hatred, the cause of which she really was, or affected to be, ignorant of. Subsequently the count's coldness had yielded to the marks of interest which he received from the marchioness, and a sort of intimacy, which became more familiar every day, sprang up between them. He felt that this woman exercised more influence over him every time he saw her; that his existence was, as it were, incomplete without her society; and that, in short, his happiness depended on the continuance of that friendship which had so unexpectedly arisen out of his former dislike.

He was on the point of telling her so one day, when Marliano arrived. At the sight of this man Bianca appeared confused; she welcomed him with concealed affright; there arose a sort of mute combat between them, in which the young widow was vanquished.

Alfieri then remarked that she avoided him.—It seemed to him as if this Marliano exercised over her a sort of jealous guardianship, to which she submitted, but against her will. What connection could there exist between these two beings? Cellini's story cleared up all his doubts, but he could not bring himself to put faith in the conclusions which it seemed to warrant. Then who was this Marliano? A first glance seemed to indicate one of those men who pass their lives in the frivolities and dissipations of the world; but after a more minute examination he descried under this assumed mask a violent tenacity, a stubborn and headstrong will, one of those ignoble and coarse minds in a case of adamant. Alfieri had

in vain endeavored to study more deeply this man's character; all his advances were met with distant civility; indeed the marchioness interfered to put an end to any discussion which might arise between them; she seemed to fear their coming in contact with each other.

Such was the state of things, when one day the count, on descending into the garden rather earlier than usual, met the young widow alone. It was the first time since the arrival of Marliano, and he resolved to profit by it. After several useless attempts to discourse on indifferent topics, finding that he became more and more embarrassed, he at last suddenly stopped, and taking the hand of the marchioness—

"What have you against me?" said he; "and why do you avoid me?"

"I avoid you!" repeated she; "what can induce you to think so?"

"Do you think I am blind, madam? For more than a fortnight this is the first time I have been able lo speak to you."

The marchioness, who had been troubled for a moment, now recovered herself.

"Are you sure it was my fault?" asked she, smiling; "we seldom find those whom we do not care to seek."

"Ah, madam! you do not doubt my desire to partake of your society?"

"Why not? I know that my arrival at Abano pleased you not at first. Did the intimacy of a few days suffice to destroy all your former prejudices?"

The count blushed, and endeavored to exculpate himself.

"Do not attempt to deny it," continued the marchioness; "some one had poisoned your mind against me. I know that the only reason of your stay was your being obliged to wait for some letters which you expected; you were consequently compelled to put up with my society."

"I do not know who can have given you all these details," said Alfieri, with unaffected simplicity, "but I cannot deny or conceal my thoughts. It is true that your name awakened in me a painful emotion, and that I did not attempt to hide it. But if such be the cause of your coldness toward me, which has succeeded so suddenly to your prior affability, you punish too cruelly a prejudice which your presence has sufficed to dissipate."

"And may I ask you what this prejudice might be?"

"Were I to refuse to give you the explanation you demand, you might be inclined to suppose that it arose from some injurious repugnance on my part; but your presence renewed a sensation of sorrow within my breast of which I was not the master."

"And for what reason?"

"I once had a friend, madam, who had likewise been the companion of my studies. We had separated, but kept up a regular correspondence, for we could not forget the happy days of our boyhood. We had grown together, and I loved him as children love one another, because they are of the same age and enjoy the same pleasnres. I heard that he lived respected by all who knew him at Genoa. About a year back I learned that he had fallen in love with a woman, beautiful, admired, and courted by all. Two of my letters remained unanswered; at last I received one from his mother—his love had been fatal to him."

"And your friend was called?"

"Julio Aldi."

On hearing this name a cry escaped from the marchioness.

"It was then that I heard your name pronounced for the first time," continued Alfieri; but seeing that the young woman had buried her face in her hands—"Pardon me, madam," said he, with a supplicating and agitated voice, "I have afflicted you, but it was unavoidable. Now you are aware why I wished to avoid a person whose presence recalled to me the death of my friend."

"How you must have hated me!" exclaimed the marchioness, bathed in tears.

"No, madam; for I knew that you did everything in your power to prevent their duel, that you even went to the place of rendezvous."

"Too late, sir—too late!"

"The fault was not yours, and Aldi's mother rendered you full justice; she did not accuse you in the agony of her grief, but the young man's imprudence, which had exposed him to the Baron Rocca's sword. Ah, how often have I condemned him for having ventured, in the chances of a duel, a life full of hope in the future! I then did not know the anguish of always finding near the person beloved a face whose impassibility insults our sufferings—of hearing, wherever her voice is heard, the voice of another, who answers her with familiarity! Now I comprehend why Aldi preferred certain death to tortures such as these; for I, a man of thought and revery as I am, who never touched a sword in my life, I feel a thirst for shedding blood; a challenge is ever on my lips; and I wish to be placed opposite to my adversary, sword in hand, to acquire the right of loving exclusively to myself."

Alfieri's voice had risen as he spoke, his pale face was flushed, and, on pronouncing these last words, his hand was outstretched as if he had grasped a sword; the marchioness made an involuntary motion to stop him.

"Ah! you need not fear," rejoined he with a bitter smile; "I have devoured my anger. What right had I to provoke a rival? Jealousy is only permitted to him who can hope for a return of his affection. And yet," continued he after a short pause, "what risk should I run in a duel? Is there not a terrible one engaged between me and my malady? and I well know what will be the issue of that."

The marchioness had insensibly drawn closer to him. Her looks were fixed on the poet's dejected countenance with an indescribable expression of compassion, and she said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Good heavens! what is the matter with you?"

"Do you ask me? Do you not know both the cause and the cure? Nothing but a little affection which might inspire me with the desire to live; for an instant I imagined I had found it; I then breathed more freely; I felt all the vigor of my first youth return, because I was happy; but it only lasted a few days, for I soon perceived that my hopes were groundless."

"Who told you so?"

"Bianca!" exclaimed he; "have I understood you? Speak, I beseech you—for mercy's sake, speak!"

The marchioness was about to answer; but she suddenly uttered a cry of terror, and tore herself from his embrace. The count raised his eyes; Marliano was standing at the corner of the parterre.

The Genoese bowed coldly. On seeing him the marchioness had fallen back motionless on the bench; he advanced, and, without appearing to notice her emotion, inquired after her health with impassible politeness.

As for Alfieri, the arrival of this man at the moment that he was about to receive an avowal which he had so long and so ardently sought after, had at first drawn from him a jesture of anger; but his attention was soon attracted towards Bianca, who by her looks seemed to be supplicating Marliano. Alfieri felt all his doubts return; an invincible instinct pointed out this man to him as his rival, and he resolved to do his utmost to verify his suspicions. He observed to the marchioness that it was time to go to the spring, and he offered to escort her there.

"I thank you, sir," said the marchioness, with embarrassment; "I remain here, but do not let me interfere with your arrangements."

"My arrangements are yours, madam," said the count; "you know it—the only hours that I enjoy are those that I pass with you."

"I see, count, that you would succeed quite as well in madrigals as in tragedy," replied the marchioness with effort.

Alfieri shook his head. "Do not rail, I beseech you, at the expression of a sentiment which you know to be sincere," said he; "you cannot mistake the cause of the change which your presence has worked in me. Before I knew you I was unhappy, wearied with all that vain applause which is called glory. I saw you—melancholy, fatigue, all disappeared. You have acted on me like the rays of the sun on a drooping plant—I owe you my very existence."

"Sir!" exclaimed the marchioness, terrified; and then she turned her eyes upon Marliano, but he remained calm and motionless.

Alfieri had watched her looks and her movements.

"You will excuse me," rejoined he, turning towards the Genoese; "such confessions are not usually made in the presence of a third person. I have doubtless been indiscreet."

Marliano bowed. "I feel happy," said he, "count, to have inspired you with so much confidence as to induce you to make such an avowal of your sentiments."

"I assure you, signor, that I rejoice that you hear me."

"It is rather for me to rejoice to find that a great poet employs, to express his passion, an eloquence which others in vain seek for in their love."

The irony with which these last words had been pronounced had something so cold, so piercing about it, that it produced on Alfieri the effect of those wounds which we do not feel at first; but when he understood the full force of it, a flush of indignation caused his very blood to boil: his eyes met those of Marliano. Bianca threw herself between these two glances, in which they exchanged their hatred.

"We well know your gallantry, count," said she; "but we have had quite enough on that chapter for to-day. I do not intend to go to the spring but I do not wish to hinder you from taking your accustomed walk; you will bring me a nosegay on your return."

The count made an effort on himself, and took his leave. Marliano was about to follow him.

"Signor Marliano!" exclaimed the marchioness, "you promised to read me a chapter."

The Genoese turned towards her, a sardonic smile played upon his lips. "Are you so much afraid for him?" said he.

Bianca laid her hand on her heart, and sat down without being able to answer.

"Yet you have reason to be satisfied with me, madam," rejoined Marliano, bitterly. "Did I not allow him to speak of his love? Did I not suffer his insults, for his intention was to insult me? Did I not carry my patience to such a pitch that he must have thought me a vile coward?—Does not this suffice?"

"I must leave this place," said the marchioness with anguish. "I cannot stay here any longer. I shall return to Genoa."

"I am ready."

Bianca cast on Marliano a long look of terror and indignation.

"Yes," continued she, "I shall return to Genoa, but to bid an eternal adieu to the world. I have often thought of it—my determination is taken—I shall retire into a convent."

Marliano started. "What say you madam?—A convent!"

"I am resolved."

"Impossible! So young, so beautiful—to shut yourself in an eternal prison."

"Am I free now?"

The Genoese looked at her. "It is to avoid me that you shun the world," said he, sorrowfully; "you then hate me more than you love its pleasures."

"And even were it so, have you not forced me to it?"

"What have I done?"

The marchioness briskly raised her head. "Do you dare ask me?" said she, with indignant surprise. "Baron Rocca, have you forgotten the past? Have you not traced around me a fatal circle which none can pass without certain death? You ask me what you have done. Have you not profited by your odious address as a *bravo* to assume to yourself the authority of a guardian over me against my will, and call to account all those who have dared to approach me? I could not demand the assistance of those who would have had the courage to protect me against this tyranny, for it would have exposed them to certain destruction. Sheltered under the point of honor, you would have awaited their provocation—then, master of the arms and conditions, you would have murdered them as you did the unfortunate Aldi.—Thus have you enslaved me to your will during three years, trembling beneath your regard, obliged to suffer your society, and estranging all others from me through fear. In vain have I tried to escape you; you have followed me everywhere. Even here, where I had fled for concealment, you appear under the false name of Marliano, as if you had feared that yours would have been the signal of my flight—and you ask me what you have done!"

Whilst the marchioness had been speaking, the Genoese had turned paler and paler; his features had assumed an expression impossible to describe; it was an anguish which had something cruel about it—a sort of despair which tormented him, but inspired no pity; it was the grief of Satan, crowned king of evil and of pain.

"Why did you not love me?" said he, fixing on the marchioness a withering look of anger.—"It is you who have caused all that has happened. Happiness would have softened my soul. You have exasperated it. That skill which you reproach me with—the world itself forced me to acquire it. I was ugly, abandoned; I required a defence against contempt—I acquired the art of killing. What had at first been necessity, became

at last a habit—I placed my honor in a science which I had studied merely as a safeguard. Besides, why should I spare those that hate me?—The hatred of others renders us cruel, madam.—Ah! as soon as I knew you, I take heaven to witness that I repented ever having shed blood—but I could not efface the past. My love was disdained. I saw you despised and hated me. I was then seized with a secret rage. Why should I leave to another the happiness which had been refused to myself? Would you even have thanked me for it at the bottom of your soul? No!—If I am cruel, Bianca, it is because I cannot bear the idea that you should love another."

"Thus I am the slave of your passion."

"I love you, and am jealous."

"But I—I do not love you."

"I know—I know it. And yet your love would change my whole life, and redeem the past."

He seized the hands of Bianca, and pressed them convulsively against his heart. "Oh! I love you, Bianca; I love you as man never loved," exclaimed he; "why are you without pity?"

"Leave me—leave me," said the young woman, struggling to escape.

"What can I do to induce you to listen to me?"

"Leave me, I say."

"Bianca, you cannot eternally resist my prayers—you will relent—I love you too much—you must be mine at last."

"A convent rather!" exclaimed the young woman, distracted.

"I will tear you from it."

"Then the tomb!"

Marliano let drop her hands, which he had held in his. "You love the count," said he, gnashing his teeth with rage.

The marchioness shuddered, attempted to speak, but burst into tears.

"To-morrow we will start for Genoa," said he, after a long silence.

At this moment some persons appeared at the extremity of the walk; Marliano offered the countess his arm, and they both walked away.

Hardly had they disappeared amongst the trees, when Cellini crept cautiously from behind a clump of acacias where he had concealed himself. He had arrived there a little after Alfieri's departure, and having distinguished the voices of the marchioness and Marliano, he had allowed his curiosity to get the better of his discretion. Wishing to clear up the suspicions which he entertained, he had listened attentively, and had heard all that had passed between them. The beginning of their conversation had only excited his astonishment, and he merely saw in it a capital subject for a *scenario*, but the end had taught him the part which Alfieri had played in the affair. He therefore ran to him immediately, and told him all that he had discovered thus opportunely. His revelation was for the count as welcome as it was unexpected; his doubts were removed, and he saw that he was beloved. Everything was now explained; the trouble of the marchioness at the sight of Marliano; her timid submission to his will; the sudden alteration in her behavior toward himself. His joy knew no bounds.

"But," observed Cellini, "she has promised this Marliano, or rather this Baron Rocca, to start to-morrow."

"No, no!" exclaimed Alfieri; "she shall stay. Ah! heaven be thanked that I have learned the truth; for this once this Baron Rocca will find some one betwixt him and the woman he oppresses."

"You forget that you never handled an arm in your life, and that this man will infallibly kill you."

"I do not care."

"Of course you are too happy just now to care about life; only, if you succomb, the marchioness will remain without a protector, and exposed to the mercy of her persecutor."

"You are right. But need I fight this man? Would it not be sufficient to publish the truth?"

"It is injurious to the baron; he will challenge you, and you cannot refuse to give him satisfaction, or it will be said you are afraid."

"Well, I will give him satisfaction."

"Then he will kill you, and you will not have benefitted her in the least. You walk in a circle out of which you can find no issue."

Alfieri stamped with rage on the ground. "Is it possible that this point of honor can cover every enormity? What! because a villain is clever in the art of killing, he has the right to force you to silence, or to murder you? Strange justice of the world! If I refuse to allow myself to be assassinated by this cut-throat, a thousand voices will be raised to brand me as a coward, and my celebrity will only serve to publish my shame to every corner of the world, and render my name more despicable. Since life is nothing but an arena of gladiators, why was I not taught to shed blood? What use is what I am and what I know to me? O God! I would barter my genius, my glory, my everything, for the science of a fencing master! What's to be done—what's to be done?"

"Formerly, a *bravo* might have served your turn; unfortunately they are out of fashion now."

Alfieri shook his head and remained pensive. But he suddenly awoke from his revery: "Yes," murmured he, "it must be so; it's the only means I have."

"What are you going to do?" asked his friend.

"You shall know very soon," answered the count, and he left the room.

The following hours were employed by him in arranging his affairs and writing his last instructions. However firm the soul may be, such preparations cannot but weigh heavily upon it.—There is always some smiling corner in life, some happy spot, which we then recall to mind, and to which the humid eye looks back with regret.—How many doubts arise, how many anxieties do rake up from the bottom of our hearts! Will our name be long remembered? Who will weep for our loss? Melancholy reflections, to solve which we dare not consult the experience of the past.

And Alfieri thought of all this: of the mountains where he had passed his boyhood; of his first emotions; of his first verses; of the old woman's prediction, which was now doubtless about to be accomplished. He then examined his papers, separating his finished compositions from those which he had yet as it were only sketched out, the children of his imagination, which he had intended to have impressed with the whole power of his genius and experience. Oh! how many dreams begun, how many inspirations which had formerly but faintly glimmered on his mind, then burst upon his mind in all their glory! and he groaned, the poet for that moment had furnished him with more ideas than the labor of a whole life could develope. And he was about to hazard all this against the dexterity of a bravo. He pressed his hand against his forehead, as if to tear from it the treasures which were about to perish with him. For so it is with man: he considers his intelligence as the common inheritance of humanity, and that, were he to keep aught of it to himself, he would commit a robbery on mankind. He cannot take upon himself to carry with him a thought unexpressed.

But time passed away. The count rapidly finished to put every thing in order. He wrote to his sister, bade an eternal adieu to every thing he loved in this world, and then descended into the saloon.

Cellini and Marliano were there alone. The former was warm in praise of a volume of Machiavel which he held in his hand.

"I do not know it," said Marliano, coolly.

"Should you wish to read it?" asked the young man, presenting him the book.

"I never read."

Cellini looked at him with astonishment. This was the epoch of the regeneration of ideas which signalized the end of the eighteenth century.—The nobility seemed to have suddenly awoke from the long torpidity in which they had lain, to study something more than the mere art of gallantry, or the noble science of arms. There was a universal rush toward literature, so that a man who declared that he could not read, was considered as extraordinary a being as a courtier of the reign of Charles the Second who lived without a mistress,

The count, who on entering had remarked Cellini's suprise, observed—

"Signor Marliano is quite right; what can gentlemen have to do with books?"

Marliano looked at him, as if to discover whether he was not victimized; but the count's features were so calm that he hardly knew what to conjecture.

"If you really think so, my dear count," said Cellini, laughing, "I wonder at your passing whole nights over your books, as you are accustomed to do."

"Oh! as for me," rejoined the count, "I'm a poet, a madman! I love Plutarch, and am foolish enough to consider such words as liberty, country, as anything but ridiculous. I am one of those who would not have every man's happiness or misery depend on the chance of birth. I dream of a world where recompences would be awarded to the most worthy, honors to the most devoted, happiness to all; but I'm a madman, you know, whilst Signor Marliano is a *gentleman*.

All this had been said with so much calm, and with such a sameness of intonation, that it would have puzzled any one to guess the interlocutor's real meaning. Its irony was hidden, but was thereby rendered more poignant—you felt the goad without perceiving it. Marliano knew that he was attacked, and winced under the infliction; but he likewise knew that a quarrel would drive the marchioness to extremities, and he resolved to avoid it if possible; it was therefore, with a mixture of anger and reserve that he answered—

"I cannot accept your excuses, count. I am satisfied with the world as it is, and leave to philosophers and philanthropists, as they style themselves, literary knight-errants, the care of remodelling it between their repasts, as they would a play or an opera."

"What can such a man as you have to do with philanthropists and philosophers?" exclaimed Alfieri. "Ah, sir, you are really disposed to show us too much indulgence. Nonsense!—men who wish to enlighten the human mind, the monsters!—who love their fellow-creatures, the fools! The clever men are those who profit by abuses instead of combatting them, and ornament their avarice and hard-heartedness with the name of principle or political opinions; who grind down the poor to satisfy their habits of indolence and extravagance, and become wealthy on the miseries of others less privileged than themselves. Those are the persons who know how to live; them we should take for our models. Neither is it difficult, heaven knows, to lead the life of the exquisites of high life; ruin your creditors, dishonor as many women as possible, kill a few of your most intimate friends in a duel, and you will leave behind you the reputation of a most perfect gentleman."

Whilst Alfieri had been speaking, Marliano seemed devoured by an increased irritation. At the last words pronounced by the count, he turned round suddenly, but, as if he wished to avoid a quarrel at any price, he advanced toward a chair on which he had left his hat and took it up.

"Pardon me, signor," said Alfieri, "perhaps I have wounded your political opinions. I should really be very much grieved if you were obliged to leave the room on my account, although certainly very much flattered at your thus acknowledging yourself conquered,"

Marliano threw down his hat. "I was never conquered by any body," said he haughtily.

Alfieri bowed; a vague smile played on his lips. For a few moments the three persons present were silent. Cellini, embarrassed, hardly knew what his friend was aiming at, and the Genoese evidently seeking to avoid a rupture. He had approached the sideboard, and seemed to be inhaling the perfumes of some rare flowers in a crystal vase, when his eyes fell on a case of pistols, which Cellini had placed there on his return from the shooting-gallery. He opened the box, took out a pistol, which he examined carelessly, and approached the window,

"Are you satisfied with these arms?" asked he of Cellini,

"Very much so; they are of the manufactory of Cosimo."

"Will you allow me to try them?"

"Certainly."

Marliano looked out of the window. "You see that flower yonder," said he, pointing to a rose-bud, which was the only one left on the bush.

"Yes; but it's out of pistol-shot."

Marliano fired.

"Ah signor!" exclaimed Cellini.

"The flower is down, of course," said the count, who had remained at the other extremity of the apartment.

"You seem to jest, but it's a fact."

The count smiled; he saw that Marliano wanted to frighten him.

"By Jove, Signor Marliano," said Cellini, who was still looking at the flower, "if we ever fight, I should not feel inclined to choose pistols as the weapons."

"Why not?" exclaimed Alfieri, "on account of the flower?"

"No, no; on my own account."

"Dear me! who knows? It frequently happens that this extraordinary dexterity will disappear at the moment of danger."

Marliano made a movement.

"I do not say that for you, signor; but the most clever villain cannot always support the look of an honest man, and his conscience will sometimes make his hand tremble. Indeed there are many who only make a parade of their skill,

in order to avoid a more dangerous struggle, and who volunteer a proof of their address to dispense with giving a proof of their courage."

"Count!" exclaimed Marliano, springing toward Alfieri.

"Once more I do not say that for you," quietly returned the latter.

"This assurance is useless," said Marliano, his lips trembling with rage. "I know that you dare not address such words to me. Poets are prudent; they only insult by allusions; they never provoke, except from under cover of an oratorical precaution; and when we are tired with their disguised insolence, they feign to be ignorant of its cause; in case of necessity, they might even invoke their bad health, and call themselves too ill to have any honor."

"You do not mean that for me, either, I suppose," said the count mildly.

"I leave you the judge of that, sir."

"O no," continued Alfieri; "for if such were the case, the Signor Marliano knows that I might demand satisfaction."

"Who hinders you from doing so?"

"You then recognize that I have a right to do it? You own that your insolence was directed toward me—that I am insulted?"

"Be it so."

Alfieri sprang toward the Genoese, and seizing his hand—"I have the choice of arms, sir," exclaimed he.

"It matters not to me."

"We shall soon see." He ran to the sideboard, seized Cellini's pistols, and returning to Marliano—"Choose," said he.

"But one of the pistols is unloaded."

"The other will suffice for one of us."

"What!—do you want to fight?"

"Muzzle to muzzle; and God defend the right."

"It is impossible," exclaimed Marliano.

"Pardon me, signor, I am insulted; you have said it. I have the right to impose the conditions, you have said that too. You cannot refuse, unless you be a vile coward. The point of honor, which has served you so frequently, is against you now. You hoped that, like so many of your victims, I should be fool enough to stand up to serve as a mark for your bullet or your sword, that you might cut me down as you did that flower, with a smile on your lips. But you were mistaken, Baron Rocca."

"Ah! you know my name, do you?"

"Yes, and think not that I will yield a single fraction of my advantages. I do not fight to make a parade of bravery or generosity, but to deliver the marchioness from your odious persecutions.—I fight to kill you."

"Your hope may be deceived," exclaimed the baron, whose surprise was now turned into fury.

"I know it; but whatever be the issue of this combat, Bianca will have nothing more to fear from your tyranny. I have taken all my precautions; if I succumb, all Italy will know the cause of my death; I shall have bought with my blood the right of publishing your infamy; and I shall be believed, for the dead, it is known, never lie. I shall be pitied, for my very enemies will take care to exalt my glory. Your fatal celebrity will be affixed to mine as a funeral pile, and you will be branded as a villain for having killed me. I shall have broken the yoke which you have imposed upon the marchioness. Placed under the safeguard of public opinion, she will have naught to fear from you, and will require no one to defend her, for you will have lost the privileges of a man of honor, and all will refuse to give you satisfaction."

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed the baron, who was now beside himself, "one of us must die.—Follow me."

"I am ready, sir."

They directed their steps toward the door.—Cellini stopped them. "One moment, gentlemen—you cannot fight without seconds, especially on such conditions; it is impossible."

"You shall be mine," said Alfieri; "the baron will get one."

"Meet me at the spring in an hour," said Marliano, going out.

Cellini likewise left the apartment.

When Alfieri was left alone, a sort of moral depression seized upon him. He passed over in his mind the events of his life; he thought of Bianca. Cellini's story had led him to believe that he was beloved, but was that sufficient now that he was about to engage in a combat in which his life was at stake? Was it love or pity that actuated the marchioness? He was buried in these reflections when she entered the apartment with a book in her hand. On perceiving the count, she stopped and blushed, but recovering her presence of mind, "I was with you, you see," said she, showing him the last volume he had published.

"Yes," replied he, "they are more beloved than the author himself. Before people know me, they seek me in my works, they guess at me thro' the medium of my poetry; and when they come to find that I am a man like other men, they are astonished, and I fall down from the pinacle upon which they had placed me. Even you, you love the poet, but you avoid the man; you like my works, Bianca, but you shun me."

The marchioness attempted to reply.

"O! do not deny it," continued Alfieri; you shun me, and yet you appeared to comprehend me. For an instant I thought I had touched your heart. Then it was that I loved my glory, I was proud to think that I should share it with you. Ah! why did you snatch this delicious hope from me?"

The marchioness seemed affected—there was so much prayer in the count's voice, so much sensibility in his looks, that she remained as it were spell-bound beneath them; she attempted to answer, but could only stammer out a few words without meaning.

"Bianca, I beseech you, speak to me—you know that I love you; do not envy me this happiness, perhaps the last I shall ever enjoy."

"What can you mean?"

"Who knows what may happen? you know the fate which has been predicted to me."

"O! banish all such gloomy forebodings."

"Well, supposing this prophecy were about to be realized—if I were to see you now for the last time—could you refuse a dying man a word which would make him happy? Ah! you tremble.—Good God!—one word, only one—Bianca, do you love me?"

"Yes," replied the marchioness, bursting into tears, and hiding her face in her hands.

Alfieri uttered a cry of joy.

"It is then true!—She loves me!—Thanks, thanks—Bianca, dearest Bianca!"

"Ah! why did you force me to speak, if you but knew—"

"Nothing—I will hear nothing, except that you love me—weep not, fear not. Now let my destiny be accomplished."

The clock struck—the count shuddered.

"Adieu, Bianca," said he, pressing her to his bosom; "adieu!" And having disengaged himself from her arms, he rushed out of the room.

The marchioness remained motionless. A vague sensation of terror crept over her, as she thought of the misfortunes that would be the result of the confession which she had made. She then remembered the count's trouble, his precipitate flight; a horrible suspicion arose in her mind.

She ran to the garden—Alfieri was not there. She asked for Marliano—he was absent. Her heart beat as if it were ready to burst. She ran to the count's room, hardly knowing what she was about—it was empty. She rushed to the balcony. At this moment the report of a pistol was heard; she uttered a piercing cry, and tottered against the wall. Almost immediately Cellini appeared at the extremity of the garden, exclaiming—"A surgeon!"

Bianca felt the earth turn under her feet; she stretched out her arms for support, and tried to leave the window. Suddenly a noise was heard on the staircase, the door flew open—she uttered an exclamation of joy.

It was Alfieri! J. C. C.

Selected Miscellany.

From the New York Sunday Morning News.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"Married, on Tuesday, by the Rev. William Ash, THOMAS MOWITT to CHARLOTTE CONROY, both of this city."

The above marriage was consummated in this city on last Tuesday week, and thereby hangs a tale which may be well worth the attention of the lovers of the marvellous. Mr. Mowitt is a respectable boss shoemaker, who keeps several men employed, and among the rest was one named John Pelsing, who had ingratiated himself so much in his favor by his faithfulness, industry and sobriety, that he took him in partnership about three years since, and had no cause to regret his kindness. From that period, Mr. Mowitt and Mr. Pelsing were constant friends and companions, and boarded in the same house until about three months since, when one day they were subpœned for a coroner's inquest which was about to be held on the body of a man that had been taken out of the Maiden Lane dock. The deceased had all the appearance of having been a regular dock loafer, and it was the opinion of all present that he had fallen into the slip while in a state of intoxication; but the verdict—which was given in a few minutes—was merely "found drowned."

The jury being dismissed, Mr. M. turned round to look for his friend and fellow juror, who had been at his side till that moment, but he was gone; and he thought he saw him running at almost full speed up Maiden Lane. This struck him as being curious; and it also reminded him of another curious fact, (at least curious as taken in connection with his sudden flight,) namely, that when Mr. Pelsing had first glanced at the face of the corpse, he started, and turned deadly pale. Mr. M. then proceeded to his boarding house, and thence to his store to look for his partner, but he was to be found at neither; nor did he return that night; nor the next; nor the next; and two months passed away without bringing any intelligence of him, during which time Mr. Mowit had fully made up his mind that there was some mysterious connection between his friend and the man that was found drowned, and that in consequence thereof, Mr. Pelsing had in all probability made away with himself.

Well, so matters rested until a certain day in last June, when a lady called at Mr. Mowitt's store, and asked for Mr. Pelsing. She was told the particulars of his story. "And hasn't he been here since?" she inquired. "Not since," replied Mr. Mowitt. "I know he has," said the lady. "He has not, I assure you, at least to my knowledge," answered Mr. Howitt. "But I am positive," said the lady. "What proof have you of it?" inquired the shoemaker. "The best in the world," returned the stranger, "for I am here, and I and Mr. Pelsing are one and the same person." And strange as it may appear, such was the actual fact.

Well, the question then was, whether Mr. Pelsing was a gentleman, or a lady, and it turned out that she was a lady, and more than that, her name wasn't John Pelsing at all, but Charlotte Conroy, and furthermore, that she was the *widow of the man that was found drowned.* She then stated that her husband, who was a shoemaker in Philadelphia, and to whom she had been married for about two years, had treated her very badly, the consequence of which was that she picked up his trade by stealth, and when she thought she was sufficiently perfect, equipped herself in men's clothes, and ran off to this city to be more safely out of the reach of her lord and master. Here, as we have seen, she got into the employment and remained in the confidence of Mr. Mowitt until the time of the coroner's inquest, immediately after which she proceeded to Philadelphia, where she learned that her husband, (who had become a wandering loafer,) had, on the hint of some friend, set out for New York about a week before, to look for her; but where, instead of an injured wife, he found a watery grave.

The upshot of this romantic affair was, that Mr. Mowitt requested Mrs. C. to make his house her home; that after a while he found that he liked her yet better as Mrs. C., than as Mr. Pelsing; that by virtue thereof, he proposed a renewal of their terms of partnership, which was accepted; and that on last Tuesday week Mr. Mowitt and the late Mr. John Pelsing became husband and wife.

This is the first instance we believe on record wherein a wife performed the office of a coroner's juryman on the body of her own husband, or wherein a young man was married to his own master. The lady, by the way, is very good looking, and still on the safe side of thirty.

DECEPTION.—Never deceive for the sake of foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions, at the expense of a friend. Be anxious when you relate any thing to tell it just as it occurred. Never variate in the least degree. The reason why our ears are so often saluted by false reports is because people in telling real things, add a little to them, and as they pass through a dozen mouths, the original stories are turned into something quite different. So when you attempt to tell anything you have seen with your own eyes, relate it correctly in every particular: and as you grow older you will reap the advantage of this course.

THE RISING GENERATION.

We once "visited" a country school in Pumpkinville, kept by a Mr. Obediah Snooks, between a clump of alder bushes and a noted frog pond.—The object of our visit was, of course, to see what progress the "rising generation" were making in the walks of literature and science; and we can assure the reader that we came away highly gratified and much more amused.

Having seated our dignified self in the master's arm chair, we threw one leg over the other—looking as serious as a psalm book, and waiting for the first exhibition.

"Fifth class take their places to read," was the grand signal for an attack on our gravity; at which command out scampered into the middle of the floor an interesting looking lot of urchins, truly! unwashed, unshod, unshorn and uncombed was the general aspect. After they had writhed, twisted and squirmed through the reading of the monosyllables, came on spelling! Tim Titmouse, whose tow frock and checked apron ornamented the foot of the class, was a "buster" at spelling. Witness his efforts:

"Timothy, spell *hoax*."

"H, o, e, ho, a, x, ax—*hoe-ax*."

"The next, &c."

"Toe the mark, Timothy, and spell *goat*."

"G, o, go, i, t—go-it."

Next came a class in parsing.

(Master reads.) "Boys are less studious than girls, Ichabod parse boys."

"Boys is an indefinite article—imperative mood, singular tense, objective case, and agrees with girls."

"Give your rule."

"Conjunctions always connects sexes and all kinds of genders."

We sat as composedly as a keg of oysters all the while they were committing an assault and battery upon poor Lindley Murray, and never uttered a word in his defence.

"Class in geography," was the next move.

"What are the chief productions of Connecticut?"

"Onions, red flannel sassiagers and wooden clocks," cried a furzy-faced goslin from a back seat.

We then began to think about making tracks; but Mr. Snooks said he should like to have us hear his first class read—and so we halted. A chapter in the New Testament was selected, and all went on smoothly, till some Johnny Raw came to a certain verse, which he rendered thus: "He saw Abraham afar off and Leather ears in Boston!"

We grabbed our hat, and shot out of the school house like a streak; and have ever since kept clear of those places where they teach the young ideas how to shoot so *outrageously*.—*N. Y. Mer*

Lost Grandeur of South America.

ABOUT TO BE PUBLISHED TO THE WORLD.

Messrs. Catherwood and Stevens, gentlemen who lately visited us on their way to explore the ruins of Palenque, after undergoing many privations incident to their researches, have arrived in safety at New York, after suffering much from stress of weather. We understand they intend shortly giving to the world the fruits of their discoveries, which cannot but prove of immense interest, when we consider the subject to be treated of; for what can more astonish the human mind than to hear that the deserted ruins of an enormous city have been discovered, equal in size to three modern Londons; and that too built of materials, the immensity and durability of which appears almost fabulous to modern architects.—The name of this mighty mass of departed greatness is absolutely unknown either to the aborigines or present race, and what is more wonderful, the very existence of so grand a city is absolutely unmentioned by any ancient writer. The city is named Palenque, a name given to it from that of an Indian village, situated in its immediate neighborhood. It lies in a hilly province of Mexico, bordering on Poten; the site is remarkably well chosen; two opposite plains of immense extent, shelving gradually toward each other, but divided from approximation by a noble river called Usumacinte, unite in forming a noble landscape:—thus on an open plain which gently descends from the mountains, the city stands, lost in its own shadows and melancholy greatness; the graceful palm, towering cedars, the flowering Cieba, having now usurped the abode of possible preadamite Princes, and marble halls, where beauty was wont to repose and listen to the falling of transparent fountains, are now tenanted by the wild beasts of the forests; a field will thus in all probability be thrown open to the speculations of the moralists, philosopher, historian and novelist, far surpassing in point of interest the vaunted pyramids of Egypt, or the dim cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii—scientific attractions, which through the indefatigable exertions of our late visitants, are in all likelihood in a fair way of being generally diffused throughout the civilized world.—*Belize paper.*

EMMET'S LAST MOMENTS.

One day, previous to the trial, as the Governor was going his rounds, he entered Emmet's room rather abruptly; and observing a remarkable expression in his countenance he apologized for the interruption. He had a fork affixed to his little deal table, and appended to it there was a tress of hair. "You see," said he to the keeper, "how innocently I am employed. This little tress has long been dear to me, and I am plaiting it to wear on the day of my execution." On the day of that fatal event, there was found, sketched by his own hand with a pen and ink, upon that very table, an admirable likeness of himself, the head severed from the body which lay near it, surrounded by the scaffold, the axe, and all the frightful paraphernalia of a high treason execution. What a strange union of tenderness, enthusiasm and fortitude did not the above traits exhibit! His fortitude, indeed, never forsook him. On the night previous to his death, he slept soundly as ever; and when the fatal morning dawned, he arose, knelt down and prayed, ordered some milk which he drank, wrote two letters—one to his brother in America, and the other to the Secretary of State, enclosing it—and then desired the sheriff to be informed that he was ready. When they came into his room he said that he had two requests to make—one that his arms might be left as loosely as possible, which was humanely and instantly acceded. "I make the other," said he, "not under any idea that it can be granted, but that it may be held in remembrance that I have made it; it is that I may be permitted to die in my uniform."* This of course could not be granted; and the request seemed to have no other object than to show that he gloried in the cause in which he was to suffer. A remarkable example of his power over himself and others occurred at this melancholy moment. He was passing out, attended by the sheriff, and preceded by the executioner—in one of the passages stood the turnkey, who was personally assigned to him during his confinement; this poor fellow loved him in his heart, and the tears were streaming from his eyes in torrents.—Emmet paused for a moment; his hands were not at liberty—he kissed his cheek—and the man who had been an inmate of a dungeon, habituated to the scenes of horror and hardened against their operation, fell senseless at his feet. Before his eyes had opened again upon the world, those of the youthful sufferer had closed forever.

* The color of the rebel uniform was green.

WOMAN.—Perhaps one of the most indispensable and endearing qualifications of the feminine character is an amiable temper. Cold and callous must be the man who does not prize the meek and gentle spirit of a confiding woman. Her lips may not be sculptured in the line of perfect beauty, her eye may not roll in dazzling splendor, but if the native smile be ever ready to welcome and the glance fraught with clinging devotion or shrinking sensibility, she must be prized far above gold or rubies. A few moments of enduring silence would often prevent years of discord and unhappiness; but the keen retort and waspish argument too often break the chain of affection, link by link, and leave the heart with no tie to hold it but a cold and frigid duty.

A CHILD WITH SIX GRANDMOTHERS.—A gentleman, says the Boston Atlas, who lives in High street, and who is a good Whig, states this remarkable fact in the case of his own daughter.—All the names are recorded in the family Bible. The following is the order.—1st, her mother's mother, aged 42; 2d, her mother's mother's mother, 73; 3d, her mother's mother's mother's mother, 96; 4th, her father's mother, 48; 5th, her father's mother's mother, 75; 6th, her father's father's mother, 80.

The Manchester Memorial says that the most sure way for an obscure individual to become extensively known *at a blow*, is to cut off his toes. He will then be *no-tor-rious*.

European Fashions.

London Fashions for March.

BONNETS.—Several have recently appeared, composed of black velvet lined with rose colored ruche. Velvet and velours epingle continue their vogue; a great many bonnets of the latter are of light colors, as white, green color and lilac.—There is a great variety in trimmings; some are adorned with roses pompons, others with sprigs of lilac or honey suckles.

CLOAKS AND SHAWLS.—Cashmere are more in request than they have been for several winters past; their very large size, as well as their uncommon beauty, makes us not wonder at the preference given them.

MORNING DRESS.—Peignoirs have lost nothing of their vogue. The materials for them are cashmere, mouseline de laine, and foulards. The colors are always quiet, without being dark. Peignoirs are lined and wadded, plaited behind, and without seams in front; they are trimmed in the shawl style, either with velvet, peluche, or gros de Naples. The sleeves are demi-large to the wrist, which is confined by a band; we have seen a few, but indeed a very few, with the sleeves quite tight. Peignoirs are always open in front, and the under dress, either of muslin or cambric, is trimmed with embroidered flounces.

EVENING DRESS.—Velvet is in the greatest vogue for robes, always fashionable at this season of the year; it is now more so than ever. Among the most elegant those of the azure blue, trimmed with a deep blonde lace flounce, looped in festoons by red roses, forming a demi-wreath above each festoons; the roses are of a small size, and diminish gradually from the centre to the extremities of the half wreath. Other robes, composed of velvet of different colors, are trimmed with two deep falls of English point lace, disposed en tablier; they are headed with a twisted rouleau of gold or silver ribbon, according to the style of the jewelry, and terminate at the bottom in a coquille, to which a knot of ribbon is attached. Several velvet dresses, particularly those of full colors, as the deeper shades of red, are made to open upon apricot-colored satin petticoats; the latter ornamented with a deep flounce of point lace. The corsage of the robe is made a la Chatelaine, and trimmed with a band of ermine divided en V on the front; the round of the robe is encircled with a deeper band of the same costly fur.

JEWELRY.—The most remarkable articles are pins and bracelets, called Algeriens; the pins have large heads, composed of diamonds, gold, or colored stones, and with small cords and tassels, the latter composed of either pearls or small diamonds, suspended under the head of the pin; the bracelets are of gold, and fasten at the side by nœuds and tassels, those bracelets have a pretty, and, we must add, a coquettish effect, because, from their make, they must at every movement of the arm draw attention to it.

Gentlemen's Paris Fashions.

EVENING DRESS COAT.—Invisible green color, sleeves extremely short, and slash at the hand quite long, no cuffs, and made to fit very closely to the wrist—intended for a long wristband to turn up two inches on the sleeve, exposing three buttons above.

WAISTCOAT.—This garment is made very low—of green satin with purple figures, and trimmed with from three to five gilt buttons, and edged with finest gimp cord.

PANTALOONS.—This garment is usually made of light dove colored elastic cassimere.

STOCKS AND CRAVATS.—White satin stock is usually worn with evening party dress, and for promenade; half neglige, a fancy figured silk scarf, of sufficient length to pass twice around the neck, tie with a square knot, and extend down the bosom to near the bottom of the vest, and attached to the bosom just above the close of the vest, with a pin, having attached to it three artificial leaves of peach tree blossoms, making the length of the embellishment of the pin about three inches long and two wide.

BOOTS AND PUMPS—are made much narrower (and square) at the toe than when last reported.

HATS—are bell crowned, with large brims considerably concaved, with wide band and binding, and with the curl not so sharp as when last reported.

GLOVES.—Light chamois and silk maintain the preference.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1841.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We publish a certain communication, after having made *thirty-six corrections*. We would not have done so but for the urgent request of the individual who left it. *Thirty-six corrections* in only *twenty-eight lines!* We are ashamed of ourselves for having done it. Another article by the same author we *might* correct in like manner and give it publicity; but we *wont* do it.

"TALE OF THE GENESEE COUNTRY,"—an unusually good communication—is delayed for want of space. It shall be published in our next.

"ETHBERT ELLY," and the "FAY OF TRENTON FALLS," by an esteemed contributor, will also have a place in our next.

The ☞ poetry ☜ about a "SNOB AND HIS STALL," although we bow reverentially to the author of such unreached-and-unreachable grandeur, we must decline publishing; as it is a *leatle* out of our line of business. However, that our readers may have a faint glimpse of its now veiled sublimity, we give the second stanza, *verbatim et literatim*;

"six days i may work that is if i thinK it fit
the sevanth i ceeps holy By cutting my Kit
i Whet up my tooles from my Knife to the awl
feels as Content as a prince when i am placed on my stall."

NANCY'S Lines to her *eety pooty ting, mamma's own darlin tweetest ketur*, puts us in mind of the old song which readeth as follows:

"Rock o by-o buby bunting,
Papa's gone a hunting,
To find a rabbit skin
To wrap my by-o baby bunting in;
Mamma's gone a milking,
Sister's gone a silking:
Brother's gone a hunting,
And papa's gone a hunting,
To find a rabbit skin
To wrap my by-o baby bunting in."

"J. E. D." is gladly welcomed to our columns. Shall we not be often favored by his pen?

"The Northern Light."

This is the title of a monthly quarto publication recently commenced at Albany, the first number of which we have received. It is conducted by JOHN A. DIX, T. ROMEYN BECK, AMOS DEAN, GIDEON HAWLEY, THOMAS W. ALCOTT, and EDWARD C. DELAVAN—gentlemen of well known ability. It will embrace four distinct branches of inquiry and intelligence, viz:

1st. Political Economy;
2d. Agriculture;
3d. Literary and Scientific Miscellany;
4th. General Intelligence.

On the important subject of Political Economy, the columns of the paper, according to its prospectus, "will be open to all persons who think proper to discuss the public questions referred to, upon the sole conditions, that their communications shall be free from *partisan politics*, and that they be given to the public under their own signatures."

In the department of Agriculture, the best selections will be made from foreign and American periodicals.

The department of Literary and Scientific Miscellany, will embrace a variety of interesting and important subjects.

We have read the number of the "Northern Light" before us, with considerable attention.—It contains articles from the pens of Mr. DIX, Dr. BECK and Miss SEDGWICK, all of which are of sterling worth, besides a variety of useful statistical information.

TERMS—One dollar per year; six copies for five dollars; one hundred copies for twenty-five dollars. WM. H. ENOS is agent for this city.

FLOOD OF THE GENESEE.

During the past week, the Genesee river at this place, has presented an appearance of unusual grandeur. Early in the week evidence was furnished that the river and its tributaries had become fairly broken up, by the vast quantities of ice and floodwood that came floating down.—These were accompanied with a rise of the water, which by degrees mounted higher and higher until Thursday morning, when it appeared to be stationary, having reached an elevation at least equal to that of the great freshet of October, 1835, which is generally conceded to have been the highest previously known to the present generation. Since Thursday the water has been gradually subsiding.

Some maintain, and not without plausible arguments, that the late freshet exceeded that of 1835. It is worthy of note, that the measurements that have been made to ascertain the relative height of the water at these different periods, were at points only some forty or fifty rods above the extensive excavations that have been going on for the last year or two in the bed of the river, a short distance above the new aqueduct. These excavations must have given an additional velocity to the water, and thus lessoned the elevation it otherwise would have attained. But if at these points the water was as high as in 1835, it is not unreasonable to suppose that at a point farther up the river, where the current was not affected by the excavations, the water during the late freshet must have been some inches higher than in 1835.

The immense volume of water with which the river has been swollen, has rendered the Falls an object of peculiar attraction. A view of them from the eastern shore, has been well calculated to make our citizens proud of the noble cataract with which nature has furnished them, and at the same time to inspire them with awe at its newly acquired majesty. The mighty rush of water, the final plunge, the parting sheet, the continual roar, the rising spray, and the variegated rainbow tints—all must have made an impression upon the mind of the beholder which even the obliterating finger of time will find it no easy task to erase.—And then the many gigantic trees that have been precipitated over the cataract, has afforded a sight not wholly devoid of interest. Poising for a moment upon the very brink, and then plunging swiftly down, the mind has irresistibly associated them with the ill-fated SAM PATCH and his last leap from the same giddy spot.

From the Railroad bridge, a few rods above the Falls, a view of the river has been attended with more thrilling interest, than that obtained at any other point. The lightning speed of the current, reaching within a few feet of the stringers, and a consciousness of the yawning chasm a short distance below, had an influence upon the imagination which words would fail to describe. As we stood there on Wednesday, we could not avoid exclaiming, in language similar to the great English poet,

How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes below!

We have not learned that the freshet has been attended with any fatal consequences to human life. The damage, however, to property, has been great. Of our citizens, Messrs. J. & D. GRAVES are probably the greatest sufferers. The beam room and yard of their extensive tannery have been under water since Tuesday, the former to the depth of about eighteen inches, and the latter about twelve inches. At that point of the river where their tannery is situated, the water, owing principally to the contraction of the river and the new dam below, has been nearly two feet higher than it was ever known to be before.

On the opposite side of the river from the Messrs. GRAVES, the water rushed over the wall below the market, overflowing the lots between that place and the Railroad Depot, and rendering Andrews-st. bridge impassable. The water also found its way into the lower story of the market, where at one time it was about two feet deep.

On the night of Tuesday, the water forced its way through the imbankment immediately above the Jail, doing some damage to the yard, and at one time threatening a *general jail delivery*, but by the timely and unwearied exertions of our authorities and citizens, the breach was repaired by noon of the next day.

The piers of our bridges and the arches of our aqueducts have been but little obstructed.

The residence of Mr. JOHN BIDEN, on the bank of the river near Corn Hill, has been surrounded with water for some days, to the depth of about two feet. The safety of the family made it necessary for them to leave the premises. Considerable damage must have been done to the garden, fruit trees and shrubbery of Mr. B.

The head of Exchange street was inundated during Wednesday and Thursday.

The little village at the Rapids, two miles above the city, has been mostly inundated—so much as to render boats indispensable as a means of conveyance from one house to another. At the same place, on Wednesday, it was found necessary to throw up an imbankment, in order to prevent the water from rushing into the Feeder of the Canal.

We have not any very definite information of the damage up the river. It is rumored that at Scottsville, the imbankments of the Genesee Valley Canal have been materially injured, and that the extensive flats above and below Geneseo, have been overflown, and great damage done to crops. The smaller streams above, have all been swollen to an unusual extent, and many mills, bridges, &c. carried away, and others more or less damaged.

Married, on the 3d ult., in Fayette, Wisconsin Territory, Mr. Joseph Beem to Miss Susan Moat.

This is another illustration of the fitness of *things*. Mr. Beem got a *Moat* in his eye, and Miss Moat got a *Beem* in *her* eye. Mr. Beem couldn't pluck the *Moat* out of his eye—Miss Moat couldn't take the *Beem* out of her eye.—Here was a difficulty—the case was urgent—something must be done—Mr. Beem felt bad, Miss Moat felt bad, and at last, like wise folks, they called in the parson, who expounded the whole matter in a manner at once the most conclusive and satisfactory. Go it, matrimony.

☞ The population of the State of New York, is 2,429,476. Of this number there are employed in the pursuit of agriculture, 456,475; in commerce, 28,595; in manufactures and trade, 102,576; in navigation of the ocean, 5,560; in mining, 1,830; in navigation of the canals, lakes and rivers, 10,061; in the learned professions and as engineers, 14,231.

A SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.—M. Gliech, a German author, lately died in Vienna, leaving a fortune of $110,000, gained entirely by his pen. He had during his life written 215 romances, each from two to five volumes; 300 dramatic pieces, the most of which were successful. He left an only daughter, a singer in one of the Theatres.

☞ Meat and vegetables are extremely dear in France. Beef of the poorest kind is thirty-two cents a pound, and cabbages ten cents a piece.—Bread, however, is cheap, being only three cents a pound.

Salt Mountain and Mine.

The Northern Light contains an extract from a lecture delivered before the Young Men's Association of Albany, by Dr. BECK, on the "History and Practical Uses of Minerals." From this extract it would appear, that one of the most remarkable localities of rock salt in the world, is a mountain at Cardona, in Spain. This mountain is 663 feet high and 1200 feet in breadth at its base, and seems to be an isolated mass, the surrounding country being composed of slate and compact limestone. The surface is destitute of vegetation. It consists of vertical and usually parallel beds of salt, clay and gypsum, alternately with each other. The salt is either transparent or translucent, and is so pure, that in order to convert it into the whitest article for culinary uses, it is merely ground in mills.

Nothing, it is said, can compare with the magnificence of the spectacle which this mountain exhibits at sunrise. Besides the beautiful form that it presents, it appears to rise above the river, like a mountain of precious gems, displaying the various colors produced by the refraction of the solar rays, like a prism.

As a proof of the dryness of the climate and the purity of the salt, it may be mentioned that the inhabitants employ it in making snuff-boxes and vases, with other ornaments and trinkets.

This mine belongs to the crown of Spain, and yields a very fair revenue. The only mode of conveyance from the mine, is on the back of mules, over rugged mountain passes and dangerous defiles, though a canal might be readily cut to the sea at a small expense, and thus the whole of Spain supplied at a moderate rate from this immense deposit.

Near Cracow, in Poland, there is a very extensive salt mine, excavated in a ridge of hills belonging to the Carpathian chain of mountains.—This mine is mentioned in the Polish Annals, as having been worked in 1237, and even then this is not spoken of as a new discovery. In 1780, this mine was visited by Coxe, the celebrated English traveller. The breadth of the excavation was then 1115 feet, its length 6691 feet, and its depth below the surface 743 feet. Its depth has since been increased to 860 feet.

The salt in this mine commences about 200 feet from the top of the earth, the quality improving in proportion to the depth at which it is obtained. Its color is of an iron grey, and when pounded, has the dark ash color of brown salt. It is almost as hard as stone, and the miners are obliged to hew it with pick-axes and hatchets into blocks. The heavier blocks are raised by a windlass, but the smaller ones are carried up by horses, along a winding gallery.

One of the curiosities always pointed out to travellers, is several small chapels excavated in the salt, in which mass is said on certain days of the year. One of these chapels is about thirty feet long and twenty-five broad—the altar, the crucifix, the ornaments of the church and the statues of the several saints, all being carved out of the solid salt.

HERE'S A CHANCE.—The following advertisement, under the head of "Wife Wanted," is in the Batesville (Ark.) News:

"Any gal what's got a bed, Calico dress, Coffee pot and skillet, knows how to make a huntin' shirt, and knows how to take care of children, can have my services till death parts both on us."

The following, from the New Orleans Crescent is very good;

"Why is a young lady like a careful housewife? Because her *waist is as little* as she can make it."

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

INDISTINCTNESS OF EXPRESSION.—The poet Congreve affords an odd instance of indistinctness of expression. In one of his plays, a father intends to pray that the number of *mercies* bestowed by heaven on his son, may *double* that of the hairs which sorrow rends from his own aged head; but, according to the text, he only invokes for his son a two-fold quantity of hair! "Let every *hair*, which sorrow by the roots tears from my hoary and devoted head, be *doubled* in thy mercies to my son!"

AN APPROPRIATE REPLY.—When the Neapolitans summoned the French commandant of the castle of St. Angelo, at Rome, to surrender, the gallant soldier pointed to the bronze angel on the turret, which is represented brandishing a sword, and answered to the summons, that he would capitulate when the angel sheathed his sword, and not before.

BENEFIT OF EARLY RISING.—There is a class of people in London, whose *profession* it is to rise before day and commence their peregrinations about the city, searching for objects lost the previous night and evening by the million and a half who swarm the streets. These persons often make fortunes.

COURSE OF RIVERS.—In Potter county, Pa., within the space of five miles, are found the head waters of the Allegany, Susquehannah and Genesee rivers—the first flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, the second into the Chesapeake, and the third into Lake Ontario.

ANCIENT MODE OF ADVANCING IN THE WORLD.—It is a curious state of affairs, so often revealed by history, when to satisfy his antipathies or disentangle himself from rivals, a man coolly proceedeth to cut the throats of all his friends and relations whom he suspects to be at all in his way.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE.—Gibbon, in his elegant history, states as his opinion, that the human race is undergoing a steady, broad and general improvement. There is likely to be abundant room for improvement for centuries to come.

A WHITE AND RED ROSE.—The poet Bonnetous sent the object of his affection two roses, one white and the other of the most brilliant carnation; the white to represent the paleness of his countenance, and the carnation the warmth of his heart.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.—These are often as great annoyances to the bearers as receivers. The latter are too apt to consider the former with a certain secret feeling of condescension, which is not unfrequently betrayed in their actions.

SELF ANATOMY.—A man's true character is a greater secret to himself than to others; if he judges himself he is partial, and if he asks the opinion of others, he is deceived.

FINE.—The terms "board and lodging" are becoming exploded; the phraseology creeping into advertisements and notices in the windows now is, "board and residence."

ATTRITION OF IRON.—It has been calculated, by an engineer of eminence, that every four horse coach deposites twelve pounds of iron in every 100 miles it travels upon a McAdamized road.

WOMAN'S HEART.—A writer beautifully remarks, that "a woman's heart is love and song united."

AIGLE.—The town of Aigle, in Switzerland, is built entirely of black marble, found in the neighborhood.

Odds and Ends.

A dandy, who wanted the milk passed to him, at one of our taverns, thus asked for it: "Landlady, please pass your cow down this way." To whom the lady thus retorted: "Waiter, take this cow down to where the calf is bleating."

An ambitious youth thought to become a second Napoleon and enlisted in the army. He did not overtake the knowledge of his error until a little drummer slapped his chops, when he ran home to his mother.

PHRENOLOGICAL.—Hood in his novel of Tylney Hall says that, phrenologists have never satisfactorily accounted for the fact that when a man is puzzled, he scratches his head.

"My dear," said a lady to a little girl, "what is the matter with your mother?" "She's got the *rebellious* fever, ma'am." A somewhat common disorder among married women.

"What is being in season, father?" "Very simple question, child—being in SEA-son is tumbling into the Atlantic Ocean, or, for that matter, into any other ocean."

"My son, you are too noisy." "Pooh! father, I'm naturally *boy-stir-us*." That's a joke of Streeter's perpetration. So is this;—"A wood cutter is undoubtedly a *hew*-man being."

A Galveston paper says there is a young lady in Texas, each of whose feet measures eighteen inches. It is the first time we ever heard of *two feet* making a yard.

A lady advertises for sale in a southern paper, *one baboon, three tabby cats and a parrot.* She states that being married she has no further use for them.

In the reign of Charles the First, the mayor of Norwich actually sent a man to prison for saying that the Prince of Wales was born without a shirt to his back.

If you ever get so far gone over a drinking table, as to attempt to snuff your companion's nose instead of a candle, you may take it for granted that your very nigh drunk!

Digby fell down the other slippery morning.—As he sat on the ground he muttered, "I have no desire to see the city burnt down, but devoutly wish the streets were *laid in ashes.*"

We learn that in Richmond, an "Anti-borrowing-your-neighbor's-news-paper-every-day-and-thus-cheating-the-printer-out-of-his-honest-and-hard-earned-dues-Society," is about to be formed.

A writer in a western paper defines happiness, going to church on the Sabbath and looking at the pretty girls rigged out in their Sunday fixins.

We like to see young men and girls staring at each other in church; it shows a disposition to obey the command, "let us love one another."

"Tom, what do you see in the newspaper?"—"Nothing!" "Pooh! they put that in every day."

Did you ever know a young lady that did not have some very curious pieces of sewing, that she wouldn't let the young gentlemen see?

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." A very doubtful adage. We have just seen the marriage of Peleg Rowlinstone to Miss Ophelia Morse.

Among the Chinese there are seven grounds of divorce, of which the fourth is talkativeness in women.

It is a bad arrangement to sit in the dress circle of a theatre, sound asleep with your tongue hanging out of your mouth.

A saint will hazard his credit to save his conscience, rather than hazard his conscience to save his credit.

Did you ever know a lady with a handsome set of white teeth put her hand over them when she laughed?

We are accustomed to love most tenderly those beings for whom we have most suffered or struggled.

He who gives you fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon.

MUSICAL.—"*Git tar,*" as the Yankee said to his wagon, when it became musical.

"A picked up dinner," said the dog as he stole a beef-steak.

GOOD.—Kate never works, how can she? she reads "Night and Morning."—Billy's last.

CHARITY—Giving to the poor—advice.

Original Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Elf-King: a Ballad.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

"Wer reitet so spæt durch Nacht und Wind?" &c.

Who rides there so late through the night-wind so wild?
It is a fond father who carries his child;
He circles the boy with his tender right arm;
He holds him secure, and he nestles him warm.

—"My son, why conceal'st thou thy face with affright?"
—"Oh father, behold there—yon terrible sight—
The Elf-king all crowned, in his garments, is there!"
—"My son, it is nothing but a mist-wreath, in air!"

—"Oh come, thou dear child, to my palace with me,
Right beautiful sports will I play there with thee:
For thee, while the flowers their petals unfold,
My mother shall fashion rich vestures of gold!"

—"Oh father, dear father, list, hear the Elf-king,
So kindly, so gently his promises bring!"
—"'Tis only, my fondling—now quiet thy mind—
The rustling of leaves in the murmuring wind."

—"Oh beautiful boy, come and hasten with me!
My daughters shall watch and shall wait upon thee:
For thee a gay vigil of dancing shall keep;
And nightly with singing shall lull thee to sleep!"

—"His daughters! my father, look yonder and see,
They smile, and they beckon—they are waiting for me!"
—"I see them, my darling—as well as I may—
The old branching willows, all mossy and gray!"

—"Thy beauty allures me, fair boy, I must use
My power to compel thee, since thou dost refuse!"
—"Oh help me! my father—he seizes on me,
He grasps me and wounds me, and tears me from thee!"

Now shudders the father, and speeds through the wild,
And clasps the more closely the deep sobbing child;
He reaches his home—while he pants with alarms—
And finds that his fondling lies dead in his arms!

Rochester. J. E. D.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Our Babe.

Thou pledge of love to me and mine,
A stranger in this world of ours,
As fair and fleeting as its flowers,
A long and happy life be thine!
May mercy's sun upon thee shine,
And light thee up to heaven at last,
When all thy days of life are past,
Though weak and helpless, now thou art,
The object of thy father's love,
A precious gift sent from above,
Most dear unto thy mother's heart,—
Soon broken, if we soon must part!
O! she would nurse thee night and day,
If thou wilt with thy mother stay.
May Heaven hear thy parents' prayer,
Which daily we put up for thee,
That long thy future life may be;
And we will duty's burthen bear,
And bring thee up with pious care.
Whate'er shall come, oh! may we say—
Bless God who gives and takes away. A.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Parting.

Friend of my better days, my childhood years,
Come and sit near me now; this fleeting hour
May be the last perchance, that we shall spend
Together in this world. In by-gone years,
Of fragrant memory to my fainting heart,
We held sweet converse, while we sat and mused
Beneath this spreading oak, and said and sung
Of friendships, lasting as the stars of night;
Or wandering arm in arm along the marge
Of yonder winding stream, the sun rolled o'er
The skies from east to west so rapidly
We counted not the hours, until the night
Threw over us his opaque shadow.
Ah!
Too soon those days are past, yet the same sun
And shade and stream are here, as then they were.
But oh! how changed are nearly all things else!
The ancient landmarks, groves and domes are gone,
Old friends are absent, or estranged, or dead,
While I am dying too! Ah! do not weep,
But cheer me in my mortal hour.
There! hark!
The merry birds sing full as witchingly
From yonder bough, and the bright flowers perfume
The zephyrs, with the same odorous fragrancy.
That village church-bell rings the hour of noon
Upon the summer-sky, with mellow chimes
We oft have heard in former days; oh! list!
The solemn sweetly sounding melody,—
It dies away into the dome of Heaven,—
My spirit rises with it to the throne
Of God, where sweetest songs forever dwell.
This is a solemn, precious parting hour.
Dear friend, farewell, for I must leave thee now,
But not forever.
May the Archangel's trump
Call our freed spirits to unchanging love,
In the bright realms of endless bliss above! C.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Temperance Ode.

Oh let us raise a cheerful song,
With spirits free and light,
Let every heart and every tongue
With rapturous joy unite.

Yet bring not here the sparkling wine,
Though in the goblet fair,
A deadly poison lurks within,
Yea bitterness is there.

We need it not to give us life,
To make us glad and gay;
The cup engenders love and strife,
Away with it—away!

Let gratitude our hearts inspire,
And praise each lip employ;
Be ours alone the hallowed fire
That gives exalted joy.

Praise Him who made pure streams abound,
And gave the fountains birth;
Who sent the chrystal waters round
To gladden all on earth.

No poisonous drug has He prepared;
No draught His hand hath given,
By which the precious soul is snared,
And lured from joys of heaven.

Such work is wrought by man alone,
And he the guilt must bear,
Of ruin'd thousands who will groan
Forever in despair.

Let sober contemplation rise
To God the glorious King;
Resound His goodness through the skies,
And praise eternal sing. A. C. P.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Sleigh-Ride.

Ere Winter flies so quick away,
Let me describe one scene;
'Tis worthy well my humble lay,
A joy I much esteem.
When Phœbus' light is no more seen,
When earth is clothed in snow,
When paths are beaten hard and clean,
How merry does a sleigh-ride go!

I love the thoughts the bells inspire,
I love the swiftest course;
I feel no want of crackling fire,
Nor mind the swift wind's force.
When wrapt in furs or buffalo's hide
Beside the one most dear,
We haste upon our joyous ride
So free from care or fear.

Whilst merry bells do ring their peal,
And joys are oft confessed;
While bounding coursers show their zeal,
And secret love's expressed:
Yes, swiftly thus the storm we try,
The rushing of the breeze;
In haste o'er hills and dales we fly,
Nor envy fireside ease.

Kenyon College. H.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Majesty of Nature.

How grand, how wise, and how sublimely great,
That Power which rules in majesty and state
Each rolling orb! Whom elements obey,
And steal at his command from earth away!
Where are they now? In what recess confined?
Where hides the tempest, and where sleeps the wind?
No breeze now ruffles nature's wide domain;
All calm, all pleasant, all harmonious reign:
But He, from whom sea-severed realms sink low,
And at whose beck appears the signet bow,
Can move upon the winds whene'er he please,
And call tornadoes from the gentle breeze.
Ere long, is seen, approaching from yon west,
Some black'ning cloud, in awful splendor dress'd;
Portentous, nature's power and wrath advance,
And roll athwart etherial's vast expanse!
Lightnings outstrip the wild careering wind,
And dash their bolts, the mountain rocks to rend.
Where now the place of safety? What retreat,
When nature reels, hurled from her ancient seat?
Around the brazen voice of fury roars;
Huge billows dash along the extended shores;
The trembling deeps, in open caverns yawn,
And rend the air with many a hideous groan.
Where that frail craft, before the wind that sped,
Unfurled her canvas wide and proudly spread?
Sunk in the deep, no one her doom to tell,
And nought bout thunder peals her funeral knell?
C. W. C.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 16th inst., by Rev. C. B. McKee, Mr. JAMES S. CUMMINGS to Miss JANE McLEOD, both of this city.

In Groveland Livingston county, on the 25th inst., James G. Birney to Elizabeth P. Fitzhugh.

In Palmyra, on the 18th inst., by Rev. R. Mann, Mr. Richard Brumfield to Miss Electa Eggleston. On the 21st inst., by Rev. I. C. Goff, Mr. William Ingersoll to Miss Elizabeth M. Lee.

In Macedon, on the 14th inst., by Rev. John Searl, Deacon Valentine Perry, of Perinton, to Miss Abigail Gannett, of the former place.

In Vernon, Ohio, on the 10th inst., by Rev. James Gilman, Rev. C. KINGSLEY, of Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., to Miss DELIA SCUDDER, of the former place, daughter of Mr. M. Scudder, formerly of Ontario county, N. Y.

In Geneseo, on the 18th inst., by Rev. Mr. Harmon, Mr. Uri Norton, of Elba, to Miss Susan Wattles, of Geneseo.

At Hornby Lodge, Nunda Falls, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. James A. Bolles, of Batavia, Mr. ELIHU H. MUMFORD, of Mumfordville, to Miss MARY A. JOHNSON, daughter of Elisha Johnson, Esq., of the city of Rochester, now temporarily a resident of Nunda Falls.

In Wheatland, on the 17th inst., by Rev. J. Middleton, Mr. Bennet Grey, of South Chili, to Miss Anna Sage, of Wheatland.

In Riga, on the 18th inst., by Rev. J. Middleton, Mr. Alanson Tourgee, of South Chili, to Miss Sarah Maria Palmer of Riga.

In Lima, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Prof. S. Seagar, Mr. Daniel L. Dusinberre, of Le Roy, to Miss Eliza F. Stevens, of Warsaw.

In Bethany, on the 11th inst., by Rev. Joel Johnson, Mr. Peleg Cornwell to Miss Mercy Richards, all of Bethany.

In Perry, on the 18th ult., by Rev. J. R. Page, Mr. Daniel J. Keyes, of Portage, to Miss Almira Potter, of Gainsville.

In Gates, on the 16th inst., by S. A. Yerkes, Esq., Mr. William B. Gage to Miss Angeline Perkins, all of Gates.

In Warsaw, on the 4th inst., by Rev. B. Wilcox, Eli Rood, Esq., of Wethersfield, to Miss Emeline Monroe, of the former place.

In York, on the 25th ult., by Rev. A. Kelsey, Mr. Darius Ferris, of Leicester, to Miss Almira Davis, of York.

In Albion, on the 11th inst., by Rev. Mr. Parsons, Mr. Berry Hoag to Miss Adelia Fuller.

In Wheatland, on the 4th. inst., by Rev. Donald C. McLaren, of Caledonia, Mr. Andrew J. McDermid to Miss Harriet A. Hall, eldest daughter of Clark Hall, Esq., all of Wheatland.

At Sparta, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. Thomas Aitken, Mr. James S. Hammond, to Miss Maria Gillespie, granddaughter of the late Rev. Andrew Gray.

In Quincy, Ill., March 4th, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. SYLVESTER M. BARTLETT, Editor of the Quincy Whig, and formerly of Rochester, N. Y., to Miss JULIA ODELL.

At Payson, Ill., on Tuesday evening, the 23d Feb., by the Rev. H. Brown, Mr. Milus Gay to Miss Amanda Brown, both of Payson.

In Attica, on the 11th inst., by Daniel S. Maxson, Esq., Mr. Eliphalet C. Pease, of Dansville, to Miss Mary Maxson, of the former place. On the same day, by the same, Mr. Lucius S. Balcom to Miss Sarah D. Gleason. On the 28th ult., by Elder Plumb, Dr. M. B. Angle to Miss Hannah Whaley. On the same day by the same, Mr. Amos Carr to Miss Mary Kent. On the 4th inst., Mr. Willard Ward to Miss Mary Smith.

THE GEM AND AMULET

IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY

SHEPARD & STRONG.

Terms.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 17, 1841. No. 8.

Original Tales

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

TALE OF THE GENESEE COUNTRY.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

It is well known to all who are familiar with the history of our country, that for many years after the close of the revolutionary war, and almost until the commencement of the present century, the greater part of the state of New York, west of what is now the beautiful city of Utica, was a dreary wilderness, inhabited chiefly by indians and wolves, with here and there a small settlement made by some adventurous New Englanders, who, in quitting their native states for "the Genesee country," seemed, to those whom they left behind, to incur more danger than we now fear for emigrants to the mouth of the Columbia. When any young man, actuated by that spirit of adventure which has carried travelers to the most remote regions of the earth, made known his determination to seek his fortune in the Genesee country, prayers were offered for him in the churches, and his friends, after providing for him all the necessaries and comforts adapted to his situation, bade him adieu, as one whom they should never see again; who must pay the penalty of his rashness, and perish by the western fever, if he escaped the indian tomahawk. One of these pioneers is the hero of our story, the principal incidents of which are strictly true.

It was on a lovely evening in one of the last days of a New England summer, that any one, passing through the quiet street of a pretty but nameless village in Massachusetts, might have seen, standing under a fine elm tree near a substantial looking farm-house, a young man and a beautiful girl. The latter was leaning against the tree, with her hands clasped listlessly before her, and an expression of deep sadness on her fine face, as if she had just heard of some overwhelming sorrow. Her companion was standing at a little distance, and his dark eyes were fixed on her with a look of the deepest tenderness. There was silence for a minute or two, and it was broken by the young man, who said, as he came to her side, and took one of her hands in his, "Speak to me, dearest Hester, and tell me that I am doing right. You who have shown so much energy and fortitude, will not give up now, I am sure. You have heard the old women tell stories of the Genesee country, till you think it is a thousand times worse than it really is."

Hester raised her tearful eyes from the ground, and after one or two vain attempts to speak, replied, "And if I have shown energy and fortitude, Arthur, it has been when I alone was concerned, but now, when I hear you talk of going into that wild country, where you will almost surely be sick, and where there will be none to watch over you, and even if you escape the fever, there are those terrible indians,—how can I even think of hope now?"

The poor girl burst into a passion of tears at the picture her fancy conjured up, of her lover sickening and dying in the western woods, and while he is endeavoring to restore her to composure, we will go back a few years, and introduce more formally the pair who have appeared so abruptly. Arthur Landon was the son of one of the earliest martyrs of the revolution—his father was killed while fighting bravely in one of our first battles, and left his widow and little Arthur almost destitute. After her husband's death, Mrs. Landon seemed to live only for her son, who, at the time of their bereavement, was only old enough to totter about the room, and add fresh poignancy to the widow's grief by his enquiries for "dear father." She reared him with a care and delicacy unusual in those simple days; and having herself received an education superior to that usually bestowed upon women then, determined, as soon as he was old enough, to teach him herself, and if possible, have him fitted for college. Many were the lectures the poor woman received from her neighbors, on the folly of keeping Arthur poring over his books in the house, when he might have been riding a plough horse, and learning, young as he was, to earn a living, instead of being a burden to his mother. But her mind was made up—"his father meant he should go to college," was her answer to the well meant remonstrances of her friends; and to college it seemed destined that he was to go.

The old minister, who felt almost a father's interest in Mrs. Landon, volunteered to teach Arthur the requisite quantity of Latin and Greek, and his mother was fully competent to give him such an English education as was necessary. Our young hero was a bold, bright, active boy, who, it must be confessed, studied more from conformity to the wishes of his mother, than from any decided inclination of his own, and dearly did he love sometimes to escape from Latin grammars and Greek lexicons, to take practical lessons in farming, from one of their near neighbors.

When Arthur was about sixteen years old, his mother died, and only a few weeks afterward, his only remaining friend, the old minister, breathed his last in the orphan's arms. Mrs. Landon's dying charge to her son had been, to continue his studies, and go through college; but much as the poor boy wished to obey this last request, the case seemed almost hopeless. A short time after he had been left alone, however, chance threw a distant cousin of his mother in his way, who offered him a home with him, and the same advantages his own son was enjoying—he could study with their minister, if he would also assist in the labor of the farm. Arthur eagerly accepted the kind offer, though leaving the village where his mother was buried, seemed almost like another death, and accompanied Mr. Price to his farm, nearly a hundred miles from his own early home. The kindness of his relations, and that great consoler, Time, made him, after a while, as happy as ever; and at the close of two years, he left his second home for college; with grief for his departure only softened by the hope that he might, during the ensuing winter, be able to obtain the post of schoolmaster in that pretty village, in order to defray his college expenses, a custom then very common among those young men who were unable to obtain an education otherwise. Among his dearest recollections of L——, were the bright eyes and brighter smiles of Hester Marion, whom he had, for the last two years, regularly escorted home from singing school, and such other gatherings of youths and maidens as were permitted by the strictness of the time. Hester was two years younger than Arthur, and, like him, had been left an orphan in a distant part of the state; but she was almost an infant at the time of her parent's death, and having been immediately adopted and brought to L. by her uncle, the clergyman with whom Arthur studied, was an orphan only in name; and seldom did anything occur to damp the innocent gaiety of her heart. Her sympathies were awakened for the sad looking boy who came to her uncle's to recite, and in a short time they became sworn friends, and continued so until Arthur left L. for college—when they parted with many promises of affectionate remembrance. Hester was to use all her influence to obtain the school for Arthur, and both knew the power she possessed over the good old man, who loved her as his own child. He willingly consented to do all that he could to give the school to Landon, and though some of the deacons demurred at first, on the ground that the young man was not a "professor," and others thought him too much inclined to levity, all difficulties were at last smoothed, and Arthur joyfully took possession of the school-house. Again their lives went on like the unbroken surface of a stream. Arthur taught school half the year, and spent the other half in college. Hester remained at her uncle's; now the plighted bride of Arthur Landon, when he should have finished his college career, and found some means of supporting her; and the course of their love seemed likely to run so smoothly that it might almost be doubted whether it were true. But their trials were to come.

The last year of Arthur's college life was nearly at an end, when Hester's guardian and friend died suddenly, leaving only the memory of his virtues behind him. The poor girl, utterly destitute, and without a place to call home, gratefully accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with Mrs. Price, but her pride and delicacy forbade her to remain long under their roof, and, giving her acquaintances to understand that she should probably return to her native place, she left L. without any one knowing exactly what her plans were.

As Arthur's examination was so near, it had been impossible for him to leave college at the time of his old friend's death, but the moment he was at liberty, he hastened home, to see and comfort his poor Hester. His grief and anxiety may be imagined when he heard that she had been gone for a fortnight, and discovered, from a letter she had left for him with Mrs. Price, that it was her intention to find some place where she was unknown, and maintain herself by her own exertions. After detailing her plans, the letter ended thus—"And when I have found a place, dear Arthur, where I can earn my own bread in peace and quiet, I will write to you again, and you may come and see me, if you are not too proud to acknowledge *a hired girl* as your destined wife—until then, farewell. Do not try to find me, but do not forget your own Hester."

Arthur was not of a temper to remain quiet under such circumstances, but in spite of his efforts, it was some weeks before he gained the least clue to her flight. Poor Hester, in the mean time, af-

ter winding and doubling like a hare, had reached a delightful village at a safe distance from L., and there commenced her search for a place. She enquired at one or two houses if they wanted any one to spin, but one old lady said, "We don't hire our spinning. I've got four lively daughters of my own, that can spin all our wool." Another would have been glad to engage her a few weeks earlier, but their spinning was nearly done.—Hester was almost discouraged, but resolved to make one more attempt, and went into a large, comfortable looking house, where she was received by a pleasing looking woman, evidently in ill-health. Her enquiry if she could have work met with an almost immediate affirmative, and after a few enquiries from the mistress of the house, she was taken into a room where three or four wheels were whirring busily to the songs and conversation of as many good looking girls. An unoccupied wheel stood in a corner; and Mrs. Howe, Hester's new employer, gave that, with some wool into her charge, and telling her that she might try her skill, and that she should probably be glad to engage her, left the room. The tears rose thick and fast to the poor girl's eyes, as she threw off her bonnet and shawl and prepared to commence her work. She was conscious that she was the subject of the conversation among the others, which had ceased at her entrance, and was now resumed, but in a lower tone, and she felt all the embarrassment of a stranger in such circumstances; but as her thoughts reverted to her own sad situation, she became almost unconscious of the scrutiny she was undergoing, and her wheel turned mechanically till they were all summoned to the evening meal.

Mrs. Howe, who was a woman of feeling and penetration, soon decided that there was something unusual about her new inmate; but though Hester was grateful for her kindness, not a word ever escaped her by which any thing could be guessed of her previous history. Her quiet sadness and unfailing industry soon gained the good will of her companions; and though she seemed now to have found the quiet home she wished for, she hesitated to write to her lover. "I wonder if Arthur has tried to find me?" was a thought that rose to her mind a hundred times a day. She remembered her injunctions to him not to seek for her, but with woman's inconsistency, she hoped her commands were disobeyed.

She had been for several weeks at her new residence, when after tea one evening, Mrs. Howe, who saw the cheek of her young charge grow constantly paler and thinner, proposed to her to go to a house about half a mile distant, on pretence of an errand, but in the hope that exercise in the open air might revive her. Hester was returning slowly from her walk, her eyes fixed on the ground, and pondering over her sorrows, when she heard her name pronounced in a voice that thrilled to her heart, and in a moment her hands were clasped in Arthur Landon's. A short time sufficed for explanations on her side, and for Arthur's account of his wandering in search of her, and then, slowly as they walked, they had reached Hester's home. She left Arthur at the gate, and went in to deliver the message. Mrs. Howe looked with evident surprise at her flushed cheek, sparkling eye, and uncontrollable agitation, as she asked her if she might be spared for an hour longer, and though rather uneasy at the request, gave her consent, and Hester flew back to her lover, who, during her absence, had been considering how he could unfold to her his plan of going west.

They paced up and down the pretty yard in front of the house once or twice before Arthur spoke, and then it was so suddenly that his hearer started. "Hester," he said, "do you remember deacon Berkely, who went to the Genesee country two years ago?"

"Certainly I do," was the reply; "he was one of my dear uncle's best friends; but why do you think of him now?"

"Because he came to L. two weeks ago, for a visit, and wishes me to return to the west with him."

"You, Arthur! but you will not go, surely?"

"Surely I shall, dearest; because it seems to me the best way of gaining money enough to enable me to take care of you. Deacon Berkely says that in the place where he is settled, there are several families who wish to send their children to school, and he was commissioned to bring a schoolmaster home with him if possible. If I go with him, I can soon lay up money enough to purchase a good farm. Is not that an inducement?"

It did not seem an inducement to poor Hester, whose imagination peopled the whole country with armed indians, and she paused in her walk, and leant in silent sorrow against the old tree that stood near her; she could not combat her lover's resolution, though it seemed to her that they should never meet again. But Arthur was sanguine in his hopes, and now that he found Hester so comfortably situated, decided to return immediately to L., and accompany his friend on his return home. The mails in those days were few and irregular, but the lovers promised to avail themselves of every opportunity of corresponding. Arthur hoped to return and claim his bride in a year; sooner than that was out of the question. These matters arranged, the brightning stars warned them that Hester's hour had expired, and then,

> "Wi' many a vow and locked embrace,
> Their parting was fu' tender;"

and Hester returned to the house, to weep through the long watches of the night. She was daily becoming more and more attached to Mr. and Mrs. Howe, and their interest was aroused for her.—She had entirely lost her early vivacity, but her manners were gentle and sweet, and she made herself so useful to Mrs. Howe, who had no children and was in very poor health, that they offered to keep her as long as she would stay with them.—It was a kindness gratefully accepted by the orphan; but the autumn and winter wore heavily away. She could not but contrast the long evenings with those she had known before, and then she would wonder what Arthur was doing at that very moment.

She heard from him two or three times, and his letters were written in high hope—his salary was good, his employers kind, and he liked the country—already he had selected the farm he intended to buy, near their friend, deacon Berkely—he confidently anticipated returning to New England in the coming summer, for Hester—and then how happy they would be!

Hester's spirits were insensibly raised by the tone of the few letters she received, and when spring came, something of her old gaiety seemed to come with it. April brought her a letter, and Arthur said he should write again very soon, but May, June and July passed without one of these messages of love. Her anxiety increased with the lapse of time—then she heard accidentally that it was a very sickly season at the west, and her fears amounted nearly to distraction—she became almost incapable of performing her usual duties. Mrs. Howe watched all these changes with curiosity as well as pity; for she knew no more of Hester's history than she did a year before, when she first took her into her family.—Every effort made by any one to gain information on that score, was met by an ingenuity that only raised their wonder higher—but wonder as they might, they could gain no solution of the mystery.

One fine morning in August, after the usual business of the family was arranged, Hester asked Mrs. Howe if she could conveniently let her have her wages. They were paid immediately, and she turned to leave the room, but came back, after her hand was on the latch, and said,

"Do not think me ungrateful for your kindness, Mrs. Howe, but I am going to leave you—you have been very, very good to me, and I shall never forget it; but I must go."

"Why, where are you going, Hester?" asked the lady, "and why will you not stay with us? What will become of you?"

"I do not know what will become of me," she replied; "and I was going to say that I did not care, but you would tell me that was wicked. I cannot stay here;" and she left the room before Mrs. Howe could speak again.

The good lady sat for a few minutes, considering what she had better do, and was just rising from her chair to seek Hester, and try to persuade her to stay, when she heard the front gate close, and looking out, saw the poor girl had already started on her journey, with a small bundle in her hand. She raised the window and called after her, but it was too late, she was either unheard or unheeded, and in a few moments the young traveller was out of sight. For a moment Mrs. Howe thought of sending a messenger after her, but a little reflection showed her that it would be useless, and with a heavy heart she returned to her employment. At first she hoped that Hester might return to her again, but days and weeks passed, and after a while they ceased even to mention her name.

A month had elapsed since the unceremonious departure of Hester Marion from the banks of the Housatonic, and the scene was changed to the western part of the state of New York. It was a fine September afternoon, and the sun shone soft, yet warm on a little village of log houses, surrounded by dense woods on three sides, while in front of them stretched one of the beautiful lakes for which that state is so celebrated. Its clear waters were unruffled by the slightest breeze, and reflected like a mirror a flock of wild ducks resting on its glassy surface. Though late in September, the forest retained its summer greenness, with the exception of a few maples, which are the first to feel the coming winter, and like a beauty under the influence of consumption, look but the more lovely when touched by the destroyer.

Apart from the other houses, stood one which the first glance might know as the school-house. A troop of noisy boys and girls had just left it, and were at play on the green before it; and leaning at the door stood a young man whose pale cheek and emaciated form marked a recent invalid. His eyes followed the children, but his thoughts seemed far off, and so absorbed was he in his own contemplations, that he heeded not the approach, almost to his side, of a youth, apparently a traveller; for his dress bore tokens of mud and mire, and a stick was slung across his shoulder, from which depended a small bundle. The wayfarer had emerged from the woods in the road, (by courtesy called so, for it was little else than a path,) which led from the east, and had paused more than once in apparent uncertainty before he reached the school-house. But at length he had come close to it, and remained for a moment or two gazing steadfastly on the countenance of the young teacher, whose reverie was interrupted by the voice of the traveler, enquiring if he could direct him to the house of deacon Berkely. The enquiry seemed a a simple one, but the person to

whom it was addressed started as if he had received an electric shock, and colored violently when he saw the young man, who paused as if waiting for an answer.

"I beg your pardon, did you speak to me?" said he.

The stranger repeated his query, and the dwelling of which he was in search was pointed out to him; but the school-master's eyes were riveted on the face of the youth, who in his turn seemed embarrassed and confused by the scrutiny.—The gazer apparently became sensible of his rudeness, for when he had received the stranger's thanks for his information, he remarked,

"Your face resembles so strongly that of a dear friend, that if such a thing were possible, I should claim an old acquaintance with you."

"Is your name Arthur Landon?" was the only reply he received to the apology.

"It is," said the school-master, in a still greater wonder.

"Then you know of me, though you do not know me personally—I am the cousin of Hester Marion, of whom you have heard her speak."

"William Marion!" exclaimed Arthur, seizing his hand, "where is Hester, and what brings you here?"

"Hester is well, and as I was going farther west, I promised to call on her old friends, the Berkelys, and to enquire for you—she had not heard from you since winter and knew not what to think of your silence."

"I have written to her several times," said Arthur, "and during my illness Mrs. Berkely wrote for me, to tell her why I did not go, as I had hoped to do, to New England this summer. This is only the third day that I have been out, after an illness of more than three months, but I should have started for L. this morning, if my friends would have permitted me. Did not Hester know how ill I was?"

"Indeed she did not," said the young Marion, in a tone that made Arthur start again.

"You speak like your cousin as much as you look like her," he remarked.

"We were always thought to resemble each other as children," said William, "and I believe the likeness is still strong; but have you been very ill? You have, I am sure, and I must not keep you standing. Do you board at deacon Berkely's?"

"No," replied Arthur, "but I will go and introduce you to the good people, who will cherish you for your cousin's sake."

Young Marion accepted the offer, and they walked together to the good deacon's, where both received a warm welcome—Arthur, because it was the first time he had been there since his illness; and William, because he was Hester's cousin, whom Mrs. Berkely still remembered with affection. She and her husband had a thousand questions to ask about Hester, but Marion seemed indisposed to converse, and complained of fatigue, owing, as he said, to an unusually long walk that day. Arthur remained till after the hospitable tea was over, and then, as it grew dark, bade good night with evident reluctance; but he was still too much of an invalid to brave the night air; and the Berkely's invited him to come to breakfast the next morning, when he hoped to find his new friend in a more communicative mood. After he was gone, William Marion asked Mrs. Berkely, with some anxiety in his manner, if she thought Landon was still attached to Hester.

"I guess you would think so," was the reply, "if you had heard him rave about her when the fever was on him—there never was a young man thought more of his sweetheart than Mr. Landon, and if Hester knew how sick he has been, she would feel bad enough, I know."

"Hester feels bad enough as it is," said her cousin, in a low voice, "for she has sometimes been afraid he was sick or dead, and sometimes she thought he had forgotten her."

"She needn't be afraid of his forgetting her," said the old lady; "but how like Hester you do look when you are talking! It seems almost as if it must be her when I don't look at your coat."

"We are very much alike," replied Marion, and then asked permission to retire, as he was very much fatigued. Mrs. Berkely instantly showed her guest his abiding place, a small, neat room, opening out of the one where they sat, and with a thousand good wishes, left him to his repose.

It was scarcely sunrise the next morning, before Mrs. Berkely was up, and busied in her hospitable preparations, and as if disturbed by the sounds, Marion had also risen and dressed, but remained secluded. At length her hostess tapped at the door.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mr. Marion, but breakfast will be ready soon, and Mr. Landon is coming over now."

"I am ready, ma'am," was the reply from within—there was a moment's pause, and the bedroom door opened, and there stood—not William, but Hester Marion, in the appropriate garb of her sex; except that her hair, which had been very long and beautiful, was cropped short! Her face turned pale and crimson in a moment, as Mrs. Berkely turned to give the morning salutation.

"My gracious! Hester Marion—what has bro't you here!" she exclaimed.

"I came, Mrs. Berkely, to find for myself whether Arthur was dead or had forgotten me."

"My poor child," said the matron, folding her to her heart, "you must have had a hard journey, but your troubles are over now." At that moment Landon approached the door, and Mrs. Berkely, saying to Hester "I'll go tell the deacon," disappeared as the young man entered.

I will not attempt to describe their meeting.—It is enough that Arthur found his own Hester, whom he had supposed hundreds of miles away, and that his ardent protestations of gratitude and love reconciled her to the step she had taken, so much at variance with the customs of the age and country—a step concerning which she had had many misgivings, and once or twice had almost determined to turn back. But now, all was over,—she had found Arthur—he was faithful, and his love, if possible, was increased by her devotion. The Berkelys treated her as a dear child, and after remaining as their guest for a short time, she was united to her lover. As Arthur had intended to be married sooner than he was, his arrangements were already made, and they removed immediately to their own house.

One of Mrs. Landon's first acts after she was settled, was to write to her friend, Mrs. Howe, giving her an account of her adventures, and expressing her undying gratitude towards her. After a few years had elapsed, and the means of communication had become comparatively easy, Mr. and Mrs. Landon often revisited New England, and in one of their visits Hester stood again under the old elm tree where her lover first told her of his intention of going west, and smiled as she related to Mrs. Howe her former dread of the Genesee country.

A DEEP WELL.—The city of Paris has succeeded in obtaining water from a well, after boring to the depth of 1,837 feet, at an expense of $30,000. Its temperature is 86 Fahrenheit.

Selected Miscellany.

Vesuvius, Herculanœum & Pompeii, 1840.

Whoever sojourns at Naples, were it only but a day, experiences the irresistible desire of going to see what is passing at the bottom of that crater which perpetually smokes. It is, especially toward evening, when the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon, that the vapors of Vesuvius assume a denser tint, and deck its summit with a boquet of brighter whiteness. At Resina you find horse, donkeys, and conductors, who convey travelers half way up the mountain to a spot called the "hermitage." This first ride is not an uninteresting one. Here nature is not yet dead.—You pass through vineyards planted in ashes, which yield the celebrated Lacryma Christa wine, two sorts of which are much inferior to their fame; then come some nameless trees, the foremost sentinels of vegetation, which the next eruption will devour; and lastly you reach the "hermitage," surrounded on all sides, save one, by the lava of 1794, 1810, 1822. Here you alight and enter a region of chaos. No more trees, vegetation, birds or insects are to be seen. Every thing is dark, bristling with points, rent into deep and rugged fractures, covered with scoria, of a sulphurous smell, which tear your feet before they burn them. You are now at the foot of the cone; and all that remains to be done is to ascend vertically along the external sides of the volcano, halting on your way to cast a glance at a plateau, called La Somma, which was, no doubt, at one time, the main focus of Vesuvius.

If your heart has not failed you along this ladder of dried lava, you will reach the top of the volcano in three quarters of an hour. Here the sight begins—a terrible, original, and unexpected one, notwithstanding all the descriptions given of it. Imagine a funnel five hundred *metres* deep, whose upper edges present innumerable crevices, while from the lowar part rise clouds of sulphurous vapor, which escape by numberless apertures, bordered with dust of a lively orange color. If you stop to admire in the distance the city of Naples, softly spreading round the gulf, and at your feet the ever-smoking crater, you feel the fire penetrating your boots, and the guide will urge you to walk to avoid accidents. The ground, when strongly struck, yields a certain metallic sound, and as you go round the mountain you meet with gaping apertures, at the bottom of which burns a red and lattish flame. I have plunged into one of these pits a long chestnut tree stick, fresh cut and covered with its still moist bark, and it has instantly caught fire. As you kneel before these infernal gates to ascertain their depth, you distinctly perceive within hand-reach the flame bending upon itself, dense, quiet, and almost limpid; it discharges clouds of sulphurous acid gas, which excite a cough, and soon compel the observer to quit the spot. The ground, if such name can be given to the dangerous floor which covers the orifice of the volcano, is strewed with grey lava, ashes, melting sulphur and pyrite substances, whence escapes at intervals a white smoke which affects your eyes and lungs, and yet you cannot retire without reluctance from that awful scene. One can scarcely conceive how that crater, so narrow in its lower part, has vomited heaps of lava large enough to form a mountain four times as large as the Vesuvius itself, without mentioning the ashes, small pebbles, and masses of boiling water, which the wind has carried to enormous distances.

Notwithstanding its fearful aspect, the Vesuvius may be easily approached, even when its eruptions take place. The lava itself, whose progress is so formidable and inflexible, advances with extreme slowness. One has time to avoid or fly before it. The slightest obstacle stops it; it turns round objects, burns them if combustible, and envelopes and petrifies them as it cools, if they be not so. Thus it is that the city of Herculanœum has been sealed into a semi-metallic mass, and as it were, cast in the lava which now covers it.—Pompeii has disappeared under a discharge from Vesuvius—under a shower of ashes and little stones, which have gradually though rapidly covered it, just as certain Alpine villages disappear beneath the snow in our severe winters. Such is the reason why so much money is expended in uncovering but a few small parts of Herculanœum, namely, its theatre, which continues hid in utter darkness; while a third part of Pompeii has been cleared, exhibits itself to the open sky, and renders us contemporary with its inhabitants. Let us, therefore, hasten down the Vesuvius, and

view its ravages, which have miraculously preserved for us in its whole splendor, a city of thirty thousand souls, buried for eighteen hundred years past.

Herculanœum and Pompeii seem both very distant from the focus of Vesuvius. They are now separated from it by inhabitants, and cultivated spaces have been conquered from the lava, and recovered from the volcano. The village of Portici is built UPON THE ROOFS of the first of those two cities, which were petrified on the day of its death, and into the tomb of which one descends as into a mine, by a sort of shaft, ending at the theatre, where, it is conjectured, the inhabitants were assembled when the eruption surprised them. It was in 1689 that the ruins of the city made their appearance for the first time in an excavation made at random, which was resumed in 1720, and finally organized in 1738, with admirable success. The discovery of the theatre and of every thing else has taken place since that period. The theatre is of Greek architecture; it is ornamented with a fine front and with marble columns standing on the stage itself; the spectators occupied 21 rows of steps, with a gallery above, embellished with bronze statues. One can still distinguish the places allotted to the magistrates, the scene behind which the actors withdrew, and a number of objects which excite in the traveler mingled astonishment and emotion. There are also at Herculanœum, a forum, surrounded with porticos and temples, which are almost all of them damaged, and a jail with old rusty iron bars, to which the prisoners were chained—a melancholy feature of all times and places, and a monotonous emblem of society at all periods. As you leave these excavations, which have as yet made little progress, and cannot be much extended without endangering the safety of Portici, you distinctly perceive several strata of lava, proving beyond doubt that Herculanœum was drowned in repeated eruptions of Vesuvius.

The difficulty of carrying on the excavations at so great a depth and under the very foundations of a new town, has caused the ruins of Herculanœum to be almost abandoned for those of Pompeii, which present a far more striking interest.—At Herculanœum there are only catacombs. At Pompeii the Romans entirely revive; the houses stand, and are furnished and ornamented with picturesque paintings; the cellars are stocked as well as the tables; in more than one dwelling the dinner has been found on the table, and the skeletons of the guests around it, and then you enter every where on the same floor; and as the ashes, which lie but a few *metres* thick upon the ancient buildings, are cleared, the town appears, as ours come to light again when the snow melts in mountainous countries. You arrive by a suburb wholly lined with Roman tombs; and walk over a Roman pavement, worn out by Romau vehicles; you may enter therein, there are the stables, with rings to fasten the horses; close by it the farrier with his sign over the door. If you penetrate into one of those tombs, you will find urns containing ashes, air, and fragments of calcined bones. Every where are displayed inscriptions, uneffaced, dignified and touching, such as the epitaph dedicated by a woman to her husband: "*Servilla, to the friend of her soul.*" Let us advance; we are in town. To the right of the gate you behold the guardian's sentry box cut into the stone. Take the footway, for there are footways at Pompeii, Roman footways, with posts at intervals on both sides; footways wherein one ceases not to gaze on wheelruts, made eighteen hundred years ago!

Whom do you wish to be taken to? You have but to speak—the names are written on the door of every house, in large red letters. Here is an apothecary's shop, with his drugs in phials, with surgical instruments, and balsams still yielding a smell. Here are far different things, by my faith! Enter, you have nothing to fear: but I dare not tell you where you are, unless you perceive the sign over the door. What think you it? and yet facing one of those houses stands a temple of Vesta!

Let us then pay a few visits; we are in a baker's shop, and here is the flour grind-stone; suppose a stone sugar-loaf, covered with an extinguisher also of stone—rub the one against the other, after throwing some corn between them, and you have a Roman mill. This wretched piece of machinery was entrusted to the hands of slaves. But I have reserved a surprise for you; here is some bread—do you read the baker's name hollowed out of the carbonized pancake? take and break it. Open that cupboard, you will find there preserved olives, dried figs, lintels, and eatables of every description. A sauce-pan has been carried to the Naples Museum, containing a piece of meat as well preserved as by Mr. Appert's process. What a number of meals Vesuvius interrupted on that woful day!

I, nevertheless, do not think that the Romans were great eaters. I have carefully explored a number of kitchens and dining rooms at Pompeii, and I have found, even in the richest houses, but very trifling cooking aparatus, and miniature table utensils. Their plates were real saucers, and the tables upon which the dinner was served up, but little stands, in general of stone or marble, which could hold but one fish at a time. The guests lay down around as soldiers round their mess. What is admirable, delightful, charming, and overwhelming to us barbarians of the nineteenth century, is the exquisite pureness and delicacy of shape of all the utensils which served in Roman domestic life. One must see those charming little bronze calefactors, (for every thing was bronze) those tripods, scales, beds, chairs, those graceful and so ingeniously wrought shields, which fill up whole rooms at the Naples Museum. One must, above all, see the toilet arsenal of the Roman ladies, their combs, tooth-picks, curling-irons, and the pots of vegetable or mineral rouge found in a boudoir. Thus the Roman ladies used rouge and deceived people, just as is practised now-a-days; they wore, like our ladies, those necklaces, rings and ridiculous ear-rings, which add nothing to beauty and assist not ugliness. How times resemble one another, in spite of the space that separates them.

Above thirty streets of Pompeii are now restored to light; it is a third part of the town. The walls which formed its ancient inclosure have been recognised; a magnificent amphitheatre, a theatre, a forum, a temple of Isis, that of Venus, and a number of other buildings, have been cleared. The secret stairs by which the priests of those times slily crept to prompt the oracles, have been detected. On beholding so many monuments which display in so lively a manner the importance of public, and the independence of private life among the Romans, it is impossible to resist a feeling of sadness and melancholy. Behold, along that fall of earth, the breast of a woman who was buried alive, and stiffened by death—behold the stones of that wall, worn by the rubbing of the ropes—examine that guard house covered with caricatures of soldiers—one might suppose that the Roman people still existed, and that we were strangers in one of their towns. Who knows what future discoveries may be made in those august ruins! Murat employed upon them two thousand men every year. Only sixty men and £1000 are now employed upon them. The excavations proceed, in consequence, with dismal slowness, however great may be the interest which his Sicilian Majesty takes in their success. It is not in Rome—devastated and disfiguered Rome, that one must go to study the Romans; it is to Pompeii. Pompeii, as regards antiquities, is worth all Italy together.

A SHOWER OF ASHES.—The last number of Silliman's Journal contains the following memorandum, handed in by Rev. Peter Parker, M. D., who was a passenger in the ship Niantic, from Canton, for New York.

"Ship Niantic, L. F. Doty, master, April 5th, 1840, being in lat 7 deg. 5 min. north, lon. 121 deg. 10 min. east, at 2h. A. M., sixty miles west from Mindanao, one of the Phillipine islands, came up a fine breeze from the northeast, which was attended with a shower of dust, resembling that of ashes. It came so thick that it obscured the moon and stars, which were all out very clear before; it filled the sailors' eyes so full that they were obliged to retreat from the deck below; it lasted about one hour, and cleared away. At daylight, the Niantic looked like an old furnace, completely covered, from the royal mast head down to the water's edge. The decks I should judge were one quarter of an inch thick with the ashes; we took up one half bushel, and might have saved three or four. It fell in small quantities at different times, for two or three days after. On the 14th of April, spoke the English barque Margaret, *whaler;* reported likewise on the 5th of April had a similar shower of ashes, being at the time three hundred miles north-northeast of us; he informed me that on the 12th of April, he visited several villages on the island on Madura, entirely deserted by the people, from one of which he had taken two brass cannon, and several other articles.—This led us to think that some volcanic eruption had lately happened in that neighborhood. After the 9th, perceived no more in proceeding northward."

A good Letter from George Washington.

The following letter written by the great and good George Washington, has been handed us for publication. It is, as will be seen, upon an interesting subject to unmarried ladies:

ROCKY HILL, 20th September, 1783.

Dear Lund.—Mrs. Custis has never suggested in her letters to Mrs. Washington (unless ardent wishes for her return that she might then disclose it to her can be so construed) the most distant attachment to D. S.; but if this should be the case, and she wants advice upon it, a father and mother who are at had and are competent to give it, are the most proper to be consulted on so interesting an event. For my own part, I never did, nor do I believe I ever shall, give advice to a woman who is setting out on a matrimonial voyage; first I never could advise one to marry without her own consent; and, secondly, because I know it is to no purpose to advise her to refrain when she has obtained it. A woman very rarely asks an opinion or requires advice on such an occasion till her resolution is formed; and then it is with the hope and expectation of obtaining a sanction, not that she means to be governed by your disapprobation, that she applies. In a word, "I wish you to think as I do; but if, unhappily, you differ from me in opinion, my heart, I must confess, is fixed, and I have gone too far *now* to retract."

If Mrs. Custis should ever suggest any thing of this kind to me, I will give her my opinion of the *measure* not of the *man*, with candor and to the following effect. "I never expected you would spend the residue of your days in widowhood; but in a matter so interesting to yourself, children and connexions, I wish you would make a prudent choice. To do which, many considerations are necessary; such as the family and connexions of the man, his fortune (which is not the *most* essential in my eye); the line and conduct he has observed, and the disposition and frame of his mind. You should consider what prospect there is of his proving kind and affectionate to you; just, generous and attentive to your children—and how far his connexions will be agreeable to you; for when they are once formed, agreeable or not, the die being cast, your fate is fixed."—Thus far and no further I shall go in my opinions.

I am, dear Lund, Your, &c. &c.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

The following strongly reminds one of the *reivers*, the bold outlaws, who two or three centuries ago infested the borders of England and Scotland, plundering the inhabitants of both countries indiscriminately, and, secure in their fastnesses, set the ministers of law at defiance. Some future novelists of the Southwest may hereafter make the outlaw mentioned below as famous as Scott has the Red Reiver of Westburnflat, in the tale of the Black Dwarf:—[*Buf. Adv.*

AN OUTLAW.—There is living about thirty-five miles west of Shreveport, in Texas, a man named Rose, who has made himself famous in that region, by the number and audacity of his outrages. His house is built on a bluff overlooking Silver Lake. He is one of those who ran away from Mississippi with his negroes, leaving his creditors in the lurch for many thousands. It is said he has lately killed several men, and among the rest a deputy sheriff of the county in which he lives, and has openly bid defiance to the civil authorities. But he has made his house a castle, having cannon mounted so as to command any approach to it—has a large supply of arms and ammunition, and has regular guards stationed to give him instant warning of the approach of any one who might be disposed to drive him from his eyrie.—By a gentleman, recently arrived from Shreveport, the Natchitoches Herald is informed that a strong party of some sixty or seventy in number, were about starting, with the determination of storming Rose Castle, and administering the law of Judge Lynch upon its desperate master. There will no doubt be a sharp skrimmage on the frontier, for this outlaw can call to his standard some men equally desperate with himself, who may fear that this summary mode of redressing wrongs may be practised upon them. News from the expedition will be interesting.

Mr. Dodd used to say, "Many would live in large houses; but will they be able to pay the rent? Most people will have large fortunes, and great estates; but are they willing to answer the reckoning at the great day? for the more we have the more we have to account for."

SNARING ALLIGATORS.—During the Mahratta war, says Major Napier, the British camp lay on the banks of a large tank swarming with alligators, and he proposed the following way of destroying these disagreeable neighbors. There were numerous bamboos growing round the tank, possessing all the elasticity of a yew-bow; one of these was to be bent to the ground, and fastened to a tent peg, driven in sufficiently to make it retain that position. This done, a dog was to be next tied down close to the peg, and a rope with a running knot fastened in such a manner to the bamboo that the alligator must insert his head into the noose before he could reach the cur, which he would seize, and attempting to bear away, tear up the tent peg; the bamboo, released from its hold, immediately rebounding with such force as to carry aloft the whole trio—dog, peg and crocodile. Twenty or thirty bamboos were accordingly baited; and so successful was the experiment that not an eye was closed that night in the camp, from the dreadful bellowing of the monsters as they were swung to the winds of heaven. Next morning there was displayed the finest crop of bamboo fruit ever witnessed, every tree bearing its burden of a tent peg, a Pariah dog, and an alligator, some already dead, others in their last agonies. The disturbance caused by their roaring had, however, been so great, that the General put a stop to it in the next day's orders.

PROFESSION *vs.* TRADE.—Two advertisements were recently published in a newspaper; one for a clerk in a store, the other for an apprentice to learn the blacksmith's trade. The number of applicants in one day for the former place was fifty! for the latter not one! What a sad illustration is this of the mischievous effect that has been produced upon the young men of the day, by the inflated, ruinous course which the business of the country, and the affairs of life generally have taken during late years. The mechanical pursuits of life have got to be regarded pretty much thro' the whole country, and especially in the northern Atlantic states, in nearly the same light as labor is looked upon in the southern slave states; and with a majority of our young men, want, if not beggary, artifice, if not knavery, are regarded as preferable to the comparative competence which can at all times be procured by honest industry, employed in those laborious occupations which give to the country its wealth, and to society its most useful and brightest ornaments. When a different state of feeling prevails on this subject, then—and not till then—will we see less of idleness, with its attendants, dissoluteness, poverty and dishonesty, poisoning the minds of the thousands of youth into whose keeping ere long the interests and support of society and of the country will fall.—*New York Sun.*

SPLENDID METEOR.—About twenty minutes before eight o'clock, on the evening of Monday, the 15th of March last, a magnificent meteor was seen by several persons in this vicinity. Its apparent size was five or six times that of Venus, and its splendor was so great that it illumed the whole visible hemisphere. When first seen it was in altitude 15 degrees, azimuth S. 62 W.; it moved obliquely downwards towards the West, and flashed out in altitude 11 degrees, azimuth S. 68 W.—Just before its disappearance it seemed to explode, and one observer listening, heard about two minutes after, a report which, as he thought, resulted from this explosion. The meteor's motion was slow; the time of its visible flight occupying five seconds. We hope that observers in Stratford, Bridgeport, New York, and intermediate places, will report the particulars as witnessed by them, so that we may have an opportunity to ascertain the magnitude, velocity and direction of the meteor.—*N. Haven Herald.*

"Thomas—there is too much bustle here?"

"Where Pa?"

"I mean there is too much noise—you must stop it."

"Is noise a bustle, Pa?"

"Yes, child."

"Golly gracious!—then sister Sall does wear the biggest *noise* you ever saw, Pa."—*Richmond Star,*

FRIENDSHIP OF THE YOUNG.—There's a certain age, before the love of the sex commences, when the feeling of friendship is almost a passion. You see it constantly in girls and boys at school. It is the first vague craving of the heart after the master-food of human life—Love. It has its jealousies, humors, and caprices, like love itself.—*Bulwer.*

Sunday Reading.

The Bible the Book for the Intellect.

It may seem a bold, but it is a true position, that there is no book, by the perusal of which we may so much strengthen and so much enlarge the mind, as by that of the Bible. Not of those alone to whom, under the teachings of God's Spirit, its truths are opened in all their gigantic and overwhelming force, but such as receive it merely as an authentic record, and accord to it the authority of acknowledged veracity. As a mere matter of composition, there is nothing so likely to elevate and endow with new vigor the faculties, as the bringing them into contact with its stupendous truths, and the setting them to grasp and measure those truths.

It is undeniable, that whenever the mind grows dwarfish and enfeebled, it is, ordinarily, because left to deal with common-place facts, and is never summoned to the effort of taking the span and altitude of broad and lofty disclosures. The mind will naturally bring itself down to the dimensions of the matters with which it is alone familiar.—All experience evinces the power of such association. Familiarity with whatever is trifling and frivolous, begets the same habits of mind in us, until it well nigh loses the ability of being otherwise. Apply this common sense principle to the study of the Bible. If for the enlargement of the mind, and the strengthening of its faculties, it be important that acquaintance should be made with ponderous and far-spreading truths, what knowledge can outdo for such a result, that of the Bible? The sublimity of the topics of which it treats; the dignified simplicity of its method of treatment, the nobleness of the mysteries it developes; the illumination which it throws on points, of all others, the most interesting to creatures conscious of immortality; all these conspire to produce the result, that the man who shall study the Bible would be incomparably provided with the most efficient mental discipline. We think it an incredible thing that converse should be had with the first parents of our race; that man should stand on this creation whilst its beauty was unsullied, and then mark the retinue of destruction, carcering with a dominant step over the surface; that he should be admitted to intercourse with patriarchs and prophets; and move through scenes peopled with the majesties of the Eternal; and behold the GODHEAD himself coming down into humanity, and working out, in the mysterious coalition, the overthrow of the powers of darkness—O, we think it an incredible thing that all this should be permitted a man, and yet that he should not come back from the ennobling associations with a mind a hundred fold more expanded, and a hundred fold more elevated than if he had gazed at the exploits of Cæsar, or poured forth his attention on the results of machinery.

It is easy enough to show—what no reader of the Bible need be shown—that there is no human composition presenting in anything of the same degree, the majesty of the oratory, and the loveliness of poetry. If regard be had simply to the best means of improving the taste, others might commend attention to the classic page, or bring forward the standard works of a nation's literature; but we say, let the student be chained down to the study of scripture! If he would learn what is noble in verse, he must hearken to Isaiah sweeping the chord to Jerusalem's glory; and if he would know what is powerful in eloquence, he must stand by Paul pleading in bonds at the tribunal of Agrippa, or listen to the words of his winning oratory on Mars Hill.—*Melville.*

THE FACE OF THE DEAD.—There is something in the sight of a dead face which stirs the *deepest* feelings of the human heart. It is not easy to analyze this sentiment. It has in it wonder, terror, curiosity and incredulity. It is a great—*great* lesson. No living tongue can say so much as those closed, pale, ice-cold lips, and they have smiled, jested, commanded. Light words have fallen from them.

Plato says that truth is the body of God, and light the shadow. This has been termed by some the most sublime remark ever made by uninspired man. Byron has a thought so much like it, that it may be called plagiarism. In speaking of the sun he says

Thou material God,
And representative of the unknown—
Who chose thee for his *shadow.*

Odds and Ends.

A GERANIUM AT A WINDOW.—It was the remark of Leigh Hunt, that it sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. The very feel of the leaf has a household warmth in it—something analagous to clothing and comfort.

ELOQUENT REMARK.—"France waded through a sea of storm and blood; but while, in one hand she wielded the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upheld the glories of science and literature unsullied by the ensanguined tide thro' which she struggled.—*Emmet.*

Mr. Increase Mather said to his children on his death-bed, "Let not my children put too much confidence in men; it may be, such as they have laid under the strongest obligations of gratitude, will prove the most unkind to them. I have often had experience of this."

A GOOD RETORT.—A conceited young man addressing himself to Dr. D——, said, "I am going to write a book on popular ignorance." "I know of no one," said the doctor, gravely, "who is more competent to prepare such a work."

"How one half of the world live has ever been a mystery to the other half," says the proverb.—It is a great mystery with many people now-a-days to make out how they manage to live themselves, saying nothing of other people.

TALL ONES.—The editor of the Maine Cultivator has received a pair of "large hens" from Russia—said to be prolific layers and excellent poultry. Chanticleer "can stand by the side of a flour barrel, and eat corn with ease from the top."

HOGS.—A man on his way to market with a load of dead hogs, observing a girl curtesy to him, asked her why did she curtesy to dead hogs? I do not, said she, but pay my respects to the *live one.*

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of his servant and told him if he moved he was a dead man. "That is a lie," said he, "for I can't move unless I be alive."

"Hallo there! I say! Murder! Fire! Watch! Gridirons! Brimstone! Hallow-ao!" "Ho, ho, what's the matter! what is the matter?" "Why, I'm out of tobacco—got any about ye?"

"Our lives are staked upon the hazard of the die," as the turkeys said when they understood raffling was practised to a considerable extent in this community.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.—If this matter is not justified to our liking, "little Vic" will soon find Yankee shooting sticks about her form.

CONVERSATION.—The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next good sense; the third good humor; and the fourth wit.

An excellent character was engraven on the tomb stone of a lady, in these words, "She was always busy, and always quiet."

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," as the homely man said, walking backwards from a looking glass.

"O, the 'responsibility' of a Queen," as Victoria said when she brought forth a little female Dutchman.

"Loose him and let him go," as the deacon said when the dandy fainted, and then took off his corsets.

"Absent, but not forgotten," as the gentleman said when he lost his pocket book.

"I'm going on my tour," as the loafer said when he was put in the tread mill.

The beggar in his shroud inspires more awe than the monarch on his throne.

"Money is a comfortable thing," as the mice said when they made their nest of bank notes.

"Parents naturally love their children," as the sow said when she swallowed the sucking pig.

"I knock under to you," as the dwarf said when he hit a tall customer in the bowels.

Did you ever know a person to believe you when you explained how you got a black eye?

What comprises man's life? His follies, his faults and his misfortunes—that's about all.

A western merchant advertises "a lot of buckwheat and *other millenary*, for sale cheap."

The excesses of our youth, are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest.

To preserve eggs—eat them.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1841.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

It becomes our painful duty to announce an event that has never before transpired since the formation of our Government—the death of a President previous to the expiration of his term of office. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON is no more! The successful General, the pure Patriot, the sound Statesman, the beloved Citizen, and the devoted Christian, has been gathered to his fathers, ripe in years and in every good word and work, and laden with the most significant honors that were ever bestowed upon man.

This dispensation of an all-wise but mysterious Providence, has cast a deep gloom over our nation. The entire American people, so far as their feelings have been indicated, seem to have forgotten all political animosities, and to have freely mingled together their sorrows and their tears, every thing partaking of partizan strife being merged in the universal desire to pay a becoming tribute to the memory of the illustrious deceased. The prevalency of such a feeling is very natural. The demise of an individual who had been honored with the highest office at the disposal of freemen, years after his term of office might have expired, is calculated to make an impression of general sorrow upon the public mind; but when our Chief Magistrate is removed from us whilst in the discharge of his official duties, his death can only be regarded as a great national calamity, and should be observed accordingly by all whom his administration might have affected.

CAUSE OF THE PRESIDENT'S ILLNESS.

Gen. HARRISON expired at the President's house in Washington, on Sunday, the 4th inst., at half past 12 o'clock in the morning. He had been indisposed eight days. On the morning of the 27th ult., in conformity with a practice he had observed for many years, he arose at an early hour, and took an extended walk through the city, visiting the market, the public grounds, and other places of attraction. A drizzling rain was falling at the time, and a few hours after his return to the house, he discovered that he had taken a severe cold; but relying too implicitly upon the powers of his naturally vigorous constitution, he neglected the immediate use of proper preventatives, and the *chill* which ensued in a few hours, was followed by *pneumonia*, or bilious pleurisy, which ultimately baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians in that city and the surrounding country.

We might mention as another *probable* cause of the President's indisposition, the difference between the atmosphere at Washington and North Bend, the sudden change in his diet and pursuits, and a sense of the high responsibilities imposed upon him by the suffrages of a grateful people.

LAST MOMENTS OF THE PRESIDENT.

The following account of the last hours of the President's life, we copy from a letter by one of the editors of the N. Y. Express:

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE,
Washington.

Saturday, 1 *o'clock*, *P. M.*—Dr. ALEXANDER, of Baltimore has just visited the President's Chamber, and pronounces him better, giving all his friends reason to indulge in hope. The good news spread over the city with joyful alacrity.

2 *o'clock.*—The favorable symptoms continue.

3 *o'clock.*—The symptoms are becoming alarming; a diarrhœa is threatened.

3½ *o'clock.*—The alarm of Gen. H.'s friends is very great: the symptoms grow worse, and his case becomes more dangerous than ever. The medical men begin to doubt, if not to despair, and to speak in a manner and tone, that hardly give us hope.

4 *o'clock.*—The news of increased danger flies over the city, and all are inquiring, and in all directions.

5 *o'clock.*—The President wanders, and is at times quite insensible. All his symptoms are worse. His family hanging in anxiety over his bedside, his Physicians watching every motion. His diarrhœa grows worse, and leaves hardly a hope, so rapidly does it prostrate his strength.

6 *o'clock.*—The Members of the Cabinet have been summoned to the President's, Mr. GRANGER just gave the alarm to his associates. The symptoms all worse. His physicians give him up.—The dreadful report fills all with consternation.—The danger of losing the good and venerable man now breaks fully upon us all.

10 *o'clock.*—Reports from the sick Chamber for the last four hours have all been worse. The pulse beats feebler and feebler every minute. His flesh has become cold and clammy. During this time, General HARRISON has spoken his last words, after which he fell into a state of insensibility.—At a quarter to nine, Dr. WORTHINGTON at his bedside, he said, (and it is presumed that he was addressing Gov. Tyler)—

"Sir,—I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

This is the dying injunction of the good old man, made, Dr. Worthington says, in a strong tone of voice.

All the members of the Cabinet, except Mr. BADGER, (who is now at his residence in North Carolina,) for three hours past have been in a Chamber near the President's sick room. Their spirits, of course, are sadly depressed by this melancholy event, but they are preparing for the mournful duty that devolves upon them.

11 *o'clock.*—The President yet lingers. The White House has been thronged by citizens of all classes fearfully inquiring into the President's health. He is insensible, feeble indeed, and no one now indulges in hope. All preparations are making as for a man already dead. The consolations of religion have all along been administered. He has been calm and manifested no fear of death. The physicians are just using the last remedies their skill devises, but with no hope though of any favorable result.

12½ *o'clock.*—Gen. H. has just breathed his last, and without a struggle. He has been insensible for a long while, the last words he spoke, were to Doct. Worthington. Most anxious and deeply afflicted friends are weeping around his chamber. What a dreadful blow has struck the land!

A correspondent of the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer gives the following feeling account of some of the scenes connected with the event;

Those who were present, will never forget the solemn, mournful, and impressive scene of that memorable night. Below, at the outer door, and in the halls were numerous anxious citizens enquiring for tidings of their beloved Chief Magistrate. In the spacious hall above, were several gentlemen of the Cabinet, and several military associates of the General, who are members of his family. They were silently and thoughtfully pacing the hall in the vicinity of the chamber where lay the President. In the large magnificent saloon, adjoining the room where the dread messenger was summoning away from earth, that noble spirit which had so lately shed hope, and cheerfulness and joy through this great nation, were collected several other members of the Cabinet, Messrs. Bell, Granger, Crittenden, with one gallant companion in arms of the General, (Major Camp, of Sandusky,) and several other gentlemen, his friends from various yarts of the country.—The noiseless tread, the subdued tone, the anxious and troubled countenances of these, told that *death* was here, and betokened the deep sorrow which all suffered for the nation's loss. The wide, open door showed the *death bed*, surrounded by the medical and other attendants, gentlemen of the President's household, and others. And sunk low in the couch was the venerable form and intellectual countenance of the Chief Magistrate. The occasional cough and heavy breathing of the patient, as he struggled to swallow the stimulants which were administered, alone disturbed the silence of the place.

At 12, the waning strength of the President, like the flame of an expiring lamp, seemed to revive, but it was for a moment only. Soon afterwards the door, which had been for a few minutes closed, was opened, and the Reverand man of God (Mr. Hawley,) announced to those in the Saloon that "all was over." They entered and gazed for a moment upon the still warm and apparently sleeping form of the Soldier, Scholar, Statesman and *honest man*. We passed down, and by the dim moonlight, to our homes, but all appeared as *a dream*. The dreadful truth was too vast to be so soon comprehended.

The Washington correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer, under the date of Sunday, April 4, writes:

The President exhibited symptoms to his surrounding nurses which intimated a fatal termination, three days ago—such as picking the bed clothes and the like. He said yesterday to a female attendant—"Ah, Fanny, I am ill, very ill—much worse than they think me."

Gen. H. was born Feb. 5, 1773, and was 68 years, 7 months and 27 days old at the time of his death.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED.

The most marked respect has been paid to the memory of the late President, by public bodies as well as by private individuals. State Legislatures, City and Village Corporations, Courts of Justice, Military Companies, Incorporated Societies, &c., have manifested in a feeling and appropriate manner, their sense of the virtues of the deceased, and of the loss the country has sustained; but our limits preclude the possibility of our giving these manifestations in detail.

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

The remains of Gen. H., after laying for two days in state, were interred on Wednesday, the 7th instant, in the Cemetery of the Congressional Burying Ground. At an early hour the city was filled with people, every avenue to it being crowded with those wishing to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the remains of their late Chief Magistrate. The solemn ceremonies commenced at 11 o'clock. At 12, the procession, under the direction of Major General MACOMB, began to move, amid the firing of minute guns and the tolling of bells, in the order directed by the programme of Adjutant General JONES.

The Funeral Car, bearing the corpse, was drawn by six beautiful white horses, attended by black grooms, dressed in white, with black sashes, and white turbans entwined with black crape. The car was an oblong platform, 12 feet long, by 7 wide, covered with black velvet, and elevated five feet from the ground on substantial wheels. On the platform was a raised dais 8 feet long by 4 broad. From the cornice of the platform the velvet fell outside the wheels, to within a few inches of the ground. Black crape festoons were pendant from rosettes at the corners of the car, midway down its four sides, and were looped in the centre of each side by large funeral wreathes of crape. The architrave and base of the curtains also in crape.

The pall was of rich black velvet, lined with white silk, and bordered by deep black fringes, and bullion tassels at its corners. Over the pall, on the coffin, lay the swords of Justice and of State, crossed, surmounted by the scroll of the Constitution, over which was thrown a funeral wreath of yew and cypress. Affectionate friends had also strewn flowers upon it. The body was enclosed in two lead coffins, encased in mahogany, which covered the whole, with the exception of the face, over which was placed a thick plate glass, tightly sealed.

The pall bearers marched two abreast on each side of the car, and consisted of the following gentlemen, representing each state and territory in the Union:

R. Gults, Esq., for	Maine.	Hon. J. B. Moore, for	N. H.
Hon. C. Cushing,	Mass.	M. St. C. Clarke, Esq.,	R.I.
W. B. Lloyd, Esq.,	Conn.	Hon. Hiland Hall,	Vt.
Gen. John Granger,	N. Y.	Hon. G.C.Washington,	N.J.
M. Willing, Esq.,	Pa.	Hon. A. Naudain,	Del.
David Hoffman, Esq.,	Md.	Major Camp,	Va.
Hon. E. D. White,	N. C.	John Carter, Esq.,	S.C.
Gen. D. L. Clinch,	Geo.	Th. Crittenden, Esq.,	Ky.
Col. Rogers,	Tenn.	Mr. Graham,	Ohio.
M. Durald, Esq.,	La.	Gen. Robert Hanna,	Ind.
Anderson Miller, Esq.,	Miss.	D. G. Garnsey, Esq.,	Ill.
Dr. Perrine,	Ala.	Major Russell,	Mo.
A. W. Lyon, Esq.,	Ark.	Gen. Howard,	Mich.
Hon. J. D. Doty,	Wisk.	Hon. C. Downing,	Florida.
Hon. W. B. Carter,	Iowa.	R. Smith, Esq.,	D. Columbia.

The religious exercises were performed by the Rev, Mr, HAWLEY, of the Episcopal church.

Funeral honors have been paid to the late President, in many of the cities and larger villages in the country, and probably will be in most of the others. In this city, these honors were paid on Saturday, the 10th inst. In obedience to the requirements of the Governor, guns were fired at sunrise and every half hour during the day, by the different military corps. Many of the stores and shops were dressed in the insignia of mourning in the morning, while all were closed in the afternoon, and business wholly suspended,

At 1 o'clock the bells of the different churches began to toll their solemn funeral notes, while the deep-toned roar of the minute guns awakened the recollection of the many scenes of peril through which the deceased warrior had passed in safety, to fall before unconquerable disease in the midst of those he loved and who were permitted to close his eyes in peace. These were also the signals for forming the procession, at Frankfort, under the direction of Gen. STEVENS, agreeably to the order of the Committee of Arrangements.

The greater portion of our population was out on the mournful occasion. The streets from Frankfort to the Methodist Chapel, where the ceremonies were performed, was literally filled, as were also every window and elevated position on both sides of the streets. Large as the Chapel is, it could not contain more than one-fourth of those who sought admission.

The exercises at the Chapel were appropriate, and appropriately performed. The address of the Rev. Mr. BOARDMAN was brief and pertinent.—The remark of the speaker, "It is not *me*, but the *occasion*, that must speak," had a visible effect upon the immense auditory. The Chapel was hung in deep mourning, as were also the other churches in the city, on the following Sabbath.

Among the pall bearers, was Major General SCOTT, who happened to be in the city at the time,

GEN. HARRISON'S MORAL AND SOCIAL VIRTUES.

The following extracts will show that Gen. H. was a devoted christian, though he had never united with any church. The National Intelligencer says:

It is known that, for many years past, General HARRISON had become daily more and more impressed with religious feelings, always treating serious things seriously, and showing himself mindful of his future accountability. A member of his family has stated that for many months past, he has never omitted reading the scriptures every night before retiring to rest, however harrassed by company or worn down by fatigue. On Monday, the third day of his indisposition, and before he felt himself in any particular danger, he declared to those around him that he had long been deeply impressed with the truths of the Christian Religion, and regretted that he had not connected himself with the church as a communicant.

One of the editors of the N. Y. Express thus writes from Washington:

The Rev. Dr. HAWLEY, of the Episcopal church who closed the eyes of Gen. HARRISON, said he had preached to Presidents MADISON, MONROE, ADAMS, JACKSON and VAN BUREN, and that Gen. H. was the first who ever worshipped God on his knees.

The following extract from the Washington correspondence of the N. Y. Signal, speaks volumes for the kind-heartedness of Gen. H.:

It speaks strongly for his kindness of heart to observe the sincere sorrowing of his domestics, and to hear the expressions of true affection with which they talk of him. The Irish porter left by Mr. VAN BUREN is retained; and the poor fellow has a moist eye and choaking voice whenever he refers to the General. "Oh, sir," said he to-day, "he was too good for this place."

The Baltimore Clipper states that an old colored man, upon hearing of the death of the President, remarked—"May he have as many angels to attend him to heaven, as he had persons to witness his inauguration."

GEN. HARRISON'S FAMILY.

The members of Gen. H.'s family who were present at the time of his death, were Mrs. WILLIAM HARRISON, (son's widow,) Mrs. TAYLOR, of Richmond, (niece,) Mr. D. O. COUPELAND, (nephew,) HENRY HARRISON, Va., (grand nephew,) and FINDLAY HARRISON, of Ohio, (grand son.)—Mrs. HARRISON at the time was at North Bend. The blow will be frightful to her, as her health is very feeble, and her attachment to her husband was intense. It is feared by those acquainted with her, that she cannot long survive her affliction.

REFLECTIONS.

The reader will have discovered that Gen. H. died precisely one month after his inauguration as President. The following reflections on these two events, are by the editor of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of the 8th inst:

To ourselves, the scenes of the past month seem but as a protracted dream—opening in a bright and glorious vision on the 4th of March, and ending in gloom at the close of one short month.—Just one month ago yesterday, we saw the good old man moving in triumph through the streets of the capital, attended by a throng of countless thousands, making the arches of heaven to ring with their shouts of gladness. We marked his own deportment—grave and solemn, as though deeply impressed with the high duties devolving upon him by the new relation in which he was to stand to the people. He was neither lifted up by his exaltation, nor depressed as though the charge was too great for him, but his carriage was altogether that of an unostentatious and plain republican statesman, carrying upon his countenance the impress of patriotism, integrity and benevolence.

We saw him dismount from his steed and stand forth upon the portico of the national capitol, there to proclaim in the ears of the people the principles by which he should be governed in the administration of the affairs of this vast republic. Calmly stood the good old man, surrounded by the wisdom of the Senate, the representatives of the people, the chivalry of the army and navy, and much of the beauty of the land—to say nothing of the ministers of foreign powers gazing intently upon such a popular pageant as the old world cannot exhibit.

Having read his declaration in a full, clear voice, the noble and patriotic sentiments of which met the ardent response of thousands, he then with deep solemnity received the oath of office from the lips of the Chief Justice of the United States, and reverently kissed the sacred book of God, in whose name he swore to be true to the Constitution and the people.

Then went up the last long shout of the mighty throng—proclaiming that the work of the people in a great civil and bloodless revolution was accomplished—it remaining only for their servants to execute their behests. That moment was one of awful solemnity and grandeur. But how true the line of Cowper:

"God moves in a mysterious way!"

One short month, and the nation then so joyful is whelmed in wo.

GEN. HARRISON'S SUCCESSOR.

By a provision in the Constitution of the United States, the Chief Magistracy now devolves upon the Vice President, JOHN TYLER. Few, perhaps, in this section of the country, are acquainted with this gentleman, as his qualifications were not canvassed to any extent at the late Presidential election. Some knowledge of Mr. T. will be gathered from the following extract of a communication in the Rochester Democrat, written by a gentleman well acquainted with him:

JOHN TYLER was a member of the convention which nominated Gen. HARRISON. He himself was unexpectedly and without any suggestions on his part, nominated as Vice President. That nomination has now, at this early day, made him in effect President of the United States. I know him, and the people will now inquire, what are his qualifications—his character—and his fitness for the station?

JOHN TYLER has been Governor of Virginia, Senator in Congress from that State, and is a distinguished man. He is an upright and conscientious man. He is a firm man, and a man of remarkably sound judgment and good sense. He is a modest man, and unostentatious. He has no inordinate ambition—less vanity than most public men, and as much quiet firmness as any. He will embark in no rash measures. He is cool, collected and judicious, and like many other modest and retiring men when called into action by circumstances, may exhibit more ability and talent than the public have heretofore given him credit for.

I have no doubt that JOHN TYLER is more pained by the event which has thrown this great power upon him, than any other man in the Union.—It is to him unexpected, as was his nomination to the place he formerly held. But this power being thrown upon him by the Constitution, he will not shrink from its duties. He will discharge them in a spirit of uprightness and integrity.

I only wish to say, that, overwhelming as the afflicting annunciation of the death of Gen. HARRISON is, it is fortunate that we have such a man as JOHN TYLER to succeed him. He is to be our President, and the People will be glad to know that he deserves the station.

We may here mention, that when Gen. LAFAYETTE was on his visit to this country, Mr. TYLER, then Governor of Virginia, welcomed him to the Old Dominion, in one of the most classic and eloquent addresses, delivered on similar occasions, in the Union.

ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT TYLER AT WASHINGTON.

Mr. TYLER, at the time of Gen. HARRISON's death, was in Virginia. Immediately after the decease of Gen. H., the members of the Cabinet prepared a letter to Mr. T., announcing to him the melancholy intelligence officially. FLETCHER WEBSTER, Esq., chief clerk of the State Department, and son of the Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, was despatched with this letter, at 5 o'clock, on Sunday morning. On Tuesday morning, at 5 o'clock, Mr. TYLER reached Washington, in company with Mr. W., who thus accomplished the distance of 460 miles, in 48 hours.

On the same day, Mr. T. took and subscribed the following oath of office;

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend, the Constitution of the United States."

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

On the 9th inst., President TYLER issued an "Address to the People of the United States," setting forth the principles upon which he intends to perform the duties devolving upon him. The address is brief, clear, and to the point; and if the principles laid down in it are fully carried out, of which we entertain littte doubt, the administration of Mr. T. cannot fail of giving very general satisfaction.

MR. TYLER'S SUCCESSOR.

It will be recollected, that previous to the adjournment of the late extra session of the Senate, Vice President TYLER vacated the chair, and that the Hon. SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD, of New Jersey, was elected President of that body, *pro tempore*. Mr. S., therefore, by a provision of the Constitution, is now Vice President of the United States.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Have patience.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Fay of Trenton Falls.

Thus spake the spirit of the waterfall,
The while I leaned my head against a crag,
To bathe my burning brow with the cool spray;
"Sad youth, oft hast thou clambered o'er these heights
Above thee and below—now bending o'er
The dark blue deep of waters at thy feet,
As though thou hadst communion intimate
With thy most loved one—when the spell was gone,
O! thou didst bound upon the rocky steep
As doth the hart in chase—there hast thou gazed
On heaven where the burning sun blazed through
The bending arch in cloudless brilliancy
And breathless calm—and when the tempest storm
In fury raged around thy head with blasts
That shook the world with fright, thy lion-heart
Then knew no fear, but sang amid the storm.
When clinging to the crag above the surge
And misty cataract, thou didst not shrink,
But safely, boldly climbed o'er awful chasms
And dizzy whirl of loud rejoicing floods.
There hast thou stood with fair and youthful forms
Of beauty at thy side, and there have gazed
Adown with rapture on the Iris-wreath,
Circling o'er the spray, like a coronet
Upon the marble brow of majesty,
Ah! melancholy youth what ails thee now?"

Thus to the cascade fay, I made response,
With streaming eyes and broken heart I sang:

Sweet spirit of the waterfall!
Thy song to me is full of sadness,
For thou remindest me of all
That *was* my life, my joy and gladness!
The music of thy magic Hall
Drives me to blank despair and madness;
Thou tellest me of hopes departed,
But here am I now, broken-hearted!

Ah! once profoundly love I fell in,
I dreamed I had the love in turn
Of witching fair—but cruel Helen,
Who now, alas! my love doth spurn!
The deepest sorrow I must dwell in,
Till slumb'ring in the mould'ring urn.
The tears I shed for her—ah! none can tell,
God bless her! for I cannot say farewell! L.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

"Do any thing but love."

When Cupid with his witching smiles,
Would tempt thy feet to stray;
Yield not to his delusive wiles,
But turn from him away.

Or if thou would his virtue prove,
Let caution guide thy bark;
Nor let him know how pure the love
That burns within thy heart.

Lead gently on from tree to tree,
Like some sweet singing bird;
And let thy notes of mirthful glee
'Mong fragrant flowers be heard.

But be not won, for thou wilt find
Thy joys will then be o'er;
And thou be left alone to pine,
Thy sad fate to deplore. G. C. W.

From the Rochester Democrat,

Death of the President.

I.

Why o'er a Nation's face the heavy gloom,
Which now like Night its dusky pall doth spread?
Why weeps each eye? Why seems each heart a tomb,
Where Joy inebriate slumbers cold and dead?
Hath Freemen's blood for Freedom's cause been shed?
Hath ghastly Famine sought to be our Foe?
Hath *Death's* swift Angel filled the land with dread?
The *last!* Too true! Columbia wails the blow,
The fatal blow that laid her much loved Chieftain low.

II.

'Twas but a few days since, in all the pride
Of vigorous Life, he heard the loud acclaim
Of Thousands thronging round his courser's side,
And praying Heaven's blessings on his name;
The proudest page that chronicles his Fame!
The' Elected One! where all concentred were
A Nation's fondest hopes: On, on he came,
While trembled on his lips the secret prayer [bear.
That God would grant him strength his Country's charge to

III.

Yes—but a few days since, the pageant gay,
The drum's loud clangor and the trumpet's sound,
The neighing steed, and all the bright array
Of martial pomp, the Chieftain gathered round;
Did not his heart with wild emotion bound,
As on the glitt'ring ranks he cast his eye?
Did he not hear again the shout resound
Which swelled his soul with joy in days gone by,
When Thames re-echoed wide the cry of "Victory!"

IV.

And while around him pressed the civic throng,
To hail his coming as their Sage, their Guide,
Did memory not recall the struggles long,
Which he endured for Freedom by their side?
Did he not feel a Patriot's glowing pride
To see them now as happy full as free,
Their bark now floating safely on the tide,
Where once it tossed in doubt and agony?
And did no prayer ascend, that thus 'twould *ever* be?

V.

Where now, alas! that good, heroic heart,
Whose every pulse throbbed for his country's weal?
Fallen beneath the Fell Avenger's dart!
No more on Earth for Freedom's cause to feel!
Shrunk is the kindly hand outstretched to heal—
Dim the bright eye that sparkled in the fight—
Mute the loved voice that only spoke to deal
Joy to the wretched—to the wronged, the right—
Gone! yet we fondly trust to realms of Heav'nly Light.

VI.

Peace to his ashes! O'er his honored bier
A Nation weeps; and Freedom heaves a sigh
That one so true, so brave, so good, so dear,
Should from her sacred ranks be called—to die.
Scared at the scene, Pale Justice turns to fly,
And Heaven-eyed Charity withdraws her gaze;
No more *he* lives—no more *they* hover nigh
Their shelt'ring Friend—but seized with sore amaze,
In doubt they wing their way, to watch the *coming days.*

VII.

Oh! how precarious thine existence, Man!
Can Glory save thee from the yawning grave,
E'en though thou shinest in her very van?
Canst thou, with all a nation ever gave,
Shun the like home of Monarch and of Slave?
Death! merciless and cold! Thy deadly aim,
Disdaining wretches who thy vengeance crave,
Must light upon an honored, cherished name;
But—no! thou canst not snatch *his* heritage of Fame.

From the Philadelphia Visitor.

SPRING.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

I.

Hark! who is this, with tripping feet,
With sunny skies and voice so sweet,
With flowr'y ringlets in her hair—
Tell me who is this beauteous fair?
I hear the warbling blue-bird's note,
I see the ground bird's russet coat,
I see the red-bird's flashing wing,
I hear the distant robin sing,
Ah this,—ah this,—is beaut'ous SPRING.

II.

Hark! who is this that bounds along
With blithsome steps, and joyous song,
That gilds the top of yonder hill,
And flashes on the opening rill?
I hear the squirrel barking loud,
I see the brightning azure cloud,
I hear the forest vocal ring,
I hear rejoicing Nature sing.
All hail,—all hail,—O beaut'ous SPRING.

III.

Hark! who is this all clothed in light,
That scatters blossoms in her flight,
That bids the swelling buds be seen,
And decks the earth in robes of green?
A voice is in the dancing stream,
That glitters in the bright sun beam,
I hear it as the willows swing,
Swayed by the zephyr's downy wing,
A welcome to,—returning SPRING.

IV.

Say who is this all decked with smiles,
Comes she from the Indian isles,
Where swift the sunny streamlets flow,
O'er diamond sands that gleam below?
She comes,—she comes o'er land and main
She breaks old winter's icy chain,
Then haste ye maidens, chaplets bring,
Ay,—trip it in the mazy ring,
And welcome bright, returning SPRING.

V.

Ah! this is spring, the bright and gay,
Her reign is welcomed by the lay
Of thousand warblers, from the steep
Of mountain high and valley deep.
Oh, this is spring, she treads the skies,
And brightens the cerulean dyes.
She spreads o'er earth her magic wing,
Then quickly shoots each living thing,
To welcome bright returning SPRING.

Variety.

The Plattsburgh Republican says, that a man in the town of Schroon came very near being sent to prison because he resisted an officer who wished to serve a *habere facias possessionem* on him; as a justification of his act he exclaimed "who the devil would be taken with such a thing as that without resistance."

THE ROD!!—You might as well expect to go out in the Pacific ocean, and lead home a whale round Cape Horn by suasion, or persuade a lion to hold still, while some unfeeling son of Æsculapius wrenched every tooth from his head, as attempt to govern men or children *wholly* by moral suasion. First of all, teach your pupils what *law* is, and if they disobey, give them a practical illustration of what *penalty* is.

Sam Slick says, if ever you want to read a man, do the simple, and he thinks he has a soft horn to deal with; and, while he s'poses he is playin' off, you are puttin' the leake into him without his seein' it. Now if you put on the knowin' it puts him on his guard directly, and he fights as shy as a coon. Talkin' cute looks knavish, but talkin' soft looks sappy. Nothing will make a feller bark up a wrong tree like that.

Dr. Ratcliffe was the most celebrated physician of his day; and as blunt in his manners as he was skilled in his art. King William II. sent for him on account of a complaint he had contracted in his legs. "What do you think of it, doctor?"—said the King with some anxiety. "Why, I think I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."

A GOOD REFERENCE.—"Do you know Mr. ——?" asked one friend of another, referring to an old gentleman who was famous for his fondness for the extract of hop. "Yes, sir, I know him very well." "What kind of a man is he?" "Why, in the morning when he gets up he is a beer barrel, and in the evening when he goes to bed he is a barrel of beer."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the evening of the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hall, JOHN HOWE, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Miss SARAH A. CASE, of Simsbury, Ct.

In this city, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. S. W. ARNOLD to Mrs. SARAH W. CLARK.

On the 30th ult., by the Rev. James B. Shaw, Mr. W. Y. ANDREWS, Merchant, to Miss. BETSEY GORSLINE, daughter of Richard Gorsline, all of this city.

In Batavia, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. FRANCIS J. STRATTON of Rochester, to Miss MERCEY A. WARNER, of the former place.

In Brookport, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. T. R. Chipman, Mr. Harman Field, Druggist, to Miss Lucy Trumbull, of Stonington, Ct.

In Kendall, Orleans county, Nov. 12, by Rev. O. G. Scor, Mr. Albert T. Upham, of Elba, to Miss Elizabeth A. Wells, of the former place. Dec. 20, by the same, Hon. Alfred S. Peak, of Clarkson, to Miss Lydia Orrena Stephens, of Kendall.

In Batavia, on the 3d ult., by Nathaniel Reed, Esq., Mr. Solomon Sleeper, of Middleport, to Miss Maria Losson, of that town. On the 14th ult., by the same, Mr. Philemon Riley to Miss Maria Tuller, all of Batavia.

In LeRoy, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Mead, Mr. LYMAN BALLARD, to Miss FRANCES GRAVES, all of that place.

In Albion, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. Aaron Jackson, Mr. Andrew J. Chester, to Miss Elizabeth W. Ball, both of that place.

In Lockport, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Philip Harmony, to Mrs. Cornelia Marks.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Babcock, Mr. William Bennett, to Miss Almira Potter.

At Belvidere, Boon Co., Ill., on the 4th instant, by the Rev. John S. King, Mr. Andrew F. Moss, to Miss Louisa, daughter of Mr. Daniel Bristol, formerly of Brockport, Monroe county, N. Y.

At Clarendon, on the 7th inst., by Rev. R. S. Crampton, of Holley, Mr. Moses A. Commins, of Dansville, to Miss Andalusia M. Lewis, of the former place.

On Sunday, the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Louis Trogue, to Miss Julia Babcock, all of this city.

In Newstead, on the 25th ult., by Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Benjamin Sawyer to Miss Sophia Hatch, all of that town. At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Thaddeus Thurstings to Miss Minerva Carlton, all of that town. At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Reuben Sawyer, of Newstead, to Miss Phebe Stanton, of Pembroke.

In Byron, Genesee county, on the 17th ult., by Rev. Edwin Benedict, of North Bergen, Mr. Daniel F. Merrill to Miss Elvira M. Hudson, daughter of Joshua S. Hudson, Esq., both of the same place.

In Galveston, (Texas,) on the 4th of March, by Rev. Mr. Henderson, J. W. BENEDICT, Esq. to Miss ABIGAIL LEWIS, both of that city.

In Gaines, on the 18th ult., by Rev. C. Bates, of Parma, Mr. Julius Bates, Principal of the Gaines Academy, to Miss Maria, daughter of Hon. Elijah Foot. At the same time and place, and by the same, George H. Stone, Attorney at Law, to Miss Melinda Farwell. On the 22d ult., by Rev. M. B. Smith, Isaac Ford, Esq., of Scio, to Mrs. Almira Nichols, of the former place.

At West Avon, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, William Henry Scott, Esq., of Geneseo, to Miss Laura Ann, daughter of Capt. Josiah Waterous, of the former place.

In Vienna, Ontario county, on the 19th ult., by Rev E. H. Reinhart, the Rev. JOHN H. REDINGTON, of Moscow, Livingston county, to Mrs. MARY ANN COOPER, of the former place.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

Vol. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1841. No. 9.

Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Ethbert Elly, or the Innocent Sufferer.

A TRUE STORY.

BY REV. A. C. LATHROP.

——"There his dream
Soared on some wild, fantastic theme
Of faithful love, or ceaseless spring,
Till contemplation's wearied wing
The sufferer could no more sustain,
And sad he sank to earth again." WILFRED.

One of the most memorable and lovely little lakes, that lies at full length through central New York, is the beautiful Owasco. It is situated a few miles south of the village of Auburn, and stretches itself out for nearly twenty miles in a slightly meandering course, among gentle hills covered with dense forests, with here and there an elegant mansion, finely cultivated farms and tastefully arranged gardens and parks, all which charm the eye of the traveler on either shore, and more especially the party of pleasure on a sailing excursion. Here and there may be found elegant shallops and yatchs, constructed and kept especially for the convenience and comfort of the gentry of

"Auburn; loveliest village of the west,"

and all those who may resort thither for curiosity, or to kill time, and "drive dull care away."

In the month of June, 183–, four young men, divinity students, connected with the seminary in the village of Auburn, were upset and drowned while on a pleasure sail. Many persons were assembled after the sad news was spread abroad, to assist in recovering the dead bodies from the bosom of the lake. Among them was one who was a stranger, but who showed the greatest skill, zeal and anxiety to accomplish the object for which they were assembled. He had passed thro' a great variety of adventures and misfortunes, and yet seemed most happy in view of the prospect before him. In early youth he lost his parents, and was left a helpless, homeless, orphan boy; but the orphan's God had an eye of pity on him, and a happy home was found for him. He was adopted into a family affluent in circumstances, and very kind hearted withal. The utmost pains were taken to bestow on him a very respectable business education, and also to train him up to habits of industry. Mutual confidence and regard resulted from acquaintance, until he looked upon them as parents, and they loved him as an only son. This made his adopted home very agreeable to him, and as he grew in stature and years, the idea of leaving it was painful in the extreme. But there was a stronger tie that chained him there than any which has been mentioned; the only daughter and child of his adopted parent had become the idol of his heart! He had loved her from infancy; and when in childhood as they walked hand in hand to school, this mutual predilection became more deep and apparent. In after years, it grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength, until their very beings, by the strange alchymy of love, seemed united so that they were unhappy unless in the enjoyment of each other's society.

Edith Erwood was indeed a lovely creature.—With all the simplicity and gentleness of nature, which ever surpasses the blandishments of art, she was at once easy, graceful and dignified. We shall not attempt to describe her beauty; for it consisted not only in the regularity of her features, her auburn locks, sylph-like form, blue-black eyes and fair complexion, but in that high souled virtue, that amiable temper, docility, quickness, and tender sympathy, and open-heartedness which infinitely transcend in loveliness all the external attributes of beauty combined.

After much blushing hesitation, and mutual consultation, they agreed unitedly that on a certain evening they would ask leave of marriage of her parents. Consent was readily obtained; for Mr. and Mrs. Erwood were convinced of their attachment, and of the folly of trying to break it. As a marriage dowry, the parents made over all their estate to them, except so much as was deemed sufficient for their own support, and pay their passage to the grave.

How happy were Ethbert and Edith, after having been united in the bands of holy wedlock for a few years, when they were seated by the fireside between the old people on a long winter evening, while their only son and daughter were sporting about the room. As they had frequently said, they were too happy to have their prosperity last long; so it proved in the sequel.

In the spring of 182–, on occasion of the election in the state of New Hampshire, and in the town where our hero was brought up, he was presented as a candidate for some office. He mingled in the excited multitudes, and as has been the custom nearly to the present day, on such occasions, much to be lamented, the source of much mischief and angry strife, he drank very freely, and treated all on his own expense who came to sell their votes for a drink of grog. We trust the temperance reform, and sober reflection, will do away with such anti-republican and vicious customs. As he was unwonted to a very free habitual use of intoxicating drinks, he became almost mad from their effects; and whereas he had been previously a very respectable citizen and sober man, he was now so altered in his demeanor that a great crowd, astonished, gathered around him in the chamber of his lodgings. He swaggered and swore about, daring any man to single combat with him, especially any one of his political opponents who had presumed to put in a vote against him. Oh! what a beast does intoxicating drinks make of a decent man, who is under their influence! As no one seemed ready to meet him on his own grounds, he pounced upon the first man on whom he could lay hands and threw him out of the nearest window upon the pavement below. The person whom he had thus assaulted happened to be a very respectoble man, who was much bruised, and who immediately prosecuted Elly and sent a constable after him to secure him for trial. As the constable came, Elly swore that he would not be taken forcibly, but if the constable would allow, he would go freely and peaceably wherever he would direct. Otherwise, he would not go at any rate. The constable told him that he must be taken by force, and advanced up the stairs to seize him. Elly met him at the top of the stairway, and knocked him headlong down again. The indignant crowd immediately rushed on him, but rage gave him strength, and he bent each opponent before him, mowing them down like a swath, as he swung his arms among them, and all that attempted to seize him by laying hands on him, he shook off as though they had been cobwebs. Clearing his way, he dashed out of the house, leaping fences, climbing up and dashing down mountain sides, threading forests and swinning rivers, not knowing whither he went. He crossed Vermont, and came into the Empire State.

Here he paused, and finding himself out of danger, he began soberly to reflect on his conduct, and his disconsolate family. He thought upon his wife and children until his eyes overflowed and his heart broke within him. To return at that time, he knew, would subject him to be separated from his family, to disgrace and contempt, and imprisonment; and he firmly resolved he would not go back, unless carried back by force, until it would be safe for him to return. On he went to New York city, shipped before the mast on board a merchantman and followed the seas. His skill and strength, his daring and dignity, the consistency of his deportment and the intelligence he displayed, caused him to be promoted, until finally he became a captain.

After a few years, he left the seas, purchased a fore-and-aft schooner, and sailed it on the North River, between Albany and New York. At Albany, on a certain time, a suspicious man came on board, and after having proceeded a few miles down the river, he demanded that Captain Elly should set him on shore. Capt. Elly told him he would do so; and accordingly lowered away the boat and brought it alongside, and invited the man to take the boat and he would row him ashore.

"No," said the stranger, "I shall row myself ashore."

"But," returned the captain, "how shall I get my boat again?"

"What do you suppose I care?" was the insulting reply. Then the fellow proceeded to take the boat.

"You cannot go, sir," said the captain, "unless I go with you."

"We will see," was the laconic rejoinder.

The captain stooped down to make fast the hawser, when the ruffain stranger seized him by the collar, with the design of throwing him overboard. The captain rose up suddenly and unexpectedly, and they both fell backward over the gunwale into the boat below. The stranger groaned and gasped and died. He had fallen across a seat of the boat and broken his back. Captain Elly was unhurt, but he was amazed and horror-struck at what had happened. There was no other living soul on board save a boy a dozen years old who had learned to hold the helm and keep the vessel on its course. The captain told the boy to steer for a vessel coming up the river, while he proceeded to take the dead body of the stranger on deck and haul up the boat.

As they hailed the vessel which they neared, he gave himself up to be tried by the laws of his country, requesting the captain to allow him his liberty, and he would be as secure to them as though bound in irons. But no! the captain

thrust an old and tried friend down into a dark, damp and filthy hold, put him in chains, bolted down the hatchways and left him to his dungeon. Taking his prisoner's vessel in tow, he steered his course to Sing Sing. Here he was tried before a court, and on the testimony of the boy, the only witness in the case, he was acquitted. However, the party on the prosecution not being satisfied that the boy was not bribed, or a particeps criminis, appealed from the decision to a higher court. The boy's father, a loafer in New York, hearing of the case, and fearful that the boy was concerned in the death of the man, persuaded him to turn state's evidence, and swear that he saw the captain kill the stranger with a handspike.—Consequently, a verdict of "GUILTY" was bro't in, and captain Elly was sentenced to be hung.

He was thrown into a prison in New York, and knowing death to be near, he wished to be prepared to meet the king of terrors. He requested a clergyman might be sent for, which was accordingly done. The Rev. Dr. ——— visited him in his cell, to whom the captain related the story of his life, and the particulars especially of the death of the stranger, with so much simplicity that the clergyman was convinced of his innocence. The captain's greatest concern was, to be prepared to meet God. He wished not to live; he did not expect it. After a season of interesting conversation and prayer, the captain apparently became resigned to die, feeling he had been forgiven by the God of all mercy, and felt the hope within him that he should be forever happy in the kingdom of glory, through the riches of Divine grace.

The clergyman left him cheerful and reconciled to his fate; himself determined that the captain should not die. Circulating a petition, obtaining the names of many important persons, and forwarding it to the governor, he affected an alteration in the captain's condition, by having the sentence changed from the gallows to the prison for life, feeling, that if the captain were truly a christian, he would be pardoned out, that he might return to his family. The captain's friends in New York assured him that he should not lie long in prison; but when he was confined there, his case was forgotten. The clergyman having gone to Europe for his health, there was no one to commisserate his condition. He was confined in the prison at Auburn. Four years passed, while he was daily expecting his release; his heart was well nigh broken, and he was about giving up in despair. How full of anguish was the thought of his Edith—the loved one of his youth, the mother of his children! He knew not whether she was dead or alive.

Finally, the clergyman, his friend, was chosen, in the providence of God, a professor in the divinity school at Auburn. His piety led him to feel for those in prison; and being invited by the chaplain to preach to the convicts in the chapel on Sunday, he there espied, to his amazement, in the farthest end of the chapel, the dejected and pale countenance of Captain Elly, who also recognised the clergyman. He had supposed, according to promise, his friends had endeavored to have the captain pardoned. He immediately visited the keepers and inquired for Elly. They gave the assurance that he was a very intelligent and pious man, though his health was failing fast on account of sympathy for his distant family, and his daily disappointment in not being liberated, as he had long expected. The clergyman made haste to address a petition to the then acting governor, and obtained the liberation of Captain Elly, who had just come from his long imprisonment, when the divinity students were drowned, and for the recovery of whose bodies he was toiling so hard.—It was because he loved the religion they loved. It was because he loved the clergy, one of whose honored few having been the instrument of lighting up within him the lamp of christian hope, and liberating him from death and the prison.—It was because these young men were connected with the institution over which his benefactor presided as one of its professors. Oh! how deep and lasting was the gratitude of his heart toward that man! He was heard frequently to say that he would at any moment lay down his life for his friend. Many contributed funds to assist captain Elly back to his family. He found them all alive and well, who received him as from the dead. His son and daughter had grown from infancy to maturity.

There, it is presumed, he is still in the bosom of his family, teaching his son and his neighbors to abhor intemperance, which had been the cause of all his sorrows, and recommending to them the christian religion, that had more than restored him to reason, to life, to his family; for it had restored him to the favor of his God, and to the hopes of heaven.

The person whom he had assaulted had left the state, and the affair was forgotten. May the simple story of his adventures be a source of instruction to many of the vain and giddy youth of our country; then shall the object for which it was written be secured.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

THE THREE EXILES.

What word so strikes upon the ear of man in his lone wanderings in foreign lands, as the simple monosyllable *"home!"* How many and interesting are the associations connected with that word, and with what potency will it at times bring to view the ghosts of departed hours, and the recollection of friends with whom we can scarce hope to shake hands this side of the grave!

So thought a Polish exile, as sadly he paused to catch the strains of *"Home, sweet home!"* which flowed from a piano in the building he was passing. It was executed in a style worthy the fair performer, who was enabled to heighten the natural effect of the piece by accompanying the instrument with a voice of unsurpassed melody, richness and strength.

Manhood had set its seal upon the brow of the Pole, and in his dark, expressive eye there flashed the proud spirit of one of nature's noblemen.—He listened to the song until the last note fell upon his ear, and stood for some moments thereafter with folded arms and drooping head, as though contemplating his own condition, and weeping over the sufferings of his beloved country. Perhaps, too, there was that in the voice which arrested his steps, that reminded him of a sister now in exile among the snows of Siberia; as there was certainly that in the words of the song, which recalled all those fond associations which cling to the spot where life first sprung into existence, and where the mind first rocked in the gay world of youthful imagination and delight. A hand gently laid upon his shoulder awoke him from the painful reverie in which his soul was plunged, and turning abruptly, the arm raised to fell the intruder remained suspended in the atmosphere, as he saw in the stranger's countenance those evidences of sympathy and friendship which never fail to allay malice and conquer fear.

"They tell me thou art one of those unfoturnate men who, failing in their struggle for freedom, were driven forth as exiles from their native land," said the stranger, his hand still resting where he first placed it.

"I am," replied the exile, "and sad indeed is my heart when thinking of Poland, once chivalric and noble, but now spiritless and crushed."

"Thy heart, young man," responded the stranger, "should not grow faint, nor thy soul sink under misfortune; but, having faith in the God of thy fathers, a God of justice, and one who frowns upon oppression as upon a loathesome thing, thou shouldst be comforted in the assurance that He will one day raise his arm of might, and strike to the dust the oppressors of thy kindred and people."

"The words you speak," answered the Pole, touched as much by the manner as by the language of his new acquaintance, "are the words of a friend, and bring with them great consolation to my wounded spirit. I would know the name of him who speaks so gently to a poor exile."

"His name is one which figures not on the list of great men, though it belongs to one who loves to do good to his suffering fellow men. He is a member of a small society of men whom the world call "Quakers," and is ready to render thee any assistance which thou mayst need."

Long did the Pole gaze upon the speaker, whose benevolent features wore that interesting expression which goodness ever lends to the face, however homely, and in whose mild tone of voice, another evidence of the genuineness of the kindness expressed was clearly to be seen. He spoke not, but his heart was full, and a tear stood in each eye as he shook with cordial warmth the extended hand of the Friend, and intuitively dropped upon his knees in token of his grateful feelings. But he was instantly checked by his companion.

"We are not used to receiving thanks on bended knees," said he. "This is a land of freedom, where all are equal, and where the *heart* of a man, which showeth itself in *good works*, is held greatly above all ceremonies, however expressive.—Rise, therefore, young man, for God is the only one before whom we should prostrate ourselves, whether for thanksgiving or pardon for our sins."

There is that in the simple and unostentatious address of a Friend, which must ever carry conviction to the heart of every one at all disposed to be affected by acts of human kindness, that whatever is said comes from the heart; and no one can listen thereto without in his own mind investing the speaker with a right to speak, and his words with a wisdom and pathos which belong not to the language of other men. At least such was the effect of the Friend's address on the Pole, for the latter instantly arose, though in heart he felt more humble than while kneeling at the feet of his kind benefactor.

"You speak," said he, "like the holy fathers of the church, when they bade us put our trust in God, as they buckled on our armor; but their words, even while they spoke of the heaven which awaited those who fell while fighting for their country, were not more welcome to me than those which you have spoken."

At this moment their conversation was interrupted by the opening of the door of the house in front of which they stood, and the appearance of two men whose physiognomies and general contour bespoke them to be of Polish origin. They were engaged in earnest conversation as they descended the steps, and did not notice their countryman and his companion, until one of them, apparently the younger of the two, spoke something in a sharp, quick voice, which the other answering with an assenting nod, they both discovered the presence of other men, and immediately their eyes were riveted on the cap and coat of the individual with whom the friend had been conversing. It required not the second glance to convince them that he was a countryman, and for a moment forgetting all else but the common object

of their warmest and purest love, they shouted the beloved watchword, 'Kosciusko and Liberty!' and waited not the answering cry of their friend ere they were at his side.

The meeting of three exiles, for such they all were, was such as became their condition, and hearts united by ties like those which bound theirs together; and the sympathetic and joyous tear which stood in all their eyes, as by each others' presence they were reminded of the days that had been, might also have been seen coursing its way down the furrowed cheek of their silent but deeply interested Quaker friend, for just then the good man was made to think, more forcibly than for years circumstances had enabled him to, of the return of a younger brother after an absence of many years. Unlike most men, age seemed to have added strength to his mind, and particularly to those humane and tender feelings which made him an ornament and blessing to his race; and hence, even more perhaps than the exiles themselves, he experienced alike their sorrows and their joys. Unwilling, however, to clog by his presence that exuberant flow of tender feeling which circumstances were so well calculated to elicit, after inviting them all to dine with him on the coming day, he bade them farewell and entered the still open door of his hospitable mansion.

Sniacheki and his friends, the two Poles with whom he now met for the first time since he landed at New York, were firm friends before, and brother soldiers during that gallant struggle which preceded the union of Poland to the dominions of the Russian autocrat. Born to wealth and to hereditary privileges and fame, all that wealth could do had been done in preparing them to display their native and acquired energies on whatever arena they might choose to plant themselves. Ere yet they had passed their twentieth year, they retired from the most renowned universities of Germany, taking with them honors for which they had contended with the brightest intellects of civilized Europe.

They were all absent when the tocsin of war sounded from the citadels and walled cities of their native land, but neither the exhortation of friends, nor the fear of that overwhelming force which they knew would be brought against them, deterred them from hastening to the field of combat.—Full of that hope which is always the most potent stimulus to action, that hope which sustained their countrymen during some of the darkest hours any nation ever knew, which made victory to perch upon their standard at times even when fate itself seemed to be arrayed against them, they hardly felt fatigue or knew dismay, until the last banner which bore aloft their favorite watchword was cloven down by a power and might they were not able to resist. Until then, the three friends had fought side by side, the mutual guardians of each others interests, as in other days they had been the mutual witnesses of each others success and partakers of each others joys.

Again to recount the incidents of that revolution which resulted in the expulsion from their homes of one of the bravest and most generous people known to history, would be a work of supererogation. And besides, the American heart sickens at the recital of such wrongs as Poland suffered at the hands of christendom, in consequence of the inactivity and ingratitude of those who should have made her cause their own. It is now, however, too late to repine. The deed has been done. Poland has fallen a sacrifice to the lethargy and inhumanity of the very nations she once defended with a powerful arm; her sons and daughters have been driven into slavery or exile, and her pleasant places laid waste by the ruthless hand of war!

It was on the evening which preceded the last memorable struggle made by the Poles for liberty and their country, that the three friends passed the guarded gate of the city in which they were quartered, and which alone, of all the citadels once in their possession, they could now call their own, and arm in arm walked towards a shady retreat, where oft in days of yore they had whiled away hour after hour in the enjoyment of those pleasures which attach themselves to the morning of life. It was a spot consecrated to friendship, and therefore a befitting place for what might be their last interview on earth. There had they assembled to see the morning sun burst with a blaze of glory upon realms but recently enshrouded in darkness, and thither had they retired again to watch the same glorious orb, as, after having swept through the heavens, and given a fructifying influence to the very atmosphere they breathed, he sank behind the mountains which formed the western boundary of their native land.—There had they resolved to toil and live for that immortality which is the reward of virtuous action, and by studying, prepare themselves for imitating the revered characters whose lives had given an eclat to the history of their country. But how different the feelings which formerly animated them from those with which they now approached the retreat devoted to such aims and connected with such recollections; and no wonder that their steps were slow and measured, as though governed by the clear notes of a funeral march!

It wanted yet an hour to the rising of the moon, which was to be the signal of their retreat to the citadel, when the three friends cast themselves upon the grass beneath the boughs of a wide spreading oak. Could their countenances have been seen, despair, the result of hope long deferred and finally abandoned, might have been seen engraven thereon in lines which time might divest of their depth, but could never efface. But time was passing on, and the business which called them together had not been arranged; so bidding adieu to other thoughts and feelings, they proceeded to digest a plan for their future meeting and settlement in America, in the event of their surviving the conflict of the ensuing day.

Ere the sun rose on the morning subsequent to the evening and events alluded to, the guns of the enemy were opened upon the devoted city of Warsaw, deadening somewhat, but not totally annihilating the tremendous shouts of the Russian soldiery, who were drawn up in battle array according to the discipline of their nation and era. To them the war had been a sanguinary and severe one, and unattended by the plunder which had been promised them; and but for the oft repeated assurance of those in command that in Warsaw had been deposited the wealth of the nation, and that their streets were lined with gold, they could hardly have been brought to expose themselves to the guns of the citadel. But soon becoming heated by exercise, and maddened by one repulse after another, they pressed on, and finally entered a breach in the walls, and took the city by storm. Great was the slaughter on both sides, but among those who survived and made their escape were the three friends. For a time after the conflict commenced, they were enabled to keep together, but were finally separated, and when the battle was over, each one betook himself to a place of safety, and without knowing the fate of his fellows, preparatory to commencing his lonely pilgrimage to another hemisphere, cast a mournful glance at the last battle ground over which had waved their glorious watchword, 'Kosciusko and Liberty!'

We will not attempt a delineation of the feelings of the three friends, as they severally saw the Russian flag waving in triumph over their most renowned and ancient city, where for ages their fathers had sat in solemn conclave, dispensing justice to a nation of as brave and philanthropic men, as in the annals of this world ever bowed to the sceptre of an earthly prince; nor attempt to record their reflections, as they bade farewell to the altars where they had worshipped, and the graves where repose the remains of their immortal ancestors. Such themes are better suited to the imagination of the reader than the pen of the historian. Neither will we follow them in their journeyings from country to country, until they finally reached "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Suffice it to say that Sniacheki preceded his friends by about six months, and that the other two were so fortunate as to land within a day of each other, about the time of the opening of our narrative. Having heard of the arrival of some of his countrymen, Sniacheki had gone to Boston in the hope of meeting his friends, and was on his way to the harbor when interrupted in the manner described. Fortunately for him, however, the Quaker who so opportunely made his acquaintance, had sought out the lone exiles, and provided them with a home, as he had done to others before them, while they remained in the city. That evening they took tea with his family, and but for the music which arrested the steps of their friend, would have retired some time previously to the hour of their accidental meeting.

Time passed on, and the ensuing summer found the three friends denizens of a happy home in the far west. Many of their countrymen, more indeed than they ever expected to see again, have since found an asylum from oppression in this land of freedom, and are now living in their immediate vicinity, where may they all remain and prosper, until those who owe her a debt of gratitude not to be cancelled in any other way, shall help Poland to resume her station among the nations of the earth.

DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.—"Mr. Smith you have insulted me!"

"Have I?"

"Have you! yes, you have."

"Possible?"

"Yes, possible! Here's a brace of pistols, sir, choose one and name your distance."

"Humph! well, recon this one will shoot pretty smart."

"Well, sir, name your distance."

"O, must I name the distance?"

"Surely, sir."

"Well—let me see—humph—yes——"

"Be quick, sir."

"The distance will be—let me see—"

"How much, sir?"

"Well—reckon a mile will do."

[*Richmond Star.*

INSTRUCTIVE.—The following sentence, from the Philadelphia North American, though short, is held by the Boston Courier to contain material enough from which to manufacture a volume:—"The road on which ambition travels has this advantage—the higher it ascends the more difficult it becomes, till at last it terminates on some elevation too narrow for friendship, too steep for safety, too sharp for repose; and where the occupant, above the sympathy of men, and below the friendship of angels, resembles in the solitude, if not in the depth of his suffering, a Prometheus chained to the Caucassian rock."

NO TIME TO READ PAPERS.—All men find time for every thing that is really a gratification to them; and hence the complaint of no time is in fact no taste for newspapers. Every man has time to read a newspaper, during a rainy day, or a long evening, or sometimes when waiting for his meals. If he is not a slave, he certainly can find time to improve his mind. The most industrious people always find time to read, and it is the idle and lazy only who have not time.

The National Bereavement.

FUNERAL SERMON,

Delivered in the Presbyterian Church in Washington, on the Sabbath after the decease of the late President of the U. States; in presence of President Tyler and Members of the Cabinet.

BY REV. CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER,
Of Burlington, N.J. (temporarily residing in Washington.)

1 Peter, i 24, 25. For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man is as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

The instructions of Heaven are best realized amidst the solemnities of the grave. The ministrations of sorrow reveal with portentous gleams of eternity, how all below is fleeting—how all above endures.

Jesus, by his Spirit and providence, has often traversed the Judea, Samaria and Gallilee of our country. Often has he taught in our sanctuaries, cried aloud in our streets, stood upon our mountains, uttered his voice upon our waters, admonished in our councils, and knocked at the door of our humble dwellings. But, lo! he has now entered the habitation of our power. For the first time, he has commissioned his providence to open the mansion of the nation with the keys of death, and to maintain the rights of God and the grave.

Our President is dead! The hero of battles is at rest; and the ruler of councils is silent. The changes of a single moon have reflected the light of heaven upon the vanity of earthly glory. Had our Capitol disappeared in the visions of the night, it would not have had more the appearance of miraculous interposition. As men struck down in amazement, we know not whither to turn, nor what judgment to dread as the next Omnipotent visitation. There is mourning throughout the land, for the first-born of our honor has fallen!—The lamentations of a smitten people cry out to God in a united agony, which breaks the peace of the Sabbath, and yet corresponds with its highest purposes of repentance and faith, and of prostration before "the Lord God omnipotent" that reigneth! Emblems of wo are upon us; and within us is affliction itself. Shrouded in black is the nation, the men in power, the sanctuaries of Zion, and the high places of our glory. Yonder deserted mansion, with its proud pillars and halls of festivity, and silent chambers, is darkened, as with the shadow of death; and out of its walls issues a voice, audible in tones of power and mercy, "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass: the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away. But the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Mourning people! let God be magnified! His purposes, though mystery on earth, are wisdom in Heaven! Be it ours to attend to the lessons of his Providence, by pondering upon the vanity of our estate, and obeying the precepts of his enduring Word!

I. "All flesh is grass"—"the grass withereth."—Thus does God describe our earthly condition and doom. Faithful to the race, whom his power brought into being, He admonishes us that we are born to die. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is the sentence of universal condemnation, fearfully executed through all generations. The millions who have gone before us—in number unutterable!—is the testimony of death to the sin of Eden, and to our inheritance of wo. The dead of even one generation would encircle the earth with a pathway of coffins! Ye living men, the hollow sound of sepulchres beneath your feet is the assurance of your doom!

We must all depart. How many die in *infancy!* Tender blades on creation's soil, they perish in an hour. How many die in *early youth!* They have passed the terrific perils of infancy, and hope seems to have bound firmly around their brows the garland of life. But whilst we fondly gaze, they disappear. "They flee as a shadow and continue not." "They are as the green herb—as the grass on the house top—as corn blasted before it is grown up." "In the morning, they flourish; before noon they are cut down and withered."—In *manhood and mature life* how many others are brought low! Though strong in human strength, they are but as the grass before the scythe. They abide not when the king of terrors sends forth his mandate. He touches them with the sceptre of the grave, and they fall submissive subjects at his feet. "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death." Strength of constitution, vigor of motion, health of limb, power of effort, energy of endurance, are held in derision, even by the very worms which turn us into corruption.—Comparatively few are the victims, white with *age*, and bowed down with care. Even the old must die. Age, like infancy, of which it is at last the antitype, sinks without the power of a hopeful struggle. The marks of three score years and ten, identify it as ready prey; and if labor and sorrow hold it up to the confines of four score, yet at last it meets the general doom.

We need, indeed, no evidences to convince us of our mortality; but we need continual warnings to keep us mindful of it. Such is our forgetfulness of the lessons of His providence, that God sends death among us in every variety of form, of method, of period, of circumstance. In almost every death, there is something new and peculiar; something to preserve the sense of our insecurity, and to make us realize, with Job, "I know that thou wilt bring me to death."

What an exhibition of our mortality is the dispensation which has filled a nation with dismay! The venerable form, which so recently was the object of our reverence and patriotic affection, has been carried away into sepulchral darkness. But yesterday, he stood among us in the green vigor of years; alas, he is now decaying in the desolate and kindred earth. His eye will no more open upon us with its benignity, singleness of purpose, and intelligence. His lips will never more speak words of affection and patriotism to his endeared people. His face will never again be brightened with a smile; nor will his frail and oft-pressed hand ever shrink again from the hearty welcome of the old soldier, and the equal enthusiasm of ten thousands of admiring freemen.—No! His form, lifeless, motionless, cold, corrupting, we have carried to the place appointed for all living. "Thou changest his countenance and sendest him away." "As for man, his days are as grass: as the flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." The people will soon lie side by side with their President. The whole living nation will, in a few short years, be beneath the clods of the valley.—Mortality is the degardation which sin has marked upon our bodies. All must die. Whatever be our rank, or station, or learning, or endowments, or character, or destiny, we must all lie down as in a sleep, and be gathered, as our fathers were, to the all-devouring grave. The dust of Kings, of Presidents, of rulers, soon mingles with the dust of subjects, citizens, and slaves; yea, with the dust of the withered grass—the emblem of man's condition and decay. "All flesh is grass—the grass withereth."

II. "And all the glory of man is as the flower of the grass"—"the flower thereof falleth away." Not only is the body withering grass, but all the glory of man's earthly existence is as the falling flower. Neither body nor spirit have an abiding honor in this world of vanity and degradation.

1. All the glory of man's *intellectual endowments*—of what avail are they, when God requireth the soul? Though "we understood all mystery and all knowledge," yet in these alone we are "nothing." In the hour of death, the mightiest mind parts for ever from all its pride of attainments. Though we may pass, in the vision of intellect and science, from star to star, and glory amidst distant worlds, in the discovery of new laws and facts in the government of infinite creation, our knowledge vanisheth away like the shadowy thoughts of an infant's only dream!—Where is the wise man whose wisdom is available against the terrors of the grave? How vain becomes the learning of a race, which "perishes from morning to evening!" The acquisitions of science, the noblest aspirings of jurisprudence, the knowledge of choicest antiquity, the aims and measures of political segacity—all the profoundest study of life—is to a dying man like the folly of fools. "Doth not the excellency, which is in them go away? They die, even without wisdom." Though "the well-spring of wisdom be as a flowing brook," it is lost in the waters of the swelling Jordan.

2. The glory of *rank* and *elevation* likewise disappears at death. It is as perishing as the power which gave it being, or as the pomp which is the emblem of its duration. "On the eyelids" of kings, there is the "shadow of death;" in the hearts of rulers is "vexation of spirit." The corruption, which belongs to our bodies is transferred to the glory of our best estate. "Man in his best estate is altogether vanity." The possession of rank and station tends indeed to gratify ambition, by securing homage and multiplying the resources of power. But the honors to the brow are without peace to the heart. Their enjoyments are the temptations of worldliness to depravity, and are inferior to the comforts of poverty, integrity, and toil. The royal preacher declares, "I was great and increased more than all they that were before me in Jerusalem," and "I withheld not my heart from any joy." "And behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and there was no profit under the sun." All the glory of Solomon has fallen like the cedars of Lebanon. His palaces and temples, and all the insignia of his reign have no abiding place on the earth; are unknown even in the memory of man. If such glory thus passeth away, like the flower of the field, (which it equalled not,) what glory of man can hope to survive in the visions of most presumptuous ambition! How brief and uncertain, too, is the period of present enjoyment?—We have been taught by impressive Providence the end of all human distinction. Our President has been suddenly taken from the honors of a grateful people, to be placed beneath the soil on which they tread. The distant echoes of his inauguration triumphs are reverberated beyond the mountains, to mingle with the mournings of his funeral solemnities. Yonder mansion, which he lately entered in glory, has seen him carried out of it in dust. Though "the glory of his house be increased" yet "when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him." "All the glory of man is as the flower of the grass, the flower thereof falleth away."

3. The glory of *riches* is of the same fleeting character. Strange that man should set his heart so firmly upon that which perishes, and then cleave to it as though it were to endure! Yet there is hardly any possession, which more engages the aim and pursuit of our race, than wealth. It is sought for with an avidity that scorns oceans, and mountains, and deserts, and climates. Stoop down for the flower which your feet have trodden from its stem of grass, and learn from its decay, the vanity of your anxious toil. "They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave." The wealth of the Esterhayzs, treasured up as a glorious inheritance, is of no use to those who assisted in its accumulation, nor will long serve the vanity of its present possessors. "For, we brought nothing into this world; and it is certain that we can carry nothing out." Yet, our race is bent on evil, on the evil of the glory of wealth. If Canova were awaiting directions for a man, who would fitly represent the race, we would say to him (especially for this generation,) "Chisel him in the attitude of *grasping!*" And when he had completed the statue, we would add, "Make another in the attitude of *death!*" The two together—the one representing the spirit, and the other the end of riches—would fitly describe the nature of its glory.

4. The glory of *arms* is similar in its shadowy end. Many mighty warriors have been conspicuous in their generation, receiving, when living, the applause of armies and nations, and when dead, the highest honors. But their glory went not with them beyond the darkness of the grave. Unsatisfied Alexander could weep in want of an unconquered world; and Napoleon, trembling at Moscow amidst the flames, and at St. Helena amidst the waves, was at last insensible to the honors of his faithful France. Our own country, separated from contending nations, has yet had its share in the peril of conflicts, and in the strife of battles. How few survive to enjoy the rewards of our war of Revolution! "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" That generation of heroes has already almost vanished from the scenes of its glory! And of the leaders in our second war, how many are gone! Beyond the promotions of army or navy, they will never more serve that country, whose honor was dearer than life! The last of the dead was the hero of many conflicts. He often heard the war cry of the Indian, and the roar of cannon, and guided to victory the armies of his country. Methinks I see him, near the sources of the Wabash, preparing for the exigencies of an eventful morning. Before the twilight his sleep is broken by sentinel-guns. Battle rages. He is in the midst of the conflict. The voice we lately heard so clear and loud at the Capitol, is sounding above the noise of battle in its tones of high command. Yes, I see him, with his country's sword in his hand, and the fire of battle in his eye, charging upon the savage foe with the enthusiasm of victory. But hark! The din of war is hushed!—And see! The conqueror sleeps in the grave with the prophet!

Such is the glory of man, of whatever kind; fleeting as the shadows of his body, or the dust of his grave. "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" "All flesh is grass; and all the glory of man as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, the flower thereof falleth away. But the word of the Lord endureth forever."

III. It is profitable to turn from the vanities of earth to the enduring "WORD OF THE LORD;" from vain glory to truth, and heaven, and immortality! Great is the transition! which may the Spirit assist us to understand and to realize!

1. "The word of the Lord endures for ever" in the *majesty of Him it represents*. God's revelation, the image of his own glory, is unchanging as his own existence. Like Jehovah himself, it is beyound the reach of the vanities and changes of man's estate, the revolutions of empires, and the final convulsions of nature. "The heavens and the earth shall pass away, but his word shall not pass away." "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven!" The stability of the throne is its truth; the praises of universal dominion are its testimonies; and the holiness, justice and goodness of God, its everlasting and sure foundations. "In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

2. This word also endures forever *in the principles of salvation*, which it establishes. "The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." Coming to "seek and to save that which was lost," Jesus lived a life of holiness, benevolence and atonement. He procured salvation for our race, by reconciling Justice and Mercy through the cross. He cried "IT IS FINISHED!" Oh cry, unknown in creation! Rocks quaking, sun darkened, vail rent, dead rising, sinners trembling, witnessed the triumphs of everlasting truth in the sacrifice of eternal love.—"The word of the Lord endureth forever; and this is the word which by the Gospel is preached unto you." "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" but "by grace are ye saved through faith." "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sin." "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." These principles of our salvation, which, in a word, embrace the acknowledgment of sin, faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and obedience of life, are everlasting principles. They endure whilst the world endures; yea, beyond all earthly destinies, in results for which eternity has no bounds of degree or measures of duration.

3. This Word of the Lord endures forever in the *rule of life*, which is our glorious guide. Love to God and love to man are the fulfilling of the commandments. They are the sum of our duty, the source of our happiness, the measure of our sanctification, and the abiding standard of our preparation for heaven. The precepts of the Gospel, which are of equally permanent obligation, enjoin self-denial, the regulation of the heart, the crucifixion of the lusts of the flesh, victory over the world, and, in short, the exhibition of the graces of the Spirit, and the imitation of the life of Christ. How different a life, regulated by the enduring rule, from one of worldliness, pleasure, and unchastened ambition! It is a life which possesses the spirit and the principles of immortality. Jesus, who was both "life and immortality," overcame the world in every form of temptation; he rejected the kingdoms of the world with all their glory, and lived above its honors to the glory of God the Father. His disciples, regulating their lives by the same precepts and motives, subject themselves to the authority of the same government, which is "from everlasting to everlasting."

4. And this suggests *the eternal sanctions* by which "the Lord's word endureth for ever."

Brethren! does the destiny of man perish, like the withered grass of his body, and the fallen flower of his glory? No! children of immortality! No! Ye are of the life and the resurrection! They that are in the graves shall hear the voice "of the Son of God," "and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." Wonders, passing the awe of a single providence, shall fill the firmament with mightiest miracles. The trump of the archangel, the glorious appearing of Christ, the shining of the angelic host, the resurrection of the dead, the fire-consuming scroll of these heavens and this earth, the solemnities of the general judgment, will reveal in the light of glorious Omnipotence, Justice and Mercy, the eternal destiny of all the race of Adam. Wo will be the doom of those who sought the acquisitions of knowledge, the exaltation of station, the accumulation of wealth, and the honor of arms, to the neglect of the spirit, "created in the image of God," and endued with his immortality! Yes, the worldliness and vanity of a life spent in despising the cross of Christ, shall suffer all the threatenings of Divine Justice. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever." But who can describe the triumphs of those, who, by a life of faith on earth, were preparing for the glory, honor and immortality of the skies! *Knowledge* indeed will be theirs; the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus, the knowledge of Perfections, of Redemption, of Providence, of expanding creations, of angels' state, and Heaven's service. *Exaltation* will be theirs: the exaltation of kings and priests—of diadems and thrones—of glorious society—of the new nature and the new song. *Wealth* will be theirs; the wealth of spiritual blessedness, of God's love, of unstained righteousness, of promises fulfilled, of realities possessed. *Victory* will be theirs; the victory over the world, over principalities of the air, over the depravity within—victory, in the possession of Canaan, in the prospects of peace, in the enjoyments of God's abiding glory! Sweet will it be to exchange the cares and sorrows and degradation of this life, for the high praises and possessions of that which is to come! Sweet to lie down in the dust, and "awake in Thy likeness!" Sweet to wash the last pollution of our feet in the Jordan, and to enter with hallelujahs the gate of Heaven!

"All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away. But the word of the Lord endureth forever."

Even so, our Father! The grass and its flower are our withered inheritance here, but may the promises of thy Word be our eternal reward!

These meditations afford an appropriate introduction to a brief notice of the life and character of one, who was lately numbered among the great of the earth.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, the late President of the United States, was born in Charles City county, Va., in 1773. Having received a liberal education at Hampden Sydney College, he commenced the study of medicine; but his thoughts were soon turned to the preservation of his countrymen, through the profession of arms. With the blood of the Revolution in his veins, he determined to assist in repelling the Indian atrocities on our frontier. In '92, at the age of 19, he received the commission of Ensign from Gen. Washington; and thus he entered the public service by holding in his hands the flag of his country—a banner never tarnished by any act of his long and eventful life. He was soon promoted, and was the aid of General Wayne in the great battle fought in '94, which procured for the West a temporary emancipation from Indian cruelties. At the age of 26, he was chosen delegate in Congress for the Northwestern Territory. The next year he was appointed, by President Adams, Governor of Indiana, which at that time embraced all the West, except Ohio: and a short time afterwards a Commissioner to form treaties with the Indians. He continued to act as Governor under Jefferson and Madison for many years, and led our troops to victory at the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811, and as General in the regular army, at the victory of the Thames, in 1813.

The four prominent events, which will ever associate the name of Harrison with the West, are, 1st. His fidelity and success in making treaties with the Indian tribes, by which he was the means of causing the title to immense tracts of country to vest in the United States. By one treaty alone he secured to the United States "fifty-one millions of acres of the richest country in the West, and the most valuable mineral region in the Union."

2d. His agency, when Delegate in Congress, and when only twenty-six years old, in laying the foundation of the land system, under which the West has increased until Ohio outnumbers even Virginia. He was Chairman of the Committee which proposed the reform by which the size of Government tracts was reduced from 4000 acres to alternate sections of 640 acres and 320 acres. Thus the public lands were in a measure taken out of the hands of speculators and large purchasers, and brought within the reach of the yeomen of the country.

3d. His military services in defending the West from Indian and British aggressions. The country, presenting an immense extent of frontier, was easily accessible to savage foes. From the time of Wayne's victory near the rapids of the Miami in '94, to his own victories at the Wabash and the Thames, including many active engagements, William Henry Harrison was a ruling mind in directing the American forces. He was the terror of the Indian foe, who made several attempts to assassinate him, and who regarded him at last as under the especial favor of the Great Spirit.

4th. His services as Governor of the North West Territory from 1800 to 1813. This whole Territory was under his administration. Besides disbursing the public moneys, to him belonged, for some time, the duty of legislating for its prosperity, of appointing its officers, of confirming grants of land, of arranging its counties and townships, of superintending its various interests, in short, of forming and directing its new systems of institutions. His sagacity, his energy, his honesty, were never brought into suspicion; and history, with grateful devotion, will record in the archives of the mighty West, the name of Harrison as its greatest benefactor.

In 1814 he was again appointed Indian Commissioner, in connection with Governor Shelby and Governor Cass. In 1816 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and served three years. He afterwards served in the Ohio Senate two years; and in 1824 was chosen to the Senate of the United States. In 1828 he was appointed by John Quincy Adams, Minister to Colombia.

These various and numerous public services, in connection with his excellent sense, his inflexible integrity, his republican habits and his well-known political principles, commended him to the people as President of the United States. And the more the people knew him the more they felt the wisdom of their choice. On his way to this city, from the Miami to the Potomac, he was received with the most cordial and enthusiastic congratulations; and he entered upon his Presidential service with the highest hopes and confidence of a rejoicing people. The brief month of his administration pronounces a noble eulogy upon his memory. His inaugural address is justly considered the most republican document that has ever emanated from the source of power; and the circular to public officers instinctively reminds us of the good old days of George Washington. But we cannot tread upon political ground. We retire from it, mourning that he, who so well understood the principles of the government, has been prevented by death from carrying them out.

General Harrison's *mind* was of a good order. He possessed excellent natural powers, and they well disciplined, well furnished, and well directed. Few men had the advantage of a better judgment; few had more sagacity and penetration. He was well versed in general history, and had the most minute knowledge of all the public characters and battles of ancient and modern times. His writings indicate facility of composition, grace of diction and good sound sense, (which the people want more than any thing else,) His public and private integrity his friends delight to admire.—Though he formed many treaties about the public lands, disbursed three millions of the public money, and possessed immense power, as Governor of Indiana, he left office with a purity of character hardly to be appreciated in these degenerate times. So sensitive were his feelings of honor that, (with the exception of private Secretary,) he never appointed a relative to office, and never intended to do so.

In his private feelings, he was a kind and benevolent man. Tender-hearted, compassionate, and sympathising, he has relieved the wants of many an old soldier, and shared his frugal means with many a widow and friend. In personal address and manners, he was the very man to be popular in a republican government. He was no aristocrat in democratic disguise; but, a people's man, he went among the people in the people's dress and with the people's manners. Though President of the United States, any one could see him, even from sunrise in the morning. He had a native courteousness and condescension, united with the ease and dignity of a Virginian republican. His countenance was goodness, honesty, frankness and disinterestedness. His eye was emphatically "the light of his body;" a soft, sparkling eye—dark, but gentle; and though gentle, full of fire. Mildness and energy were hardly ever more beautifully blended.

His friends all indulge the belief that he was a man of *religious principle*. He was "trained up in the way he should go," by the example and instructions of maternal love. His mother (of the Bassett family,) was a woman of piety and pray-

er. During the General's last visit to Virginia, he occupied his mother's apartment—the one in which he was born—and he took great interest in pointing out the closet to which she retired for private devotion, and the corner of the room where she sat by the table to read her Bible, and where she taught him on his knees to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven!" These habits were continued by the late President, especially in the closing years of his life. His "Manual of Devotion" and his Bible were his morning and evening companions. His regard for the Sabbath was increasing, with his other outward testimonies of the importance of religion. The first Sabbath after his inauguration, he was very much annoyed by some persons, who had been admitted into his house, contrary to his orders; and he remarked to one of the family, "We must break up at once this Sunday visiting."

The next Sabbath some of the Foreign Ambassadors called, and were refused admittance, as being contrary to the President's habits; but in the evening, some gentlemen, under the plea of being particular friends, thoughtlessly intruded upon the quiet of his mansion. He sat with them a few minutes in evident uneasiness; and after rising and walking about the room a little, he turned and said to them with great kindness, "Gentlemen, I shall be happy to see you *any* evening but Sunday evening;" and he retired to his room, leaving them with some other members of his family. His general respect for religion was familiar to all, particularly in his attendance on the House of God, both in the morning and afternoon; part of the day in the Episcopal, and the other part in the Presbyterian church. The two last sermons he heard in Presbyterian churches, were from the texts "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation;" and "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The preacher who addresses you, happened to be in the bookstore when he came in to purchase a Bible—("the best in the store;") and the President expressed his great surprise that there was no Bible in the President's mansion. He remarked that "the Bible ought to be a part of the furniture of the house; and," he added, "I intend to buy, out of the Congressional appropriation, the best copy I can find, and to write in it, 'The President of the United States, from the People of the United States.'" On another occasion, he expressed his deep sense of his religious obligation, and his determination to unite with the church; which, he said, he would have done four years ago, if it had not been for the turmoil and suspicions of the political contest. The same thing he repeatedly said to many of his relatives and friends during this long period; and, for the last time, on his death-bed. When we consider that the President had been instructed from his youth in religion, that his constant attendance on public worship, and the reading of his Bible, made him well acquainted with the true terms of communion, and that he was a man of uncommon frankness and honesty of speech, we have a strong assurance that his oft-expressed determination came from the desires of a renewed heart. Especially, when we remember the great purity and integrity of his character, and the even tenor and religious habits of his well-ordered life. He had doubtless his infirmities—for he was a man; but many traits of true Christian discipleship shall be pondered upon in the spirit of charity and in the consolation of hope.

But the time drew near for him to stand in the presence of Him, who "knoweth our frames and whose "mercy is from everlasting to everlasting."

Having been unremittingly engaged in attention to public business, and in arranging the measures of his new administration, his frame suffered much from his cares and toil. On Thursday, the 25th of March, he caught a slight cold, from having his hair cut, and from undue exposure. On the day following, he was overtaken in a shower which increased the symptoms. On Saturday, according to custom, he took a walk early in the morning, visted the market, and stopped to converse with a number of friends. On his return, he was unable to eat any breakfast, but still went into the public room, saw a number of persons on private and public business. Continuing unwell, he was prevailed upon to send for a physician, who prescribed some medicine. On Sunday his fever increased, accompanied with pain in the breast and general symptoms of Pneumonia. Cupping was resorted to, which, however, had no beneficial effect. The disease was not arrested; and it may be remarked that, during its progress, he suffered, at times, very acute pain, but in patience. It was thought best to keep him so quiet that it was not deemed advisable to admit the ministers of the gospel; and even his own family had very little intercourse with him, except to attend constantly to his wants. He frequently remarked that he was very sick, "more sick than they think I am." On Tuesday he reiterated to the Governor of Iowa, his convictions of the truth of the Christian religion, and his purpose to unite with the church of Christ, if he was restored to health. But his restoration was not the will of God.—Hopes and fears alternately prevailed, in the midst of the general anxiety. On Thursday he passed a very restless night; and on Friday evening, for the first time there was great alarm felt throughout the whole city; but on Saturday morning, he revived, and not a little. Some of his physicians thought they discerned favorable symptoms. He himself felt much better. At this time the 103d psalm was read to him by a faithful female friend.

In the presence of several of his family, he thanked the Lord, for his goodness with a loud voice, and seemed overpowered with emotion. He also expressed satisfaction at the prospect of being raised up, to resume the prosecution of his public measures, which he had so much at heart. Great was the joy which now spread itself throughout the city with the rapidity of self-diffusing sympathy; but, like all other earthly joy, a brief hour doomed it to sorrow.

At three o'clock the most dangerous symptoms foretold a speedy termination of the disease; and at six, his faithful physcians pronounced him beyond their skill. His family and the members of his cabinet, (for the first time admitted,) surrounded his bed-side, without hope. His pastor made a prayer, which, from his breathing more softly he seemed to hear. But his eyes were shut, and death was preparing to finish its work. At nine o'clock he again revived; and, perhaps, knowing that his cabinet were near him, he uttered words for them, for his country, and for his successor: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." The last struggles had already commenced, but they were not violent. Only once after this did he seem to suffer pain; and he attempted for the last time to raise his arm. His breath now became softer and more gentle, until his slumbers, peaceful as those of a little child, were interrupted by the God of the living and the dead. He expired half an hour after midnight, on Sunday morning, April 4th.

As I stood on that Sabbath by the side of his venerable form, dressed for the grave, and with awe-struck sensibility, placed my hand on his cold and death-smitten brow, and smoothed his silvery hairs, I understood "The dust shall return to the earth, it was; and the spirit shall return to God, who gave it."

And has he gone? Is earth so full of wonders! Yes, our President, the good and great, has gone for ever from the theatre of fame—from inauguration triumphs and funeral honors—gone into the land of spirits—to Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe,—to rest till the morning of the resurrection!

Farewell, OLD SOLDIER; thy warfare is accomplished!

Farewell, humble CULTIVATOR of our earthly soil; there is a better harvest in a better land!

Farewell, wise, and pure, and upright STATESMAN; thy last words and wishes for the Constitution are welcomed by the people as their legacy, and shall be transmitted to their children to the latest generation!

Farewell, farewell, OUR PRESIDENT, venerable with the crown of years and of honor; in our joy, we almost forgot that thou wert mortal; in our sorrow, we will remember and be glad in thy immortality!

Turning from the dead, (for the last look MUST be given, though long we linger,) might I, with propriety, address our new President, I would say, in behalf of the church,

SIR—The salutations of a free and Christian people welcome you to your station. Called into authority by Providence, and under the Constitution, may you fulfil the just purposes of both! The end of all greatness is seen in your elevation.—The temptations which crowd around power are many; but there is a Bible in the People's mansion, which will afford divine guidance. We will pray that the King of Kings may enable our President to conform to all the outward observances of religion, and to possess in his own soul its sweet and sure rewards. Long and useful may your life be, and peaceful your dying hour!

To the members of the Cabinet, I would say,

COUNCILLORS, true and tried!—A heavy affliction has come upon you in the early morning of an auspicious day. Through life remember the life and death of your departed chief. God has warned you with a warning that summons you to the meditations of eternity. No wisdom, nor glory, nor device, will save you from the grave.—The terms of the Gospel are rich in mercy and hope. Live lives of usefulness to your country; "quit ye like men," and be prepared for the high service of your God in Heaven!

To the people of the United States, this Providence appeals as with the power of miracles. It says, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," and know that the Lord is God! Of late there has been too great a tendency to man-worship, which is idolatry. Many other crying sins are abroad in the land, which might justly incur the Divine displeasure. Though we may not specify the particular sins, which may have caused this great visitation to descend upon us, there is evil enough in the North, and South, and East, and West, to justify any measures of retributive infliction. God has already punished our nation by terrific fires, by awful disasters on our rivers and ocean, by frightful disease, by the almost universal prostration of commerce, and of the various branches of business, by individual losses, and State embarrassments; in short, by private and public judgments of various admonitory kinds. And lo! what manner of punishment hath He meted out to us now! If we repent not, nor humble ourselves before Him, He has other visitations in store for us. Signs of war are already flashing across our horizon; and God has at His command innumerable methods of omnipotent retribution. May we stand in awe and sin not.—May we be instructed in the season of His Providential warning; lest, at last, He "rule us with a rod of iron, and dash us in pieces like a potter's vessel!"

But this, our individual and our national calamity, would fail of one of its most direct purposes, did it not solemnize us all into preparations for our own death. Let this dispensation never be forgotten. Let it chasten us in the midst of mirth; haunt away unlawful pleasures; correct the delusions and vain aspirations of this life; remind us of our mortality, and guide us to an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." No more enjoyment of Gospel privileges, of sweet Sabbath light, of pleading conscience, and of the Spirit's call, shall bring back hope from the gloom of the sepulchre? How soon, alas! may the "silver cord be llosed," and the "golden bowl," or "pitcher," or "wheel," be broken into meanest dust! Mortals, attend to the earnest entreaties of Jehovah's power! He, who can do such works as He hath done, can surely deal with you as He will. Soon must you say to corruption, "thou art my father;" to the worm, "thou art my mother and my sister." Oh, before that hour of desolation cometh, learn to say to God, Thou art my portion; and to Christ, Thou art my hope!

Beings, who witness, as we do, so many demonstrations of love, and truth, and goodness, and justice, and might, and mercy—all passing before us with the glory of the Lord—ought to remember that such high privileges involve high responsibilities. "The kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them" shall depart; but your soul—your immortal soul—outliving the vanities of life and the degradation of the grave, shall receive eternal blessedness in Heaven, or eternal misery in Hell. Our days are as grass, and our glory as its flower; but the word of the Lord endureth forever-ever.

Our bodies, which are soon to be dust, will, if Christ be in us, araise to the glories of celestial existence. No more shall the yew and cypress be twined for our tomb; but the brow of the Christian shall have a diadem of beauty brighter than the light of the morning, and incorruptible as immortality! In the great day, when nations and rulers shall be summoned by the trump of the archangel, may our President be seen in robes of righteousness, at God's right hand; and may we all be there to swell the praise!

God looks not at the oratory of your prayers, how elegant they be, or at the geometry of your prayers, how long they be, nor at the arithmetic of your prayers, how many they be, nor at the logic of your prayers, how methodical they be; but the sincerity of them he looks at.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1841.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"STANZAS," by L., are on hand; will be published in the next number.

"THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL TO A BRIDE," is under consideration. It needs some corrections of measure. And, *we think* it will be better to omit the last two stanzas. Will the author attend to it?

"LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY" are welcomed. They will be forth-coming as soon as we can dispose of other articles previously received.

"HYMN TO THE RISING MOON," next number.

"THE DYING MOTHER," will probably appear.

We are obliged to the author of the "THREE EXILES" for this favor. *But* if he *will*, in future, write so that we can read his manuscript without inflaming our eyes and vexing our heart, we will be *so* grateful! We deny all responsibility for any errors that may occur in his present article.

"HOME," by Delta, as soon as we can make room.

We have been favored with a *poetical* article "ON SPRING." It is so full of excellence that we are unwilling to let it pass without notice. And we think it deserves a more conspicuous place than the page usually given to the muse. We can scarcely do it justice by inserting it here, and drawing attention to a few of its peculiar beauties, by some feeble remarks of our own. Here it is:

For the Gem And, Amulet.

On Spring.

The Spring It is Come With Its perfumed Breeze,
While Cold Winter Is Vanisht, Away,
The Snow, That has Clothed The forest Trees,
In fragment's are left To decay,
The Rill it run's past with Its murmuring, sound,
Yet An Emblem of Pastime does Bring,
The meadows with Verdure are Covered all round,
To Adorn The Morn of Spring.

The Seed That lay stunted In Its hoary Bed
Now roots Ist Ectend's Trew the Earth,
Like The Innocent Babe It rises Its head,
To Smile on The land of Its Birth,
While The Sun's, Scorching Rays enliven's, The Soil,
The Warbler does Sweetly Sing,
And The Jolly plough Boy whistles of To his toil,
Rejoisct, At The Morn of Spring.

Each Bush and Bramble Cast's forth Its Bud,
As Nature It Seem's to display,
Flora, Serenely Spreads her Verdant hud,
As It aproches The Swept Mouth of May,
The Songster Melodiously Sound's his shrill note,
As The Eagle does Glide on The Wing,
The Angler with patience, on The Billow does float,
Content with The Morn of Spring.

All Things Appear's Gay As We Gaze on each mountain,
The fragrant, Shade's dekt, By some Goddess, or queen,
The Clear Crystal Strame Gushes from spring and fountain,
As The Lambkin playfully skip's on The Green,
The Milk-Maid sow fair o'er, The plain trip's at leasure,
The Valley-s, re, echo Aas The Church, Bell's does ring,
The Conceited fop roves for recreation and pleasure,
To View each Gay Virgin and flower, of The Spring.

Now, reader, don't pass that over with one reading. Just look at it again. See how elegantly the capitals are stuck in "all along down." Aint they neat? And then the words "*vanisht*" and "*rejoisct*,"—how they are improved! Who wants to put *ed* at the end of words, when *t* answers the purpose? True, we don't see exactly why *s* and *c* both should be used in "rejoisct,"—but perhaps the author can tell. But *that* line,—

"The Seed That lay stunted In Its hoary Bed"—

how the big tears spatter over our paper when we read it! But let it pass. We *can't* contemplate the times that *was*. But joy for us! See the next three lines! We *do* feel better. That comparison relieves us. Those roots going "*Trew*" (through) the earth, like a babe "rising" its head to smile on its birth-place, is too good. Just see the little tow-headed chub sticking its head right straight up, while the roots are pushing downwards for the antipodes. And now come the *scorching* rays to "*enliven's*" the soil. That's an improvement upon nature, any how. And the way that plough-boy comes it, is a caution to all misanthrope's. And do you notice the "verdant hud"? We acknowledge we never saw *just* such a critter at this particular season. But whose business is that, as long as *hud* rhymes with *bud*?—But we have not time to notice all. We must, however, call attention to that *sow*-fair milk-maid, and to those queer valleys. And last and most, we must call for the righteous indignation of all decent folks upon that fop. Just see the dirty scamp gazing upon that "gay virgin!" Odd-rot his starched picture, what right has he to recreate himself after that fashion? *He!* the hair-brained *ninny!* throwing the silly expression of his dull optics upon that neat little gay virgin, and upon the flowers, too! Blast his eyes! he ought to be shot!

We have received the following *unctious* epistle. Read it, reader! We say, truly, that we do not wish to injure any one's feelings, and therefore, in making comments of a severe character, we have usually endeavored to avoid designating authors. If any one sees fit to take any strictures to himself, he is at liberty to do so. It is none of our business.

APRIL, 1841.

Messrs. Editors—I must think you quite premature in your remarks with regard to the twenty-four-lined Piece in your last No. of the Gem. Most certainly your remarks were quite uncalled for as they could not proffit you in the least. And surely it is not expedient to injure the feelings of others without any earthly cause. In relation to the number of alterations I must admit But as to there being corrections—all of them—that is another thing The article had been under the supervision of one who perhaps was as good a scholar before your or I was born—as we shall ever be.

And as for the urgent request of the individual who presented the copies—It was no more nor less than this, If you concidered either article worth correcting for the press—it would be quite agreeable If not he simply requested there should be no derogitory comments upon them and it occurs to him that the individual to whom they were handed was not one who could trifle with the feelings of others with delight. If so—surely the face is not a free index of the heart. I wish no disrespect gentleman, But remember we have the liberty of the Pen as well as the Press.

Yours, &c., G—T.

Aint we sorry, 'cause we were so naughty!—Aint we sorrier, 'cause we don't know what aggrieved brother, who has the "*liberty of the Pen*," we have been abusing? Will some body tell us when we have published a "*twenty-four-lined Piece*" over the signature of "G. T."?—We can't find the paper what's got it in. We feel *dumb'd* queer. If the writer means to signify by G. T. that he has emigrated to Texas, we shall feel better; because we don't like very well to get into a scrape with those who "*have the liberty of the Pen as well as* THE PRESS."

The remains of Napoleon are now in six coffins, one of tin, a second mahogany, a third of lead, a fourth also of lead, separated from that within it by saw dust and wedges of wood—the fifth, the sarcophagus of ebony, and the sixth, the outer case, of oak.

MOHAWK MIRROR.—This is the title of a neat little semi-monthly, commenced on the 15th of January last, at Little Falls. The first five numbers have just been sent to us. We bespeak for it a hearty welcome, by all by whom it may be visited.

BIBLES.—A hundred thousand bibles printed in the Spanish Language have been circulated by the agents of the London Bible Society, since September last.

☞ The Knickerbocker for April is rich.

Variety.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF SNOW WATER UPON FISH.—The extreme thickness of the ice occasioned by the late severe frosts, induced Mr. Dwarvis, of Gotha Lodge, in this town, to put his gold and silver fish into tubs. The pond having been emptied of its ice, was in a short time filled again by the heavy fall of snow which fell soon after. The rain which followed dissolved the snow, and the fish were returned to their former abode, but such was the effect produced by the snow water, that every fish, both large and small, went blind immediately—the eye becoming as white as that of a boiled codfish; several have died, and there appears very little chance of any of those that are still alive continuing long to survive.—*Cheltenham Looker-On.*

LOVE AND RELIGION.—Our passions and prejudices perpetually mislead us. There is a French "ben trovato" on this topic. A curate and his wife had heard that the moon was inhabited: a telescope was borrowed, and the lady had the first peep. "I see two shades, inclining toward each other—they are beyond doubt happy lovers."—"Poh!" said the curate, looking in his turn, "these two shades are the two steeples of a cethedral."—*Phila. Standard.*

The very elements of "poor human nature" are opposed to a life of solitude and "single blessedness." The girls won't have anything to do with us—if they won't delight themselves in our society and permit us to worship at the shrine of their personal and mental acquirements—we can go to a public house and find boon companions there.

Oh! let me find the love of God, no matter what I have, or what I want in poverty, or any distressed, forsaken condition, one good word or look from Him makes me up. I can sit down content and cheerful and rejoice in that, though all the world frown on me, and all things look dark and comfortless about me,—that is the peace of heaven within my soul.—*Leighton.*

A SUCCESSFUL BOOK.—The Harpers bought the copyright of "Two Years before the Mast" for $200, and already 30,000 copies of the work have been sold. Their profits already amount to $5,000 with the prospect of increasing them to $5,000 more. They will, no doubt, make the author a handsome remuneration.

A STINGING CHARGE.—An able Judge was once obliged to deliver the following charge to the Grand 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 the defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

NOT TO BE "DONE" TWICE.—A vagrant who affected deafness, being brought before a bench of magistrates, resolutely refused to hear the questions that were put to him. At length one of the justices, to test the suspected prisoner, said to him, "you are discharged." "No, no!" cried the cunning vagabond, "I have been taken in that way before!"

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images and all around it. Remember, that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lip may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, slating it with rust which no afterscouring can efface.—*Signal.*

QUERY.—Pa, where is the Zero that the thermometer goes to so often.

O—why—hem!—it is a *glass* thing my child, with quick silver in it.

O yes, I know pa—you drink your *grog* out of one every morning, don't you pa?

Fuge, child—eat your soup.—*Richmond Star.*

"I say Mister, how came your eyes so allfired crooked?"

"My eyes?"

"Yes."

"That came by setting between two girls and trying to look love to both at a time."

USURY—Money put into a damp vault until it sprouts, like old onions in a cellar.

"I have a *stake* in the country," as the farmer said when he was mending fence.

Original Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

To the Genesee:

BY F. J. M. C.

I love our own bright Genesee,
That rolls our country through;
And in its course, unchanged and free,
Its waters dancing on in glee,
Their wayward course pursue.

Let poets tell of other streams,
With waters bright and clear,
And halcyon lakes, whose sunny gleams,
May realize their fancy's dreams,
But none are half so dear.

In childhood, in the Hudson's stream,
With youthful joy I've played;
But dearer Genesee I deem,
And lovlier far its wild banks seem,
Than Hudson's pallisade.

I've heard Niagara's stunning roar,
And gazed, in wonder lost,
Upon that wild and fearful shore;
But Genesee I love far more,
Than all Niagara's boast.

I love it when the summer's rays
Have half its fountain's dried,
Its rocky bed uncovered lays,
And here and there a streamlet strays,
Where rolled a mighty tide.

I love it still, when Autumn's rain
Once more its founts supply,
And onward in its course again,
With joy its glory to regain,
It passes proudly by.

I love it, where its water sleeps,
Calm as the azure sky,
And where with swifter course it sweeps,
Till o'er those fearful rocks it leaps,
And sends its spray on high.

I love to gaze, where, with a bound,
It plunges o'er the rock;
And with a roar, as thunder-sound,
That vibrates from the cliffs around,
Which tremble with the shock.

I love it when bleak winter's reign,
With chilling hand has bound
Its waters o'er with icy chain,
Its bosom fair a frozen plain,
Hard as the trodden ground.

And when the spring time's rushing tide,
Has overflowed its bed,
When o'er its banks, on every side,
It spreads its waters far and wide,
I love,—but gaze with dread.

Forever flow, blest Genesee,
Our boast, our strength, our pride;
Forever flow, unchained and free,
Thy waters dancing on in glee,
With never ceasing tide.

Rochester, April, 1841.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

ACROSTIC

On the Late President of the United States,
Gen. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

When first our happy country had a name,
In the bright dawning of her infancy,
Loud were the thrilling trumpet-tones of fame—
Long did they echo over land and sea,
In praise of Heroes—that are dead and gone—
A noble band, who fought to make her free;
'Mong them was William Henry Harrison.

He spent his life in Cabinet and Field—
Earned laurel wreaths that graced his manly brow;
Now, unto death his honors he must yield,
Rapt in his slumbers, and in dust laid low—
Ye who have loved him, come, weep o'er him now!

He was the statesman of your happy choice!
Ah! mourning now, come gather, one and all,
Round him for whom your country gave her voice,
Round him assemble at the funeral call.
In him did all your fervent hearts unite,
Soon to lie bleeding round his honored grave!
Oh! death is impartial, and in his might,
Now holds the loved, the honored, and the brave!

Washington, D. C., April 7, 1841. A. C. L.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

SONG.—"Spring trips o'er the Mountain."

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

Spring trips o'er the mountain,
Spring trips through the vale,
She is seen in the fountain,
And heard in the gale.
And buds on the lilac,
And popler so slim,
And the trees of the woodlands,
Make green every limb.

The primrose is nodding,
By the side of the rill,
And the sweet brier is budding
In the clift of the hill.
Where the snow bank still lingers,
Slow melting away,
On the cool Northern side
Though fall many a day.

Mount Hope's sacred bowers,
Where slumber the dead,
Once again the wild flowers,
Shall muffle our tread,
And the wild Genesee
As he wanders along,
Roll in peace to the sea,
Amid verdure and song.
And the warm sun look down
On Ontario's flood,
Made green with the hue
Of shore, island and wood.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Dying Boy.

A fair child lay on its dying bed,
Beside it the mother bowed her head,
In the mighty grief of a mother's heart,
When called with her loveliest one to part.

She could not look on his fading cheek,
Though it wore a smile so calm and meek,—
She could not look on his closing eye,
Or the pale lip, though it breathed no sigh.

Her sobs have reached his dying ear,
And he spoke in accents weak yet clear:—
"Mother, dear mother, oh do not weep, [sleep.
Though my eyes must soon close in their long, last

"Mother, why should I fear to die?
For the angels will bear me beyond the sky—
Almost I see their glittering wings,
Almost I hear them as they sing.

"Should I weep to leave the sparkling stream
That danges along in the summer's beam,
The stately tree and the lowly flower
That bud and bloom 'neath sun and shower?

"Oh, the river of life that flows from the throne
Of Him in heaven, th' Eternal One,
Is purer and brighter and holier far,
Than the brightest streams in this dark world are.

"And the tree of life grows on either side,
Spreading its branches far and wide;
Its leaves 'for the healing of nations' are given,
And its fruit is the food of the angels in heaven.

"And oh, dear mother, no death is there,
Nor sin, nor sorrow, nor anxious care;
And God shall wipe away every tear,
Mother, dear mother, why should I fear?"

Fainter and fainter grew his breath,
And the tuneful voice is hushed in death,—
Gone from his cheek is the last pale rose,
And the drooping eye-lids gently close.

But in the air is heard a voice
Crying in angels' tones, "Rejoice!
"Rejoice, oh mother, for thy son
The victory o'er the grave hath won." J.

A modern writer gives the following enumeraton of the expressions of the female eye:—The lare, the stare, the sneer, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishing of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of leisure.

MIXED COLORS.—Married in the city of New York, by the Rev. Mr. *White*, Henry *Black*, Esq., of *Orange* county, to Widow Eliza *Gray*, of *Green* county, daughter of Henry *Brown*, of *Blue*-hill, Maine.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 15th instant, by Rev. M. Tooker, Mr. Edwin R. Seaman, to Miss Elizabeth A. Jones, both of Rochester.

In this city, on the 15th instant, by A. Moors, Esq., Mr. Jason B. Brown, to Miss Mary Ann Mooe, both of Holdimand, Upper Canada.

In this city, on Sunday, the 11th inst., by Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, Mr. THOMAS MORAN to MISS JOANNA HENRY, all of this city.

In this city, on the 14th inst., by Rev. W. Van Zandt, AMON BRONSON to ANN, only daughter of THOS. EMERSON, all of this city.

In this city, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Church Mr. Wm. Henry Pierce to Miss Emiline C. Brunson, both of this city.

In this city, on the 14th inst., by Rev. A. G. Hall, WM. B. ALEXANDER, Esq. to Mrs. H. CARNES, all of this city.

In St. Luke's Church on the 12th., by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, MR. HENRY T. ROGERS, to MISS ELIZA S. STILES, all of this city.

In this city, on the 18th inst., by Ald. Selye, HUBBARD TURRELL, Esq., of New Haven, Conn., to Miss RACHEL SCHERMERHORN, of the former place.

In Batavia, on the 14th inst., by C. M. Russell, Esq., HENRY DAY, Esq., of Kalamazoo, Mich., to Miss ELVIRA BRADWAY, of Bethany.

In Alabama, on the 6th inst., by Rev. Mr. Mallory, Mr. Isaac H. Woodruff, of Elba, to Miss Maria Brown, daughter of Charles C. Brown, Esq., of Alabama.

In Angelica, on the 8th inst., by Rev. Mr. Coan, Mr. Charles S. Brown, of Norwalk, Huron county, Ohio, to Miss Angeline Lloyd.

In Clarendon, on the 25th of Feb., by Rev. Mr. Crampton, Mr. Daniel F. St. John, formerly of Richmond, Ontario county, to Miss Elviraett Lewis, of Clarendon. On the 7th inst., by the same, Mr. Moses A. Cummings, of Danville, Livingston county, to Miss Andelusia M. Lewis, of Clarendon.

In Yates, on the 31st March, by Rev. Stephen Salisbury, Mr. Joans G. Russell, of Gaines, to Miss Betsey Ann Smith, of Yates.

In Arcadia, Wayne county, on the 14th inst., by Rev. David S. Cushing, MR. LUTHER SANFORD, JR., of Palmyra, to MISS RUTH, daughter of Cooper Culver, of the former place.

In Friends' Meeting, at Millville, Orleans county, on the 15th inst., J. H. Haines to P. M. Lawrence, both of that place.

In this city, on Sunday, the 18th inst., by Rev. M. Tooker, Mr. George Gardner, of Henrietta, to Miss Cecelia McGlaughlin, of this city.

In St. Charles, Kane county, Ill., Mr. Myron A. Gooding, of Summit, Cook county, to Miss H. M. Preston, daughter of Isaac Preston, Esq., of St. Charles.

In Palmyra, on the 12th inst., Mr. DAVID S. ALDRICH, merchant, to Miss CATHARINE T. SEXTON, daughter of Pliny Sexton, all of that village.

In Rockford, Ill., on the 31st ult., by Rev S. S. Stocking, Mr. ISAIAH LYON to Miss MARY B. HITCHCOCK, formerly of Mount Morris—now all of the former place.

In Newport, R. I., Mr. Benjamin F. Clarke, of Fall River, Mass., to Miss Frances Burdick, of the former place.

In Holley, on the 20th inst., by Rev. R. S. Crampton, Capt. HENRY FULLER, merchant, of Albion, to Miss ELISABETH, daughter of Doct. J. Garrison, of the former place.

In Clarendon, on the 15th inst., by Rev. Mr. Coleman, Mr. AMASA PATTERSON to Miss MINERVA D. ROBINSON.

At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. LUCIUS B. COY to Miss RUTH WALKER, all of Clarendon.

In Penn Yan, on the 14th inst., by Rev. O. Montague, Mr. Samuel Smith, of Canandaigua, to Miss Clarinda Lewis, of Penn Yan.

In Benton, on the 18th inst., by Rev. Abner Chase, Mr. Samuel H. Chapman to Miss Fanny T. Youngs.

In Starkey at the residence of Thomas Bennett, Sen., by Wm. R. Briggs, Esq., Mr. OLIVER I. SPRAGUE to Miss ADALINE G., daughter of A. H. BENNETT, Esq., both of Penn Yan.

In Geneva, on the 15th inst., by Rev. Mr. McLaren, Mr. Cornelius Hood to Miss Agnes McDonald. On the 19th inst., by R. Hogarth, Esq., Mr. Jerome Perry to Miss Nancy Ann Cook, both of Seneca Falls. On the 9th inst., Mr. Charles E. Silsbe, to Miss Mary E. Dewey, both of Geneva.

In Warsaw, on the morning of the 29th ult., by Rev. Nelson Hoag, Griffith W. Griffiths, Esq., of Ogden, to Miss Sarah Smallwood, daughter of William Smallwood.

In Castile, on the 7th inst., by Rev. E. Lattimer, Ziba Hurd, Esq. to Miss Mary Centre, all of Le Roy.

In Belvidere, Boon county, Ill., on the 4th inst., by Rev. John S. King, Mr. Andrew F. Moss to Miss Louisa, daughter of Mr. Daniel Bristol, formerly of Brockport, N. Y.

In Brighton, on the evening of the 20th inst., by Rev. Mr. Grey, Mr. JAMES MANDAVILLE, of Victor, to MISS HARRIET GALLUP, of Brighton.

At the Presbyterian Church, in Ogden, on Sunday, March 28th, by the Rev. Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. William W. Nichols, of Temple Hill Academy, Geneseo, to Miss Mary Voorhies, of Ogden.

In Gaines, on the 22d ult., by Rev. M. B. Smith, Isaac Ford, Esq., of Scio, to Mrs. Almira Nichols, of the former place.

In Irondequoit, on the 6th inst., by Geo. W. Beers, Esq., Mr. Leonard Thrasher, of this city, to Miss Eliza Friar, of Irondequeit.

In Pittsford, on the 13th inst., by Mr. E. Wheeler, of Henrietta, Mr. Isaac E. Bell of Henrietta, to Miss Mary Laurens, of the former place.

In Wolcott, Wayne county, on the 16th ult., Mr. James B. McCarty to Miss Harriet Sheldon, both of that place.

"The silken tie that binds two willing hearts."

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 15, 1841. No. 10.

Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

THE DYING MOTHER.

"There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone;
And the tint that glowed, and the eyes that shone,
And darted around its glance of power;
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Paestum's garden blew,
Or ever was stepped in morning dew,—
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead."

PERCIVAL.

It was a summer day, so bright and beautiful that an angel wandering from his heavenly sphere, might almost have fancied himself still in paradise, and have forgotten that man had ever sinned. Streams of water danced and sparkled in the sunbeams, sweet flowers sent forth their fragrance upon the air, and the birds warbled their wildest songs in the shady grove. All seemed joy and gladness; but at that very hour, in the stillness of her chamber, and surrounded by sorrowing friends, one of the loveliest of God's creatures was bidding adieu to earth, with all its joys. In the spring of youth, and hope, and feeling, when life seemed sweetest, and the ties that bound her to earth were strongest, her spirit was slowly passing away. They had moved her couch to the open window, and now the golden rays of the setting sun, streamed richly into the chamber of the dying. The warm breeze kissed her pallid cheek, and played among the bright tresses that clustered around her brow, for the last time. She knew that she should never look upon the bright, beautiful world again. She felt that life was ebbing fast away, and few were the moments left to her on earth, and as she took that last long look, her eyes beamed with "unwonted fires," and a bright smile lighted up her countenance. Her lips parted, and a low, sweet voice broke the solemn stillness—"Bring hither my child; let him receive his mother's dying blessing." They brought to her bedside a young and happy boy, who had never before known a sorrow, but now his joyous laugh was hushed, the smile had banished from his lip, and his bright eyes were sad and wondering. They had told him that his mother was dying, and although he knew not what death meant, he felt that it was something terrible. He placed his little hand in hers, and looked fearfully into her face; but that smile re-assured him, and he lisped that name so dear to every woman's heart, —mother! What a host of agonizing feelings were stirred up in the heart of the invalid as he uttered that word. She closed her eyes, and for a moment her countenance was convulsed with the intense struggle. It was only for a moment; she was calm, and the same bright smile was there again. All were hushed in breathless silence until she spoke. "My son, you will soon be deprived of a mother's love and care. You now hear me speak for the last time on earth, but when my voice is hushed in death, and my body laid low in the tomb, remember my dying words. Resist temptation, and if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Pray to thy God morning and evening, and when you kneel alone, remember how often I have knelt with you, and told you that you had a parent in heaven who would always take care of you. May your mother's dying blessing rest upon your head through all the trials of this life, and when you are tempted to sin, remember that her last breath was spent in prayer for you." She paused a moment, and when she spoke again her voice was faint and husky.

"My husband, come hither, place your hand beneath my head and let me rest upon your bosom. I would feel your breath upon my cheek, and hear your voice once more."

He did as he was desired, but a convulsive sob shook the strong man's frame as he pressed her to his heart, and tears that he struggled not to restrain, flowed down his cheeks. She raised her eyes, beaming with all the intensity of woman's love, to his face, and exclaimed with sudden energy,—"Oh! 'tis very hard to part from you, but we shall meet again—in heaven."

Her head sunk back, a slight convulsion passed over her pale face, and was succeeded by a smile, and all was still. The mourners were alone with the dead. The eyes that beamed with life and gladness were closed, the tongue that never spoke but to bless was silent, and the heart that beat with all a woman's generous feelings and warm affections was still forever.

The wife and mother was dead, but she still lived in the hearts of those who had loved her.—That son never forgot her dying words, and in after years, when upon the verge of crime, the same sweet voice seemed to whisper in his ear,—"My son! resist temptation." That husband never suffered another to beguile his heart from its homage to the dead, but ever treasured her memory, and looked forward to the time when he should meet her in a happier world, never again to part.

M. E. E.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

HOME.

"Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home."

With what thrilling accents and deep tones of enchantment and incantation, do these beautiful and delightful words fall upon the human ear?—They convey a sentiment which can do naught but attract the attention and enlist the warmest feelings and most intense emotions in the bosom of every one. There is even, indeed, a magic charm, and something *truly* sentimental, couched in the simple, unpolished word HOME, clothed in all the habiliments of beauty, sublimity and admiration which cannot fail of captivating the innate powers and of alluring the affections of all the sons and daughters of Adam. It bears even upon its very face, a stamp which is congruously calculated to make profound impressions upon the passions that rankle in the human breast; and especially *love*, which may properly be considered the prime monarch of them all. When despondency and dejection shall have cast their dark and gloomy embraces around him; and when the Promethean vulture of remorse shall be greedily preying upon his vitals; and when the sullen morosity of despair shall diffuse its melancholy and contristated influence around; even then, in an hour so rude, the unhappy victim can find means of restoration, and can gain a cheering aspect, in reflecting upon *home*, sweet HOME, as well as in appreciating the joys and pleasures of this parental *gymnasium*. In whatever condition a person may be placed, whether in the low and humble cottage of some rustic inhabitant, whether in the walks of public or private life, or even enclosed in the august and sequestered apartments of the rock-ribbed battlements of a college, there, forsooth, his mind wandering to and fro upon far distant objects and soaring away aloft upon the fanciful pinions of imagination, will, amid all these, revert to his dear native home, the place of his origin, to the gay and sportive scenes of his childhood, the seat of his filial and parental affection.

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!"

DELTA.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Willow.

My native place is on the water's brink, whether upon the ocean's shore or by the limpid stream, Each wave and ripple to me their obeisance make. Crowned with honors like these, shall I refuse to leave my native place, and by the hand of innocence be transplanted o'er the grave of *her* departed? No! with gladness and with reverential awe will I assume my new abode, and there with meekness set and watch *her* last remaining dust, and to the passing stranger bow, and teach him lessons of wisdom—never to assume so high a seat as to forget the common claims of humanity.

Q.

Popular Tales.

From the Illinois Backwoodsman.

THE FORGED PATENT.

The changes which the last twenty years have wrought in Illinois, would be incredible to one who has not witnessed them. At that period our settlements were few, and the spirit of enterprise that now pervades every corner of our State, had not been awakened. The bluff of our beautiful river had never sent back the echo of a steam engine. Without a market for their produce, the farmers confined their labors to the wants of their own families. Corn was nearly the only crop, and from the time it was "*laid by*," the end of July, till "*pulling time*," in November, was a holiday, and the intervening period was passed in idleness, except Sundays. On that day, duly as it arrived, the settlers far and near, collected at the distillery, and amused themselves with shooting at a mark, trading nags, and too often, when the tin cup had passed freely around, in fighting.

This is by no means a picture of all the settlements of that early period, but that it is graphically true of many, none of our oldest settlers deny. But to our narrative.

On Saturday afternoon in the year 1812, a young man was seen approaching, with slow and weary steps, the house, or rather distillery of 'squire Crosby, of Brent's Prairie, an obscure settlement on the Military Tract. As usual, on that day, a large collection of the people were amusing themselves at Crosby's—who owned the only distillery in that region, was a magistrate, and regarded by the settlers as a rich and great man.

The youth who now came up to the group was apparently about twenty-one years of age, of slender form, fair and delicate complexion, with the air of one accustomed to good society. It was evident at a glance that he was not inured to the hardships of a frontier life, or labor of any kind.

But his dress bore a strange contrast with his appearance and manners. He wore a hunting shirt of the coarsest linsey woolsey, a common straw hat, and a pair of deer skin moccasins. A large pack completed his equipment.

Every one gazed with curiosity on the new comer. In their eagerness to learn who he was, whence he came, and what was his business, the horse-swap was left unfinished, the rifle was laid aside, and even the busy tin cup had a temporary respite.

The young man approached 'squire Crosby, whom even a stranger could distinguish as the principal personage among them, and anxiously inquired for a house where he could be accommodated; saying he was extremely ill, and felt all the symptoms of an approaching fever.

Crosby eyed him keenly and suspiciously for a moment without uttering a word. Knaves and swindlers had been recently abroad, and the language of the youth betrayed that he was "a Yankee," a name that at that time was associated in the minds of the ignorant with all that is base.—Mistaking the silence and hesitation of Crosby for fear of his inability to pay, the stranger smiled and said, "I am not without money," and putting his hand in his pocket to give occular proof of his assertion, he was horror struck to find that his pocket book was gone. It contained every cent of his money, besides papers of great value to him.

Without a farthing—without a single letter to attest that his character was honorable—in a strange land and sickness rapidly coming upon him—these feelings nearly drove him to despair. The 'squire, who prided himself on his sagacity in detecting villains, now found use for his tongue. With a loud and sneering laugh, he said, "Stranger, you are barking up the wrong tree, if you think to *cotch* me with that ARR Yankee trick of yourn." He proceeded in that inhuman strain, seconded by nearly every one present, for the "square" was powerful and few dared to displease him. The youth felt keenly his desolate situation, and casting his eye around over the group, in a tone of deep and despairing agony, inquired, "is there no one who will receive me?"

"Yes, I will," cried a man among the crowd; "yes, poor sick stranger, I will shelter." Then in a lower tone he added, "I know not whether you are deserving, but I know you are a fellow being, and in sickness and in want, and for the sake of Him who died for the guilty, if not for your own sake, will I be kind to you, poor young stranger."

The man who stepped forth and proffered a home to the youth in the hour of suffering, was Simon Davis, an elderly man, who resided near Crosby, and to whom the latter was a deadly enemy. Uncle Simon, as he was called, never retaliated, and bore the many persecutions of his vindictive neighbor without complaint. His family consisted of himself and daughter, his only child, an affectionate girl of seventeen.

The youth heard the offer of Mr. Davis, but heard no more, for overcome by his feelings and extreme illness, he fell insensible to the earth.—He was conveyed to the house of his benefactor and a physician called. Long was the struggle between life and death. Though unconscious he called upon his mother and sister to aid him.—When the youth was laid upon his bed, and she heard him call for his sister, Lucy Davis wept and she said to him, "poor sick young man, your sister is far distant, and cannot hear you, but I will be to you a sister." Well did this dark-eyed maiden keep her promise.

At length the crisis of his disorder arrived—the day which was to decide the question of life or death. Lucy bent over him with intense anxiety, watching every expression of his features, hardly daring to breathe, so fearful was she of waking him from the only sound sleep he had enjoyed for nine long days and nights. At length he awoke, and gazed up into the face of Lucy Davis, and faintly inquired, "Where am I?" There was intelligence in that look. Youth and a good constitution had obtained the mastery. Lucy felt that he was spared, and bursting into a flood of irrepressible tears, rushed out of the room.

It was two weeks more before he could sit up, even for a short time. He had already acquainted them with his name and residence, but they had no curiosity to learn any thing farther, and forbid his story until he became stronger. His name was Charles Wilson, and his paternal home Boston. A few days afterwards, when Mr. Davis was absent from home, and Lucy engaged in her household affairs, W. saw at the head of his bed, his pack, and recollecting something that he wanted, opened it. The first he saw was the identical pocket book whose loss had occasioned so many bitter regrets. He recollected having placed it there the morning before he reached Brent's Prairie, but in the confusion of the moment, that circumstance was forgotten. He examined and found every thing as he left.

The discovery nearly restored him to health, but he resolved at present to confine the secret to his own bosom. It was gratifying to him to witness the entire confidence they reposed in the honor and integrity of a stranger, and the pleasure with which they bestowed favors upon one whom they supposed could make no return but thanks.

Night came and Mr. Davis did not return.—Lucy passed a sleepless night. In the morning she watched hour after hour for his coming, and when sun-set approached he was still absent; terrified at his long and unusual stay, she was setting out to procure a neighbor to go in search of him, when the parent came in sight. She ran to meet him, and was bestowing upon him a thousand endearing expressions of affection, when his haggard, wo-begone countenance startled her.

He uttered not a word, and seated himself in gloomy silence. It was in vain that Lucy attempted to cheer him. After a long pause, in which a dreadful struggle was going on in his feelings, he arose, took his daughter's hand, and led her to the room where Wilson was seated. You shall know all, said he. I am ruined—I am a beggar. In a few days I must leave this house; this farm which I have so highly improved and thought my own. He proceeded to state that a few days previous, Crosby, in a moment of ungovernable malice, taunted him with being a beggar, and told him that he was now in his power and he would crush him under his feet. When Mr. Davis smiled at what he regarded only as an impotent threat, Crosby, to convince him, told him that the patent for his farm was a forged one, and that he knew the owner of the land—had written to purchase it, and expected a deed in a few days. Davis immediately went home for his patent, and during his long absence had visited the land office. Crosby was right. The patent beyond all doubt was a forged one, and the claim of Mr. Davis to the farm was not worth a farthing.

It may be proper to observe that counterfeiting soldier's patents was a regular business, and hundreds have been duped.

It is not for myself, said the old man, that I grieve at this misfortune. I am advanced in life, and it matters not how or where I pass the remaining days of my existence. I have a home beyond the stars where your mother has gone before me, and where I would have long since joined her, had I not lived to protect her child, my own, my affectionate Lucy. The weeping girl flung her arms around the neck of her father, and poured her tears upon his bosom. We can be happy still, said she, for I am young and can easily support us both.

A new scene followed, in which another individual was a principal actor. I shall leave the reader to form his own opinion of it, and barely remark that at the close the old man took the hand of Lucy and young Wilson, and joining them together said, my children, I cheerfully consent to your union; though poor, with a good conscience you may be happy. I know, Charles, that you will be kind to my Lucy, for a few nights ago, when you thought no human ear could hear you, I heard you fervently implore the blessings of heaven upon my grey hairs, and that God would reward my child for all her kindness to you.—Taking down his family bible, the venerable old man added, it is a season of affliction, but we are not forsaken; let us look for support to him who has promised to sustain us. He opened the book and read, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labors of the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the stall, yet will I rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Charles and Lucy knelt beside the venerable old man, and while they prayed, they wept tears of grateful emotion.

It was a sleepless but not unhappy night to the inhabitants of the neat and cheerful dwelling they were about to leave, and go they new not where. It was then that young Wilson learned the real value of money—by means of it he could give a shelter to those who had kindly received him when every other door was closed upon him.

All night long he thought of the forged patent. There were a few words dropped by Mr. Davis which he could not dismiss from his mind—that Crosby had written to the real owner of the land and obtained the promise of a deed.

It is now time for the reader to become more fully acquainted with the history of the young stranger.

His father, Charles Wilson, senior, was a merchant at Boston, who had acquired an immense fortune. At the close of the late war, when the soldiers received from government their bounty of 160 acres of land, many of them offered their patents to Mr. Wilson for sale. Finding that they were resolved to sell them, he concluded to save them from a sacrifice of their hard earnings, and purchased at a fair price all that were offered. In three years no small portion of the military tract came into his possession. On the day that Charles became of age, he gave him a deed of the principal part of his land in Illinois, and insisted that he should go out to see it, and if he liked the country, to settle there. Wishing him to become identified with the people, he recommended his son on his arrival in the state to lay aside his broadcloth, and dress like a backwoodsman.

On the morning of his son's departure, Mr. Wilson received a letter from a man in Illinois, who had frequently written. He wished to purchase a certain quarter section at government prices which Mr. Wilson promised he should have on those terms, provided he forwarded a certificate from the judge of the Circuit Court that the land was worth no more. The letter just received enclosed the certificate in question. Mr. Wilson had given this tract to Charles, and putting the letter and certificate into his hand, enjoined upon him to deed it to the writer agreeable to promise, on his arrival at Illinois.

The remarks of Mr. Davis forcibly reminded young Wilson of this incident, and on the next morning after he became acquainted with the design of Crosby, with a trembling hand examined the certificate. It was written by Crosby, and the land he wished to purchase was the identical farm of Mr. Davis.

Astonished that his friend, the judge, should certify that the land was worth no more, Mr. Davis asked to see the certificate, and after a moment's examination, unhesitatingly pronounced the signature a forgery.

An explanation from the young man now became necessary, and calling Lucy into the room, told them his history, and laid before them a pile of bank notes one after another until the amount reached thousands.

It was a day of thankfulness to old Simon Davis and his daughter, and not less to young Wilson.

Not long after this scene Crosby entered. His air was that of a man who has an enemy in his power and intends to trample on him. He scarcely noticed Wilson except with a look of contempt. After pouring out his maledictions upon the family he advised them to leave immediately. The old man asked him if he would give him nothing for the improvements he had made? The answer was "not a cent."

You certainly would not, said Wilson, drive this old man and his daughter pennyless into the world?

What is that to you, replied Crosby, with a look of malice and contempt. I will answer you that question, and acquaint him with what the reader has already learned. Crosby was stupified with astonishment—but when he saw all his schemes of villainy were defeated, and proof of his having committed forgery could be established, his assurance forsook him, and he threw himself upon his knees and begged first the old man, and then Lucy and Wilson to spare him.

Affected by his appeals, the latter agreed to purchase the farm upon which Crosby lived, on condition of his instantly leaving the country. He accepted the terms and with his family fled to Texas.

Why should I spin out the narrative? Lucy and Charles were married, and although a splendid mansion rose upon the farm of Mr. Davis, both loved far better the little room where she had so long watched over the sick bed of the homeless stranger. Mr. Wilson was rich, but never forgot those who were in want.

Cheered by the kind and affectionate attention of his children, old Simon Davis seemed almost to have renewed his existence. He lived many years and long enough to tell the bright eyed children of Charles and Lucy the story of the FORGED DEED. And when he told the listening boy how his father, when friendless and poor, was taken home and kindly treated and in turn became their benefactor, he impressed upon the mind of his grand child, that even a cup of cold water given from a pure motive shall not lose its reward.

Sketches of History.

From "Two Years Before the Mast."

JUAN FERNANDEZ.

We continued sailing along with a fair wind and fine weather until Tuesday, Nov. 25th, when at daylight we saw the island of Juan Fernandez, directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea. We were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear, that I mistook it for a cloud, resting over the island, and looked for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and I could mark the inequalities upon its surface. At length we could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon, this beautiful island lay fairly before us, and we directed our course to the only harbor. Arriving at the entrance soon after sundown, we found a Chilian man-of-war brig, the only vessel, coming out. She hailed us, and an officer on board, whom we supposed to be an American, advised us to run in before night, and said that they were bound to Valparaiso.—We ran immediately for the anchorage, but, owing to the winds which drew about the mountains and came to us in flaws from every point of the compass, we did not come to an anchor until nearly midnight. We had a boat ahead all the time that we were working in, and those aboard were continually bracing the yards about for every puff that struck us, until about 12 o'clock, when we came-to in 40 fathoms water, and our anchor struck bottom for the first time since we left Boston—one hundred and three days. We were then divided into three watches, and thus stood out the remainder of the night.

I was called on deck to stand my watch at about three in the morning, and I shall never forget the peculiar sensation which I experienced on finding myself once more surrounded by land, feeling the night breeze coming from off shore, and hearing the frogs and crickets. The mountains seemed almost to hang over us, and apparently from the very heart of them there came out, at regular intervals, a loud echoing sound, which affected me as hardly human. We saw no lights, and could hardly account for the sound, until the mate, who had been there before, told us that it was the "Alerta" of the Spanish soldiers, who were stationed over some convicts confined in caves nearly half way up the mountain. At the expiration of my watch I went below, feeling not a little anxious for the day, that I might see more nearly, and perhaps tread upon, this romantic, I may almost say, classic ground.

When all hands were called it was nearly sunrise, and between that time and breakfast, altho' quite busy on board in getting up water-casks, &c., I had a good view of the objects about me. The harbor was nearly land-locked, and at the head of it was a landing-place, protected by a small breakwater of stones, upon which two large boats were hauled up, with a sentry standing over them. Near this was a variety of huts or cottages, nearly an hundred in number, the best of them built of mud and whitewashed, but the greater part only Robinson Crusoe like—of posts and branches of trees. The governor's house, as it is called, was the most conspicuous, being large, with grated windows, plaistered walls, and roof of red tiles; yet, like all the rest, only of one story. Near it was a small chapel, distinguished by a cross; and a long, low, brown-looking building, surrounded by something like a palisade, from which an old and dingy-looking Chilian flag was flying. This, of course, was dignified with the title of *Presidio*. A sentinel was stationed at the chapel, another at the governor's house, and a few soldiers armed with bayonets, looking rather ragged, with shoes out at the toes, were strolling about among the houses, or waiting at the landing-place for our boat to come ashore.

The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule-tracks leading to different parts of the island.

I cannot here forget how my friend S—— and myself got the laugh of the crew upon us by our eagerness to get on shore. The captain having ordered the quarter-boat to be lowered, we both sprang down into the forecastle, filled our jacket pockets with tobacco to barter with the people ashore, and when the officer called for "four hands in the boat," nearly broke our necks in our haste to be first over the side, and had the pleasure of pulling ahead of the brig with a tow-line for a half an hour, and coming on board again to be laughed at by the crew, who had seen our manœuvre.

After breakfast the second mate was ordered ashore with five hands to fill the water casks, and to my joy I was among the number. We pulled ashore with the empty casks; and here again fortune favored me, for the water was too thick and muddy to be put into the casks, and the governor had sent men up to the head of the stream to clear it out for us, which gave us nearly two hours of leisure. This leisure we employed in wandering about among the houses, and eating a little fruit which was offered to us. Ground apples, melons, grapes, strawberries of an enormous size, and cherries, abound here. The latter are said to have been planted by Lord Anson. The soldiers were miserably clad, and asked with some interest whether we had shoes to sell on board. I doubt very much if they had the means of buying them. They were very eager to get tobacco, for which they gave shells, fruits, &c. Knives also were in demand, but we were forbidden by the governor to let any one have them, as he told us that all the people there, except the soldiers and a few officers, were convicts sent from Valparaiso, and it was necessary to keep all weapons from their hands. The island, it seems, belongs to Chili, and had been used by the government as a sort of Botany Bay for nearly two years; and the governor—an Englishman who had entered the Chilian navy—with a priest, half a dozen task-masters, and a body of soldiers, were stationed there to keep them in order. This was no easy task; and only a few months before our arrival, a few of them had stolen a boat at night, boarded a brig lying in the harbor, sent the captain and crew ashore in their boat, and gone off to sea. We were informed of this, and loaded our arms and kept strict watch on board through the night, and were careful not to let the convicts get our knives from us when on shore. The worst part of the convicts, I found, were locked up under sentry in caves dug into the side of the mountain, nearly half way up, with mule-tracks leading to them, whence they were taken by day and set to work under task-masters upon building an aqueduct, a wharf, and other public works; while the rest lived in the houses which they put up for themselves, had their families with them, and seemed to me to be the laziest people on the face of the earth. They did nothing but take a *paseo* into the woods, a *paseo* among the houses, a *paseo* at the landing-place, looking at us and our vessel, and too lazy to speak fast; while the others were driving—or rather, driven—about, at a rapid trot, in single file, with burdens on their shoulders, and followed up by their task-masters, with long rods in their hands, and broad-brimmed straw hats upon their heads. Upon what precise grounds this great distinction was made, I do not know, and I could not very well know, for the governor was the only man who spoke English upon the island, and he was out of my walk.

Having filled our casks, we returned on board, and soon after, the governor, dressed in a uniform like that of an American militia officer, the *Padre*, in the dress of the grey friars, with hood and all complete, and the *Capitan*, with big whiskers and dirty regimentals, came on board to dine. While at dinner, a large ship appeared in the offing, and soon after a light whale-boat pulled into the harbor. The ship lay off and on, and a boat came alongside of us, and put on board the captain, a plain young Quaker, dressed all in brown. The ship was the Cortes, whaleman, of New Bedford, and had put in to see of there were any vessels from round the Horn, and to hear the latest news from America. They remained aboard a short time and had a little talk with the crew, when they left us and pulled off to their ship, which, having filled away, was soon out of sight.

A small boat which came from the shore to take away the governor and suite—as they styled themselves—brought, as a present to the crew, a large pail of milk, a few shells, and a block of sandal wood. The milk, which was the first we had tasted since leaving Boston, we soon despatched; a piece of the sandal wood I obtained, and learned that it grew on the hills in the centre of the island. I have always regretted that I did not bring away other specimens of the products of the island, having afterwards lost all that I had with me—the piece of sandal wood, and a small flower which I plucked and brought on board in the crown of my tarpaulin, and carefully pressed between the leaves of a book.

About an hour before sundown, having stowed our water-casks, we commenced getting under weigh, and were not a little while about it; for we were in thirty fathoms water, and in one of the gusts which came from off shore had let go our other bow anchor; and as the southerly wind draws round the mountains and comes off in uncertain flaws, we were continually swinging round, and had thus got a very foul hawse. We hove in upon our chain, and after stoppering and unshackling it again and again, and hoisting and hauling down sail, we at length tipped our anchor and stood out to sea. It was bright starlight when we were clear of the bay, and the lofty island lay behind us, in its still beauty, and I gave a parting look, and bid farewell to the most romantic spot of earth that my eyes had ever seen. I did then, and have ever since, felt an attachment to that island altogether peculiar. It was partly, no doubt, from its having been the first land that I had seen since leaving home, and still more from the associations which every one has connected with it in their childhood from reading Robinson Crusoe.—To this I might add the height and romantic outline of its mountains, the beauty and freshness of its verdure, and the extreme fertility of its soil, and its solitary position in the midst of the wide expanse of the South Pacific, as all concurring to give it its peculiar charm.

When thoughts of this place have occurred to me at different times, I have endeavored to recall more particulars with regard to it. It is situated in about 33 deg. 30 min. S., and is distant a little more than three hundred miles from Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili, which is in the same latitude. It is about fifteen miles in length and five in breadth. The harbor in which we anchored (called by Lord Anson Cumberland bay) is the only one in the island; two small *bights* of land on each side of the main bay (sometimes dignified by the name of bays) being little more than a landing places for boats. The best anchorage is at the western side of the bay, where we lay at about three cables' lengths from the shore, in a little more than thirty fathoms water. This harbor is open to the N. N. E., and in fact nearly from N. to E., but the only dangerous winds being the south-west, on which side are the highest mountains, it is considered very safe. The most remarkable thing perhaps about it is the fish with which it abounds. Two of our crew, who remained on board, caught in a few minutes enough to last us for several days, and one of the men, who was a Marblehead man, said that he never saw or heard of such an abundance. There were cod, breams, silver-fish, and other kinds whose names they did not know, or which I have forgotten.

There is an abundance of the best of water on the island, small streams running through every valley, and leaping down from the sides of the hills. One stream of considerable size flows thro' the centre of the lawn upon which the houses are built, and furnishes an easy and abundant supply to the inhabitants. This, by means of a short wooden aqueduct, was brought quite down to our boats. The convicts had also built something in the way of a breakwater, and were to build a landing-place for boats and goods, after which the Chilian government intended to lay port charges.

Of the wood I can only say, that it appeared to be abundant; the island in the month of November, when we were there, being in all the freshness and beauty of spring, appeared covered with trees. These were chiefly aromatic, and the largest was the myrtle. The soil is very loose and rich, and wherever it is broken up, there spring up immediately radishes, turnips, ground apples, and other garden fruits. Goats, we were told, were not abundant, and we saw none, though it was said we might, if we had gone into the interior. We saw a few bullocks winding about in the narrow tracks upon the sides of the mountain, and the settlement was completely overrun with dogs of every nation, kindred, and degree. Hens and chickens were also abundant, and seemed to be taken good care of by the women. The men appeared to be the laziest people upon the face of the earth; and indeed, as far as my observation goes, there are no people to whom the newly-invented Yankee word of "loafer" is more applicable than to the Spanish Americans. These men stood about doing nothing, with their cloaks, little better in texture than an Indian's blanket, but of rich colors, thrown over their shoulders with an air which it is said that a Spanish beggar can always give to his rags; and with great politeness and courtesy in their address, though with holes in their shoes and without a sou in their pockets. The only interruption to the monotony of their day seemed to

be when a gust of wind drew round the mountains and blew off the boughs which they had placed for roofs to their houses, and gave them a few minutes' occupation in running about after them. One of these gusts occurred while we were ashore, and afforded us no little amusement at seeing the men look round, and if they found that their roofs had stood, conclude that they might stand too, while those who saw theirs blown off, after uttering a few Spanish oaths, gathered their cloaks over their shoulders, and started off after them. However, they were not gone long, but soon returned to their habitual occupation of doing nothing.

It is perhaps needless to say that we saw nothing of the interior; but all who have seen it, give veryg lowing accounts of it. Our captain went with the governor and a few servants upon mules over the mountains, and upon their return, I heard the governor request him to stop at the island on his passage home, and offer him a handsome sum to bring a few deer with him from California, for he said that there were none upon the island, and he was very desirous of having it stocked.

A tseady, though light south-westerly wind carried us well off from the island, and when I came on deck for the middle watch I could just distinguish it from its hiding a few low stars in the southern horizon, though my unpractised eyes would hardly have known it for land. At the close of the watch a few trade-wind clouds which had arisen, though we were hardly yet in their latitude, shut it out from our view, and the next day, upon coming on deck in the morning, we were again upon the wide Pacific, and saw no more land until we arrived upon the western coast of the great continent of America.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Boston Transcript.

CAN SHE SPIN?

This question was asked by King James I. when a young girl was presented to him, and the person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in the ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek and Hebrew." "Those are rare attainments for a damsel," said James, "but pray tell me, can she spin?"

Many of the young ladies of the present day can boast of their skill in the fine arts and polite accomplishments, in music, painting, dancing, but can they spin? or what is more appropriate to the times and the modern improvements in labor-saving machinery, it may be asked, can they perform the domestic duties of a wife? do they understand the management of household affairs?—Are they capable of superintending in a judicious, prudent and economical manner the concerns of a family?

A young lady may be learned in the ancient and modern languages, may have made extraordinary proficiency in every branch of literature; this is all very well, and very creditable, and to a certain class of the community, who are not obliged, as was St. Paul, "to labor with their own hands," is all that is absolutely requisite, but to a much larger portion of community, it is of far greater consequence to know whether they can spin?

It is of more importance to a young mechanic, or a merchant, or one of any other class of people who depend upon their own industry and exertions, if he marries a wife, to have one who knows how to spin or perform other domestic duties, than one whose knowledge does not extend beyond a proficiency in literature and the fine arts.

It has often been said that the the times are strangely altered; and certain it is that the people are. It was once thought honorable to be constantly employed in some useful avocation; but now-a-days it is thought more honorable to be idle. People complain of the high prices of the necessaries of life, and with much truth. But if the amount of idleness could be calculated accurately throughout the community, allowing the drones half price for their services, which they might perform, and which others are paid for, it might be a safe calculation to estimate it equal to all that is expended for provision and marketing in the United States. So it is not a little inconsistent to hear parents complain about the price of provision, while they bring up their daughters to walk the streets and expend money.

Let the fair daughters of our country imitate the industrious matrons of the past. The companions of those who fought in the Revolution were inured to hardships, and accustomed to necessary toil, and thus did they educate their daughters. Health, contentment, and plenty smiled around the family altar. The damsel who understood most thoroughly and economically the management of domestic affairs, and was not afraid to put her hands into the washtub, or to "lay hold of the distaff," for fear of destroying their elasticity, and dimming their snowy whiteness, was sought by the young men of those days as a fit companion for life, but in modern times to learn the mysteries of the household would make our fair ones faint away; and to labor comes not into the code of modern gentility.

Industry and frugality will lead to cheerfulness and contentment, and a contented wife tends greatly to soften the asperities and smooth the rough paths in a man's journey through life. It has been truly said, a pleasant and cheerful wife is a rainbow in the sky, when the husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and a fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like a thunder cloud, charged with electric fluid.

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

Cut the following, put it in a frame, hang it up where you and yours will see it daily, remember every verse in the chapter and practice the advice—then will you not only be free from debt, but will have enough of fortune laid by for a sick day and for old age. One such little piece as this may be worth more to a subscriber every week than his newspaper costs him for a year, and yet some people think a newspaper, because it is so cheap, can hardly be worth taking.

1. If you wish to secure the reputation of an honest man, *pay your debts.*
2. If you would avoid bringing disgrace upon the religious party you belong to, *pay your debts.*
3. If you are anxious to get a good article, and be charged a low price for your goods, never delay to *pay your debts.*
4. If you wish to obtain such credit as your business may require, be sure to *pay your debts.*
5. If you would remain on terms of friendship with those you trade with, *pay your debts.*
6. If you would avoid embarrassing others, who are depending upon the settlement of your account, *pay your debts.*
7. If you wish to prevent mistakes and litigation, keep your accounts well adjusted and *pay your debts.*
8. If you wish to aid in the circulation of money, never let your cash remain by you, but *pay your debts.*
9. If you wish to stand clear of the charge of lying, and making false excuses, *pay your debts.*
10. If your desire to pursue your business with peace of mind, *pay your debts.*
11. If, in the expectation of death, you would leave your affairs in a satisfactory condition, *pay your debts.*
12. If you wish to do what is right in the sight of God and man, you must *pay your debts.*
13. Should your debts be ever so old or should you have "taken the benefit of the act," if you have the means, you are not a just man unless you *pay your debts.*

To enable you to pay, adopt the following advice:

Let your food, living and equipage be plain and not costly; avoid expensive clothing; abstain from wine and all intoxicating liquor, and never keep it in your house; do not sink your capital by purchasing plate or splendid furniture; have as few parties as possible; be careful as to speculation, and never extend your trade beyond your means; never aspire to be shareholders in banks, railways, &c.; have as few men about you as convenient, and none of a suspicious character; be determined to refuse all offers of partnership; be careful as to lending money or being bound with orders; avoid all suits; keep your books posted, and look well to the accounts of your customers; bring up your family to economy and industry.—If you observe these things, you will always be able, with good fortune, to *pay your debts.*

GET MARRIED!—CERTAINLY.—Tacitus, it is acknowledged, knew something, and he declares that early marriages make us immortal. He says "they are the soul and support of an empire."—"That man," he remarks, "who resolves to live without woman, and that woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to the community in which they dwell—injurious to themselves—destructive to the world—and rebels against heaven and earth." Them's our sentiments.

THE WARM CORPSE.

A couple of resurrectionists started for a subject one cold night, in a small covered wagon and succeeded in finding one. When they had disinterred the body they dressed it up in a frock coat, hat, &c., placed it between them in their wagon and started for home. The weather being very cold, and coming in sight of a tavern, they concluded to stop and "take a drink," which they did, leaving their inanimate companion sitting erect upon his seat, with the horse's reins lying in his lap. The ostler observing three individuals in the wagon when it was driven up, and noticing that but two went into the house, thought he would enquire of the third why he did not follow his companions. So he walked up to the wagon and asked the reason for his remaining behind.

No answer was returned. After questioning the dumb gentleman for some time, he took hold of him, and found his hand was upon a dead man! Although terrified at first, his mind soon solved the mystery,—he recollected that one of the individuals who were sipping toddy at the bar was a medical student. "So," says the ostler, "I'll have some fun with the larks." He hoisted the body from the wagon and carried it into the stable, when he took off its clothes, put them on himself, and then placed himself in the wagon.

After a short time the students returned—one of them jumped up beside, as they supposed, the dead man, and in meriment struck him upon the knee, exclaiming, "How would you like some flip, my old fellow?" The moment the words had passed his lips, he observed to his companion in a low tremulous voice, "Ben, he's warm!" This startled Ben, but he recovered his self-possession in a moment, and after reproving his friend for frightening him unnecessarily, stepped up and touched the ostler himself. In an instant, choked with fear, he repeated what his companion had just said,—"He is warm, by heavens!" "And so would you be," replied the ostler, in a measured and ghastly tone, "if you had just been stolen from hell, as I am!" The students took to their heels and never once returned to claim their horse and wagon.

GETTING DESPERATE.—"Ahem! Ephraim, I heard something about you."

"La! now, Miss Sophronia, you don't say so."

"Yes, indeed, that I did—and a great many said it, too."

"La! now, what was it, Miss Sophronia?"

"O dear! I dasn't tell you." (Turning away her head.)

"O, la! yes, do now."

"O, no—I can't."

"O, yes—Miss Sophronia."

"La, me! Ephraim, you do pester a body so."

"Well—do please tell me, Miss Sophronia."

"Well—I heard that—O, I can't tell you."

"Ah! yes, come, now, do." (Taking her hand.)

"Well—I didn't say it—but I heard that"—

"What?" (Putting his arm round her waist.)

"Oh! don't squeeze me so—I heard that—that—(turning her blue eyes full upon Ephraim's)—that—you and I were to be married, Ephraim!"

SHREWDNESS.—A boy in one of our Hotels, was in the habit of appropriating small sums of money to his own use and benefit when sent to purchase articles for the house. On being detected in his dishonesty, he replied, "that he had often been told that a thief was sure to be detected; and," continued he, "I took the money this time, just to see if they had told me the truth."—*Pittsburgh Herald.*

VALUE OF MARRIED MEN.—"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

The richest sovereigns in Europe are Louis Phillippe, of France, the Elector of Hesse, and the old King of Holland. Louis Phillippe is the wealthiest. His property is said to amount to a hundred millions of dollars. The Elector of Hesse is worth nearly as much. The personal property of the King of Holland amounts to nearly fifty millions.

Dean SWIFT said: "It is with little-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out."

Wealth of the Esterhazys.

Every body knows, we presume, that the Esterhazy family is the richest and most ostentatious in Europe, or probably in the world. The splendid dresses worn by the present Prince at the coronation of the Queen Victoria and on other show occasions in London, have been described by the London papers with a lavishness of eulogium such as can be found elsewhere only in the Arabian Night's Entertainments. His Highness is represented as one blaze of diamonds, from cap to shoe-tie. The following account of his treasure house will be read with considerable interest and some envy:—[*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

"The great 'lion' of Forchenstein is of course the Schatz-Kammer; and thither we accordingly repaired, attended by the treasure-keeper, the commandant, and four of the grenadiers on duty at the castle."

"The vaulted gallery containing these family treasures, of which the costly diamonds worn by their highnesses in England on occasions of ceremony form a part, is partly hewn in the rock.—Like that extraordinary and uncounted board in the Serai-Bournou at Constantinople, known as the treasure of the Pre-Adamite Sultans, this of Frakno is imperatively destined to be increased by each successive representative of the race, while none are permitted to subtract a particle from its value; and thus the mighty mass grows on from century to century, until at length it buries in inaction the ransom of an empire.

"Above the low arch of the iron-plated door of the Schatz-Kammer is inscribed the ingenious epigraph, *Hic ermo de prateritis, præsentibus, atque futuratis;* and the threshhold once passed, the stranger stands amid such a wilderness of wealth as he can never assuredly have previously conceived.

"The long gallery is lined on either hand by glass cases, and within these are heaped gold and silver plates; jewelled vessels of every variety of form and material; rich stuffs embroidered with colored gems and pearls; masses of opals, amethysts, and topaz in the matrix, weapons, armour, and horse-gear literally blazing with precious stones; and in short, every variety of treasure which the profusion and ingenuity of man can collect together. Nor is the intrinsic value of many of the objects their greatest actual attraction, for they are in numerous instances well authenticated relics of the great and brave of bygone years; and to those who love to linger over the past, there is ever a more powerful charm in such remains than in the most costly articles of *virtue* ever collected together.

"Among the confusion of splendor by which we were surrounded, we particularly remarked a clock two hundred years old, formed of beaten silver, and literally encrusted with jewels and intaghi; four large drinking cups of carved ivory, so minutely wrought, that they appeared to be composed of lace; and amber cup tankard both ornamented with a procession of Bacchantes, in exquisite workmanship; a work box of seed pearl and turquoise; a champaigne pail, of silver guilt, studded with precious stones, and bearing date 1698; a table and 2 arm chairs of chased silver, made in 1667, for the use of the Palatine Esterhazy and his wife; an elephant's tusk, carved from end to end with a religious procession of the Hindoos in minute workmanship; a string of rings, principally *rococo*, many of them containing gems of extraordinary size and beauty, and about 100 in number; and a christening mantle of rose colored silk, trimmed with split straw, one of the most curious and beautiful productions imaginable.

"The collection of jewelled weapons, shields and war trappings was most amazing, and derived an added interest in most cases from an accompanying certificate of identification. Thus we handled the ruby-hilted sword wielded by the unfortunate Louis at Mohaes—the pocket-knife of the Emperor Sigismund—the celebrated pearl bridal vest of the Palatine Paul Esterhazy, upon whose ground of rose-colored damask is wrought a pattern of seed pearls, the centre of every flower being formed by long links of the precious beads, which hang loose, and are strung so closely together as almost to conceal the material of the garment, the ruby-studded saddle-cloth of the Vizir Mustapha, made captive by an Esterhazy on a hard fought field; the coral rosary of Stephen Bathori; the gold brocaded vest of Mathias Corvinus, and that of John Sobiesky, also of rich brocade, a beautiful specimen of the needle-work of the seventeeth century.

"But it were endless to attempt an enumeration of the costly contents of the Schatz Kammer of Forchenstin; suffice it that after having lingered among its treasures until both our eyes and our senses ached, we proceeded to the armory, where weapons and accoutrements for one cavalry and one infantry regiment, each 1,200 strong, are always in readiness. Every thing was in admirable order; and from thence we progressed to the arsenal, where in addition to the ammunition and the beautiful brass guns intended for the protection of the fortress in time of need, we found the banners of Sobiesky, Matthias Corvinus, and Bethlem Gabor; a glorious drapery of departed greatness!

"Much curiosity exists in England with regard to the actual amount of the revenues of the Prince Esterhazy, whose very name suffices to excite interest; and, as far as my information goes, it may be relied upon, but it must be remembered that positive accuracy on so intricate a subject is almost impossible in a country like that of which I write. Prince Esterhazy possesses, in addition to his three palaces in Vienna, and his dominions in Bohemia, one-thirteenth part of the whole Kingdom of Hungary. He has thirty-six estates, each containing from ten to twenty-four villages; which together with 100 square English miles of forest, make collectively nearly 1,200 square miles, and Hungary covering a surface of 17,000 proves the position. Nor is this gigantic and overwhelming landed property his only source of revenue; the number of his peasants, (here called subjects,) amounting to 360,000 with all their liabilities, which I have explaned at length elsewhere; and a constant capital of 220,000 sheep, producing yearly 4000 cwt. of wool, (most of which is of superior quality,) remaining to be superadded, and yet, nevertheless, this colossal heritage, exceeding in extent the Grand Duchy of Modena as well as several of the petty German States, does not carry his actual revenue to a higher aggregate than one and a half millions of florins, £150,000,) thus making the annual proceeds of the land average only 6d an acre."

The Advantage of Disadvantage.—It is a sad truth, says one of our liveliest writers, but we are forced to acknowledge it, in this world a man's greatest merits are in his defec s. Of all possible faults, the most precious, and that which should be most cultivated, is *impudence*. It is fortune in itself. Next comes *silliness*. If you are only a little weak in the upper story, you need not fear; you are a made man. You have two sons —brothers or cousins, as the case may be. One is full of courage, activity and sense, and you say, "Ah, I have no fears about him—he can take care of himself!" The other is a fool, or nearly so, helpless and silly. The question is anxiously debated, "what can we do with Augustus? He has not sense enough to get along in the world;" and therefore he gets a snug place under government, a commission in the army, or a fat living.—*Irritability* is an excellent fault. A very irritable person is always treated with attention. So is obstinacy and brutality. A violent rage is an answer to every argument, a threat a sure way to obtain a favor. Impertinence, too, is very well, though dangerous at times. Luckily, insolent people possess a wonderful instinct; they manage their failing with infinite art; they know exactly as to time, place and person, when to employ it, and when not. But if it is of service to have faults, what a disadvantage to have good qualities? Dignity makes you a hundred enemies. It is better to be familiar and mean than dignified and reserved. Goodness of heart does not exactly injure its owner, but it makes him contemptible. Impartiality makes a hermit of you; to be impartial is to be suspected. But of all virtues, that to which no mercy is shown, that which poisons all happiness, that which is never pardoned, is delicacy—a fatal merit, which is an insult to all who do not possess it. No wonder, then, that faults abound, when they are a passport to wealth, to consideration, and to happiness!

Beautiful Moral.—In Longfellow's Hyperion, that casket of rare and sparkling gems, we have the following beautiful moral deduced from the story of the hero:—"Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart.

A Bit of Romance.

We find in the Cincinnati Times an account of a female, who has within a few years seen many vicissitudes of fortune. She is now an applicant before the Ohio Legislature for a divorce, and resides in Newark, Ohio. She is a native of Lockport, N. Y. She was a married in 1829, to a man by the name of Herrick, with whom she lived about three years, when, by dissipation and idleness on his part, they were reduced to want, and the husband was obliged to leave his home to seek employment. He went to Cincinnati where he remained some time, and then took it into his head to go to Texas. Herrick wrote to his wife at Lockport, requesting her to move to Cincinnati, that she might be nearer him when he was in Texas, and she left Lockport for Cincinnati. At Cleveland her means failed her, and she was obliged to throw herself into the kitchen of a hotel to procure money to continue her journey.—While in this situation she accidentally became acquainted with a gentleman from Columbus, who discovering that her accomplishments and education were those of a lady, who must have seen better days, became interested in her himself.—She laid her case before him, and asked his assistance in procuring a school that she might earn the necessary means to follow her husband. He requested her to come to Columbus, she came, and the gentlemen procured her a small school.

This was in 1835. While teaching school, she became ill, and was confined to her room for some weeks. During her indisposition, a man calling himself Wilson, visited her, and told her that he was just from Texas, and that her husband had died in that country a few days before he left.—He told her all the circumstances connected with her husband, that he left a wife in Lockport, &c., in such a straight forward manner, that she was forced to believe him. She partially recovered her health, and in 1837 became acquainted with a worthy gentleman—a widower—residing in Newark, named Chandler. After the due forms of courtship, and in about a year after she heard her husband was dead, Mr. Chandler offered her his hand and fortune—she at first refused, but subsequently taking into consideration her destitute situation—which was really one of want—she consented to become his wife. They were married incog. Mr. Chandler took her to his own house at Newark, where she lived with him, enjoying as much happiness as human flesh is heir to, until last November—when suddenly her first husband, Mr. Herrick appeared, and claimed her as *his* wife. This was a trying scene for a pious and virtuous woman; she flew to the pastor of her church for advice, and he advised her to seclude herself from both until such a time as the marriage contract with one of them could be annulled. This she did, and immediately applied to the Legislature for a divorce from her first husband.

Mrs. Herrick is represented as a lady of great mental and personal accomplishments, and undeviating piety. She has never had any children to either husband.

The Importance of Geological Knowledge.

A number of Silliman's Journal, some time ago, speaking of the many wild speculations which had been entered into in searching for coal, relates an instance in which some persons in Maine, believing that they had discovered indications of a coal mine on the Kennebec river, actually sent a quantity of black tourmaline to Boston, which was exhibited by one of the principal coal dealers there as anthracite coal, and in a few days all the necessary implements for boring into a solid ledge of *granite*, were prepared and sent to the spot. The exploration was not abandoned until the sum of $2000 had been expended; and the history of mining in this country does not afford an instance of more blind and determined disregard of the principles of science. Not many months afterwards, a person, probably on his own responsibility, visited Boston to obtain subscribers to stock in a new mining company, and brought with him specimens of *gneiss* and *mica slate*, in which he declared he had found a bed of bituminous coal near the mouth of the Kennebec river. He obtained a number of subscribers to the stock; and it was not until one of them took occasion to visit the spot, that the gross fraud was detected. Pieces of coal were found there, but they came from Newcastle!

Never despise a man because his employment is mean, or his clothing is bad. The bee is an insect that is not very pleasing to the sight, yet its hive affords an abundance of honey.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1841.

To Correspondents.

"The Ridge Road," has been received, but too late for the present number.

"The Divine Ibis," by some strange means has been lost. Will the author favor us with another copy?

The Moon Hoax Out-Hoaxed!

The most magnificent hoax we have seen, of recent origin, is that given by a late St. Petersburg periodical, professing to be a narrative of an expedition to the Arctic region, under the command of M. Nedgnei Nilegoiwosnesenk. The narrative is ingeniously written, but carries upon its face the strongest evidences of its being merely the offspring of some fertile imagination. Upon a superficial examination of it, some of the eastern journals were as readily gulled by it as they were by either the Moon, the Niagara Falls, or the Resuscitation Hoax, and have lavished upon the Russian, whose jaw-cracking name we have given above, unmeasured praises, for not only having, in his discoveries, cast entirely in the shade all his "illustrious predecessors," but for having succeeded in sailing, according to his own statement, *beyond* the northern verge of creation!

We enumerate a few of the marvelous statements of this navigator: After reaching the 88th deg. of north latitude, his fire all froze up, even while burning! The coloric thus congealed, upon being applied to the tongue, was found to possess a most delicious flavor! After going a few degrees farther north, all the iron material in the sledge flew off, in consequence of the powerful attractive influences of the pole, and the entire party would have been annihilated from a contact with the pole itself, had they not opportunely struck a negative magnetic eddy, which sent them back with as much rapidity as they had been previously propelled forward! They were not, however, thus unceremoniously, though providentially driven from this interesting field of observation, until they had ascertained that the north pole consisted of "enormous mountains of pure loadstone!"

These are the navigator's leading discoveries, though the language in which he clothes them, would give them the most thrilling interest, *were they believed to be true.* But why should not the Russian be allowed to draw upon the imagination for materials to astonish the world, as well as the American? We see no good reason why humbuggery should be confined to one latitude or one country; and as we have had quite enough of it here during the few past years, we shall not quarrel with Monsieur Nedgnei Nilegoiwosnesenk for the establishment of a manufactory of the article a few degrees north of us.

Names on Fruit.—To those who have time and may choose to make the experiment, the following may possess some interest: To make names grow in peaches, cover the side exposed to the sun, when the fruit is about half ripe, with letters of wax. This hinders the parts covered from becoming colored by the sun; and when the fruit is ripe, and the wax removed, the desired letters will distinctly appear.

Important to Naturalists.—Mr. Simms has finally discovered that "the dandy is clearly human." The popular opinion has been heretofore, that he was an animal, belonging to the genus cur.

More White Black Birds.—Married, recently, in Ohio, Mr. *Blackmore Bird* to Miss Emily *White.*

The Season.—We are now, if we have reckoned months and weeks aright, near the close of spring, though it can hardly be said that we have been favored with any of the mild and enlivening influences peculiar to this season of the year.—Cold and frequent rains, with an occasional sprinkling of hail, the absence all blossoms, the leafless condition of trees and shrubbery, the unbroken surface of gardens, the unploughed fields in the country, the aguish appearance of wheat, the starving of cattle in barn-yards, the rare and transient smiles of Sol, and the comfort, if not the absolute necessity, of cloaks and over-coats—are any thing but creditable to May. But we are in hopes that she may yet retrieve her character.

May-Day.—The ancient and widely spread custom of celebrating the first day of May, was observed this year by the young ladies belonging to Miss Seward's Seminary. Flowers for the occasion could only be obtained at the *Green House*—frost-bound spring having withheld her wonted supply.

☞As an evidence of the coldness of the season, we may mention that in 1840, the snow sparrows began to sing in Boston on the 23d of February, and that this year they did not sing until the second week in March. The arrival of migrating birds was also many weeks earlier last year.

Lectures on Oratory and Music.—Prof. Bronson is now delivering a course of lectures in this city, on Oratory and Music, assisted in the latter branch by Mr. Christian, a German vocalist. The free lecture on Thursday evening fully met the expectations of the vast audience.—Prof. B. evidently understands his business, and the singing of Mr. C., who has the most varied and capacious voice we ever heard, is quite inimitable. They will receive a generous patronage wherever their talents are appreciated.

"Merry's Museum".—What parent wishes to furnish his or her child or children with one of the prettiest, most enticing and instructing publications of the day? Let him or her call on Messsr. H. Stanwood & Co., No. 40 Buffalo street, Agents for Rochester, and inquire for "*Robert Merry's Museum,*" edited by Peter Parley—terms $1 50 a year, or four copies for $5 in advance.

Peter Parley loves little children and knows how to tell them useful stories so they can understand them. See him in the title page with his wooden leg, surrounded by a group of boys and girls listening to his pleasant talk, while that little rouge is climbing up behind him, peaking over his shoulder, with one hand on the top of his crutch. Every child cannot enjoy the advantages of *hearing* what he is saying, but he wants "all who have black eyes and all who have not black eyes" to *read* his Magazine, and he will present them with such "basket of fruits and flowers as an old fellow may gather while limping up and down the highways and by-ways of life". It will no doubt be a great favorite with those for whose benefit it is designed, and those who apply to the Agents first may be supplied without having to wait for an additional supply. Three numbers are already out—for February, March and April.

☞"United States" is the title of a large, well filled and neatly executed literary and news paper, recently established in Philadelphia by the proprietors of the Public Ledger. It is published weekly, at $2 per annum.

☞The Metropolitan for April contains the continuation of the popular papers now in course of publication, together with various briefer ones of merit.

Simple Remedies.

For Ignorance—Subscribe for the Gem.
For Intemperance—Drink cold water only.
For Hard Times—Industry and economy.
For Want of Appetite—Rise early.
For the Headache—A light dinner.
For Premature Old Age—Simple diet.
For the Gout—A constable.
For a Disturbed Mind—Speak the truth.
For a Light Purse—Avoid useless expenses.
For Lovesickness—Marriage.
For Gambling—Honesty.
For Police Subpœnas—Keep good company.
For Tight Lacing—Common sense.
For Duns—Pay your debts.
For Laziness—The state prison.
For Dishonesty—The gallows.
For a Ragged Back—An industrious hand.
For a Soft Head—Plenty of hard money.
For Undutiful Children—The rod.
For a Scolding Wife—Kindness.
For a Scolding Husband—The broom-stick.

The Village Reader.—This is the title of a new School Book, by the compilers of 'The Easy Primer,' 'Child's Guide,' and 'Intelligent Reader,' published be G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass. It contains rules for punctuation and reading, and a great variety of pieces, in prose and poetry, introduced as exercises and lessons. We have examined it, and read many of the communications it has already received from literary men; but hardly know which to admire most, its adaptation to make those rare things, *good readers*, or to cultivate a love for virtue in the minds of those for whose benefit it is designed. One of the important means adapted by the compiler to accomplish his end, is the selection of articles which the young can understand, and so attractive that their perusal and reperusal will never become a task.

☞The Reader is for sale at the Bookstore of William Alling, No. 12, Exchange street.

The Missionary Herald for May has been received. It contains interesting intelligence from the Sandwich Islands, Syria, Arabia, and almost every portion of the world where Missionaries have been sent. The price of the Herald is only $1 50 per annum.

Agent for this city, Mr. Eben. Ely, Exchange street.

Refined Mode of Courtship and Marriage.—In Australia, courtship and marriage are conducted in rather a singular manner. The lover goes to a neighboring tribe, fixes his 'eagle glance' upon the maid who fills his eye, watches her movements with perseverance day by day, until she happens to stray in some retired spot, by grove or rivulet, then, in a transport of ardor, knocks her down, beats her over the head until she becomes senseless, then drags her off to his own tribe, and receives the blushing confession that her heart is won. They then become man and wife.

Those who pronounce upon a foot before they have seen it shoeless and stockingless, "don't know beans."—*N. Y. Atlas.*

If the Atlas editor "knew beans," he would never examine the "shoeless and stockingless" feet of ladies.

☞Miss Mary Price, the mother of old maids lately died at Philadelphia, having attained the advanced age of one hundred years and one month, in a state of "single blessedness."

☞The Knickerbocker for May contains many papers of interest and value.

Brevity.—Frederick of Prussia was invariably offended on receiving a letter, in which more than the first page of the sheet was filled.

Miscellaneous Trifles.

ABSURDITIES.—Maupertuis, the once celebrated president of the academy of Berlin, published a book, in which, among other singular schemes and theories, he gravely proposed to dissect the brains of Patagonian giants, in order to discover the nature of the soul, and to dig a hole through the centre of the earth, to discover whether it were hollow.

ARTILLERY.—Archidamas, King of Sparta, when he saw a machine invented for the casting of stones and darts, exclaimed that it was the "grave of valor." The same lament was made by some knights, on the first application of gunpowder to warlike purposes. But what shall now be said of the recently invented "exterminators" in Europe?

PARIS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.—The situation of Paris for many years before the revolution, was truly deplorable, the streets having been filled with robbers, and assassinations daily committed in the most public manner—the nobles themselves being no better than common highwaymen, stealing purses, cloaks, or any thing else they could find.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.—A French chemist, having occasion to write to Sir Humphrey Davy, rendered his name after this wise: "*Sromphridavi.*" The Duke of Wellington, who resides at Hyde Park Corner, once received a letter from a French general, directed to him at "*Hepaquana.*"

BLUE DEVILS.—A melancholy Englishman is said to have killed himself on discovering, at a chance visit to an exhibition of the solar microscope, the thousands of animalcules which he swallowed in every glass of water.

CHINESE WORSHIP.—The annual sacrifices at the 1,500 temples in China, are 5,800 sheep, 5,800 goats, 27,000 rabbits, and 20,000 pigs. There are annually used in the same temples, 27,000 pieces of the richest silks.

FALSEHOOD NO FALSEHOOD.—Fables, apologues, parables, figures of rhetoric, and any artificial instrument of intellectual or innocent pleasure, ought not to be classed among falsehoods.

ACCOMMODATING.—A toper of this city, whilst lauding the guzzling propensities of a spunging associate, remarked, that "he could drink any *given* quantity of liquor."

WOMAN'S LOVE.—Bulwer asks: "What state would fall, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism was as pure as the silent loyalty of a woman's love?"

CONTENTMENT.—Contentment is the talisman of happiness, the spell which works more wonders than all the enchantment of the magicians of Arabian fiction.

NEWTON.—There are good reasons for believing that Sir Isaac Newton did not possess as much amiability and meekness of temper, as he has been generally credited for.

FASHIONABLE PARTIES.—In the days of our grandmothers, parties were given for comfort, chat and friendly intercourse—now they are given for the purposes of folly and scandal.

HEROES.—"He was nothing but a *hero*," Voltaire once said of Charles XII. The time will come when the character of heroes will pass for no more than they are worth.

THINK OF IT, LADIES.—Almost every case of female sickness may be traced to thin clothing or thin shoes.

THE PRESENT.—In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present.

The Old World.

Items of European Intelligence.

A Scottish farmer recently adopted a singular mode of clearing a lead pipe which had become choked up. He caught a live mole and put it into the end of the pipe, to work its way to the other extremity, which it did, though at the cost of its life.

Hard times are not confined to the United States. Nineteen bankruptcies occurred in Athens on the 27th ult. A Paris house lately failed for 1000,000f. A corn firm has failed in Colchester, for £26,000.

An elegant little carriage has been built for the Princess royal, to match with two little black and white Shetland ponies of exquisite symmetry, five years old, and scarcely larger than Newfoundland dogs.

A brother of the poet Cowper, just deceased, has bequeathed the sum of £2,000, the interest of which is to be applied to the purposes of counteracting the influence of Roman Seminaries in England.

On a late visit of the Emperor to Warsaw, a quantity of mud having been found in the streets, the authorities ordered the windows of the houses to be opened, and the mud to be thrown into the rooms.

M. Bessell, a German astronomer, has discovered that the double star 61 Cygni, is at the immense distance of 63,650,000,000,0000 miles from the earth! Light from that star would be 12 years in reaching us!

A gold medal is soon to be presented to Mehemet Ali, by the merchants of London, as a token of respect for his protection of commerce, patronage of the arts, and religious toleration.

A young law student of Paris recently shot a beautiful Spanish girl of 16, through the heart, on the refusal of her friends to consent to their marriage.

The Queen and her royal baby took an airing on the 14th ult. The rumor that the child is blind, is not confirmed by the latest news.

The Queen has given orders for a full dress ball at the Italian Opera House, May 19th, for the benefit of the distressed Spitalfield weavers.

A great number of weavers and mechanics have been sent off from Barnsley for America and Australia.

Joseph Goldsmith, a nephew of the renowned poet, is now living in Westminster, in extreme poverty. He is in his 73d year.

The oldest bridge now existing in England, is one at Crayland, which is said to have been erected 981 years ago.

The question of the propriety of priests wearing gowns, is in agitation by the Methodists of England.

A female convict, in male attire, has been discovered in Westminster bridewell. Her sex escaped detection for some weeks.

A number of volcanic eruptions occurred in Java during the month of December. Buildings, trees and a vast amount of crops were destroyed.

The manufacture of cotton in France is about to be carried to a greater extent than it ever has been before.

Major Napier, brother to the Commodore, is about to lead to the hymenial altar a Syrian lady, the daughter of the Emir of the Druises.

Forgeries are practised in Berlin *almost* as extensively as in some of our American cities.

The Russian silver rouble has been introduced into Poland, as the currency of that country.

The capital employed by the London Gas Company, is £2,300,000.

Variety.

EVERYTHING OUGHT TO BE WELL DONE.—A good many capital things are told of the late William Gray—a distinguished merchant of Boston. He was familiarly known by the name of "Billy Gray." He left at his death a large estate, and used to say that the chief source of his worldly success, was his motto, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." On one occasion he had reason to find fault with a mechanic for some slovenly job. The mechanic recollected Mr. Gray when he was in a very humble condition, so he bore the rebuke with impatience. "I tell you what," said he, "Billy Gray, I shan't stand such jaw from you. Why I recollect when you was nothing but a drummer in a regiment." "And so I was," replied Mr. Gray, "so I was a drummer—but didn't I drum *well*—eh! didn't I drum *well?*"—*Express.*

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.—At the Oratorio of the Creation at the Musical Fund Hall, on Thursday evening, just before the passage, "and God said let there be light," occurred, the gas was shut off, and there was a dim and obscure light in the hall. The audience hardly understood its purpose, but when the words "and there *was* light" were pronounced, the gas was suddenly let in and the room glowed with an intense and brilliant light. The effect was perfectly electrical. Many of the audience almost sprang from their seats, the illusion was so startling.—*Phil. N. Amer.*

PRAYERS.—In Flacourt's History of Madagascar, is the following beautiful prayer, said to be used by the people whom we call savages:

O Eternal! have mercy on me, because I am passing away. O Infinite! because I am weak. O Sovereign of Life! because I draw nigh to the grave. O Omniscient! because I am in darkness. O All Bounteous! because I am poor. O All-Sufficient! because I am nothing.

When the British were firing their cannon from Boston on the morning of the battle of Bunker Hill, Job Eaton, an honest American soldier, observing how the balls ploughed up the earth, exclaimed, "Why, blast it, father and I have ploughed many a field with half the trouble them 'ere British takes!"

"Why," said a country clergyman to one of his flock, "do you always snore in your pew, when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger I invite?" "Because, sir, when you preach I know all is right; but I can't trust a stranger without keeping a good lookout."

A married lady, who was in the habit of spending most of her time in visiting, fell suddenly sick one day, and desired her husband to go for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but soon returned, exclaiming: "where shall I find you when I come back?"

Lord B—— wore his whiskers extremely large. Curran meeting him, "Pray my lord," said he, "when do you intend to reduce your whiskers to the peace establishment?" "When you, Mr. Curran," said his lordship, "put your tongue on the civil list."

"It is the man who makes a noise," says West, "that attracts the attention of the world. A silent elephant may remain unseen amid the foliage of the wood; but the croaking bull-frog will attract attention in the darkest night."

"You charge me fifty sequins," said a Venitian nobleman to a sculptor, "for a bust that only costs you ten day's labor." "You forgot," replied the artist, "that I had been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days."

A man's poetry is a distinct faculty, or soul, and has no more to do with the every-day individual than the inspiration with the Pythonees, when removed from their tripod.

The Manchester, (N. H.) Representative says, deliberately, that *fire* is never satisfied with *wood*, the *ocean* with *rivers*, *death* with *mankind*, and a *coquette* with *lovers*.

DIED:

In Mendon, on the 20th of April, after a short illness, Miss MARY, eldest daughter of David Tallmadge, Esq., aged 18 years.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my youthful days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Original Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Lines on the Death of a Young Lady.

INSCRIBED TO HER JUVENILE RELATIVES.

BY E. HAINES.

"And Thou, oh Heaven! keep, keep what Thou hast taken.
And with our treasure, keep our hearts on high;
The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,
The faith, the love, the lofty constancy,
Guide *us* where *these* all with our sister flown;
They were of Thee, and Thou hast claimed thine own."

'Tis meet the youthful bard should now
Invoke the Muse's holy spell;
'Tis meet that he should lowly bow,
And strike the lyre's responsive knell.

For brok'n the harp-strings of the *lyre*,
That late sung to the spoiler, death;
Quenched that spark of poetic fire—
Yielded to God that mortal breath.

Thus he that sings the parting lay,
And they that mourn her early doom,
A few short years, perchance—and they
Will follow to the mould'ring tomb.

As flowers of spring that early bloom,
And fill the mind with joy and gladness,
Are first to fade in summer's noon,
And leave the heart in gloom and sadness:

So, th' polished mind, the thoughtful brow,
Of future hope—of promise high—
Seem often'st called in youthful hours
To brighten scenes beyond the sky.

Should we be summoned thus like her,
In life's bright morning hence away;
Oh! may the same unfalt'ring hope
Uphold us in the parting day.

"Weep not for me, to die is gain,"
Flowed softly from her falt'ring tongue;
"Weep not for me, soon freed from pain,
I'll tune the sweet angelic song."

"Weep not for me: while time is given,
Prepare for this last solemn hour;
Prepare, prepare to meet in heaven,
And join again to part no more."

Thus calm and peaceful, passed away
This hopeful one, in bloom of life;
Too bright a flower to longer stay
In this cold world of care and strife.

And why *not* weep? when one so fair
Has gone no more to meet below;
No more to join in holy prayer
Around the evening fire's bright glow.

Ah! why should not *true friendship* weep,
When gathered to some favorite spot,
Where erst with her they used to meet,—
And there to see her seated not?

The flowers that she was wont to tend
Shall wither in the noontide sun;
The parent's cherished hope shall fade,
As ties are severed one by one.

When met within the house of prayer,
Or 'neath some lovely garden bower,
Ye shall not more behold her there;
Then *why not* weep the parting hour?

Why *should* we weep? has she not said
For her to die was joyous gain?
Have we not faith her spirit's fled
To join the bright angelic train?

Ah! rather weep that *we* have strayed,
Far from the path in which *she* trod;
And now no more her words of love
Are heard for us in prayer to God,

Weep, that we with her were not prepared
To leave this world of care and sorrow;
Be welcomed to the "Father's rest,"
No more to fear a changing morrow.

When autumn winds are softly sighing
Over the grave that her encloses;
When spring's young blossoms fast are dying
Upon the sod where she reposes;

Go forth, and bend the suppliant knee,
Above the peaceful, silent grave;
"That He who calms the raging sea,
Would from his throne look down to save."
Weep not for her; while time is given,
Prepare for the last solemn hour;
Prepare, prepare, to meet in heaven,
And join again to weep no more.

Ontario Co., 4th mo. 20th.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Hymn to the Rising Moon.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

I.

Hail Goddess of the Universe of shade!
Teach, O teach me a rhyming wreath to braid,
For the horns of thy sweetly crescent lune,
While I sing of thy star-bedizened walk,
And thus of thy rosy glories talk,
In the music of my merry, merry tune!

II.

All hail to thee, gently rising moon,
All hail to thy bonny silver lune,
As thou cling'st to the folds of the sky;
O the spell of thy mellow beaming smile,
As thou sailest stilly on all the while,
How it falls on the gazer's dazzled eye!

III.

Bright Queen of the glitt'ring dewy time,
When the stars to the zenith upward climb,
How they vanish as thy train sweepeth on!
But to beam with a steadier, ruddier glow,
As far onward thy fairy boat doth go,
Till its port in the morning is won,

IV.

Mortals muse 'neath the magic of thy ray,
Thy splendor ever watching till the day
Wakes thy votary as he dreams o'er thy sheen;
He is lost! he is lost—till the morn
His idol of its glories hath shorn,
And relieves him from the thraldom of his Queen!

V.

Alike in the cloudy and the clear,
Yet unlike in each season of the year,
Still brightly—ever brightly dost thou shine
From the new to the old—old to new—
Youth and age each in turn do pursue,
Yet never frail mortality is thine.

VI.

Forever and forever—ever on—
Forever! yet thy goal is not won!
In thine endless circle ever dost thou glide;
Still strangely—ever strangely dost thou cling
To the magic of the heavens' mighty ring—
Thus with thee—till the ebbing of Time's tide!

VII.

O Planet! thou'rt like Hope unto man,
Or the son of Ambition's fickle plan,
Though undying—and as sleepless as thy ray,
O Star! thou art Fortune—never fixed,
With thy waxing and thy waning ever mixed,
Type of man and his fleeting mortal day!

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Early Recollections.

When through the regions of the past
On Memory's wings we often soar,
And with fantastic glance we cast
A passing thought on scenes of yore;
When early days, in fancy's flight
Recalled with all its scenes so fair,
Like some bright vision of the night
Asks of the mind an entrance there;
Who does not feel a secret bliss,
And gladly hail an hour like this?

The memory of that little cot
Has often been revived by me,
Where it became my humble lot
To pass my days in sportful glee;
And oft, to while the hour away,
My youthful form might then be seen
Within the shady grove to play,
Or sporting on the village green
Where my young comrades used to meet,
And there our childish games repeat.

And often yet, in silent mood,
I'd haunt the grove of sylvan pine,
"The noble daughter of the wood;"
And the most joyous hour was mine
While musing near its aqueous stream
Which mingled with Ontario's waves,
Whose banks to me more dear would seem
Than those the "yellow Tiber laves"
Where once a Horace tuned his lyre,
And breathed forth pure, poetic fire.

These early scenes, they all have fled
With their associations dear,
And like a fairy dream are sped,
And numbered with the things that were.
My comrades too, around whose brows
The wreaths of friendship once were twined,
By fortune's gale are scattered now,
Or in their narrow tombs confined;
And all perchance to meet no more,
Till life's drear waste is travelled o'er. C.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

To Stella.*

Lines written in the Album of one who afterwards became and is now my dear wife.

Among the stars that glitter above,
Our little orb, on the brow of night,
There are none that woo us more to love,
Than beautiful Venus, so fair and bright.

There are other witching stars that shine,
Upon us fair as the noon day sun—
They belong to the genus feminine,
And, blush not, sweet Stella, thou art one!

All over the concave, there are set,
Full many a star to man unknown—
But thee have I seen, and will not forget,
Nor forsake thee, nor leave thee ever alone!

O! be thou, fair Stella, a planet bright,
Attended and cheered by a satellite,—
For thou art now a lovelier gem,
Than sparkles upon night's diadem! STANLEY.

* Stella in Latin means a star.

PROVERBS.

1. If you are in debt, get out, if you are out, stay out.
2. If you are in law, get out, and if you are out, stay out.
3. If you are a bachelor, marry soon, and if you cannot marry, you had better run away.
4. If you have not subscribed for a newspaper, do it immediately, and if you wish to benefit both the printer and yourself, pay in advance.

MUSIC.—We love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon with a touch.

MARRIAGES.

On Sunday morning, the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Van Zandt, HENRY MILES, of this city, to MARY ANN BENSON, late of Palmyra, Wayne county.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. A. G. Hall, Mr. MERITT COOK, Jr., to Miss SARAH A. HAYFORD, all of this city.

In this city, on the 6th inst., by Rev. Mr. Ganley, Mr. George Henry Wellman to Miss Helen Dewey, both of this city.

In this city, on the evening of the 6th May, by Rev. Mr. Edwards, BENJAMIN RUSSELL, of the U. S. Army, to Miss BRIDGET JOHNSON, all of this city.

In this city, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr. CHARLES G. DAVIS, to Miss ELVIRA SCHELLEGER.

Also, at the same time, Mr. GEORGE DAVENPORT, to Miss NAOMI DAVIS, all of this city.

In this city, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Mr. SAMUEL J. WILLET, of this city, to Miss MARANDA B. WETHERELL, of Oxford, Mass.

In Brockport, on the 10th inst., by Rev. Mr. Chipman, FERNANDO C. BEAMAN, Esq., of Tecumseh, Mich., formerly of this city, to Miss MARY GOODRICH, of the former place.

At Riga, on the 26th instant, by Rev. D. N. Merritt, Mr. NATHAN B. BARKER, of Antrim, N. H., to Miss MINERVA N. MORSE, of Riga.

In Churchville, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. William H. Beecher, of Batavia, Mr. GEORGE R. HALL, of Wheatland, to Miss MARY E. daughter of Hubbard Hall, of Churchville.

At Churchville, on the 5th inst., by Rev. Mr. Carver, Mr. Ira Stone to Miss Louisa McCoon, all of that place.

In Perinton, on the 4th May, by Rev. Moses Butts, Mr. Thomas Grinell, of Farmington, to Miss Sarah Emeline Case.

In Canandaigua, on the 22d ult., by Rev. Thomas Castleton, Mr. Henry Mathewson, of Walworth, to Miss Ruth Tiffany, of Canandaigua.

In Richmond, Va., on the 19th ult., by the Rev. E. L. Magoon, Mr. John Messler, of this city, to Miss Sarah Hobbs, of the former place.

In Marshall, Michigan, on the 28th April, by Elder T. Z. R. Jones, Frederick Burfiess, of Marengo, to Mrs. Sabrina Walker, formerly of Rochester, N. Y.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1841. No. 11.

Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Love and Ambition—a Tale of the Times.

BY J. E. D.

College life seems to present a peculiar state, not only of society, but of existence, in all parts of the world. In England, the gay Cantab or luxurious Oxonian often passes the period of probation in which, by "fiction of literature," he is supposed to be sedulously cultivating "*studia et artes*"—in tandem-driving, hunting, boxing, love-making and annoying of the quiet citizens; and every body has heard of the beer-carousals and ultra pipe-smoking, to say nothing of the nose-hacking and cheek-slashing duels of the German universities. Of an equal, but dissimilar, peculiarity, is the student-life in our American colleges. There is, indeed, but little violation of the decencies and moralities of life; but one unbroken four years of cloistership, in which the novice is almost entirely excluded from the world, and in reality wholly removed from the circles of mixed society. Thus it happens naturally enough that when he emerges from alma mater, with his mis-latinized and unread diploma in his pocket, after an imprisonment of four long winters, he himself feels a palpable rustiness about his joints, which arises from long disuse; while others, more keen sighted and equally candid, conceive that a glow of greenness and rusticity suffuses his whole inner and outer man.

Our baccalaureate is indeed in a hopeless and helpless condition. Disused to society, he is now thrown into the midst of its boiling cauldron, frequently upon his own unaided resources, and not only a stranger, but a strange being, he commonly commences the study of a profession. Diffident of himself, like a sullen turtle he remains drawn within his shell, until by some rare accident he falls into the hands of some compassionate and kind-hearted girl, who draws him out of his hiding place, enlivens his solitude, and begins his acquaintance with himself and the world. As a natural mode of evincing his gratitude, he too often discreetly falls in love with his fair instructress, and an engagement is concluded on the instant. Then often succeed years of constancy and devotedness, resulting in happy wedlock. Often, too, the fond swain, advancing in years, becomes cold and selfish; or, mixing more with the world, grows ambitious; or, for other worldly motives, is actuated by a wish to dissolve the engagement which he now begins to think was too hastily and improvidently formed. Some of these are too thoroughly imbued with a spirit of true honor to think of receding, or are yet, in spite of their seeming convictions, too deeply in love to do so, and thus fulfilling their engagement, are made happy in spite of their judgment; but others—and a great proportion, too—find some pretence for neglect and desertion.

This is true not only of college boys—for we have chosen to speak of them particularly, only because of such is our tale—but also of students of all kinds; of merchants, tradesmen and gentlemen; and to a greater or less degree, of young people of all grades and classes—in a word, of all who bear the impress of humanity. The following little romance is therefore not only "founded on fact," as the phrase goes, but is probably true, in all its essentials, an hundred times a year.

The heroes of our tale were two youths who in college had been chums and intimate friends. On leaving college, the one had remained in his native state, New York, and engaged in the study of the law; while the other, a Kentuckian, for a time, intended to devote himself to medicine, but finally adopted the same profession as his friend. Their feelings and characters will probably appear better from portions of their correspondence with each other, than from any description of ours.

CHARLES LOCKHART TO EDWARD ROTHSAY.

———, Sept. 18, 1806.

My dear friend: We are then both embarked, not in actual life, but in the study of our profession. I am glad that you have renounced medicine, and like myself, given yourself to the study of the Law. You in Kentucky, and I in the Empire State, students alike of what has been called the noblest of all sciences; our minds will naturally expand alike under the same kind of cultivation, and our points of sympathy increase in number rather than diminish.

* * * * * * *

Yes, I too am ambitious. It may be the dream of a young mind, but it is a glorious one, and I would leave my name upon the lips of men and deeply engraven on their hearts. The warrior's is a noble fame, who dies amid the noise of battle, while above him peals the shout of victory; but more worthy still is he who wins an enduring name by advancing the tide of opinion, or in the arena of forensic or legislative debate. These are high prizes—are they not worth striving for?

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You speak to me of Love. I will tell you, Edward, for you are worthy of my confidence.—There is a fair spirit residing near me, whom I have deemed worthy to share my fortunes and my all. She is a quiet, timid creature, the only daughter of our village pastor, who rules the little domain of the old parsonage with absolute sway.—She has not as yet seen much of the world, but you know she can at any time acquire those little graces and accomplishments which are *said* to be the essentials of the *haut ton* of the "best society." Forgive me, Ned, but how I *do* hate *cant*, whether in religion or in the minor morals of manners. Ned, I wish you could see my new friend, she would remind you of a timid fawn, beautiful in natural grace and untrained elegance. I need not tell you that I love her honorably and devotedly, nor need I describe to you my evening visits to the parsonage, our social promenades through the old poplar avenues, and our little *tete-a-tetes* over the piano. Ned, Ned, you have become a dull dog, or you will discover without more ado, that I am not only in love, but *engaged*.

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EDWARD ROTHSAY TO CHARLES LOCKHART.

FRANKFORT, Jan. 5, 1807.

Dear Charley: I am glad as well as you that we are both to be lawyers, and *no doubt* we shall both rise rapidly to the top of our profession.—Hearkee, Charley, when I am President, you shall be Attorney General, so give yourself no more trouble about your success.

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Caught! Charley, caught by the girls! You, too, who used to ridicule poor lisping Tom Pollard so ludicrously, when in college, about the "thus-theptibility of thome folkth," you caught by a little "timid, untrained" country parson's daughter! Oh, Charley! I did hope better things of you, who were so incorrigible an old bachelor for so spruce a youngster. I wish we had you back at alma mater again, to expel you from the "Bachelor's Club."

But, seriously, Charley, I am afraid you have done wrong. You have consulted your impulses, merely, while your judgment has been neglected. Consider a moment that your adored, your *fiancee*, although probably beautiful and amiable, is altogether rustic, devoid of that artificial acquirement which is so necessary to those who mingle with the world, and utterly ignorant of the *savoir-vivre* of fashionable life. And this fair but "uncultivated" creature is to be the wife of a talented, ardent, ambitious young man, who aims to rise through all ranks, and to surmount them all.—Have a care, Charley, I fear you have not selected one who will indeed be a *companion* to you in your high aspirations. Romance is a deceitful divinity, my dear fellow; beware how you worship at her shrine.

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CHARLES LOCKHART TO EDWARD ROTHSAY.

———, May 15, 1807.

My dear friend: How swiftly pass away the years of this our early life. It is now almost a year since I have written to you. Still I know that I am as truly yours in sympathy and feeling as I ever was, and have as much confidence in receiving a full return of the same unpurchasable gifts.

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Did you think, Ned, when you last wrote to me, that I was so truly a slave to ambition, that my soul had no place for the domestic affections?—And that I could make no sacrifice of self for another? Then you much mistook me. The fair girl whom I have mentioned to you, I love better than my own soul, and from this day-dream of devotedness to her, not even the loudest clarion-trump of ambition could awake me. No: for her I would sacrifice all that I hope for in the esteem of men, if it became necessary. But it will not. True, she has defects, although scarcely perceptible, and perhaps some of those which you have mentioned; but she will outgrow them, and contact with the world, or rather with the *beau monde*, will polish down all those shades of character into a smooth surface of dazzling elegance. I have even spoken to her on this subject, and the gentle bird, although fluttering a little, as if somewhat wounded, has promised to use her endeavor to become more completely what I wish. Oh, Ned, I almost laugh when I think of "reforming" so fair a creature; but it seems too cruel for a jest.

EDWARD ROTHSAY TO CHARLES LOCK HART.

FRANKFORT, Nov. 9, 1807.

Dear Charley: Well, if you are satisfied with your *belle fiancee*, I am, of course, all my predictions to the contrary notwithstanding, as the lawyers say. I wish, by the way, that *mes affaires du coeur* were in as good a train as yours. Faith, Charley, I doubt whether I was ever made for love or sentiment, and begin to think with Napoleon, that the heart is nothing but a muscle through which the blood flows faster than any where else. In truth, Charley, I wish I had some one *to love*. You know my relatives have long all been dead, and I stand alone in the world—oh, what a sad word is that *alone!* There are fair beings enough around me, whom the world call "elegant and accomplished," and so they are; they dazzle and coruscate, but they do not warm. If they had less acquired grace and more natural feeling, they might—they *would* attract; but now I look upon them coldly, almost with reproach. I wonder if my condition is that which poets call "desolation of the heart?"

Next week I am to be called to the bar of this, my native State. Then the world will be open to me, and I shall plunge into the wild sea of politics, striving to win my destiny—*aut Cæsar aut nullus*.

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THE SAME TO THE SAME.

FRANKFORT, Sept. 5, 1808.

Dear Lockhart: Why have you not *answered* the letter I wrote you last fall? You have written one in return, indeed, but with such an evident

avoidance of the usual topics that I will not call it an answer. What are you doing? I saw by the papers you sent me, that you had returned to the city, was admitted to the bar, and had begun to be favorably noticed in the political circles; but, my dear fellow, is this *all* I am to know about you? This relates only to the outward man; but your letters should inform me of the condition of that other person, the inner you, as the Germans say.

Now, my dear friend, just sit down and give me a long letter, as full of spirit and nonsense as those we used to write when we were more boyish in feeling than we are now. How does your *affaire* of love thrive? I watch its progress with much interest; the more, probably, as I have no such nestling of my own to cherish. Alas! that I should thus live in miserable solitude of heart, while you are doubly happy in blessing and being blest. Gladly would I love some dear object, but there is no one near me whom I can thus love; no one, indeed, who is worthy of my devotion. But I am discussing my matters, not yours: you shall hear of me when I have again heard from you.

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CHARLES LOCKHART TO EDWARD ROTHSAY.

NEW YORK, March 10, 1809.

My dear friend: I see that you had noticed in my letters an absence of allusion to the theme of my love affair in the country. I did not wish to touch on that, and that probably threw an air of constraint over all my letters to you. But I will now kneel at the confessional, and "make a clean heart" of it.

I confess, Rothsay, that I was wounded, and, indeed, somewhat piqued with your predictions as to the result of my flame with my "timid" country "fawn." But I thought she possessed plenty of the material which might be fashioned into a splendid woman. With this idea I endeavored to "put her in training," as the phrase goes; I lent her books, and strove to impart to her the *ideal* of what I hoped to make her. When I left her to come to the city, as the date of my admission to the bar drew nigh, I thought I had succeeded with her admirably, and anticipated with pride, the day when I should draw her from her sylvan bower, and present her to the glittering circles in which I expected to move. But when I began to mingle again in the society of the metropolis, I soon found that the three years which I had passed in the country had quite impaired my judgment in relation to the essentials of success in society, and led me to underrate the severe requisitions of the *beau monde*. I believe I have courage enough to attempt almost any thing where mere danger is concerned, but I have not the fortitude to endure ridicule. Thus I began to doubt as to the propriety of my choice, and the longer I doubted, the greater did my hesitancy become. I had agreed to return to the country in a few weeks, and then make arrangements for our marriage; but this I delayed on various pretexts, and finally wrote her a letter which conveyed a death-blow to her fondest hopes. I told her in substance what I have here written to you; that we were unsuited to each other; that I had marked out a course of life to which she would be unwilling to ascend; that I was not worthy of her, and that we must see each other no more. I do not know, Rothsay, but you will think I acted like a scoundrel, for I felt somewhat so myself at the time; but when you have considered the matter in all its bearings, I believe you will entirely exculpate me. Was I, my friend, to take her from a station where she was happy and which she filled with grace, to one where she would be ridiculous herself and the occasion of ridicule to others? Would she be happy there? or must I forego the high pursuits for which I had qualified myself, and sink contentedly to the condition of a village lawyer? Suffice it, the act was done. It was some months before I received an answer, but when it finally came, it was so gentle, and even in its tone, and breathed so evident a spirit of forgiveness, and of hope for my happiness, that if I had obeyed my impulses, I should have posted into the country at once, and replighted my troth. In conclusion she informed me that she was about to leave "those familiar scenes, once so dear, but now so saddening," and had persuaded her father to accept a pastoral call in a distant section of the country. I shall probably never see her again, but this I should be content with, if I could persuade myself that I had dealt with perfect honor toward that pure and confiding girl.

However, Rothsay, as you know one must be in love, I have made a new engagement, with one who cannot disappoint my expectations. She was born within the pale of the *gay* world, and is from family and education included in the magic circle of fashion and refinement. I shall not need to direct or instruct *her*, and she will rise with me, with dignity and grace to the highest bound of my ambition. I will not say that she manifests as much warmth and generous feeling as my quondam flame, but this is probably because she has acquired a mastery over herself by education.—With her, Rothsay, I shall lead even the *beau monde*, and wreathe the palm of elegance and manners with the laurels won in the arena of politics and the bar. We are to be married to-morrow!

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EDWARD ROTHSEY TO CHARLES LOCKHART.

FRANKFORT, August 3, 1810.

Dear Lockhart: I have written you many letters during the last two years, but not in one of them have I alluded to the subject nearest to my heart. This will surprise you, but it is even so. Will you believe that I have all this time been "in love," and enduring the penance of courtship?

The case was this. One night when riding home from a distant country, where I had been attending court, I was overtaken by a thunder storm, which, during the intervals of the lighting left the road in perfect darkness. Suddenly I felt the sensation of falling through the air; then came a crash; and then oblivion. When I recovered, the setting sun was streaming into the room where I lay with a mellow radiance, and the balmy air moved gently upon my hot temples. A sensation of weariness and pain weighed upon me, and I vainly attempted to rise from the couch upon which I lay. A fair form immediately interposed, and hushed my efforts to repose. She seemed like some guardian angel sent to minister to my weaknesses, and I willingly yielded to her guidance. I afterwards learned that my horse had missed his footing while crossing a narrow bridge over a deep ravine, at whose bottom I was found next morning, insensible, and with a series of fractures of the right arm. The fair girl whom I have mentioned was indeed to me a ministering spirit. Her father, a venerable old man, was mostly ab ent on other duties, and during the month that I was detained by the accident she was my only resource. She was my nurse, she chatted with me, read to me, played for me, and in the cool evening, walked with me upon the lawn. Well, "I fell in love"—I believe that is the phrase—and of course began to think of marriage. But my head had sundry good reasons to offer why my heart should not be gratified. First, she was too much of a country girl—too unused to society—too uninitiated in the modes of the world—too unequal to the proud station which I sought to attain—and so on in the same strain. But the more I saw of her, the less I thought of these considerations. I found her possessed of a rich soul, a tender disposition, and a readiness of adaptation to those around her, which tended to outweigh the objections which my sterner judgment had raised; and then, too, fancy would stray back to the hour when pitying and tearful she bent over the senseless and storm-beaten form of the wounded stranger, who was brought by way-farers to her father's door. This conflict would not long endure. Her father died a little more than a year ago, and yesterday—we were married!

I confess, Lockhart, my wife is not all that I would have her, but yet, for the rich treasure of her affection, I am ready to renounce my day-dream of earthly honor, *if necessary*. But is it necessary? Is it even too late to fashion such noble creatures to the form of our *ideal*—especially when we are aided in the work by their own exquisite perception, and all-accomplishing, untiring love?"

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Such was the bridal letter of Edward Rothsay. Afterwards, long years rolled on, and the two friends became stronger in intellect and knowledge and reputation. Both rose rapidly at the bar; both become party leaders in politics; and the brows of both were adorned with civic honors.—They did not meet each other, but maintained their early correspondence with the punctuality which marked its commencement. Their letters were less frequent and more brief, indeed, but their series was unbroken, and their warmth unabated. Meanwhile Edward Rothsay had risen through almost every grade of public office in his native State, representing her in Congress, and finally taking his seat as one of her Senators in the councils of the Union. His reputation had already acquired a brilliancy which rarely shines upon the fortunes of any but the true sons of genius; and he stood, yet young, the object of envy and admiration.

Nor did Charles Lockhart repine for want of the due meed of success. His progress was steady and rapid, considering the circumstances by which he was surrounded; for young men at the bar, and in the political arena, in the State of New York, encounter, in the very outset of their career, obstacles which are comparatively unknown in the free, impetuous and undisciplined republics of the west. But the talents of Charles Lockhart were of that substantial kind which withstood the test of opposition, and he rose steadily and rapidly to distinction. Repeated terms of service in the Legislature, gave him familiarity with the forms and mo es of public business; a long occupancy of the first office at the bar, added a perfection of discipline to his mental and professional efforts; and the brief but able discharge of an important station in the cabinet, added the lustre of statesmanship to the splendor of his reputation. He had never been in Congress, but although moving in a comparatively local sphere, was known throughout the nation, and was deemed no presumptuous aspirant to the highest station.

EDWARD ROTHSAY TO CHARLES LOCKHART.

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1820.

My dear Lockhart: I was long rejoiced when I learned from the delegation in Congress from your State, that you would undoubtedly be chosen Senator in Congress for the next six years. I hailed in anticipation the day when we should meet upon the floor of the Senate, and I should have the pleasure of introducing you to the most august body in the world. But I learn now, with a strange mixture of pain and pleasure, that you are to be the candidate of your party for Governor, at the coming election. Lockhart, I honor your choice. To be a Senator, is honor enough, but to be "Governor of the Empire State" is more. I forego my selfish hopes, and congratulate you sincerely on your attainment of a still higher bound of ambition. My wife, too, whose noble sympathy ever accords with my own failings, joins with me in these congratulations.

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CHARLES LOCKHART, IN REPLY.

NEW YORK, Jan., 1821.

My dear friend: It is true that rumor has assigned to me a choice of two distinguished political stations, and for once rumor did not lie. I was designated to fill the coming vacancy in the Senate in our delegation, and this amply satisfied my ambition. Afterwards the State Convention of our party tendered me a nomination for Governor, and I was for a few hours dazzled by the prospect. But I recurred to my previous reflections, and my better judgment, founded on domestic considerations, determined me to decline the nomination. I do, indeed, consider this course a sacrifice of much that I had toiled for, but there was no alternative. I must, therefore, console myself in the hope of meeting you soon at the National Capital."

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Long did Rothsay and his chosen bosom friend—his wife—ponder over this epistle of Lockhart's, so depressed seemed its tone, so evidently pregnant with hidden meaning. But they did not penetrate to the truth. Yet Charles Lockhart *felt* the truth in all its force. He felt that he was alone in the world, without one being of intellect to whom he could confide his feelings and impulses with any hope of receiving even the return of an intelligent sympathy. He felt that he had erred, and worse than erred—had deceived himself in the most important event of his life—in the selection of his wife! He found too late that he had been deceived, that she to whom he had confided his domestic happiness, and whom he had

expected to rise with an ambition equal to his own to the highest station in the social circle, was not equal even to this task. She knew, indeed, the ordinary forms of society, and could practice them when occasion required; but she could not penetrate beneath the surface, and analyze the real spirit in which these forms originated. They are greatly mistaken who imagine that conventional modes are a hollow frippery, and not less so they who deem that they embrace the essentials of social intercourse. There is probably no prevailing mode of manners which has not originated in some social exigency; and such modes degenerate into frivolousness only when they are practiced merely from an apish imitation of fashion, while their origin is forgotten, and the spirit which they embody neglected. The great defect of the wife of Charles Lockhart was a *want of mind*.—She could follow and imitate, but she could neither originate nor lead. She could move with *eclat* in the ordinary circles of the gayest metropolitan society, but she shrank into more than mediocrity when brought into contact with another circle, perhaps in its exterior equally gay, but based upon successful politics, and characterized by mental and moral cultivation. The life of a politician, as regards the exercise of the social affections, is eminently repulsive in its aspect.—Policy requires that the man should wear a mask, and never appear to his associates in his native character, but discreetly cast a thick veil upon the social and moral part of his nature. Thus, the higher Lockhart climbed on the ladder of his ambition, the more he found himself shut out from the indulgence of his naturally warm and generous impulses; but he turned in vain to the circle of his own fireside for appreciation and sympathy. His wife could not appreciate him, for she lacked mind even for this purpose; she could not sympathise with him, for she was distracted with the elegant follies of society, and sought refuge from the weariness of mental vacuity in the pursuit of novelties. Lockhart felt all this keenly, and when he perceived that she was barely tolerated in the cultivated circle of intellect at the capital—as one in it, not of it—merely because she was his wife, he could not help acquiescing in the general sentiment, and began to despise her in the bitterness of his spirit. This feeling once admitted, cast its sombre hue over his character, and swayed the destiny of his after life.—From that time he gave up his domestic establishment at the capital, where his wife never again appeared in society, but amused herself with the social gayeties of her native city. This appreciation of his wife's true character and relationship with the world was the real "domestic consideration" which urged upon him the necessity of his declining the offer of an election to the governorship of the Empire State. He felt that he was worthy of the station; that it was his due; and that he could make it the stepping-stone to a station which would satiate his ambition. But he felt also that his wife was unequal to perform her part upon this exalted stage, and his lip curled with unconscious scorn when he thought of her as the centre and support of the polished and intellectual social *coterie* of which he was to be the political head. It could not be. With many a bitter pang, he declined the glittering bauble which was proffered to him, and accepted a minor station.

And this was the woman who had seemed to his young fancy the perfect *ideal* of a wife, to whom with fond and youthful devotion he had pledged the fruits and honors of his maturer age. She who was to rise with him to the highest station which he might attain, had now become a log upon his exertions, and more than once dashed from him the untasted cup for which he had long and ardently striven. He had the courage to dare almost every thing, but he had not the fortitude to endure ridicule; and he resigned himself to his destiny, a moody and disappointed man.—Often in his gloomy fits he recurred to the scenes of his first passion, and fancy now exaggerated the merits of the "country girl" whom he had once loved; and truth, impressed upon his conscience, told him in convincing tones, that she, neglected and deserted, might have been to him what his own wife had failed to be; for he had ever conceded to her a high character of mind, and now feared that he had depreciated her power of adaptation to circumstance and station.—But such thoughts came too late, and their fruition was only that of bitterness.

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The session of Congress approached, and Chas. Lockhart took his seat as Senator from the Empire State. Here he met the friend of his boyhood and the companion of his college days. Edward Rothsay had expanded into the full stature and vigor of mature manhood, and bore upon his form the stamp of those high qualities which had ensured to him reputation and success. But upon his features sat an expression of content and happiness which Charles Lockhart had long ceased to know. Upon the brow of the latter, care had set her deep and deepening impress, and restlessness and disquietude seemed to mark every action and movement of the man. A stranger would have taken Rothsay for a successful, and Lockhart for a disappointed politician.

The wives of neither of the two Senators were at Washington. Lockhart had long since stationed his family in his native city, from which his wife rarely travelled, and never to appear with him in the circles attached to political society.—But Rothsay was rarely separated from his family. At present, they were detained from the capital by a temporary cause, and Rothsay often dilated upon the pleasure he anticipated in presenting Lockhart to his wife, upon whose perfections he discoursed with the ardor and enthusiasm of a young lover. "I married her," said he, "when she was comparatively rustic in manners, and deficient in information and accomplishments; but by application and earnest endeavor, she has become all that I wished, and more than I dared to hope; a most accomplished woman, as she ever was the best of wives."

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Lockhart had just returned from Virginia, where he had spent the short holiday recess of the Senate. The Senate had just before the recess confirmed the nomination of Rothsay to a distinguished diplomatic station abroad, and Lockhart found upon his table a note from his friend, stating that his wife had a few days before returned to the city, and pressing him to attend a select *soiree* which they were to give that evening, in anticipation of their departure for the old world.

Lockhart went late and arrived when the formal receptions were over. He glided into the room unobserved, and without advancing to the circle of which his friend formed the centre, stood for a while a silent observer of the gay and lively scene. As he leaned in the shade of a column, near a curtained recess, his attention was attracted by a fine woman who approached and passed him, leaning upon the arm of a distinguished foreigner, with whom she was chatting in French with spirit and vivacity. She appeared cultivated and intelligent, and to personal beauty was added an indescribable dignity and grace, which seemed to complete the *tout ensemble* of a splendid woman. Hasty as was the glance which Lockhart cast upon her as she passed, he at first thought he recognized features once familiar to him, yet doubting if it were not the relic of some day dream of his fancy. He had, however, no immediate opportunity for further observation, as the lady who had attracted his attention a moment after re-passed him attended by a German *attache*, at whose solicitation she seated herself at the piano. After a short prelude, she began the recitation of Schiller's noble poem, "The worth of Woman," which had been fancifully set to music as a duett. The liquid smoothness of the part assigned to the female voice, contrasted admirably with the harsh and crashing gutterals of the other; and as the player sang to the accompaniment of the piano the noble apostrophe—

"Ehret die Frauen! Sie flechten und weben
Himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben"—

Lockhart felt in his heart that *such* a woman as she might have intertwined the richest flowers in the wreath of his destiny, and not only have cast a spell like enchantment upon his domestic life, but have illustrated and adorned the noblest triumphs of his ambition. And then he turned to the contemplation of what his own condition was, and of the many mortifications which the deficiencies of his wife had imposed upon him—for he was even morbidly sensitive on this subject, and perhaps sometimes mistook the shadow for the substance—and his soul seemed to die away within him.

The echoes of the music had hardly ceased, when the moody revery of Lockhart was broken. He roused himself from his inclining posture and assumed an attitude of grace, as his friend Rothsay approached him with the same lady upon his arm, whom he presented to him as his wife.—The tones of his new acquaintance often struck upon his ear as the voice of one familiar to him, and the matter of her conversation, which passed rapidly from general topics to a startling and almost sarcastic pointedness of manner. A turn in the promenade threw a sudden brilliancy of light upon the features of his partner as he inclined to catch the expression of her eye as a means of interpreting a remark which almost seemed to have a personal application to him—when the truth flashed upon him like a ray of lightning. He started back in astonishment, and for a moment they stood face to face—

Charles Lockhart, the slave of ambition, at the root of whose peace lay one canker-thought, blasting the fruition even of the success which he did attain—and

Edith Rothsay, the once timid, rustic, unaccomplished country girl, his first and cruelly deserted love; now the honored and honoring wife of one of the intellectual chiefs of the nation; about to step from a social station at the capital, where she was regarded as presenting the *ideal* of female beauty, grace, intelligence and refinement of manners, to a position at a brilliant court in the old world, where the same graces and endowments would secure to her the same social rank.

And in that one moment Love wreaked his richest vengeance upon Ambition.

Politeness on all occasions.—At a wedding recently, which took place at the altar, when the officiating priest put to the lady the home question, "Wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest curtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please, sir." Charming simplicity.

Singular Remedy.—A French Journal publishes an account of the cure of a case of hydrophobia, by a large quantity of vinegar administered to the patient by mistake. Count Leosina, a physician of Paonia, hearing of the case, administered the same remedy in a very violent case and succeeded in effecting a perfect cure.

Sunday Reading.

From the New York Tribune, May 15.

The Exercises at the Tabernacle last evening, were of a most pleasing and interesting character. At an early hour the immense building was crowded to overflowing, and hundreds were subsequently unable to procure admittance. The performances of the New York Academy of Sacred Music, whose Anniversary was celebrated, were in the highest degree creditable to the performers both vocal and instrumental. At the conclusion of the First Part of the Exercises, the Rev. E. N. Kirk delivered in an eloquent and impressive manner the following

Eulogy on General Harrison.

A nation is mourning its bereavement—a nation is mourning its sins, in lowly prostration before the offended Deity. The active stir of business is suspended—the voice of mirth is hushed—the face of beauty is pale—the steps of many hasten to the house of prayer—the honorable and the base are gathered in the Temple of God.—Ten thousand voices are raised to the glory on high, "Spare, O Lord, thy people, and give not thy heritage to reproach." The Lord has taken away our stay and our strength. He has removed the stay in which we trusted, and has cast the nation on his naked arm. We had just been delivered from pressing difficulties—the voice of joy and gladness began to be heard in our land, when suddenly the sound of mourning and lamentation arose from the Northern Lakes to the Southern Gulf—from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. It is in the presence of Death we mourn.

The man of the People's choice had been placed in the President's chair. The whole Nation rejoiced. But scarcely had the almost idolatrous gratulation of the people c ased—the sun had scarcely raised his cheerful disc above our horison —when the scene was changed by an invisible and almighty hand. The people trembled. They supplicated. But the decree had gone forth.—Words came from that silent chamber which changed the voice of joy into mourning and lamentation; and ere long Death completed the tragedy.

We must pause to hear the voice of the rod and him that hath appointed it. Death is at all times formidable to man, as an inhabiter of Time and an inheritor of this lovely planet, full of God's bounties. We are loath to part from familiar scenes. We are by instinct tenacious of life.—When we see any one, even in lowly life, die, we start as if appalled by the sight of a spectre. But when death strikes a high mark—when it treads unrelentingly upon the highest and breaks through the life-guard of the throne, our terror is enhanced. Death has conquered our unvanquished defender. It has dimmed the eye that watched only for his country's welfare—it has closed the ear that was open to our complaints, and ever ready to hear of the wants of the People—it has chilled the heart that throbbed with parental love for the people that called him Father. It has closed that hand, so honestly—so honorably pledged to defend the Constitution and to execute the laws. As was said at the death of the great Macoabeus, so now it may be said: "At the first tidings of this dreadful event, streams of tears flowed from the eyes of all the inhabitants. They were for a time struck dumb. They said—"How is the mighty fallen!—he who saved the people of Israel!"

America—atheistical America, as she has been called—America, who has no national church—no national creed—no national clergy—America is now in the dust before God. To our friends and to our foes in Europe who ask, Where is your religion without an Establishment? we reply, Behold it in the hearts of our People! with you it may be wise State policy to appoint and observe a fast; but with us none can doubt it is a genuine expression of public sentiment. Here is no royal patronage to encourage our People—it is a free fast, to which we are invited by a man who wishes us to bow before the chastisement of our common Father. And we have obeyed because we feel that God has afflicted us on account of our sins.

And what more appropriate on such an occasion than penitential songs? The songs of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and the hymns sung in the holy temple? Whether then it be considered expressive of our grief, or of our humilition before God, this sacred music is a most desirable auxiliary to our purpose.

In the expressive language of the Prophet we have cause to fear the rod and Him that hath appointed it, this day, both in reference to the past and to the future. The rod is upon us, and it speaks of our sins, and another voice tells of the kindness of Him who hath appointed it. America! oh, America! my dear my native land, hear the rod! Americans, my Countrymen! shall we hear not its voice? shall we fail to profit by it? Shall we not become better observers of Providence, and commune more closely with Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being?

In the first place, we are to learn our dependence on God. Nation after nation for nearly six thousand years has been trying to attain prosperity independently of the favor of Jehovah. The experiment has been fairly made—made under every variety of circumstances, but in every instance the attempt has been unsuccessful. America sees the open page of history spread before her. Infidelity and Christianity are both exposed to her view, each in its own way. The one side failed because they adopted wrong political notions; the other failed simply and solely because they cast out the fear of God. It is for America to choose the right path, and millions yet unborn will be affected by her decision now.

The holy oracles proclaim that Jehovah ruleth in the armies of Heaven, and doeth his pleasure among the inhabitants of the earth—that it is He who lifts up, and He who casts down.

This was believed by our fathers, but soon after the Revolution pernicious principles came into vogue—that skepticism that denies to the Son of God the supreme control of human affairs. He is now teaching us by the rod of his chastisement. Let us bend in awe and reverence before the voice of his rebuke, and learn submission to his holy will.

From the spring of 1839 to the present day, there has been a tendency of the public mind towards a recognition of a minutely superintending Providence. Events which human wisdom and prudence could not foresee or prevent indicated the movings of an unseen hand, and suggested the consulting of a Superior will. Blow followed blow—cloud came after cloud. Then came a gleam of sunshine; the spirits of the people were revived, and confidence began gradually to be restored. The majority of the people had chosen to rule over them a man who was opposed, not from personal, but political considerations; who had no enemies but such as envy made. There he sat, calm at the helm, inspiring new confidence in our institutions, new hopes for our country. The Lord saw it, and saw that we had not yet learned where to put our trust, and again the presence of His hand must be felt. The rod is therefore upon us. It teaches us that there is an Almighty Disposer of all events, and that men should seek the counsel and aid of a sure director of all those unseen influences that control and overrule all the operations of men; and convinces us that there is something more than human prudence, patriotism and power which determines the fate of empires.

My countrymen! God is teaching us that He reigns over us—that His favor is life. We must learn that lesson or perish. We must learn to recogn ze the Saviour as the Governor of Nations —to obey, to trust, to submit to God as He has revealed himself in His Holy Word.

We had, in the late President, all that we could ask in a Chief Magistrate, to meet the wants of our hearts, as well as of our judgments, and therefore we loved as w ll as trusted him.

Probably there is scarcely a man that combined, both in his history and character, so much of the qualification that office requires. Evidently fitted was he, of God, for his situation and his responsible duties. He had the peculiar talents for the head of the government, more needed there than in any other office connected with the administration of the government.

Through a period of twenty years he was called to act in various capacities under the government —as Secretary, Commander-in-Chief and Governor of the North-Western Territory. Here he displayed his great and peculiar talents—purity of purpose—knowledge of men—acquaintance with public affairs and principles of government. In his situation as Governor of the North-Western Territory he displayed all these varied talents; and, as he rose from station to station, he became still more useful. By the prowess of his arm he defended it—by the wisdom of his counsels he governed it, at a time singularly trying, when the Indians had renewed their savage border warfare —when murders were frequent and atrocious— when the whole frontier was filled with dismay— when the labors of the husbandman were suspended, and many families deserted their homes to seek safety in flight, Gen. Harrison put the country into the best posture of defence, and restored confidence to the sinking hearts of the inhabitants.

His integrity of character was singularly conspicuous. Though long possessed of opportunities of enriching himself, he lived and died *poor*, and that not from prodigality but from integrity. He never used his immense power and influence to procure situations for his relatives or friends, if we except his private secretary. Once after his resignation of his office of Commander-in-Chief, he made up his mind to apply for a place at West Point for his son. One of his poor neighbors, however, he found, had applied for the same situation for his son, and Harrison immediately refrained from making the application; and the lad for whose sake he so honorably made way, went to West Point, and is now a distinguished citizen of Indiana.

Equally strong was his sense of honor. A political opponent, who had known him for forty years, said: "General Harrison never had a particle of dishonesty about him. He was honest in politics—in religion—in every thing."

His benevolence was as remarkable as the other qualities of his noble mind, and exactly of that kind which is the antagonist of ambition. Some reproach the government for their treatment of the Indians, but no such reproach can be cast on the name of Harrison. He had great military talents, which have led many men through dark scenes of blood and slaughter; but in no part of his long career as a warrior, can it be discovered that he ever wore or touched his sword, save to defend America and liberty. (Applause, which was immediately hushed.) Let the historian speak here for a moment: "On the morning of the 27th, the final embarkation took place on Lake Erie.—The sun shone brilliantly; a gentle breeze wafted the ships towards that shore, on which it was supposed the flag of our country must be planted amid the fire of the enemy and the yells of the savage. The General entreated his troops to remember that they were the sons of sires whose fame was immortal—that they fought for Liberty, whilst their foes fought for a master. "Kentuckians! remember the River Raisin, but only whilst victory is suspended—never injure a fallen foe!" The latter sentiment characterized all his military operations, even with the savage tribes.

Once more, in alluding to his personal qualities, we refer to his simplicity of character. In personal character—in manner—in dress—he was the very man to please the People. He was no aristocrat in citizens' garb. His countenance was goodness—honest, frank and open; his eye emphatically the light of his body—gentle, but full of fire; mildness and energy were hardly ever more beautifully blended. One says, "He was condescending: the poor and illiterate found as ready access to him as the great and learned. Even children were at home with him, and none but the guilty were awed by his presence."

Harrison was born of a race distinguished for their patriotism and love of liberty. As far back as the times of Charles I., we find a Harrison condemning to the scaffold a King who had violoted the laws of his country as much as ever did any murderer. And of such descent was General Harrison. He was born and lived in the very school of Washington, Adams, and Madison; and throughout the long period of his continuance in the service of his Country, he maintained unbroken fidelity to her institutions and liberties. His time, property, domestic comfort, interests of his family, fortune and sacred honor, were laid on his Country's altar; and his dying breath uttered the sentiment that, next to the fear of his God, the love of his Country was cherished in his heart: "I WISH YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF THE GOVERNMENT; I WISH THEM CARRIED OUT—I ASK NOTHING MORE!" Yes, departed Saint! those principles shall be carried out, and the last earthly wish of thy noble heart shall be gratified!

In his statement of the principles on which he intended to discharge the office of the Presidency, we have an exhibition of his enlightened views of our Constitution, and the proper mode of its administration:

"The broad foundation upon which our Constitution rests being the People—a breath of theirs having made, as a breath can unmake, change or modify it—it can be assigned to none of the great

divisions of Government but to that of Democracy. If such is its theory, those who are called upon to administer it must recognize, as its leading principle, the duty of shaping their measures so as to produce the greatest good to the greatest number. But, with these broad admissions, if we could compare the sovereignty acknowledged to exist in the mass of the People with the power claimed by other sovereignties, even by those which have been considered most purely democratic, we shall find a most essential difference. All others lay claim to power limited only by their own will. The majority of our citizens, on the contrary, possess a sovereignty with an amount of power precisely equal to that which has been granted to them by the parties to the National compact, and nothing beyond. We admit of no Government by Divine right; believing that, so far as power is concerned, the beneficent Creator has made no distinction amongst men, that all are upon an equality, and that the only legitimate right to govern is in an express grant of power from the governed.—The Constitution of the United States is the instrument containing the grant of power to the several departments composing the Government. On an examination of that instrument, it will be found to contain declarations of power granted, and of power withheld. The latter is also susceptible of division into power which the majority had the right to grant but which they did not think proper to entrust to their agents, and that which they could not have granted, not being possesseed by themselves. In other words, their are certain rights possessed by each individual American citizen, which, in his compact with the others, he has never surrendered. Some of them, indeed, he is unable to surrender, being, in the language of our system, unalienable.

"The boasted privilege of a Roman citizen was to him a shield only against a petty provincial ruler, whilst the proud democrat of Athens could console himself under a sentence of death, for a supposed violation of the national faith, which no one understood, and which at times was the subject of the mockery of all, or of banishment from his home, his family, and his country, with or without an alleged cause; that it was the act not of a single tyrant, or hated aristocracy, but of his assembled countrymen. Far different is the power of our sovereignty. It can interfere with no one's faith, prescribe forms of worship for no one's observance, inflict no punishment but after well-ascertained guilt, the result of investigation under forms prescribed by the Constitution itself. These special privileges, and those scarcely less important of giving expression to his thoughts and opinions, either by writing or speaking, unrestrained but by the liability for injury to others, and that of a full participation in all the advantages which flow from the Government, the acknowledged property of all, the American citizen derives from no charter granted by his fellow-man. He claims them because he is himself a man, fashioned by the same Almighty hand as the rest of his species, and entitled to a full share of the blessings with when He has endowed them."

Such was General Harrison considered in reference to his qualifications for the Presidential chair and such is our loss; but it is the Lord who qualified, who gave him, and who has taken him away! Hear then, mourning Nation, the voice of the rod! It proclaims our complete dependence on a sovereign God. To-day let it be engraven on the heart of this people, and let them tell it to their children's children, that God's dominion is an everlasting dominion—that the Nations are but vanity—and that he doth according to his will mongst the armies of Heaven, and amongst the inhabitants of earth.

Again, the doings of Providence bring to our view our national and personal sins. This blow is but one of a series. The history of the last six years displays the resources of the Almighty hand when he means to visit a nation. Fire—storms—wrecks—murders—rumors of war—heart-burnings—volcanic and subterranean thunderings of party strife—public disgust produced by an unparalleled succession of frauds and breaches of public faith—these have been the inflictions, superadded to ordinary afflictions, and to which the vain heart of man paid so little heed. For all these seem to have had one defect—they did not strike suddenly enough to make the nation comprehend their meaning.

The last blow was sudden—may it be the last; it struck like an electric shock. Probably there was not a hamlet in all the land, that did not in a week after its occurrence hear the cry "the President is dead!" It came in the heat of the nation's enthusiasm; just when the spirit of man-worship was in its most lusty stage. God lifted the departed up to a nation's adoration, but at the same time proclaims his decree; "This day have I set my son on my holy hill of Zion; be wise now ye Kings, and be instructed ye Judges of the earth, serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling; Kiss ye the Son lest he be angry and ye perish from the way."

Space of one short month was given, that, like Nineveh, we might repent and avert the impending blow, but we repented not and the rod fell. All our sins are comprehended in this sin of rejecting Christ; and all our national sins are personal sins, and the appropriate duty of this day is the review of our personal transgressions, and the putting away of our individual rejection and unbelief, and disregard of the supremacy of Christ and his precious Gospel.

He is a true patriot this day who carries a contrite heart to his closet—mourns over his own sins and the Nation's sins—mourns over our love of money, our Sabbath-breaking, and our neglect of the Bible and of prayer. Let our influence henceforth be devoted to securing to Christ the praise and adoration of the Nation. Let us repent and bring forth fruit meet for repentance. Let the clergy put aside its sins. Let the Church—the President—the Cabinet—the holders of office—the People—let all fall this day in humility and sorrow for sin before an offended God, and join in seeking his pardoning grace.

I echo once more the voice of the rod—that we must all die, and how?

This dispensation impresses the great reality that we must die, and that personal piety is the only preparation for that great change. I doubt if any event in our history has called forth such extensive and impressive convictions of this truth. It is remarkable how earnestly the secular press re-echoed the question—Was our noble friend prepared to die?—and as remarkable how full and satisfactory an answer Providence is giving to that inquiry. The Nation is treasuring up his doings and sayings; but the great solace to our breaking hearts is this; Harrison was a penitent suppliant at the throne of God for mercy. A considerable period before his death he said to a clergyman: "I like your views of repentance; humble confession of sin, and repentance and forsaking of sin, are the only things that can make a sinner a pious man." "How admirably," he said on another occasion, "is the Gospel adapted to the wants of the world! God must love the repenting sinner more than the sinless; and how delightful the sentiment, the forgiven sinner must love God more than he who never sinned and never needed forgiveness!" And he intended to celebrate, shortly before his death, his Saviour's dying love at the sacramental table. He loved the Bible. He loved the Holy Sabbath, and he charged foreign diplomatists not to trample on the Puritan Sabbath. He loved the ministry. He loved Religion. He gave his money to promote its diffusion, and that without regard to distinction of sect.

Let the nation now gather around his silent tomb. By that fresh grave let our young men learn how to live and how to die. We unite with the infild there—not in the spirit of controversy, but in the brotherly feeling; and we ask him, what do you find despicable in piety? Did it make Harrison less intelligent that he was a Christian?—less energetic as a Warrior, or a Statesman?—less upright, less patriotic? Let the man whose soul is consumed by the thirst of wealth stand there and think of one whose character was never tainted by that poison!—who had chosen that part that can never be taken away from him, though the Presidency was.

Let the ambitions pause in his career, and see whether honors are worth so much when they may be enjoyed so briefly—snatched away so suddenly—so early! Oh! if Harrison had toiled his three score years and ten only to reach that high position; oh! if he had sacrificed time and mind and heart, age and soul to reach it, and then what madness it had been!

Could his voice be heard amidst us again, think you it would teach you to disregard the mercy of God and to despise his wrath? Oh! no, my countrymen, no! "Pause, pause," he would say; "pause ere you rush into the holy presence, where my soul now stands in fear and rapture! Young man, cease to struggle for party and for power. Ambitious public man, toil not for worldly honors—behold them already withered in that tomb! Where now is the power and the glory of my envied situation! Evaporated by one breath of disease! Where is my soul? Here, where no political purity—no military renown—no classic lore—no National Gratitude—no personal worth—has raised me, but that grace of God in Christ to which I fled as a perishing sinner.—Living I would have labored for your temporal good, and have shown you an imperfect, but honest obedience to Christ; but that was not permitted me—to my emancipated spirit, only is it granted to utter one word of counsel: Be ye also ready!"

Selected Miscellany.

The Greatest Natural Curiosity.

We find in one of the latest numbers of the Louisville Journal the following very curious account of what is, in one sense at least, the *greatest* natural curiosity ever known to man:

THE MISSOURIUM.—This gigantic wonder of the animal creation has at length arrived in our city, and will be exhibited at the Washington Hall as soon as the bones, which are contained in fourteen large boxes, can be put together. In the mean time we will endeavor, from data furnished us in a printed description of the skeleton, to give our readers some idea of this mighty wonder of creation; as such it may well be regarded, for, in comparison with the Missourium, mammoths, mastodons, and all other hitherto discovered monsters are but small affairs.

The skeleton measures thirty-two feet in length, and fifteen in height. The head measures, from the tip of the nose to the spine of the neck, 6 feet. From the edge of the upper lip, measuring along the roof of the mouth, to the socket of the eye, is 3 feet; from the lower edge of the upper lip to the first edge of the front tooth, 20 inches. Each jaw has 4 teeth, and the upper jaw has besides two enormous tusks. The teeth are each four inches broad. The nose projects 15 inches over the lower jaw. The tusks are ten feet long, exclusive of 1 foot and three inches, which forms the root, and is buried in the skull. The right tusk was found firm in the head and remained fixed in its socket during its excavation and transportation to St. Louis, which fortunate circumstance enables us to know the exact position and situation which the tusks occupied in the head of the animal during its life. They were carried by him almost horizontally, bending somewhat down, and then coming with their points up again, making a sweep from extremity to extremity, in a straight line across the head, of 15 feet. The longest rib measures 5 feet 6½ inches in length, the shortest 2 feet 3 inches. The scapula, or shoulder-blade, is 3 feet one inch in length, and 2 feet 7 inches in breadth. The length of the humerus, or fore-arm is 3 feet 5½ inches, and its greatest circumference 3 feet 3 inches. The femur, or thigh-bone, is 4 feet and a half inch long, and 8¼ inches in diameter. The feet of the animal appear to have been webbed. The fore foot has four toes and a thumb. The longest toe measures 1 foot 8 inches, the shortest one foot, and the thumb 7 inches. All the bones of the animal are firm, and contain no marrow. The cavity of the brain is quite large.

The proprietor, Mr. Koch, in his printed description of the animal, makes the following remarks on his supposed habits and nature:

"The animal has been, without doubt, an inhabitant of water-courses, such as large rivers and lakes, which is proved by the formation of the bones; 1st, his feet were webbed; 2d, all his bones were solid and without marrow, as the equatic animals of the present day; 3d, his ribs were too small and slender to resist the many pressures and bruises they would be subject to on land; 4th, his legs are short and thick; 5th, his tail is flat and broad; 6th, and last, his tusks are so situated in the head that it would be utterly impossible for him to exist in a timbered country. His foot consisted as much of vegetables as flesh, although he undoubtedly consumed a great abundance of the latter, and was capable of feeding himself with his fore foot, after the manner of the beaver or otter, and possessed, also, like the hippopotamus, the faculty of walking on the bottom of waters, and rose occasionally to take air."

"The singular position of the tusks have been wisely adopted by the Creator for the protection of the body from the many injuries to which it would be exposed while swimming or walking under water; and, in addition to that, it appears that the animal has been covered with the same armor as the alligator, or perhaps the megatherium."

☞ The following remarks by the Geneva Courier, will apply to other latitudes than that of that place. We are pleased to perceive that the Legislature has passed an act for the preservation of game in the counties of Albany, Erie, Greene, Monroe and Rensselaer.

Bird Shooting.

Many persons have noticed and lamented that the number of birds in our village and its immediate vicinity are greatly reduced. Some account for it by the severity of the winters, but we attribute it to the murderous practice of shooting them. Some of the helpless, harmless, cheerful little creatures fall victims to the swift and greedy hawk, some to the sly and rapacious pole-cat, but more die by the deliberate and inexcusable brutality of a certain genus of human animals. Bird shooters must be shamefully destitute of reflection or shockingly void of feeling. "It is an agreeable sport," say they; to cats and weasels it undoubtedly is, but not to a man of sense and feeling.

It is yet scarcely a fortnight since the sweet vocalists began to relieve our tardy spring with their graceful flights and cheerful songs; and already has the ravenous bird shooter commenced their destruction. Boys and young men, who think themselves genteel, have been seen skulking along fences, with gun in hand and villainous looks, plotting the death of some little warbler that was entertaining her mate with songs of joy and hope. Can such persons have sensibility? Should they not rather be regarded as unfeeling? They should not be trusted with a gun, unless it be a wooden one. Guns are too common play things among our boys. If they have guns, they will use them in this disgraceful way. And so, between the hawk, sportsmen, and pole-cats, we are likely to be deprived of the sweet and lively music with which nature offers to entertain us at morn and eve, in field and forest.

Good and Bad News.—Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches; joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse to a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diagoras, Sophocles, died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous at seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals and occupying the chair of state. Muley Mulock was carried upon the field of battle in the last stages of an incurable disease; upon seeing his army give way he rallied his panic-stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory, and died. The door-keeper of Congress expired on hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it had suddenly subsided. Lagrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed, was adjudged to another. Hill, at New York, was apprehended for theft, and taken before the police, though in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils, and he was carried out and died. —*New World.*

Clean your Teeth.—Shaw, in his "Microscopic Objects," says:—"If the whitish matter sticking between the teeth be removed by a toothpick, mixed with a little water, and examined by the microscope, animalculæ will appear, so active and so numerous that the whole mass seems to be alive. The largest sort, but few in number, move very swiftly; the second sort, more numerous, have different motions; the third kind are roundish, and so small that a million of them are not larger than a grain of coarse sand. They move so swiftly, and in such numbers, they seem like swarms of gnats or flies. Even when we take pains to keep the teeth clean, some of each of these three sorts may usually be found between the teeth of men, women and children, especially between the grinders; but when we are negligent, beside these, a fourth sort abound, in the shape of eels. They all die, if vinegar is applied to them; hence vinegar has been a useful gargle to teeth, gums and the mouth generally.

The most ridiculous figure we ever saw, was a dandy getting mad with the awkward appearance of his shadow, and endeavoring to tread on it.

Borrowing.—We have received a letter from a correspondent in which he speaks in strong terms of reprobation of borrowing in general and book borrowing in particular. He talks like a man who has suffered some. He says he lived at one time on the banks of the Mississippi, and gives the following as a specimen of the extent to which this practice is carried there:—[*Boston Post.*

"Will you lend me your axe? you won't want to use it, I reckon."

"Why yes, I'll let you take it, seein' you want it."

In about two months the owner *does* want to use his axe, and applies to the borrower of it, but *he* has not got it; "the last he seed on't Mr. Fletcher had it to cut some roots with."

The poor owner then goes to Mr. Fletcher; "Stranger, have you seen my axe I lent Mr. Bent t'other day?"

"Why yes, I reckon Mr. Bower's got it; he said he wanted it to chop some firewood, so I lent it to him. You'd best ask him for it."

He goes: "Mornin', Mr. Bower—how's your wife?"

"Lively, I reckon—how's your'n?"

"About right, I reckon—have you had a hold o' my axe?"

"I reckon I have. I have smashed the handle—it was a powerful weak one—but you can mend it; and when you've done it I'd like to borrow it again, 'cause I have a smart chance of wood to cut and want to use it specially."

Stealing on Credit.—A farmer in this State, was once greatly puzzled by the sudden disappearance of his sheep. One after another was missed from the flock without any solution of the mystery—until at last his suspicions rested on one of his neighbors. Accordingly, as the sheep disappeared, each was entered on the book against the suspected man, and the price carried out. At the end of the year, the bill was sent to him—and without making any words on the subject he prudently paid it. Another year passed, and the absence of a greater number of sheep had added, numerous items to a new bill, which was presented, as on the year previous. This time, however, the lover of mutton demurred—and insisted on its being reduced: protesting that he had not taken an eighth part of the number charged to him. But the creditor insisted upon every thing. "Well," said sheepy, "if I must pay, I suppose I *must*; but the fact is, some scamp has been *stealing on my credit.*"—*New Haven Register.*

Anecdote of the late Sir Astley Cooper.—A wealthy merchant, who resided near Windsor, and lately retired from business, called upon Sir Astley to consult with him upon the state of his health. The patient was not only extremely fond of the good things of this world, but indulged in high living to a great excess. This was soon discovered by Sir Astley, who thus addressed him:—"You are a merchant, sir, and therefore must possess an extensive knowledge of trade, but did you ever know of an instance in which the *im*ports exceeded the *ex*ports that there was not a glut in the market? That's the case with you, sir; take more physic and eat less." The gentleman took the hint, and has since declared that Sir Astley's knowledge of the "first principles of commerce," and the mode of giving his advice, rendering it "clear to the meanest capacity," has not only enabled him to enjoy good health ever since, but has probably prolonged his life for many years.

The Saddest Sight under the Sun.—A man willing to work, and unable to find work, is perhaps the saddest sight that fortune's inequalities exhibit under the sun. Burns expresses feelingly what thoughts it gave him—a poor man seeking *work*—seeking leave to toil, that he might be fed and sheltered; that he might be put on a level with the four-footed workers of the planet which is his! There is not a horse willing to work but can get food and shelter in requital, a thing this two-footed worker has to seek for, to solicit, and occasionally in vain; he is nobody's two-footed worker; he is not even anybody's slave. And yet he is a two-footed worker; it is currently reported there is an immortal soul in him, sent down out of heaven into this earth, and one beholds him seeking for this. —*Thomas Carlyle.*

A poor Irishman passing through a village near Chester, saw a crowd of people approaching, which made him inquire what was the matter. He was answered, "A man is *going* to be buried." "O!" replied he, "I'll stop to see that, for we *carry* them in our country."

Odds and Ends.

"Does he want it very much?"—A mechanic went to the house of a farmer to buy some wheat and inquired the price. "Do you want it very much?" inquired an honest negro who had charge of the granary, "cause massa say if you dont want it none at all almost, you may have it for a dollar.—*N. Y. Mechanic.*

Too much truth.—A young lady lately observed: "When I go to the theatre, I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to notice my wardrobe; but when I go to church, I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves.

The only way in which vice and dissipation can be extirpated, is by the intelligent, the moral, the well disposed, setting their faces unitedly, consistently, systematically against *all* their facilities, inducements and temptations. Nothing less than this is worth a straw.—*Tribune.*

Etheridge, during his brief but brilliant career, always concurred in the sentiment expressed by Rochefoucault, relative to exuberant whiskers—"Gentlemen whose physiognomies are a little inclined to the baboon order, should carefully avoid setting them in hair frames!"—*Boston Post.*

Follow the Plough.—Good land emits a pleasant and refreshing smell when it is dug up, and often affords relief to invalids. It is said to be highly beneficial for a consumptive man to follow the plough—that is, walk behind the ploughman, as he turns up the furrow.

A Sailor's Notion.—A sailor seeing some of our domestic slave traders driving negro men, women and children on board a ship for the New Orleans market, shook his head and said, "Jim, if the devil don't catch them fellers, we might as well not have one."

A cat of extraordinary intelligence, says a writer in Bentley, was lately seen feeding a kitten with starch to make it stand upright! This reminds us of the housemaid who drank a pint of yeast, to make her rise early in the morning.

"What in the world could you have seen in old Lord A. to marry him?" "Why, I saw a house in town," said the pretty marchioness, "a box at the opera, and a lover in perspective!"

"You've played the *deuce* with my *heart!*" remarked a gentleman to a young lady who was his partner in a game of whist. "Because you played the *knave*," replied the lady, smiling archly.

"What is *winter* oil?" said Jenny to her husband, as she was looking over the advertisements in the newspapers. "Oil that comes out of Greenland whales," said Pat.

Married, in Bath, Me., Mr. George Story to Miss Thankful Small. The happy couple will undoubtedly be *thankful* for a few *small stories* concerning this affair.

Housewifery.—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

An English editor, with much gravity, says that the way they procure black writing ink in South Carolina, is by whipping the negroes until they cry and then catching the tears.

Remedy for Kicking Cows.—A bed-cord drawn tightly over the loins of cows, in front of the udder, will cause them to give down their milk and also prevent their kicking.

Of every thousand females who die of consumption, over three-fourths are sacrificed by the prevailing false ideas of beauty of form produced by *tight-lacing.*

Some body has justly observed that whatever a man's character is, there are three periods of life when he makes a stir in the world; at his birth, his marriage, and his death.

A fellow in New Orleans advertised a dog lost "with the end of his tail cut off!" The animal has since been recovered, but of course with no end to his tail.

We have come to the conclusion that there is very little honesty in the world, and that is kept out of sight.

Tarred and Untarred Rope.—It is said that white rope is 87½ per cent. stronger than the like weight and gravity of hemp worked with tar.

Directly is a very common *word—direct lie*, a very common *thing.*

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1841.

To Correspondents.

Lines "On the Death of the President," we must decline publishing. Not, however, for any reasons noted by the author, but because our columns have already been quite liberally opened to this subject. The other articles, by the same author, are on file for insertion.

"Ellen Landerdale" will be published in the next number.

"Reminiscence" has too many defects to justify its publication.

"Petalesharoo," for which we are much indebted to the author, will appear soon; perhaps in the 12th or 13th number.

"Mount Hope" shall be published in the next number.

Miss Sedgwick.—We regard this lady as a novelist, in the truest sense of the word. She understands its philosophy. She penetrates into the inner secrets of the art. Her characters are real, and it is in their delineation that she excels. Her stories are faithful portraitures of actual existence—of identical people. The reader may be assured that there are few fancy-pieces in her gallery.—The faces that look down upon him are clearly marked by nature with the force of individuals.—Her writings contain nothing adventitious—we had almost said fictitious. She does not study stage effect. She has no trap-doors and red lights to throw her groupings into a glare. She appears totally regardless of the artifices by which many of the novel-writing fraternity call attention even to common-places. Not that she excludes common-places. No good novelist can, but she gives them for what they are, and makes them interesting by their consequences. She belongs not to the glittering school of Lalla Rookh and Rienzi, but to the quiet order of the Vicar of Wakefield. Well may Americans be proud of this their countrywoman.

A Lady Lawyer.—In the District Court at New Orleans, a few weeks since, while "the Gaines case" was under consideration, Mr. Peyton, the lawyer employed by Mrs. Gaines, in consequence of the refusal of the presiding Judge to allow him to pursue a particular course of argument, abruptly withdrew from the defence of the case, and left the court. Mrs. G. immediately arose and stated that she would take charge of the case herself. After considerable sparring between the fair lawyer and the Judge, she succeeded in obtaining the permission of the court to read several pages of manuscript, containing an elaborate history of her own wrongs, and the artifices that have been employed to keep her from the possession of the vast amount of property in litigation. The case has finally been removed to the U. S. Supreme Court.

Mrs. Gaines, it will be recollected, is the young and beautiful lady of the veteran Gen. G. She is no less accomplished in person than in mind, tho' we believe that on more occasions than the one just referred to, she has transgressed the bounds of female dignity and propriety. Her military lectures through the country were anything but feminine.

Strong Hint.—Being kicked out of a printing office by a father-in-law.—*Manchester (N. H.) Memorial.*

Still Stronger.—Knocking your father's *form* into *pi*—an unfilial exhibition which actually took place in a printing office in a neighboring county, some twelve years since.

☞ Mr. Russell is now *vocalising* at Philadelphia.

A Yankee-Russian Admiral.—Thomas F. Williams, a native of New Hampshire, has become an Admiral in the Russian navy, with the title of Count Zinzechoff. Wishing to see something of the world, at the age of about 20, after serving a clerkship in a store at Meredith Bridge, he went to Portland—secured a sailor's berth in a vessel—went to Russian—was taken sick at St. Petersburgh—after recovering got a berth in a Russian vessel, through the influence of the American Consul—afterward signalized himself in a skirmish with a piratical corsair, as a reward for which he was appointed Midshipman of the Navy by the Emperor Alexander—from this he rose to his present rank. Some years since he was married to a beautiful and accomplished Russian lady.

Grafting Paste.—A good paste may be made for grafting by melting together three parts of beeswax, three of rosin, and one of tallow; and working them together into rolls in cold water, after the manner of shoemaker's wax. Some place the wax directly on the tree; but the better way is to spread it on common cotton, and then it may be cut into such strips or pieces as are wanted. Warmed in the sun, or by the hand, they are a much neater as well as better application than the old fashioned method of applying the paste directly.

☞ Any person who has the habit of masticating paper, or one who may only chew a piece occasionally, must absorb a certain quantity of arsenic. The presence of arsenic in paper is thus accounted for: Nearly all kinds of paper are in part made of colored rags, the dyes of which are, for the most part, produced by preparations into which much arsenic is introduced, and a portion of which must remain in the composition of the paper.

Whittier.—The Christian World, in noticing the poet Whittier, says: "We have long admired his genius, and shall henceforth cherish the image of his person. It is a delightful thing to witness the ascendancy of the moral over the intellectual in such men. Goodness alone is greater than genius."

Latest Fashions.—Fashions should vary with the season. For May, if we are to credit an eastern contemporary, they were as follows:

Ladies—Umbrellas, French overshoes, flannel ——, and cloaks or shawls.

Gentlemen—Great coats and cork soled boots.

Evening Dresses—"As they used to was."

The Reason.—A correspondent assigns as a reason for the coldness of the season, "the fearfully large number of old bachelors and maids to be found in every nook and corner of the country." whom he designates as "walking masses of ice." This definition of a portion of humanity, we do not hesitate to pronounce a downright libel.

Quackery.—The Amsterdam Intelligencer publishes as original, the "Simple Remedies" in the last number of the Gem. For the special benefit of its editor, we add another remedy.

For Plagiarism—Common honesty.

Spring has come at last.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

The erratic maid has paid those "diggings" *occasional* visits within the last two weeks.

A lady in New York will not allow her children to eat *Indian* meal, fearing it will make them *savage*—so says the Trumpet.

☞ A Southern paper complains that the musquitoes near Newton, Ga., are so large and ravenous that they are pulling up corn like blackbirds!

Mount Hope.—A delightful place for a morning airing "about these days."

Miscellaneous Trifles.

Shakspeare's Cup.—The effects of the late Mr. Hill, the original Paul Pry, were recently disposed of in London, at auction. Many of his letters and trinkets sold at a remarkably high price. The cup, formed from the mulberry tree planted by Shakspeare, and used by Garrick at the representation of the Shakspeare Jubilee at Drury-lane Theatre, was, after much competition, knocked down for forty-two guineas.

Mountains in the Moon.—Dr. Robinson, of Armaugh, Scotland, an eminent astronomer, has been enabled to determine, by the aid of Lord Oxmantown's immense telescope, that the average heighth of the mountains in the moon is about 5,000 feet, though that of the principal one is 17,000 feet. He states that there has been no volcanic action of the moon since the invention of telescopes.

Fashion.—Somebody has said that "fashion is a deformed little monster, with a chameleon skin, bestriding the shoulders of public opinion." He might have added, that though weak in itself, like most other despots, it has gradually usurped a degree of power that is irresistible, and prevails in various forms over the whole habitable earth. It is the greatest tyrant in the world.

A Commandment.—The evening before a battle, an officer asked Marshal Toiras for permission to go and see his father, who was at the point of death. "Go," said the Marshal, who saw through his pretext, "honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

A Nuisance.—An old maid who prys into your secrets for the delight of mischief-making, and who goes about attending to every body's business but her own. Such creatures are the very pest of society, and have done more harm in the world than all the plagues of Egypt.

Drawing.—This beautiful art is not sufficiently cultivated among us. In the education of young ladies, it might appropriately supersede paste-board box-making, and divers other accomplishments as pretty and useless.

Female Writers and Talkers.—A woman can write four sides of a most interesting letter about nothing, and give all the pith of her communication in one line of postscript. She does much the same in talking.

Singular Mountain.—Dr. Meyer relates that a mountain exists on the banks of the Danube, which moves sixty yards every year.

Christian Humility.—It is not a flower that grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God.

Is it so?—Jean Paul says: "To rescue, to revenge, to instruct, or to protect a woman, is all the same as to love her."

Reciprocity of Feeling.—What Gustavus admired in Beata, was simply that he fancied she loved him.

Comparative Distresses.—He who has no where to lay his head, often suffers less than he who does not know where to put his hand.

Good Nature in Women.—Good-hearted women never begrudge others anything—but fine clothes and husbands.

Sympathy of Men and Women.—Men have more sympathy with others' prosperity—women with their adversity.

Sabbath in Spain.—Attending mass in the forenoon, and a bull fight in the afternoon.

Bachelors in Rix.—All the corporation officers of Bath, Steuben county, are old bachelors.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Occasioned by the death of COLIN, son of Capt. Alexander McNeilidge, Greenock, U. C. who died at that period of life when the prattle of the child has been exchanged for the sunny hopes of boyhood; and when, if possible, a father's interest and a mother's affection are more strongly excited toward the object of their parental fondness. Written by request.

BY J. D. R.

How gently on th' eastern h ll creeps the soft sheen
Of Sabbath morn! No noise is on the air;
But nature, like a pleased mother, smiles serene;
The stars are fading in the sky; and care
Leaves the toss'd heart of man as the glad prayer
Wends from his warbling lips, charmed with the tranquil scene!

Ah! the Destroyer owns no cheering day of rest!
But on the very calm of nature's breathing,
Scatters th' empoisoned nectar of his ebon cup;
And like th' midnight fiend his muffled blade unsheathing
O'er the still form that generous sleep is wreathing,
Slakes up the bounding hopes that warm his victim's breast!

In the morning light, in the evening grey,
On the slumbrous lake, in the tempest spray,
In the hamlet rude, in the monarch's dome,
In the prisoner's cell, in the freeman's home,
Where beast hath roamed, or falcon flew,
Or the war-tongued blast of the clarion blew,
Where'er the ivy of life is clinging,
The sullen knell of the grave is ringing!

Yet ah! when blooming youth becomes the tyrant's prey,
A Father's hope, a Mother's darling boy,
Whose bosom had just thrilled to hope's first infant ray—
Ah! it seems cruel that the cup of joy,
Just sparkling with delight, should feel alloy,
And all they loved and lived for thus be swept away!

Yet it is so; and, COLIN, thy young head,
Like some sweet flow'r nip'd by the morning wind,
Has bended to the blast, and thou art dead!
And now thy spirit, fresh and unconfined,
Soars far beyond the verge of utmost mind
Unconscious of the burning tear that on thy brow is shed!

Yet is it so, that from that world on high,
The ransomed spirit ere may wing its flight
To wipe th' tear away that dims a loved one's eye?
Then thou shalt come on evening's warring light,
Making thy tender mother's heart beat light
With blessed hopes of winging soon her flight
To meet her darling COLIN in the bounding sky!

The breeze that murmurs softly o'er the wild,
Kissing the flower that blushes on thy tomb,
Shall soon sweep o'er the living; and our souls, beguiled
From this lone world, shall burst its ebon gloom,
And, waking 'mid the breath of Heav'ns perfume,
We'll see thee smile again as thou on earth hast smiled,
And thy fond mother clasp again her long lost child!

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Ridge Road.

"How old art thou"—and when
Wast thou first "trodden under foot of men?"
Hast thou been here since erst thy Maker's hand,
Divided sea and land?
Didst thou survive the sin-avenging flood
Whose boiling waves were tinged with human blood?

Who formed thy highway path
O'er which the tandem so securely rides?
Did the Most High, ere burned on man his wrath—
Or did the sea roll up thy sides—
Or giants heap thee in their mighty strength,
And stretch thee out to all this wondrous length?

For what then wast thou made?
To curb the sea, and check his raging foam,
That once along thy swelling sides did roam,
Where the "proud waves were staid."
Did ancients pile thee up a lofty dyke—
A rail-road—or a most superb turnpike?

Well thou art here; and when,
By whom, for what, we cannot tell!
But now thou art of use to many men,
Who by thy sides now dwell,
From the notorious humbug "Sodus Bay,"
To the grand "Cataract of Niagara!"

A. C. I.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Stanzas.

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

Ah! can it be there moulders here
The form we lov'd so well?
Oh, will not she the lov'd appear,
Once more with us to dwell?

Shall we not hear again that voice,
That step so light and free,
That laugh, that bade us e'er rejoice,
At it's sweet melody?

Shall not that mild blue eye once more,
With warm affection beam?
Shall we not in those fair orbs read,
Thought's deep and silent stream?

Alas! death came with ruthless hand,
And tore the loved away;—
No more amid the social band
Shall she the fair one, stray.

That voice is still and hushed in death,
We loved so well to hear;
That laugh that bade us e'er rejoice,
No more our hearts shall cheer.

Sweet flowers bloom o'er the silent tomb,
Where sleeps the early dead;
An offer ng fit, by kindred hands,
To deck this lowly bed.

But where are they who placed them here?
Who loved this quiet spot?
Who stole at eve to shed the tear
Of love, still unforgot?

They come no more to guard the dust
Of her they loved so well;
And far from here, from this lone spot,
Those kindred friends now dwell.

But art thou left alone, my friend,
In thy sweet peaceful bed;
Does not a loved companion bend
Over it, the tear to shed?

Yes, *one* still watches o'er thy grave;
Still sheds for thee a tear;
Still thinks upon the happy days,
When thou her heart didst cheer.

Wheatland, May 17th, 1841. E. M. A.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Spring.

The earth gives up a pleasant reek,
The breath of its budding flowers,
And ever the twitt'ring rain-drops speak
A hymn to the passing-hours.

Again the river flows merrily,
Its grassy banks between;
While the pigeon coos on the forest-tree,
And the squirrel once more is seen.

And wherever the mossy turf is rank,
By some coy and half hid spring;
Oh there hath the welcome robin drank,
And rested his weary wing.

Up, up with the sun, a sweet perfume
Is borne on the passing breeze;
For it kisses the dew on the peach's bloom,
And plays with the almond trees.

Up, up with the sun, most rich and rare
Are the joys of this earth of ours;
And the best of all is the morning air,
As it wantons with spring's first flowers.

Rochester, May 26. T. H.

From the Rochester Democrat.

Song of the Union Grays.

O! dark is the frown on the grim brow of war,
And stern is its mandate and high,
When the soldier goes forth to the battle afar,
With the 'star spangled' flag in the sky.

But when Peace to the land bids a weeping adieu
And the tramp of th' invader we hear,
We will draw for the conflict our blades ever true—
'Till the day of our triumph appear.

By the dread cannon's roar, by the bugle's shrill strain,
By the roll of the soul-stirring drum,
We will meet the rash foe on the tent-studded plain
And strike for our country and home!

And far in the van of victorious fight,
Upborne 'midst the smoke and the blaze,
As a meteor gleams o'er the shadows of night
Shall wave the bright flag of the Grays!

Then back to our homes, to the loved and the fair,
We will march from the trophy-strewed plain,
And our joy shall be full when our laurels we share
With the kind hearts that greet us again! "H. M."

From the United States Gazette.

A Glass of Water.

"It is the fittest drink for all ages and temperaments; and of all the productions of nature or art, comes nearest to that universal remedy so much sought after by mankind, and never hitherto discovered."—*Hoffman.*

The cooling stream the fountain drips,
To thirsting men is more divine,
Than all the draughts that moist the lips,
And make the soaring fancy shine.
The wave that sweeps the mountain's side,
And floods the ground with chrystal veins,
Will bear the soul through flights untried,
Nor rob the etherial fire it gains,

The sweetest boon that earth can bring,
To cheer the flagging frame's decay,
And lift the thoughts on buoyant wing,
Is this that glides where'er we stray;
Its taintless wave would cherish life,
With every bliss its charms enshrine,
Were nature's streams no longer rife,
With pearly milk or rosy wine,

Forever borne in chainless flow,
The ambrosial nectar of the skies,
It gleams in heaven's celestial bow,
A blazing band of dazzling dyes.
And well'd from oft returning showers,
Its limpid current rolls around,
The dewy drinks of countless flowers,
Whose beauty blooms along the ground,

Old time may hold his glass of sand,
And keep his lips forever dry,
But bless'd by this from health's warm hand,
Unfear'd his dusky pinions fly:
Its wave distill'd from earth and air,
The lips of life may freely drain,
'Twill ease the pangs its sons may share,
That rack of fire the fever'd brain,

The goblet's draught at last may cloy,
That mellow'd heart, and gladden'd eyes,
But this bright glass shall ne'er alloy,
Till nature's healthful influence dies.
'Tis free the languid limbs to brace,
And swell the bliss of every land,
To lend to life a lengthen'd race,
The pledge of health from nature's hand,

The still may steep its liquid fire,
To rival war, and strengthen crime;
But when its conquer'd flames expire,
To this the world shall bow sublime.
The sun shall bend his arch on high,
To mirror forth the smiles of love,
And glory beam from triumph's eye,
As earth expands her dews above.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the evening of the 10th inst., by Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. HARVEY ALLEN, of this city, to Miss FRANCES E. BENJAMIN, of Bridport, Vt.

In Greece, on the 18th inst., by Rev. Tryon Edwards, Mr. CHARLES FILER to Miss SARAH, daughter of John Marchant, Esq.

In Franklinville, Cattaraugus county, on the 20th May, by Rev. Wm. Tillinghurst, Mr. JOHN ROBINSON, of this city, to Miss MARY ABBOTT, of the former place.

In Henrietta, on the 18th inst., by Rev. R. G. Murray, Mr. WILLIAM PARSONS, of Millville, Orleans county, to Miss MARY JONES, of the former place.

In York, on the 3d inst., by Rev. E. H. Stratton, Mr. WILLIAM MCKNIGHT to Miss ANN ELIZA ANDERSON. On the 12th inst., by Rev. J. Fisher, Mr. ROBERT E. MCKNIGHT to Miss JANE MCDONALD, of Warsaw.

At Honeoye Falls, on Monday, the 17th inst., by Rev. John Barnard, O. C. PRATT, Esq., Attorney at Law, residing at Franklinville, N. Y., to Miss CORDELIA S., daughter of Col. H. P. Culver, of the former place.

In Geneva, on the 5th inst., by Rev. P C. Hay, Mr. Robert Stainton, of Sodus, to Miss Matilda Jane W. Merrill, of Geneva.

In Canandaigua, on the 22d inst., by Rev. Thos. Castleton, Mr. Henry Mathewson, of Walworth, to Miss Ruth Tiffany, of Canandaigua.

In Barre, on the 7th inst., by Rev. M. Leard, Dr. H. Sailsbury, of Clarendon, to Miss Lucinda Harwick, of the former place.

In Shelby, on the 28th ult., by Jeremiah Freeman, Esq., Mr. George W. Easton to Miss Phebe Freeman, both of Shelby. On the 4th inst., by John F. Sawyer, Esq., Mr. Jacob Page, of Barre, to Miss Mary Field, of Shelby.

In Gibsonville, on the 29th ult., by Rev. R. Grisewood, Mr. Ira Burt, of Leicester, to Mrs. Hartness, of Auburn.

At West Almond, by Elder Everett, Mr. William Brown to Miss Adaline Spencer, all of Angelica.

At Somerset, Orleans county, on the 5th inst., by Rev. T. Baldwin, Mr. Joseph Hess to Miss Ann Maria Nye, daughter of Willard Nye. On the 6th inst., by the same, Dr. H. B. Tabor to Miss Sarah McNitt, daughter of John W. McNitt; and at the same time, Mr. Orrin B. McNitt to Miss Mary Christian.

In Scriba, Oswego county, on the 6th inst., by Rev. J. Gridley, Mr. CHARLES PORCHER, Editor and Proprietor of the Western Argus, to Miss MARY E., daghter of George Wales, Esq., of the former place.

In G ines, on the 3d inst., by Rev. James A. Bolles, Mr. William Manley, of Batavia, to Miss Julia E. White, of the former place.

In Berlin, Conn., on the 11th ult., by Rev. Royal Robbins, Mr. Calvin L. Hubbard, of Perry, to Miss Maria M. Kellogg, of the former place.

In Perry, on the 5th inst., by Rev. Mr. Whiting, Mr. H. L. Stevens, merchant of Le Roy, to Miss Maria Mitchell, daughter of Hon. Wm. Mitchell, of the former place.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1841. No. 12.

Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

ELLEN LANDERDALE.

A TALE OF THE VALLEY OF THE MIAMI.

It was in the month of August, 17—. The rain fell in torrents, and old Boreas seemed determined on having revenge for his long banishment from the beautiful valley of the Miami, as Ellen Landerdale reclined her graceful form on the old family sofa, now watching the heavens as they grew darker and darker, and now casting furtive glances at the tall elms which from time immemorial had lifted high their aged heads, as though fearful that they, like a man soon to die, had fulfilled their destiny, and were about to yield to the mandate of Him who "commandeth the winds, and they obey Him."

If at any time during the progress of life, man looks upon himself as he is, and has a correct view of his own insignificance in a physical and intellectual sense, it is when the elements, air and water, combine to exemplify the power and impress on the heart an idea of the existence of the Creator of the universe, for then agents of destruction are abroad, which, while their strength and operations may be comprehended, we in vain endeavor to provide against. We know the destroying blast is coasting through space, but what course it will take no one can tell; we know the atmosphere is full of the electric fluid, but when it will concentrate and burst, or on what it will fall, no one is able to say.

On the morning of the day on which our tale opens, as they had often done before, the parents of Ellen Landerdale went to an adjoining village, leaving their lovely and only daughter and child to the unrestrained occupation of her time until their return. They had hardly reached the place of their destination when those black clouds which usually presage a violent storm, were seen gathering from towards the regions of Lake Erie; but before they could get ready to return, the rain began to descend in such quantities as to forbid an enterprise as daring as it might have been fruitless. Their anxiety for Ellen, however, the great, was somewhat moderated by the thought that she was not alone, for they hardly supposed their domestics could be induced to abandon their trust when circumstances were so unfavorable to their enjoyment abroad.

As it happened, however, Cesar, an old and in general faithful servant, who was reared on the Landerdale farm by the father of the present proprietor, and who had been treated by Mr. Landerdale rather with the affection of a father than the formality of a master, and had thus come to a freedom and the enjoyment of privileges unusual to men of his color and caste, had conceived that an unusually good day for his favorite amusement, angling. So, no sooner did his master turn his back upon the old mansion, than he equipped himself for a war upon the finny tribes of the deep, broad and placid Miami, whither too, as soon as he was missed from the house, he was followed by his old but sport-loving consort, Mrs. Dinah.

The valley of the Miami, except in a few places, extends for miles in width on either side of the river, to the base of a high range of hills, so even in their height and regular in their formation, as almost to permit the idea that ages since a beautiful lake once occupied the intervening space.—Now and then, however, the width of the valley is abridged by the jutting in of one or the other of these ranges of hills, and as the Landerdale mansion was erected at the foot of one of these ancient promontories, it was within a mile of the noble stream from which the surrounding country takes its name, and in a measure derives its importance. But Cesar, instead of steering directly for the river, made for a point about three miles above, where, by making a turn, the water had excavated a cave in the bank, and thus worked out for those fond of the amusement to which Cesar for more than thirty years had been devoted, an agreeable position, sheltered from the wind and rain, and observation of others. And beside, Cesar always contended there was something in the adjacent rocks, or in the peculiar solitude of the place, to attract the fish to that bank of the river; but whether correct in his reasoning or not, certain it is he was usually successful, and seldom returned without an abundant reward for his labor.

Perhaps two hours or more had elapsed since Cesar had first cast his well-baited hook into the stream, and the evidences of his skill and good fortune were accumulating around him in a manner to satisfy his pride and ambition, when a livid chain of lightning struck a tree on the opposite bank, and was immediately succeeded by a clap of thunder which seemed to shake the earth from its foundation, as though nature's form were dissolving, and the earth about to become an immediate wreck. Dropping his pole, which, as there was a large fish on his hook, immediately as if by magic slid out to the centre of the stream, and then, as if indeed possessed, began to ascend instead of descending. Cesar clapped his hands to his head, and cast a look of undisguised horror at his sable consort, who sat shivering as though her death knell was ringing in her ear. To them, the storm had arisen unobserved; and as success and other concurrent circumstances had unlocked their memories and tongues, they had been dealing out to each other one marvellous story after another, until their superstitious minds were fully prepared to be solemnly affected by such a sudden, unexpected and fearful outbreak of the elements as they just witnessed. No wonder, then, that their disordered imaginations led them to attribute to any thing but the right cause, the locomotion of Cesar's rod; or that the rocks over them seemed just ready to fall; or that, forgetful of all else but their own safety, as soon as reason was partially restored, they rushed from the cave, internally vowing never to enter it again.

Unfortunately for them, however, they were destined to suffer an enlargement and not an abatement of fear; one discharge of lightning followed another in such quick succession, and such quantities of water poured from the clouds, that they were quite willing to return again, preferring the imaginary dangers of the cavern to the real ones of the open space between them and their master's residence; but while Cesar and Dinah are holding on to life, and bemoaning over their sad fate in the cave that so recently resounded with their boisterous mirth; as they thought of anything but storm by which they had been assailed, let us return to the family mansion, where dangers more real, if not consequences more heart-rending, demand our attention.

Ellen Landerdale, as we have before remarked, was an only child, and as may well be supposed, had been reared with all the tenderness which the most ardent affection, on the part of her parents—an affection induced in part by such evidences of a reciprocal attachment as never fail to warm a parent's heart—could possibly exhibit. From a child, her life had been characterized by a strict regard for the will of her parents, and a devotion to their interests, more pleasing, because more honorable, especially to individuals like Mr. and Mrs. Landerdale, who had themselves been reared in a school of correct and unbending morality, than that beauty of person or accomplishment of mind which too many parents are prone to consider superior excellences and the ultimatum of their ambitious hopes for a beloved daughter. But, while her heaven-born sentiments of filial obedience, exhibiting themselves as they did under all circumstances, may be said to have been the chief cause of her parent's regards, they had no reason for mourning over her want of beauty, or the absence in their offspring of that energy of mind and cultivation of the intellect, without which, to the world, at least, she would have been as valueless as once were the fertile vales of her father's farm, when covered with a dense forest, and far removed from the hands of him who would subdue and plant them. Of a tall, slender and well-rounded form, whether she danced with her associates on the lawn, or led in the chase after the wild deer of the forest, or joined in the merriments of an evening party, she was without a rival in the peculiar graces of woman in all the valley of the Miami. And yet, she seemed not to know that the freshness and bloom of a clear summer morning rested on her cheeks, or that the wisdom of a Tobide beamed from her eyes. Humble almost to a fault, her diffidence and want of self-conceit led her to prefer others to herself, and to see in them those accomplishments she admired, and which she knew not that she possessed in a superior degree. No wonder, therefore, that to her every successive year brought new associates and friends, that against her were never leveled the envenomed shafts of envy, and that she was the joy and admiration of all, a being of earth yet fit for heaven.

It was on the morning preceding her eighteenth birth-day,—that day to which the young mind always looks forward with the most cheerful anticipations, as the old look back to it with the same intuitive delight and desire of remembrance,—that Mr. and Mrs. Landerdale departed for town, (as going to Cincinnati was then called,) to make their last purchases for Ellen's party, which was to come off on the afternoon of the subsequent day. Cesar and Dinah, who, as we have seen, from a belief that time spent on the bank of the Miami would be quite as profitable and agreeable as time spent within the walls of the old family mansion, left their lovely charge as soon as might be after being left by their master and mistress.

There was but little or no appearance of a storm until a very short time before the sky became black with threatening clouds, and the rain descended in torrents, amid such fierce and frequent discharges of lightning, and heavy claps of loud and deep-rolling thunder, as seldom awakens man to a realization of his own insignificance, or the tremendous power and awful sublimity of the elements, when once put in motion by the arm of the Almighty. Not an hour before, Ellen might have been seen working among the flowers of the garden, lifting up and fixing supports to those which were weak, and by watering and trimming all, endeavoring to give them a fragrance and beauty that would render them suitable ornaments for the coming day. Oft had she labored among those flowers from an intuitive love of whatever is innocent and beautiful, and it may be, and doubtless is the fact, that from them she derived some of the lessons on humility and grace, the effects of which were to be seen in her every day walk and conversation. Having gone the round of all the beds, as was her daily custom, (forgetting for the moment that she for whom it was designed was not there to receive it,) she plucked the prettiest as a gift for her mother and ran into the house.

Ellen's occupation during the morning had prevented her from minding or thinking of their family domestics, but as the evidences of an approaching storm became manifest, she went from one room to another, and finally into the garden again, in pursuit of them. But not finding them, returned once more to the house, into which she had but just reentered when the old mansion was made to shake from the tremendous concussion of the atmosphere, which so alarmed Cesar and Dinah, and made them wish themselves any where but where they were. But as she recovered from her fright, another volley, if possible more terrific than the first, caused the hills and valleys to resound as with the sovereign voice of God, calling upon the nations of the earth to prepare for their last great change. During the interval, however, Ellen threw herself upon the sofa, but the effect of the second clap was to paralyze her senses, and cause her to fall prostrate on the floor.

In a short time the storm passed over, and soon not a cloud was to be seen. Once more the sun shone as brightly, and every thing without appeared as lovely, as when but a few hours previous his radiant beams shot athwart the valley of the Miami, giving new life to the animal and greater magnificence to the vegetable world. The winds, whose answering echoes so recently reverberated from hill to hill, passed with the clouds they bore aloft and drove before them, and save here and there a tree thrown down by their might, or riven by the electric fluid, there was nought but their own memories to remind the inhabitants of the cause of their recent fears. Forgetting their fish, but with a vivid recollection of the upward passage of their fishing pole, a circumstance to them quite as singular and unaccountable as any they had related to each other, Cesar and Dinah hastened home with becoming speed, thinking of little but their miraculous escape, and the apology they might be called upon to give for their absence at such an important time.

There was another spirit, besides those of the wind and the storm, hovering over and around the Landerdale mansion, during the progress of the events just narrated. It was the spirit of *revenge*, in the garb of an American savage, and it recked not, no more than the wind or storm, what monument of art, or triumph of genius, or personation of grace and excellence, fell a victim to his unquenchable ire, and his determined hatred to the pale face and all his works. A few years previous to the time when our tale opens, the Miamis ceded their lands to the United States, and removed to the far west. But the settlers of the Miami valley afterward learnt, that notwithstanding the unanimity of the tribe in their resolution to sell their lands and remove beyond the "great river," and the general feeling of satisfaction they evinced the last time they assembled around their council fire this side of the Mississippi, there was one of their number, a leading warrior, who was dissatisfied. He determined to remain, and live and die in sight of the graves he reverenced, and the battle grounds he had helped to distinguish.

As yet, the valley of the Miami was but thinly settled, and there was not an inhabitant within its precincts who would have slept soundly on the night succeeding the departure of the Indians, had they known that Sewanee, or Grey Eye, as he was usually called, remained for the purpose of seeking revenge for real or imaginary wrongs.—But supposing him to be influenced by a strong attachment to some beloved object, and that in a short time he would become weary of so solitary a life, they not only allowed him to re-enter and occupy his hut, but to hunt through their woods for deer and other game as though they were his own.

Several months elapsed, autumn passed away, and spring succeeded winter. New settlers were arriving every week, and merry was the song and gay the heart of the chopper, as he applied himself to the herculean task of relieving those rich bottom lands of their immense forests, and preparing the soil for the reception of seed. But still Sewanee, always gloomy yet unsuspected, hovered around the various settlements as though loath to depart. No one knew or suspected why he remained away from his tribe, neither was there any chance for knowing until he chose to inform them. With only but a few could he be induced even to speak, preferring to pass unnoticed the majority of those who endeavored to compass his intentions; but had the few who questioned him as to his motives, and with whom he deigned to converse, been in the least suspicious of his intentions, they might occasionally have seen his eye assume a different and more malignant expression, and been led to infer evil and not good from his presence.

In the month of May subsequent to the removal of the Miamis, a barn and dwelling were one night discovered to be on fire, and as the family emerged from their house, they perceived, or thought they perceived, the tall form of Grey Eye moving swiftly away toward the location of his own hut. But as heretofore his life had been above reproach, and as he had been supposed to be particularly friendly to the family whose house and barn were now in flames, they were unwilling to charge upon the poor Indian a crime which might have been committed by another. Not long after, a child belonging to another family was taken dead from the Miami. And then again, a recent settler was found murdered, killed with a club, not far from the residence of Mr. Landerdale. A close watch was set upon the movements of Sewanee, but he ever appeared the same innocent, immovable and gloomy stoic. At length, however, he was caught in the act of bearing away a child belonging to a family which lived near to his hut, but his superior acquaintance with the surrounding country enabled him to elude his pursuers, and effect a safe retreat toward the region of his tribe.

It was now evident to all that to Grey Eye's desire for revenge, for shedding the blood of the whites and destroying their property, must be attributed the apparent indifference with which he saw his tribe depart, leaving him the sole and lonely representative of his nation among the people who were fast occupying the country depopulated by its departure. The feeling which pervaded the minds of the whites, on discovering that they had nurtured as it were in their midst, so dire and determined an enemy, can more easily be imagined than described. Fearful that Grey Eye would return, and perhaps bring more with him, a guard was for some time kept on duty. Two years or more, however, elapsed before anything further was seen or heard of him. At length, the report of a rifle, followed by the cry of murder, one evening just before dark, aroused the inhabitants from their dream of security; but by those who heard the alarm and rushed to the spot from whence it came, nought was to be seen but the bleeding corpse of the sufferer and the rapidly retreating form of an Indian, whom some present recognized as that of the fearful and blood thirsty Sewanee. For a moment he paused to face and look at his pursuers, and then, in the true spirit and with the dauntless courage of an Indian, and as though to add to their fears and sufferings by satisfying them of his identity, Grey Eye distinctly pronounced his detested name, gave one loud and shrill whoop, and was soon hid within the confines of an adjacent forest.

Means were now instituted for entrapping their savage invader, and if possible bring him to punishment. Besides establishing a still larger guard, scouting parties were sent through the valley in every direction, but without success. Every cave, and ravine, and other hiding place, was carefully examined, but the wary Indian understood the tactics important in the guerilla war in which he was engaged,—he did not allow himself long to remain, after making an assault, within the sound of the rifles sent against him, but betook himself to his tribe, where he was welcomed as became his character as a warrior. But whether sitting by the council fire of his people, hunting on the prairies of the Upper Missouri, or lingering about the settlements of the pale faces, there was but one expression to his countenance, that of deep hatred toward the whites.

Grey Eye, though pleased, was far from being satisfied with what he had done, and though by the settlers of the Miami valley he was not seen again for the space of three years, yet during that time he was repeatedly in their very midst. But notwithstanding he had numerous opportunities for doing evil, though his sure rifle might have made this or that man bite the dust, and sent a feeling of gloom into the very heart of the settlement, several were permitted to pass unharmed by their present but secret foe. Once, indeed, did he bring his rifle to bear on the athletic form of a bold New Englander, but after a moment's hesitation it was replaced by his side, as though its contents might be wanted at another and more critical time.

The settlers, now more numerous by far than when Grey Eye last was seen by them, no longer dreaded his approach, and all was prosperity and peace throughout the valley. As in former times, the girls might daily have been seen dancing on the green sward, or walking unharmed and unconscious of danger wherever they chose to go; while the boys pursued their amusements along the banks of the river, and even into the deep recesses of the forest, going out in the morning and returning at night, with no one to molest them or make them afraid. And of the whole neighborhood it may truly be said, fear no longer lurked in any of their bosoms in connection with the remembrance of Grey Eye, for now all supposed him dead, or far removed from their happy homes.

As we have seen, however, Grey Eye was neither dead nor away. His enmity was the same, and those feelings which induced him to remain when his tribe departed, still rankled in his heart, and impelled him on to the exposure of his life for the gratification of his savage passions. He had seen the happiness of the youth of both sexes, as they pursued their various plans of amusement, and as he remembered with what delight the children of his tribe once gamboled over the same ground, he meditated a blow worthy of being recorded in the annals of the country. It was nothing less than to carry away, as being worse than to kill, the pride of the valley, the lovely Ellen Landerdale.

On the night preceding Mr. and Mrs. Landerdale's departure for town, Grey Eye found a shelter in the barn of his former friend, and as Ellen used often to walk in the garden after dark, his object was to seize her person and make his escape. But that night she did not make her appearance. Grey Eye, however, like a snake in the grass, determined to lay still until a favorable opportunity presented itself for the accomplishment of his designs. As we have seen, Mr. and Mrs. Landerdale left for town early on the ensuing morning, and Cesar and Dinah for the banks of the Miami, leaving Ellen alone to stem the tide which unbeknown to them was about to overwhelm her. From his snug retreat, Grey Eye witnessed all that occurred, and for once a smile,—the smile of Beelzebub as he saw our common mother partake of the forbidden fruit,—passed over his usually placid but stern countenance. He watched Ellen as she went the round of her flower beds, and as she fled into the house on the near approach of the storm. The rain began to descend in torrents; yet still he hesitated, for he knew that if seen he would be pursued notwithstanding the severity of the tempest. But trusting to the genius and strength which had often carried him safely through dangers as great as those which appeared to attend his present enterprise, he cautiously and unseen worked his way toward the house, and opened the parlor door just in time to see Ellen fall prostrate on the floor.

Simultaneous with the entrance of Grey Eye into Mr. Landerdale's mansion, a solitary individual, in the full dress of a captain of the army, alighted from his horse on the opposite side of the house, and made his way unobserved to the same entrance that admitted the wily Indian. In consequence of the howling of the storm, Grey Eye knew not of his approach, but just as he was stooping to raise his coveted prey, he was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps. To seize his rifle and rush for the door was the work of a moment, but it needed not a second glance to convince him that an obstacle to his egress had unexpectedly presented itself, more difficult to surmount than a less practised eye in the admeasurement of the human figure would have supposed. For a moment, however, the individual who stood before him seemed unable to comprehend his situation, or why he had met with a warrior of the Miami tribe, years after its removal to the west of the Mississippi, when he expected only to meet and be welcomed by the fair and lovely Miss Landerdale. He knew that Ellen's parents were away from home, and had purposely endured the inconveniences and braved the dangers of the storm, that she for whom he did it might have an associate during its ravings, but whether Grey Eye was there as a friend or foe, or what was the object of his visit, he had no certain means of knowing.—Only a moment elapsed before both were startled by a groan, as of a person in distress, coming from the parlor; and it was the signal for both to grasp their side arms, the one his sword and the other his long hunting knife, at the same instant.

"Ha! villain!" shouted Captain Henderson, as with the bound of a tiger he darted upon his foe, for such he had reason for believing him to be.

"Ugh!" was the only exclamation of Grey Eye, as he avoided the thrust aimed at him, and prepared in his turn to become the assailant. He however not only aimed amiss, but received in his left arm, the one with which he usually wielded his hunting knife, a severe wound, which induced him to endeavor to regain possession of his rifle, and with that relieve himself of his adversary.—Understanding his object, and knowing the advantage it would give Grey Eye if he succeeded in obtaining his gun, the Captain had no alternative, as his sword was not sufficiently strong to be depended upon, but to grapple with his powerful foe and decide the combat by muscular strength.—The contest was a severe one, for both, though of a different size and forms were men of great strength and courage. Both were contending for as fair a prize as ever induced an English or Spanish Knight to enter the lists where skill and prowess had arrayed themselves. Each saw in the other the only obstacle to the accomplishment of his wishes,—and while one fought for *love*, the o hers fe sted only on the idea of *revenge*. For a while, Grey Eye seemed almost too much for even Captain Henderson, but as the blood in the meanwhile escaped freely from his wounded arm, his strength began to fail him, and at last he was laid prostrate on the floor, and being stunned by his fall, and by a well-directed blow given him immediately after, Captain Henderson was permitted to leave him and convey Miss Landerdale to an adjoining apartment, where after some little time he succeeded in restoring her to her senses again.—While doing this, however, Grey Eye also recovered, but not finding himself in a condition to renew the conflict, made his escape, a thing he was enabled to do as the storm continued to rage with unabated fury.

Captain Henderson was a noble scion of one of the warmest patriots of the revolution, and as soon as his age and other circumstances permitted, he entered the army of his country in the capacity of a lieutenant. At that time, there were no foreigners as foes in any of our territories, each Indian tribe had buried the war hatchet, and peace reigned throughout our borders. At that time too, the present flourishing city of Cincinnati was comparatively a small place, yet because of its being the largest village in the Northwestern Territory, and a place of deposit for military stores, it was one of considerable consequence. Thither Lieut. Henderson, with his company, was ordered to rendezvous, and it was there, also, that soon after his arrival he became acquainted with the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Henry Landerdale, as to that place she had been sent for the completion of her education. Acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and friendship into love, so that before six months had passed, their mutual and solemn vows of fidelity to each other, had been entered in the great and everlasting record book of the unseen world. But as both were yet young, it was mutually agreed that some years should elapse ere the consummation of their wishes. In the mean time, war with the Indians broke out afresh, and Lieut. Henderson obeyed the call of his country, whose honor to him was dearer than life, with a prompt and willing heart. His beloved Ellen was present as the army left the banks of the Ohio, and to the sound of martial music gaily marched toward the country of the enemy; but, despite her fears for the safety of him who she knew would ever be found where the fight was most sanguinary, her heart never beat more proudly than on that day.

Time passed on, and in due time young Henderson returned, crowned with glory, and promoted to a Captaincy for his bravery in the last engagement had with the aborigines. But his greatest happiness was in meeting with his beloved Ellen, who, as though conscious of what would be the result of the expedition, had prepared for her love, in the true spirit of a Roman matron, the laurel wreath with which to crown him on his return.

As Mr. Landerdale's residence was but a few miles from Cincinnati, Captain Henderson was a frequent and always a welcome guest at his house. Often, when weary with the duties of his stern vocation, would he throw himself upon his horse, and fly, as on the wings of the wind, to the side of her who he had long called his own. Some days previous to the time of Captain Henderson's introduction to the reader, he received notice of Ellen's party, but with the view of surprising her, as well as for the purpose already mentioned, he concluded to go up the day before, and thus, by a timely arrival, saved from impending ruin the lovely object of his admiration.

Caring for little but Ellen's safety, Capt. Henderson watched by her side, administering also such restoratives as promised to be successful, and before the return of her parents, had the satisfaction of seeing her almost wholly relieved from the effects of her fright. Wholly unconscious as she was of the greater danger to which she had been exposed, in her ravings previous to the restoration of reason, she spoke only of the dreadful tempest, the fierce lightning and awful thunder, by which Captain Henderson perceived that she must have been in a swoon when Grey Eye entered the house, and therefore did not know of his having been there. No sooner, however, did she open her eyes, than she perceived the blood on his coat, and it became necessary for him to give an explanation. This he had hardly done when Mr. Landerdale's carriage was seen in the distance, rapidly approaching the house.

"Captain Henderson," said Mr. Landerdale, after hearing an account of what had occurred during his absence, "I know not what to say to you in view of what you have done for me and mine. Were you a stranger, or even a common friend, I would offer you money to satisfy a keener desire than your own, but the relation which has so long existed between us, prevents me from discharging my obligations as I would have done under other circumstances. To-morrow is my daughter's eighteenth birth-day, and one year from to-morrow she was to have been yours, in reality, as she has long been in heart. You have saved her life, and in doing that you have also saved the lives of her father and mother. Take her, therefore, as soon as you will, and may He who is able to reward you, bless you as you deserve."

"My dear sir," replied the noble youth, "what I have done needs not such commendation at your hands. What man, with a spark of proper feeling in his soul, would not do much more even for one less worthy?"

The return of her parents, and the knowledge that they were well and safe, acted like a charm upon Miss Landerdale, and on the subsequent morn she was able to walk out with them and Captain Henderson. Cesar, not yet relieved of his fear of Grey Eye, followed at a respectful distance, with his eyes fixed upon Capt. Henderson, as though there was a charm in or about his person which would always ward off danger; and as he walked along, he marvelled much at the events of the preceding day, and did his best to conjure up some terrific phantom worthy to be the repro-

sentative of the dreaded Indian. Dinah, more courageous than her sable lord, remained behind to attend to the duties of her department.

Our party had hardly reached the brow of the hill, toward which they were walking, when the clear voice of Dinah was heard floating on the passing breeze, summoning them to their morning meal, but there was that in the lovely prospect before them, in the wide extent of the fertile plain beneath, in the gently rolling land behind and on either side, and in the multitude of beautifully variegated flowers which reposed on the surface of the landscape, like gems on the bottom of a transparent lake, which to Ellen and Henderson was more refreshing than meat and drink, so, gently waving their hands to Mr. and Mrs. Landerdale, in token of their desire still to remain, they turned from their companions and pursued another course.

Lovers are like children, and often act without reference to time, circumstances, or any of the prudential considerations which usually govern the actions of an adult. In one respect only is the life of a lover characterized by the experience of age—time will fly at a rapid rate, days dwindle to hours, and hours to moments and even less than moments. But then those moments are moments of bliss; they come laden with the most extatic joys—they depart leaving the most delightful remembrances. Yes, if they are meteor-like in duration, they are bright, and can glow with newer and associated beauties the farther we recede from them. Whatever else passes from the recollection, as we progress in the journey of life; whether fortune smiles or frowns, there they always are, deep in the archives of memory, and like the moons of Saturn, always emit a soft and agreeable light—always exert a happy and saving influence.

Ellen seemed less affected than would have been supposed, after the terrors and excitement of the preceding day, and rather gained than lost strength by her long walk, so that when she returned there was but little appearance of any thing having occurred to mar her happiness.—When the guests of the afternoon arrived she was prepared to receive them, and the day passed off as joyously as a multitude of happy hearts and happy faces could possibly make it. Even Mr. and Mrs. Landerdale joined in the sports and pastimes of their youthful friends, and led in the dance which concluded the entertainment.

On the subsequent morning, Captain Henderson revealed to Ellen the substance of his conversation with her father, obtained her consent to an earlier marriage than had previously been proposed, and then re-mounted his horse and hastily returned to his quarters, thinking of little else than that in three short months he expected to be made one of the happiest of men. But how uncertain are our calculations for the future!—how ephemeral the best laid schemes of happiness! He had hardly stepped foot within the barracks before being insulted by another officer of the garrison, and by every principle of the code of honor, as it was then understood, he was bound to challenge him. The parties met on the same day, and Henderson fell sacrifice to one of the most barbarous and degrading principles that ever intermingled with the laws of civilized society. Brave and generous to a fault, he was the pride of the army, and one of the finest models of a soldier that ever drew his sword in defence of his country.

To Mr. and Mrs. Landerdale, the intelligence of Captain Henderson's fate was like the death-knell of a son; but to her who loved him not as a mother or sister loves, but with an affection expanded far beyond the point circummured by feelings of consanguinity, it was perfectly appalling. Oh! could his murderer have seen her with hair dishevelled, reason disordered, and eyes glaring wildly, he would have given worlds to restore his victim to life. But that could not be, for worlds cannot redeem a corpse from the grave!

Singular as it may seem, from that time forward, Ellen preserved only the recollection of her lover, as he appeared the last time she saw him, and the remembrance of her bridal day. About him and that she would converse, and then she would appear as joyous and happy as the graceful fawn bounding from hillock to hillock, or the bird of morn filling the atmosphere with its melodious strains. After the first paroxysms consequent upon the intelligence of her lover's fate were over, still bereft of reason, she would sit hour after hour in the most gloomy and melancholy listlessness, speaking only when spoken to, and not appearing to notice the arrival or departure of the many friends who called to console with her and her afflicted parents. All that medical skill could do for her relief was done, but without producing any change. Thus she continued, the most of the time, until the morning of her bridal day, on which she arose earlier than usual, and appeared much more cheerful. As noon approached, the evidences of returning reason were still more manifest, but when, an hour or so after dinner, she appeared apparalled as a bride, and especially as she spoke of Captain Henderson and their approaching nuptials, Ellen talked and looked more like herself than at any time during the last three months.

Astonished, and hesitating what to say or do,—hoping, yet hardly daring to think that their beloved child was no longer a maniac, and fearful as to the consequences of alluding to the cause of her past condition, Mr. and Mrs. Landerdale were dumb from necessity rather than choice. Finally, just as the sun was setting, but while yet his mellow rays lingered on the brow of a neighboring hill, Mrs. Landerdale ventured to speak.

"My dearest Ellen," said she, "have you forgotten that Captain Henderson was murdered in a duel?"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, "he has gone to heaven!—I follow him there!" and immediately her pure spirit left the beautiful frame it had so long inhabited.

Ellen's parents survived her melancholy fate only a few years. But before they bade farewell to the world they had honored, they had at least the satisfaction of seeing Grey Eye consigned to the punishment he deserved. No sooner did he recover from the wound inflicted by the gallant Henderson, than he was seen prowling around the neighborhood again, but before doing any further mischief, he was recognized and shot by the very individual he was himself preparing to assail.—Cesar and Dinah lived many years after the death of their master and mistress, in a little cottage provided for their accommodation near to the family mansion; and many are the times they wept like children, as they recounted to more recent settlers their own eventful history, and the melancholy fate of the lovely Ellen Landerdale.

MARCO.

A Craft-y Speech.—Mr. Lapstone, the shoemaker, then arose and said, "Mister Cheerman, 'my woice is still for war,' as the man says in the play. We should immediately renew the conflict with one *sole* and *strap* our opponents. My *upper leather's* prime, and I can *hammer* away yet without getting the *stitch*. Who's afeared? They have druv a *peg* into our quarters, that's a fact—but we have found out *where the shoe pinches*, and our *last* wont be our *end*, while we can *wax* warm in the good cause.

Married, in Bath, Me., Mr. George Story to Miss Thankful Small. The happy couple will undoubtedly be *thankful* for a few *small stories* concerning this affair.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Lafayette Chronicle.

BLACKBERRY PICKING;

LOVE AND HORNETS.

Mister Editur: Did you ever in the hull course o' your natteral life go a blackberryin'? If you haint, golly grashus, why you don't know nothin' no more about rael labor-savin' high-pressbur, galvanic-'lectifyin' sport than the but eend o' nothin arter it's been whittled. Lor' ha' massy upon offiiss-holders! why nothin' in *all creation* can come up to blackberryin', but gittin' dumped aut'n a slay intu a sno bank, and even that aint as good when it hint a moonshiny night. Menny and menny is the time when a lot o' the Jordan Spankers—that's what our village boys was nicknamed—would raise a party o' gals, after the grain-harvestin' was over, and afore the corn and taters was ripe, and start off early in the mornin' for Hop-Toad Hill, where the blackberries was eenamost as plentiful as musskeeturs in these diggins, and sich all-fired prime times as we'd have was a caution tu forriners.

Fust off when all hands got collected, and a lot o' suthin' to eat, pork an' beans, new cider, gooseberry pise, green corn, 'lasses gingerbread an' a smart sprinklin' of other good things was pervided, we'd lokermote; the gals all a walkin' by theirselves, and the fellers a walkin' by theirselves; the gals with their tongues a runnin' about scandle, new ribbins, kaliko gowns, and sich consarns as fast as a saw mill in a freshet; and the fellows a gabbin about horses, cattle, gineral musters an' corn shuckins—a tellin' how 'twas all Ike Shaw's kerelessness that made his grain mouldy—that Jim Bingy was the orfalest liar that ever was, and that Hen Sprague told uncle Seth that Zebe Armstrong's wife had heerd how that Harrison Stebbins hadn't the funs to go on with his new frame house, an' that a comin' so strait from one who'd orter know all about it, all hands sot it rite down for a fact, an' said that it sarved him jest rite—an' then to think of his having the sass to bild a house, without tellin' the hull village how menny rooms there was to be on the fust floor, an' he a member o' the church, tu—"it sarved him *jest rite*, by crocky!" So we'd keep a torkin, till we cum to the hill, then all hands div rite intu the bushes and brambles, and sich a scramblin' and scratchin' for blackberries as there was, wasn't to be sneezed at.

It happened that on one o' these blackberryin' frolics that a sarting long haired feller, with a little bunch rite over his mouth—lookin' at a distance jest as though he'd been among the pots an' kittles, and got a great gob of crock on his upper lip—was a visitin down our way, an' appeared tu have taken an amazin' fancy to Sally Ann, *the* Sally Ann that I'd been payin' 'tentions tu; kep a chatting tu her the hull live long time, and I snum if I could scarcely beleve my own natteral senses, when he begun to pick berries an' put 'em intu her basket, an' she not sayin' a word agin it. Wal I guess as how I was a leetle riled, tu see myself cut an' set a drift in that fashion, an' I had a gret mind to go off an' shine 'round some other gal jest for spite, but somehow or 'nother I wanted to keep an eye on that dandy. So tu Sally, says I, "ther's a smart sprinklin o' berries over here. I guess a *leetle* more than grow around your way." "Oh, they're as thick as puddin' here," says she. "I kalculate that you *are* pooty consumedly thick," says I. "*You-aw remarks are demd supawfluous*," says the long haired creetur. Suz alive! but wa'nt my dandy up, to hear myself called a "demd suporflus"—down I slat the basket and upsot all the berries—marches right up tu him jest as brassy as a hull malicious trainin, an' says I, "ony you call me a porpus or suporflus again, an' see how I'll go tu work an spile your hansum countenance for ye." With that, Sally she bust out a cryin an I vow if I could help boo-hooin a leetle myself, I felt so conflusticated.

"*You-aw laboring under an erraw*," says he, "*but awnaw demands an explawnation—awn demd.*" "Wal," says I, "Your langwidge wants ixplainin that's a fact." So he turned round to set down, hauled out his handkercher, an' as I hoped to be saved went to dustin off the top of a hornet's nest, and afore one could say "git out," sot down on't tu ixplain. *Gorashus!* did'nt the hornets cum at him for squashin their nest, an' didn't he run and holler, an' scoot thro' the briar bushes, an' tear his trowserloons—an' the gals snikkered out, an' the fellers haw-hawed till they was eenamost

ded, tu see that dandy marvel down in the main road, without enny hat, his trowserloons all split up, his hair a flyin' in the wind like a hosse's tail, and the hornets a goin it tu kill. Sally was shocking shamed of actin' so, but we soon made up, and sich prime sport as all hands had for the rest of the day was'nt to be beat. *Long Locks* mended up his trowserloons—they were the ony ones he had—and sneaked out'n our village that day an' haint showed his nose there since—the poor creetur said he found no less than *tew duzzen* ded hornets in his boots arter he took 'em off! We cum from blackberryin' in pairs and not as we went—had a loud cargo o' berries, an' I don't bleve that one on us 'll ever forget the haw-hawin we had about the fellow who sot down on the hornets' nest.

Yours truly,
JEHOSAPHAT JENKINS.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

Mr. Cole, the accomplished artist, than whom few persons are better qualified to speak on the subject, has delivered a lecture, in Catskill, on American Scenery. The Catskill Recorder, which promises the publication of the whole lecture, furnishes us with the following extracts. The first relates to river scenery:

"The river scenery of the United States is a rich and boundless theme. The Hudson, for natural magnificence is unsurpassed. What can be more beautiful than the lake-like expanses of Tappan and Haverstraw, as seen from the rich orchards of the surrounding hills? What can be more imposing than the precipitous Highlands, whose dark foundations have been rent to make a passage for the mighty river? And ascending still, where can be found scenes more enchanting? The lofty Catskill standing afar off; the green hills, gently rising from the flood, recede like steps, by which we may ascend to a great temple, whose pillars are those everlasting hills, and whose dome is the blue and boundless vault of heaven. The Rhine has its castled crags, its vine-clad hills and ancient villages; the Hudson has its wooded mountains, its rugged precipices, its green undulating shores, and an unbounded capacity for improvement by art. Its shores are not besprinkled by venerable ruins, or the palaces of princes; but there are flourishing towns and neat villas, and the hand of taste has already been at work.—Without any great stretch of the imagination, we may anticipate the time, when the ample waters will reflect temple and town and dome in every variety of picturesqueness and magnificence."

The subject of the second is the sky.

"The sky will next demand our attention,—the soul of all scenery. In it are the foundations of light, and shade, and color. Whatever expression the sky takes, the features of the landscape are affected in unison, whether it be the serenity of the summer's blue, or the dark tumult of the storm. It is the sky that makes the earth so lovely at sunrise, and so splendid at sunset. In the one, it breathes over the earth the crystal-like ether; in the other, the liquid gold. The climate of a great part of the United States is subject to great vicissitudes, and we complain, but nature offers a compensation. These very vicissitudes are the abundant sources of beauty. As we have the temperature of every clime, so we have the skies. We have the blue, unsearchable depths of the northern sky; we have the silver haze of England, and the golden atmosphere of Italy. And if he who has travelled and observed the skies of other climes will spend a few months on the banks of the Hudson, he must be constrained to acknowledge that, for variety and magnificence, American skies are unsurpassed. Italian skies have been lauded by every tongue, and sung by every poet, and who will deny their wonderful beauty? At sunset, the serene arch is filled with alchymy that transmutes mountains and streams and temples into living gold. But the American summer never passes without many sunsets that vie with the Italian, and many still more gorgeous than seem peculiar to this clime. Look at the heavens when the thunder shower has passed, and the sun stoops below the western mountains; then the low purple clouds hang in festoons around the steeps; in the higher heavens are crimson bands, interwoven with feathers of gold, fit for the wings of angels; and still above is spread that interminable field of ether, whose color is too beautiful to have a name."

"I say, my lad, are you the *mail* boy?"

"Whoy, yes—you don't s'pose I'm a *female* boy, do you?"

John Randolph's Opinion of Matrimony.

You know my opinion of female society: without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with ten-fold force to young men and those who are in the prime of manhood. For after a certain time of life, the literary man makes a shift, (a poor one, I grant,) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man, nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion, (next to his Creator,) to some virtuous and amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution which besets it on all sides. Nevertheless, I trust that your fondness for the company of ladies may not rob you of the time which ought to be devoted to reading and meditation on your profession; and above all, that it may not acquire for you the reputation of a dangler—in itself bordering on the contemptible, and seriously detrimental to your professional character. A cautious old squaretoes, who might have no objection to employing such an one at the bar, would perhaps be shy of introducing him as a practitioner in his family, in case he should have a pretty daughter, or niece, or sister; although all experience shows that, of all male inhabitants, the dangler is the most harmless to the ladies, who quickly learn, with the intuitive sagacity of the sex, to make a convenience of him, while he serves for a butt also.

Rely upon it, that to love a woman as a mistress, although a delicious delirium, an intoxication far surpassing that of Champaigne, is altogether unessential, nay, pernicious, in the choice of a wife; which a man ought to set about in his sober senses—choosing her as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that "wear well." I am well persuaded, that few love matches are happy ones. One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age. Do you remember A. V.? He could neither read nor think; any wife, even a scolding one, would have been a blessing to that poor old man. After all, "suitability" is the true foundation for marriage. If the parties be suited to one another, in age, situation in life, (a man indeed may descend, where all else is fitting,) temper and constitution, these are the ingredients of a happy marriage—or at least a convenient one—which is all that people of experience expect.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Few persons consider the importance of small *savings*. The trifling sum of ten cents a day, saved or wasted for thirty years, amounts to ten thousand and ninety-five dollars, without interest.

The journeyman mechanic, who saves two hundred dollars a year, and keeps it at compound interest, may at the end of nine years set up for himself, with a thorough knowledge of his trade, and of men and business in general, and with a clear capital of nearly twenty-three hundred dollars.

A man who saves one hundred dollars each year, from twenty-one, and in like manner keeps it at interest, will have at thirty-five, *over ten thousand dollars* to support him in old age, dispose of by will or otherwise leave to his heirs.

Let me not be supposed advocate of unnecessary parsimony or avaricious hoarding. I envy not the sordid miser—whose god is gold—the selfish oppressor of the poor—the friend of none, respected by none. His heirs wish him dead, and will soon quarrel over and scatter his accumulated hoards. He knows it and is really more wretched than the well fed pauper.

On the other hand, extravagance—a waste of property—is unjustifiable even in the rich. They are accountable to God for their conduct and the use they make of their money; they have no moral right to annihilate it. They need not give it away to support the idle, this would he worse than wasted, it would be criminal; but they can give employment to the industrious and remunerate them fully for their labor. Parents that waste a thousand dollars a year in extravagance, probably ruin their own children, would do well to consider how much good that sum might do in supporting and educating twenty orphan, neglected, or morally exposed children.

By the by, speaking of *tales*, we like those that end well. Hogg's for instance.

What word did Adam address to Eve when she nibbled the pipin? Answer—*In-sin-u-ate.*

Keeping a Secret.—The following, from "Lectures on the Sphere and Duties of Woman," lately published in Baltimore, is evidently the production of one who (we wish not to perpetrate a libel on the sex,) has obviously been a close observer of the female character:

Some women appear to be incapable of keeping a secret. It seems to burn upon their lips till they have uttered it. Let a woman of this description come in possession of a secret affecting the peace of whole families, and which every tie of humanity would persuade her to bury in utter oblivion, and what does she do? Stay at home and forget it by pursuing her accustomed avocations? Ah! no—wet or dry, cold or hot, out she must go at the earliest hour that it is decent to visit. She calls on her most intimate friend, without, perhaps, any definite intention of unburdening her mind. But when she arrives she can think of nothing else. One topic after another is started, but all immediately flag. A strange air of mystery and constraint comes over her, which brings the conversation entirely to a stand. "What is the matter? Has anything happened? Do tell me what has happened!" It is all over. Out it must come, if it costs her her life. But then she quiets her conscience by exacting a promise of inviolable secrecy. The promise of secrecy, however, means that she will tell it only to those of her immediate acquaintance whom she can trust; so in about two days it is all over town. It is a profound secret until it is found that every body knows it. Thus it is in the power of two or three women, who are so disposed, to keep any community in a perpetual strife. I have myself known a whole town to be thrown into the most violent excitement, and a division created, which separated families, alienated friends, and entirely broke up all social harmony for years, by one base insinuation of not more than ten words.

Maxims of Bishop Middleton.

Persevere against discouragements.

Keep your temper.

Employ leisure in study, and always have some work on hand.

Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.

Never be in a hurry.

Preserve self possession and not be talked into conviction.

Rise early and be an economist of time.

Maintain dignity, without the appearance of pride.

Manner is something with every body, and everything with some.

Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak.

Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.

Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.

Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.

Rather set than follow example.

Practice strict temperance, and in all your transactions remember the final account.

Origin of Glass.—In the neighborhood of St. Jean d'Acre I passed the river Belas, and here it may be remarked, how often do we find from the most trivial circumstances, discoveries have arisen of the very highest importance. Some Sidonian merchants carrying nitre, happened to stop at the mouth of the stream, and not finding stones to set their kettles on to cook provisions, piled up sand and nitre for this purpose, when by the action of fire on these ingredients, a new substance was discovered, namely, glass, which has added so much not only to the comforts of life, but the progress of science. The sand of this wall continued for ages to supply the manufactories of Sidon with materials for that beautiful production; and in the seventeenth century vessels were employed at St. Jean d'Acre to remove it to the glass houses of Venice and Genoa. It may be added, that under the Emperors, windows were constructed of a certain transparent stone, called *tapic specularis*, found in Carmel, which is close to Belus, and might be split into thin leaves like slate, but not above five feet in length.

"Oh dear!" blubbered out an urchin who had just been suffering from an application of the birch, "Oh my! they tell me about 40 rods make a furlong; I can tell a bigger story than that.—Let 'um get seech a plaguy licking as I've had, and they'll find out that *one rod makes an acher.*"

Sunday Reading.

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

The following touching description, which for graphic power, simplicity and pathos, is hardly equalled in the English language, is from an extract from "Master Humphrey's Clock," by Dickens, and describes the interment of a young and beautiful child, whose sweetness of disposition and purity of character are calculated to interest deeply the heart of every reader:

"Along the crowded path they bore her now: pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy bro't her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day. With every breath of air that stirred among these branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light, would fall upon her grave. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand had dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and there were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed around to look into the grave before the pavement stone should be replaced.—One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told, how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she, should be so bold, how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there alone when all was quiet: and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loop hole of the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels, and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down.

Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on the tomb and monument, on pillar, wall and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God. Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lessons that such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty and universal truth. When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there springs up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven."

SWEARING.—Whatever fortune may be made by perjury, I believe that there never was a man who made a fortune by common swearing. It often happens that men pay for swearing, but it seldom happens that they are paid for it. It is not easy to perceive what honor or credit is connected with it. Does any man receive promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Never. Low must be the character which such impertinence will exalt; high must be the character which such impertinence will not degrade. Inexcusable, therefore, must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups; the letcher, his mistress; the satirist his revenge; the ambitious man, his preferments; the mister, his gold; but the common swearer has nothing; he is a fool at large, sells his soul for nought, and drudges in the service of the devil gratis. Swearing is void of all plea; it is not the native offspring of the soul, not interwoven with the texture of the body: nor anyhow allied to our frame. For, as Tillotsou expresses it, "though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet no man was ever born of a swearing constitution." But it is a custom, a low and a paltry custom, picked up by low and paltry spirits who have no sense of honor, no regard to decency, but are forced to suply the vacancy of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it.—*Lamont.*

European Fashions.

Fashions for May.

Silk is much in favor for every description of toilette, from the morning peignoir to the evening dress. The novelty of the season is the satin boreale, borrowing its name from its imitation of the tints of the aurora borealis, which is also introduced in a variety of materials, all shades of yellow being fashionable. In carriage dresses the colors are cate au lait, flame de punch, green, pomegranate, and cerise. Redingotes are trimed with chicoree, brandenbourgs, gimp trimmings, and fancy buttons; three rows are placed on the corsage and skirt; the skirts are made very full and almost training. Sleeves are made of every style; the tight ones have many admirers; they are varied by bouillons placed lengthwise, or across; the tight sleeve will not be used in light materials; in muslins the sleeve bouillonnee has been preferred. Scarfs the same as the dress are fashionable, and others in every variety.

Satin dresses of pale colors are worn with tunics of black lace; wreaths of flowers, creeves, and broad lace ornament the skirts of ball dresses. Trimmings on the tops of long gloves are less worn; a band of velvet is preferred. Bracelets are fashionable; the Turkish and Roman style being the most admired.

Summer bournous are made of white or blue cachemire embroidered in tambour, white on blue and blue on white, with cordelier of the two colors; they are not lined. Scarfs are in great variety; black silk, satin, velvet, or lace, and cachemire ones of blue, black, or green, embroidered all round, foulards, &c. Many shawls will be worn of silk or cachemire, embroidered in the same color.

Bonnets are almost exclusively of the close capote form; so general are they that even Leghorns and pailles de riz are made so. Open straw are much worn in Paris; and capotes of crape have already appeared there in pink, blue, jonquil, ornamented with delicate flowers; feathers are preferred for Leghorns, and violettes are universal.

Ribbon is used more abundantly on bonnets this season. A new and very rich style has been introduced, termed the prismatic ribbon; the flowers used are of the simplest kind—lillies of the valley mixed with grass, elder flower with roses, blue bells, &c.; the wreath Pompadour is of small roses, encircled with white field daisies, united by a small cordon of fevillage.

DID YOU EVER?—Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer time at church, who could not dance all night without being tired at all?

Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of yarn for his favorite to wind, without getting it strangely tangled?

Did you ever know a man with a shocking bad hat, a long beard, and a ragged coat, who could find a respectable hotel that was not full?

Did you ever know a pretty young lady that had not a cousin to wait upon her to lectures and parties?

The Baltimore Clipper says, that a female in that city was recently suspected of secreting in her bosom a skein of worsted, and he insisted upon searching her, to which she objected for some time, but being threatened with exposure, she consented. He found concealed in her bosom the worsted, two shawls, a pair of stockings, and to his astonishment, a pair of skates!

"I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, or of his faults behind his back." The golden rule, Bishop Horne remarks, the observance of which would at one stroke banish flattery and defamation from the world.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1841.

To Correspondents.

Let patience have its perfect work. We are doing the best we can. We have the gratification to announce, to those interested, that we have disposed of a drawer full of manuscripts in a most hospitable manner. One cool morning we put them into the stove, and then gave them in charge of one of Damon's invincible demons, who soon put them into the most valuable condition they were ever yet in; namely, *ashes*. We will sell the ashes for 12½ cents a bushel, which, put upon the garden, will do more for the increase of vegetation, than they could have done for intellectual growth.

VIOLA cannot be admitted. As it happens, we have seen the article sent by her in print, published many years ago.

"O, let the soul its slumbers break,"

is too good to be garbled by a plagiarist.

We think William's case is hopeless, and he had better desist. If he has any prospect of success, however, we would not publish his article; for then his would be a "gone case" without any mistake.

Life Insurance—Another Example.

We have repeatedly referred to the subject of Life Insurances, and endeavored, by citing examples and otherwise, to impress the heads of families with a proper idea of their importance. Several recent instances of the very sudden manner in which we are all liable to "shuffle off this mortal coil," and leave those who look to us for counsel and protection, in the very midst of their affliction, without the means of procuring the necessaries of life, much less the little comforts and perhaps harmless luxuries which it has been our pleasure and habit to provide for them, should warn every one to use all the means in his power, ere the day come of which no man knoweth beforehand, to secure to them the benefits of the Life Insurance institution. In view of the manifest advantages of a provident annual expenditure for this purpose, and the manifold hardships so often brought upon a widowed and orphaned family by its neglect, no one who can command the means, is excusable if he do not do this.

How many men there are, say in this community, engaged in small business, yet living comfortably, who could, by a little lopping off of various kinds of excrescences which pertain to house keeping in cities, save *one hundred dollars* per year, which they now spend, not wastefully, perhaps, yet unnecessarily. And how many blessings, in case of their sudden death, would this sum, paid annually for an insurance on their life, secure to their families. The daily comforts which it would provide for their bereaved wives, the christian education which it would give their unprotected children, would in themselves be a sufficient reward; and a conviction of this, while living, should of itself be a sufficient inducement.

To the striking examples of the benefit of Life Insurance, which we have heretofore given in our columns, we now add the following, from the Nashville Whig, of the 1st instant:

"The President and Directors of the Nashville Insurance and Trust Co., have directed their Secretary to pay to the family of the late Thomas P. Adams, Cashier of the Office of the Planters' Bank, at Pulaski, the sum of five thousand dollars, being the amount insured by the company on the life of Mr. A. The policy under which this loss occurred, was taken out by the deceased four or five years ago, when in good health, for the term of seven years, (the premium being paid annually,) and before the term had half expired, he

was visited with a violent rheumatic or paralytic affection, which after two or three attacks, put an end to his existence. By his timely and prudential caution, in the insurance of his life, he has left to his family a legacy, which, though it may fail to alleviate the deep afflictions of the heart, will at least save the widow and the orphan from the pecuniary inconveniences atttendant upon the loss of their chief counsellor and support in life."

We join the Whig in hoping that "the striking example of the utility and true benevolence of Life Insuranee afforded in the case of Mr. Adams, will have the salutary effect to induce hundreds of *our* fellow-citizens, the heads of families especially, to adopt it as an essential part and parcel of their domestic economy."

The Soldier's Funeral.

"The tired soldier, bold and brave,
Now rests his wearied feet,
And to the shelter of the grave,
He's made a safe retreat;
To him the trumpet's piercing breath,
To arms shall call in vain,
He's quarter'd in the arms of death,
He'll never march again.

"A boy—he left his father's home,
The cause of war to try,
O'er regions yet untrod to roam,
No friend or brother nigh.
Yet still he march'd contented on,
Met danger, death and pain,
But now he halts, his toil is done,
He'll never march again."

We witnessed on Sunday evening last an affecting and highly interesting scene. It was a military funeral at Mount Hope. The occasion was the interment of a young soldier of Capt. Lowd's company of U. S. Artillery, who was drowned the evening previous, while bathing in the river.—The hearse containing the body of the deceased was preceded by a band of music, and followed by the officers and members of the company to which he belonged, and a large concourse of citizens in carriages and on foot. The stillness of the evening, broken only by the discharge of musketry over the grave, the quiet and solemn beauty of Mount Hope at twilight, the mournful music, accompanied by the slow and measured tread of the soldiers, all contributed to render the scene at once solemn and impressive. The deep sorrow expressed in the countenances of the soldiers at the loss of their comrade, forcibly recalled to mind the following beautiful and appropriate lines:

"Hark! the muffled drum sounds the last march of the brave,
The soldier retreats to his quarters, the grave,
Under death, whom he owns his commander-in-chief.
No more he'll turn out with the ready relief;
But in spite of death's terrors or hostile alarms,
When he hears the last bugle he'll stand to his arms.

"Farewell, brother soldier, in peace may you rest,
And gently the turf lie, that presses thy breast,
Until that review, when the souls of the brave,
Shall behold the chief ensign, fair mercy's flag wave;
Then freed from death's terrors and hostile alarms,
When he hears the last bugle he'll stand to his arms."

Preservation of Game.—In reply to the inquiry of our correspondent, "A Sportsman," we would state, that the recent law passed by the Legislature of this State, to which we alluded in the last number of our paper, prohibits the catching or killing of partridges or quails between the 1st of March and the 25th of September, and of woodcocks between the 1st of March and the 1st of July; that it forbids all persons from having in their possession or offering to sell such game, within the periods above mentioned; and that the penalty for each and every violation of these provisions is $5, one half to go to the support of the county poor, and the other half to be paid to the person lodging the complaint. So look out, Mr. "Sportsman."

Depth of a Bottomless Lake.—The salt lake at Ewa, Sandwich Islands, hitherto considered bottomless, has been sounded, as we learn from a late number of the Polynesian, and found to be sixteen inches deep. This lake is of mineral formation, salt being found 180 feet above its surface.

Literary Notices.

☞ The Knickerbocker for June, being the last number of volume seventeen of that sterling and ever-welcome periodical, is inferior to none of its predecessors. "The Country Doctor" keeps up the interest of his sketches admirably. "The Quod Correspondence," "The Latterlights and their Progeny," "The American at Home," and some of the other prose papers, are capital. So also are many of the poetical contributions. But "The Drama of Tinnecum" is *the* article in the present number. It abounds with the dryest humor we have seen for many a day. The only objection we have to it is, that it should have been published at a time when deep and irrepressible laughter is not likely to be attended with such *liquid* effects as it has been during our late *hot* days.

☞ The Ladies' Companion for June, contains its usual original variety, and is embellished with two fine engravings—the Indian Falls near Cold Spring, opposite West Point, and the Summer Fashions for 1841. This is a monthly periodical, of remarkably neat typography, and its embellishments executed by established artists. The number before us is, as indeed all the numbers are, entirely original, from pens of more or less celebrity, and contains upwards of twenty articles, besides the literary notices, editorials, &c.

☞ The Biography of Margaret Miller Davidson, by Washington Irving, has just been published. Miss D., although she died at an early age, had drank deep at the fount of Parnassus.

Love of Newspapers.—A machinist of Lowell went to Russia a few years since, at the request of the Emperor, to put in operation a cotton factory. It was completed, and worked to a charm. The Emperor was so highly delighted with its operations, that he offered the American a large salary to become the permanent superintendent of the establishment. He refused to do so, however, and returning to Lowell, cheerfully entered the work shop in a subordinate capacity. Upon being questioned by a friend why he did not accept the offer of the Emperor, he replied, "Well, I did not think much of it, after all—I had nobody to speak to, and besides, *I could not get my newspapers.*" The writer of this article is acquainted with the gentleman referred to, and regards him as one of the best specimens of an American Mechanic, to be found in the country.

Healthy.—In a town in New Hampshire, people die so seldom that it has been found necessary to erect a guide-board to point out the whereabouts of the grave-yard.

A lady in Buffalo says—"I think it is very rude for gentlemen to become excited with wine at a private party, and it ought to be considered an indelible disgrace. If I was a married lady I would never invite such a person the second time.—*Albany Atlas.*

Our ladies have these "excited" gentlemen completely excluded, by the introduction of neither wine nor spirits at the most fashionable parties.—*Pitts. Amer.*

Cure for Tooth Ache.—At a meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr. Blake stated that he was able to cure the most desperate cases of tooth ache, (unless the disease was connected with rheumatism,) by the application of the following remedy to the decayed tooth:—alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirit of ether, seven drachms; mix, and apply them to the tooth.—*Lancet.*

The Georgia schoolmasters have certainly been "abroad," if the last census is to be depended on, and they ought to go home and go to work as speedily as possible. It appears that the number of white persons over the age of twenty years in that State, who can neither read nor write is 80,784!—*Cour. & Enq.*

Miscellaneous Trifles.

Education.—Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no clime destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave. At home a friend—abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace—in society an ornament. It shortens vice—it guides virtue—it gives at once grace and government to genius.

Manner.—Of all the modifications of manner which are to be met with in society, perhaps the most generally pleasing is simplicity, even as that water is the purest which has no taste—that air the freshest which has no odor.

Curious Taste.—A French prisoner, some years ago, exhibited an extraordinary propensity to devour nauseous diet, particularly cats, of which he ate one hundred and seventy-four, and many of them while alive.

Candor.—Louis XV., on pardoning the Count of Charolois of one of the hundred murders he had committed, remarked to him, "I will tell you fairly, cousin, that I will also pardon any one who will murder you."

Books and Women.—A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate them. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

Playing 'Possum.—Many spiders, moths and beetles counterfeit death when in danger, and no torture will make them show signs of life while the danger continues.

Domestic Trouble.—The fact is worthy of remembrance, that the unhappiness of a married couple's existence is often owing to the mistaken kindness of the wife's friends.

Nimble.—The flea, grasshopper and locust jump two hundred times their own length—equal to a quarter of a mile for a man.

Fishes.—At Coppermine river, fish often are so frozen as to break in pieces from the blow of a hatchet on the ice.

Flight of Time.—To the happy, time flies swifter than the swallow—to the ennuye, slower than the lingering and toilsome snail.

Patriotism.—An English writer declared that the Americans love their country, "because their rivers abound with fish!"

It can't be helped.—"I don't care" and "it can't be helped," are only the offsping of a reckless, careless and dangerous mood of mind.

Passion.—The indulgence of a passionate temper, is one of the most unhappy of the human vices.

Poets.—Poets are the salt of the intellectual world, seasoning most aptly all the good things of life.

Pious Women.—Those females who bless, dignify and truly adorn society, will invariably be found to be pious.

English Character.—It has been said that the English have to the full all the politeness that can make a nation brutes to the rest of the world.

Frenchmen.—The three master qualities of the French are vanity, gayety and hatred to Shakspeare.

Pride.—It is a characteristic of this passion that it would always sooner blow up the fortress than capitulate.

The Domestic Hearth.—Woman's best recommendation is her love of home.

A Test.—We never knew a person of strong talent who had small nostrils.

Distrust.—A writer remarks, that "distrust is the first step to disunion."

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Mount Hope.

Sleep on! sleep on! thou'rt beautiful,
Thou mountain of the dead!
When night o'er all the shadowy earth
Her sable wings hath spread;
A voice from thy lone tombs comes near
And whispers to my heart,
When summer's winds and flowers have pass'd
That I, too, *must depart.*

Why linger, *death?* I long to rest
Beneath this oaken tree,
Where the night wind's breath could only come,
With its whispering melody;
Yes! I would go, when 'mid these hills
The early flowers appear,
That the laughing sunshine long might rest
Upon my lonely bier.

Yes! I would rest, sweet mountain,
With those who passed away
At the time of summer's songs and flowers,
In childhood's sunny day;
For faintly 'mid thy shades I trace
Lov'd forms to memory dear,
And the spirit sleepers whisper me,
Thou too must slumber here.

Tread lightly! here a parent's love
Has formed a place of rest;
The bright green turf is heaped above
My aged Mother's breast!
Ye who have Mother's—shall the name
Not win a tender thought?
Remember those who feel the same,
And gently pass the spot.

Tread lightly! 'tis but fancy's thought,
That when our souls are gone,
The mould'ring shrine is not forgot
By those who linger on—
Yet 'tis a sweetly soothing trust,
A hope which all have known,
That mem'ry still shall guard the dust,
Beneath its token stone.

Tread lightly! O, tread lightly!
Above the quiet dead!
Crush a vine nor tender flower,
Beneath thine angry tread!
Breathe not a low discordant tone,
Upon the night wind's breath,
For holy, pure, and blest are they,
Who rest in th' embrace of death.

ROCHESTER, May 24, 1841. CORNELIA.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

On the Death of a Sister.

Like a rainbow in glory adorning the sky,
Like a bright pure beam of the wave dancing bubble,
Like Aurora so swiftly careering on high,
All gleaming in beauty, though the Spoiler was nigh,
Wert thou, my Sister.

As the mist at sunrise from the valley doth fly,
As dew pearls from the breasts of flowers pass away,
As pleasure flies sorrow or happiness flits by,
Thou went'st from among us when the Spoiler drew nigh.

As withering flowers waft the sweetest perfumes,
As evening's sunbeams are more grateful than noon's,
As the tones are most thrilling of the harp's *last* sigh,
So thy heart's fond breathings as the Spoiler drew nigh.

We loved thee, adored thee, our joy and our gladness,
We fondly hoped all the danger passed by:—
Deceitful Consumption hath filled us with sadness;
Consumption, the Tyrant and Spoiler came nigh.

Gifted and beautiful, but lost one, I mourn thee,
In sad and sorrowful despondence. But why,
When beauty and goodness so pure did adorn thee,
Came the fell dart, causing Henry to sigh,
Farewell to my Sister?

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Spring.

Pretty bird, wilt thou tell me why,
There's a gleam of joy in thy little eye?
From some cheerless land dost thou hie away,
To join in our gladsome holiday?

Gurgling brook, why flow so fast,
Would'st lose the memory of the past?
When ice and snow thy current bound,
And thou could'st not leap at May Day sound?

Reverend trees—ye were grey before,
But winter's frosts are felt no more;
Ye have tasted of life again, I ween,
For ye stand arrayed in your robes of green.

Dell and dingle, and forest ground,
Re-echo back the joyful sound,
Old winter is hid in oblivion's vale,
And bright sunny May, is the month we hail.

The waters ripple in yonder brook,
A leaf from the book of spring they took,
They learnt the approach of the month of May,
Then off with her current (to meet her) away.

Onward and onward, with rapid flight,
They seek the land where there dwelleth light,
Where buds and flowers in profusion spring,
And fruits come forth to their gathering.

Chesterville, O. A. P. G.

We extract the following from the Vermont Spirit of the Age. They are beautiful lines, (the New Era says truly) and come from the poetical ware-house of the able editor of the above mentioned paper.

From the Spirit of the Age.

A Scene in a Vermont Winter.

BY C. G. EASTMAN.

'Twas a bitter night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever could be,—
The wild old Norther howled like the chime
Of the waves of an angry sea.
In tempest-breath, on the mountain bleak,
Oh me! how the trees would writhe and creak!
He shouts on the hill and the plain, ho! ho!
He whirls from his nostrils the blinding snow
And growls with a mighty glee.

All night it never so hard hath snowed—
He hath made him a curious lair,
That shivering dog, by the half-filled road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair;
As the storm beats hard he doth crouch and growl
And shut his eye with a dismal howl!
Then, to shield himself from the cutting sleet,
His head is pressed on his quivering feet—
Pray what does the dog do there?

His master came from the town that night,
That night from the town came he,
When the tempest raved with a maniac's might,
And the plain was a trackless sea.
But, scarcely a league of the way he had come,
Ere his eye grew dull and his hand grew numb,
And his horse, a beautiful Morgan brown,
In the thickening snow drifts floundered down
O'er a hidden log of the lea.

* * * * *

He hath given the last faint jerk of the rein
To rouse up the weary steed,
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain,
For help in his master's need.
He strives no more with a wistful cry
To catch, if he may, his master's eye,
Nor wags his tail if the rude wind flap
The skirt of his coat across his lap,—
Of the storm now, they've no heed.

The wind went down and the storm was o'er,
'Tis the hour of midnight, past,
The forest writhes and bends no more
In the rush of the mighty blast.
The moon looks out with a silver light,
On the high old hills with snow-drifts white,
And the giant shadow of Campbell's Hump,
Of ledge and tree and ghostly stump,
Again on the plain are cast.

But there they are, by the hidden log,
Who came that night from the town,
The man and his sleigh and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown;
He sits in his sleigh, his face is bland,
With his cap on his head and the reins in his hand—
The dog with his head on his master's feet,
And the horse, half seen, through the crusted sleet,
Where he lay when he floundered down.

Variety.

GOING.—Two travelers met on their journey and the following may be imagined to be the subject of their discourse:

"Did you see Jones?" asked one.

"Yes," replies the other; "I met him as I was *going* to Brighton, and as he was *going* back to town; and he was *going* to tell me how he was *going* on, when the guard called out "the coach is *going*"—so I was obliged to *go* without hearing what he was *going* to say."

Though popularity in some respects, is a desirable thing, yet it is not always a criterion of real ability; nor is it to be sought after with avidity as if it were the foundation of happiness. It has been the occasion of ruin to many, and of distress to more. Those who have aimed at it have been generally left to disappointment and confusion.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. JACKSON.—The following anecdote of the old General, we find in the U. S. Gazette:—

One evening an officer presented himself to General Jackson, and complained that certain of the soldiers had got together in a tent and were making a great noise.

"What are they doing?" asked the General with some feeling.

"They are *praying* now, but they have been singing."

"And is that a crime?"

"The articles of war order punishment for any *unusual* noise."

"God forbid," said the General, "that praying should be an unusual noise in my camp!"

RATHER SOFT.—A Shropshire farmer went along with his son to a tea party. A young female happened to be there with whom the father wished his son to become acquainted. He told him to go and speak to her. "What shall I say to her, feyther?" asked his son. "Why, say soft things, Johnny." Johnny with great simplicity, looked her in the face and said, "Mashed turnips, Miss."

SIGNS.—There is a cobler in London over whose door is the following notice:

"Shews maid and men-dead here."

An old English lady gave in her sign the following interesting intelligence to those who might desire to have their children "eddicated:"

"Sixpence for them that learns to read and sixpence more for them that learns manners."

A modern philosopher says: "I always listened with great pleasure to the remarks made by country people on the habits of animals. A countryman was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the pigs. 'To be sure,' said he, 'they be deadly like pigs, but there is one fault; nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together, but that one on 'em had a foot in the trough.'"

"Jimmy, do you go to school?" "Yes sir, to Miss Post's." "Miss Post's! She aint a whipping Post, is she?" "No, she's a guide Post!"

"I love to *liquor*," as the toper said who was in the habit of thrashing his wife.

There is no more certain proof of real prosperity in a country, than to see its mechanics employed constantly and well paid.

COMING—Green peas and hydrophobia.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 6th inst., by Alderman Selye, Mr. JOHN McDOWELL, of Rochester, to Miss ALVINA SLOCUM. Also, at the same time, by the same, Mr. THADDEUS HORTON, of Rochester, to Miss ANGELINE CAREY, of Rome.

On Wednesday evening, the 2d inst., at the Frankfort House, by Alderman Mack, Mr. Charles Titus to Miss Ann Haze, all of Greece.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Truman Downs of Brighton, to Miss Sophia G. Lord of this city.

In this city on the 23d inst., by the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. John Merchant, to Miss Melinda Hayden. And by the same on the 31st ult., Mr. Robert Blythe to Miss Eliza McGee.

On the 26th inst., by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr. Stephen Hooker, Jr., of Brenchley, Kent, England, to Miss Louisa Thorn, of London.

In this city, on the 23d instant, by the Rev. Pharcellus Church, Mr. Oliver E. Culver, of Brighton, to Miss Jane Brown, of this city.

In Ridgeway, on the 20th inst., by the Rev. G. P. Prudden, Mr. Francis H. Daniels to Miss Sarah Jane Preston, both of Ridgeway.

In Royalton, Niagara County, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Mr. L. Knapp, Mr. Joel Bixby to Miss Clarissa, youngest daughter of James Baldwin, Esq.

On the 13th inst., by Rev. Samuel Wilson, Mr. Elisha Willis Pratt, of Ontario, to Miss Alantha Jackways, daughter of Mr. David S. Jackways, of Palmyra.

In Barre, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Elias Weld, of Medina, to Miss Harriet Harding, of the former place.

On the 3d ult. at Caledonia, by the Rev. Donald C. McLaren, T. Frothingham, Esq., Attorney at Law, to Mary Anna, daughter of Hon. Willard H. Smith, all of that place.

In Palmyra, on the 27th ult., by Rev. Samuel Wilson, Mr. James McKnight Severs, of Canandaigua, to Miss Maria Angelica Brandt, of Palmyra.

In Stafford, by Elder Hart, Mr. John Bartholf, of Batavia, to Miss Jane Barrett, of Pembroke.

"All can't be *queens*, although they marry *Kings*."

Married, at Bergen, on the 19th May, by Rev. Mr. Snyder, WM. KING, Esq. to ELIZABETH ANTHONY, all of that place.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1841. No. 13.

Popular Tales.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

OLD CROSS-FIRE.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WESTERN BORDER.

BY GEORGE S. M'KIERNAN.

The early history of North-Western Virginia is rife with incidents of a romantic character. The extraordinary perseverence and courage which characterized the pioneers of that region of country, and the almost incredible sufferings they were compelled to endure, are perhaps, without a parallel in the history of any country but our own.—While many of those who penetrated far into the western wilds went thither to hew down the forest trees, and make the wilderness assume the cheerful aspect of the abode of civilized man, a large number of persons were attracted to that country solely by the love of dangerous adventure, and a fondness for living in a state of comparative restraint from the forms of social life. The latter class of adventurers, though not so numerous as the first, furnished most of the heroes of those desperate partisan encounters with the natives which occupy so large a space in the annals of the west.

During the first eight years of that long and bloody war with the savage tribes, which commenced in the year 1774, the settlements on the upper portion of the Ohio river seem to have been peculiarly obnoxious to the Indians. Several furious assaults were made by large bodies of Mingoes, Wyandots and Shawnees, upon Fort Wheeling, and other stockade forts in that vicinity; and small parties of marauders were continually prowling about the settlements, employing themselves in burning houses, destroying crops, driving off cattle, and murdering the people, as frequently as occasion offered.

Among the most notorious of the leaders of these savage brigands, was a Mingo chief, called by the settlers "Old Cross-Fire"—not so much on account of his years, as from the circumstance of his firing his rifle from his left shoulder. This chieftain had, at the head of his party, committed numerous depredations upon the settlements, but always succeeded in escaping unharmed, despite the many exertions made by the hunters to arrest his infuriate career. Old Cross-Fire was an expert woodsman; and many a borderer was willing to bear testimony to his surprising skill as a marksman. He had frequently come in collision with Major McColloch, Lewis Wetzel, and other famous Indian hunters; but all their stratagem and prowess were vainly exerted; the Mingo invariably came off unscathed, and was emboldened to inflict his acts of wanton cruelty with increased temerity. His person was familiar to most of the settlers. He was of herculean fabric, his height being several inches over six feet; and every part of his vast frame was built in admirable proportion, if we except his arms, which, like those of Rob Roy McGregor, were so long that

> "The chief could stand in upright mein
> And fairly grip his knees."

He carried a rifle of more than ordinary weight, which he *cross-fired* from his left shoulder, and though contrary to the common rule, with almost unvarying accuracy and effect.

At the time of the incident about to be related, the Indians had, in a great measure, ceased their hostile incursions into Western Virginia. Most of them had retired farther west, to operate against the settlements on the lower section of the Ohio. Even Old Cross-Fire himself, who lingered about Wheeling long after his tawny comrads had changed their seat of war, was now seldom spoken of by the settlers. The prevailing idea was that he had forsaken his old theatre of operations for another that promised a better remuneration for his toils. The only individual who dissented from this opinion was Lewis Wetzel, one of the most successful Indian scouts ever known. Wetzel was, perhaps, possessed of a more thorough knowledge of the character and habits of the Mingo chief than any white man on the border, for he had often been an eye witness of his crafty movements when beset by his enemies. The chief had long been the especial object of Wetzel's hatred; and though he had often laid deep plans to ensnare him, the wily savage always found means to frustrate them. In the course of his recent rambles through the country, Wetzel frequently discovered some peculiar mark or sign which confirmed him in his conviction that the Indian had not left the neighborhood. His friends endeavored to persuade him that he was mistaken; but he resolutely adhered to his opinion, and declared that he would yet "be the death of the cursed old red dog."

As Wetzel could not convince the settlers that Old Cross-Fire was yet lurking about the neighborhood, he ceased to mention his name; but never allowed a week to elapse without taking a scout through the country in the hope of coming in contact with him. The settlers, however, lulled themselves into security; and apprehensive of no impending danger, engaged in agricultural pursuits. They cleared the rich bottom lands, built substantial fences, planted their corn and potatoes, and soon gave an air of comfort and a promise of plenty to their infant settlement. Their implements of war were thrown aside as articles no longer useful. A man, it is true, was occasionally seen with a rifle on his shoulder; but no other purpose was had in view than to shoot a deer or a wild turkey.

About this time a young man from the east of the Alleganies arrived at the Wheeling settlement. He had performed the entire journey across the mountains on horseback, at an inclement season of the year, and was nearly exhausted with fatigue and exposure to the elements. He was destined to Kentucky, but gladly accepted an invitation to pass a few days with Col. Zane, one of the earliest settlers of Wheeling, to whom he bore a letter of introduction.

Elliot Frazier had scarcely passed a day in the hospitable dwelling of Col. Zane, before he was seized with disease, the effects of his recent exposure, which confined him to his bed. His malady assumed a serious character, depriving him at times of his reason. He had lain for many days unconscious of his condition, and insensible to what was passing around him. When at length his disease took a favorable turn, and his mind regained its suspended powers, he discovered that a beautiful being was hovering over his couch—tenderly ministering to his wants, and manifesting by the sweet smile that played upon her countenance, a pleasureable feeling at witnessing the improvement of his condition.

The good Samaritan who watched over the stranger youth, was Rose Mason, the fairest flower that bloomed on the banks of the Ohio. She was the adopted daughter of Col. Zane, the intimate friend of her gallant father, who had lost his life in a desperate conflict with the Indians during the early stages of the war. Rose had received her education at one of the best seminaries the "old settlements" afforded in those days; but she had imbibed no sentiment that destroyed the native simplicity of her manners. She was a young lady of fine intellect; and her heart was filled with affection and gentle sympathies, to the exclusion of every unworthy passion. Although she was delicately sensible to every thing unbecoming her sex, she saw no impropriety in contributing all in her power towards alleviating the sufferings of a fellow mortal. She volunteered her services cheerfully to act the part of a nurse to the patient. She felt a rational pleasure in supplying the invalid with every little comfort that his situation required. Under her soothing ministration Elliot regained his health.

The youth now often spoke of continuing his journey to Kentucky. Day after day, however, passed by, and he still remained at Wheeling. In sparcely populated regions strong personal attachments are quickly formed. The manly bearing of Elliot had rendered him a favorite among all the settlers, and they strongly urged him to abandon his original intention and remain where he was. To this proposition he declared he could not accede; but when the image of Rose Mason presented itself before his mind's eye, he was nearly tempted to recall his words.

Since the arrival of young Frazier, a new feeling had found its way into Rose's heart—a feeling which she was unable to explain. When he spoke to her about his expected departure, a shade of melancholy would overspread her countenance and banish completely the bright smile that usually dwelt upon it. There was no dissimulation in the maiden; she felt that his absence would cause her to be unhappy, and she took no pains to conceal the sorrow with which she contemplated the event.

"Elliot," said she, one day, "you must agree to remain with us. We cannot spare you."

"It will never do!" exclaimed the youth—"I have been idling my time here too long already; and I'll jump aboard the first boat that passes down the river."

"We will all feel very unhappy when you are gone."

"Not more so than I will, Rose," replied Elliot. "The happiest days of my life," he continued, "were those of my recent sickness. If it were not wicked I could almost pray for another opportunity to have you for my ministering angel."

"Elliot!"

"Forgive me, Rose. I felt a deep sense of gratitude for your kind attentions, and knew not how to express it.

"I am going to Short Creek to-morrow, to visit a friend," said Rose, "and you must go with me."

"It is hard to refuse you," replied Elliot; "but I may miss an opportunity of descending the river if I go with you. The water is up now, and boats may be expected to-morrow."

"I will not excuse you," said Rose. "A day or a week is of no consequence to you. If you miss the first boat you can wait for another."

"True; but"——

"I will listen to no more objections," interrupted the maiden; "you *must* be my companion to Short Creek, to-morrow."

"And why not for life?" asked Elliot.

No reply was made to this question. Rose had not anticipated such an interrogatory; nor did its full meaning, at first, flash upon her mind. But when its true sense became apparent to her, a thrill went to her heart, and a deep blush suffused her cheek. For the first time, she now found that she was in love. She spoke in an altered tone, without raising her head, which she had, unwittingly, cast down.

"You will go with me?" she said.

"Most surely, dear Rose," replied Elliot, who was delighted to find that he had not offended her by the abruptness of his words. "I can refuse you nothing," he added; "and the boats may come and go, by fleets, for all that I care."

"I will depend upon you," said the maiden, as she left him; for Rose's mind was filled with such strange ideas that she was glad to seek solitude.

Soon after the sun had arisen on the following day, Elliot Frazier was before the door, busied in cleaning his rifle. Lewis Wetzel just then approached him from the direction of the high hill in rear of the fort.

"What's to be done to-day, Ellit?" inquired the hunter, as he came up to the youth and lowered his gun to his feet.

"I am going to Short Creek, with Miss Mason," said Elliot. "I shall take my gun along, and if I can only get a chance at a buck's tail, I'll bring it home as a trophy of my skill in rifle shooting."

"If you see a deer, Ellit," said the scout, laughing, "you'll be sure to get the buck fever."

"Never fear," replied the youth.

"Such things always happen to green hands," said Wetzel; but you'll get over the fever by-and-by. That rifle of yourn aint exactly to my likin," he continued; and here he took the richly mounted rifle of the young man and deliberately examined it in all parts. "It's too light, intirely; and as for these silver fixins, they aint of any manner of use."

"They will not prevent it from shooting well," said Elliot.

"No! nor neither they wont," rejoined Wetzel; "but I'll be skinned if I'd have 'em on a gun of mine. Now, here's my old woman, Ellit," added the hunter, as he raised his weather-beaten rifle from the ground: "an uglier old rip you never laid your eyes on; but, then, there's no mistake in her. She always *tells*. Many's the red skin she's sent to his long home."

"It is a valuable piece, without doubt," said the youth.

"The red dogs think so, any how," returned Wetzel.

"I suppose you are almost out of practice in killing them?"

"Well, I may say you are about half right, Ellit; I haint had a glimpse of one since last fall.—I've got a strong notion to put off down to Kaintuck with you. They say they are not as scarce thereabouts; but I can't agree to leave these settlements until I finish that cursed rascal, Old Cross-Fire. The scamp has balked me so often that I have sworn vengeance on him. I know he's still sneaking about these quarters, becase I come across some sign of him every now and then. I was out all last night and the night afore, in sarch of the old dog."

"You do not imagine," asked Elliot, "that he is lurking about here now, do you?"

"That's exactly what I think," said Wetzel.

"He will not dare molest us, Lewis?"

"I wouldn't trust him."

"Lewis, how far is it to Short Creek?"

"It might be twelve miles by the way you will have to go. Can you keep the track, think you?"

"Miss Mason knows the course; she will have to pilot us along."

"Well, she won't lose the path, you may depend; she's an uncommon nice young woman, Ellit; and she rides equal to a trooper, in the bargain. But yonder comes your critters."

In another moment the horses were brought to the door. Rose made her appearance, and was assisted into her saddle by Elliot; while Wetzel held her plump white poney by the bridle.

"It really does me good, child, to see you look so well," said the scout to Rose. "Now, be careful," he enjoined, "in riding along them steep ridges, child. I'll be right down oneasy until I hear you've got safe to your journey's eend."

"Thank you, Lewis," said Rose; "we will try and not fall off our horses."

Elliot was now mounted, bearing his rifle in his left hand.

"I'll help you, Ellit, to bring your buck in," said Wetzel, with a significant smile—"only take care of the buck fever! Good bye."

Elliot and Rose moved off quickly, along the bridle path, up the hill. The narrowness of the road compelled them to ride singly—Rose taking the lead. After passing some distance along the top of the ridge; the path descended the opposite side, and led to a large run, in the bed of which they now were obliged to ride. The run was very rough, and had, for the most part, a ledge of rocks for its bed. The hoofs of the horses striking against the rocks, and the reckless splashing of the water, occasioned more noise than was desirable.

"I fear, Rose," said Elliot, "that this is a dangerous road for a lady to travel."

"I am not afraid," said she; "I have went over it several times."

"It is a miserably poor one, Rose, I must say. I despise a road that makes me ride behind you perpetually; and, here, I am splashing you outrageously!"

"We will soon leave the run, and go up another ridge. The road will be better then, I hope."

"And so do I, with all my soul! I almost wish I had not brought my gun along, as I find more difficulty in carrying it over this awful road than I expected."

"Do you think you could shoot a deer, Elliot?"

"I do, most assuredly, Rose; and I hope to convince you that I can, before we reach our journey's end."

"Is your gun well loaded?"

"Loaded!" reiterated Elliot; "the enquiry was well timed, for I really forgot to charge my gun before starting. Now, if we were to see a deer, I should be vexed almost to death."

"There is our turning-off place," said Rose, as they reached the point at which the path diverged from the run, and they both rode out of the water.

"I must dismount here," exclaimed Elliot, "to load my rifle. It will never do to ride through the woods with an empty rifle in one's hand, when he has powder and balls in abundance with him."

The young man dismounted his steed, and fastened the bridle to a sapling near by; after which he commenced loading his rifle.

"Make haste, Elliot!" exclaimed Rose, who still sat upon her saddle, "I see a deer up the run."

"Indeed!" said the youth, as he hurriedly returned his ramrod; and quickly elevating his firelock as high as his breast, he cast his eyes in the direction designated by Rose's hand.

"I see him!" he ejaculated hastily. The animal, which was a fine buck, was probably a hundred yards up the run, standing apparently motionless, and looking directly toward the wayfarers. "I will give him a piece of cold lead," he added, "if he will stand long enough. Rose will your poney frighten when I shoot?"

"Not in the least," she replied. "Try your skill, but be sure to hit him."

"Trust me that far, Rose," rejoined the youth.

He cautioned Rose to hold a tight rein, and be upon her guard, when he should fire. Carefully describing a small circuit along the adjacent hillside, the novitiate hunter at last succeeded in gaining a favorable position at which to fire at the noble animal, which was still gazing at the horses. Elliot supported his piece against the side of a large tree, and taking deliberate aim, fired. The buck fell upon his fore knees. Satisfied that his shot had been successful, his first object was to glance toward Rose to see whether the horses had remained steady. Both animals were standing where he had left them, and Rose waived her handkerchief in compliment to the young hunter's skill. Trailing his rifle at arm's length, he bounded toward his expected victim with a joyful countenance. The deer, however, suddenly recovered itself, and retreated, limpingly, up the ravine.—Elliot started in pursuit of the fugitive, expecting at every step to see him fall from the loss of blood, which was, at every leap the animal made, staining the leaves, and clearly marking out his course. But the wounded buck continued at a gait which slightly outstripped the toilsome march of his pursuer, until, at length, he fell from the exhaustion of his vital powers. In a few minutes more the triumphant young hunter, to secure his prize from the beasts of prey until he could have him brought into the fort, had the lifeless buck swung high in the air on the top of a hickory sapling.

Elliot was full of pleasureable excitement. He had now killed his first deer, and he could not help smiling at the idea of telling Lewis Wetzel that his prelictions about the "buck fever" had proved, by the event, erroneous. He lost no time in retracing his steps toward the place at which he had left Rose; and he derived a renewed pleasure from the reflection that he had borne out her own last injunction.

He had performed but a short distance of his retrogade march, when he discovered his horse galloping toward him, with nostrils distended and the reins of his bridle broken and flapping against his breast. A familiar word spoken to the affrighted steed caused him to stop, and his master secured him. Tying together the broken reins as well as he could, he vaulted upon the saddle and dashed off down the ravine at full speed. The horse frequently started at some object on the way-side, and the free use of the spur became necessary to urge him rapidly forward. When he reached the point at which he expected to find his fair charge, she was gone!

The feelings of the youth at this juncture were peculiarly painful. The smile of delight, which had but a few moments before illumined his countenance, was now exchanged for an expression of mingled melancholy, mortification and anguish.—It was impossible for him to conjecture what had become of Rose; but he had too much evidence before him to doubt that some serious event had transpired during the time that he was absent.—He shouted aloud, but no response was made to his call. The more he reflected, the deeper appeared the mystery; and it was difficult to determine what course he should adopt. He resigned himself to despair; and, scarcely aware of what he was doing, galloped off up the bridle path which he and Rose had intended to pursue. Occasionally he would rein in his steed to enable him to examine the path, with the hope of detecting the traces of horses' feet; but the density of the leaves which covered the ground, effectually defeated the object. When he had nearly surmounted the hill, the sharp report of a rifle saluted his ears, while he distinctly heard a bullet whiz past his head.—The horse, seized with renewed alarm, plunged precipitately down the hill—passing furiously over the brush and fallen timber, and calling into requisition all the coolness and equestrian skill of Elliot, to enable him to maintain his seat. Presently another shot was fired from a different quarter, which lodged itself in the withers of the horse, whose headlong speed now became redoubled.

It was apparent to the youth that he was beset by a party of Indians. A moment's reflection determined him to repair, with all possible expedition, to the fort, and have a detachment of men sent in pursuit of the enemy. He felt convinced that Rose had been captured by them; and inwardly reproaching himself as the cause of her calamity, he uttered a solemn vow to rescue her, or die in the attempt.

Within five minutes after the arrival of Elliot, every living being in the settlement was collected within the stockade fort at Wheeling. The story of the youth was told in a few words.

"This is a distressing affair," said Col. Zane, the commandant of the garrison. "It is fortunate however that Major McCulloch is with us to-day. Twelve mounted men under his command will capture the copper-colored rascals before sunset, and restore the dear child to us unharmed. What say you, Major McColloch?"

"I am always ready, sir, for anything in the shape of an Indian fight," replied the intrepid hunter.

"Then select twelve men—myself among the number—mount us on the fleetest horses we can find, and—but I need tell you no more. Time is precious. You pick the men, and I go now to get the horses in readiness."

"It shall be done," answered McColloch, "and quickly too! Lewis Wetzel!"

"Here!" replied Lewis, as he elbowed his way through the group of persons which had collected around the Major.

"I put you at the head of the list, and will expect much from you," continued McColloch.

"Major Mac," said Wetzel, "I dont like the Colonel's plan any way I can sift it through. I spose we all want to have the child fotch back safe and sound, but I know very well the thing can't be done 'cording to the Colonel's plan."

"Why not?" respectfully inquired McColloch, who reposed almost unbounded confidence in the judgment and skill of Lewis Wetzel.

"Because the very minute Old Cross-Fire finds himself"——

"Old Cross-Fire!" exclaimed a dozen voices at ouce.

"Aye, Old Cross-Fire!" repeated Wetzel, with rather a sneering emphasis, "he's at the top and bottom of this business; and, the very minute he finds himself hunted down by horsemen, he will scalp poor Rose, and then take good care to put himself and his cursed red-skin gang out of harm's way."

"But how do you know the Indian gang to be Old Cross-Fire's?" asked McColloch.

"Why, you see, Major Mac, I jest tuck the trouble, a bit ago, to pick out the bullet that was lodged in Ellit's horse. Here it is. I know the size of the old rascal's balls too well to be mistaken."

"Perhaps you are right," said McColloch, after he had examined the shapeless piece of lead.

"There's nary doubt about it," replied Wetzel.

"Upon reflection," remarked McColloch, "I agree with you that it is not prudent to go mounted. We will all go on foot."

"I don't like that, neither," said Wetzel. "If we *all* go, there will be too many of us to do any good."

"How many do you think will be sufficient for the purpose?"

"Two, at the outside," returned Wetzel; "or, if the Colonel's agreed, I'll go by myself."

"That will never do!" exclaimed several.

"I tell you, Lewis," said Elliot, who stepped boldly up to the hunter, "that *I* shall go at all hazards. It was through my indiscretion that Miss Mason fell into the hands of the Indians, and no power under the sun shall prevent me from aiding in her rescue!"

"Don't talk so fast," observed the impertugable scout—"jest let me fix the thing, Ellit."

"Wetzel," said McColloch, "too much may be risked by sending out an insufficient force. Here comes the Colonel; we will hear what he has to say about it."

The Colonel, who now reappeared to announce that the horses were forthcoming, had Wetzel's objection to the original plan, and his desire to take the matter into his own hands, fully explained to him.

"What can you do by yourself?" asked the Colonel of Wetzel.

"Why, Colonel, I will do all that I can. I'll get the poor child out of their red paws, if I have to follow the skulking dogs all the way to the Sandusky towns."

"But you should have help," remarked the Colonel.

"Colonel, you aint a gitting jubous of me, I hope, at this late day? Did you ever know Lewis Wetzel to act the fool when red-skins were about? Now, if we want to fetch back poor Rose, we must go about the business like true Indian hunters—not like fox hunters."

"Do you think you can bring the child back in safety, Lewis?" seriously asked Col. Zane.

"I can't promise sartingly, Colonel; but I know full well that I can do more toward it by myself than I can with a pack of noisy fellows along with me."

"Wetzel is right," said the Colonel, after he had revolved the question in his mind. "In an affair of this kind, I have never found him wrong. Major McColloch, we will commit the business to him alone."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Colonel!" exclaimed Wetzel, whose eyes now suddenly brightened with hope and joy—"I'll give a good account of myself."

"I shall go with you, Lewis," said Elliot, impatiently—"I will go at the risk of my life!"

"So you may," replied the hunter, "you will do no harm. You wont be headstrong, because you're a green hand, and will have to do jest as I tell you. Beside, you ought to help Rose out of the bad box your foolery got her into."

"Where do you purpose going?" asked Col. Zane.

"Straight to the mouth of Short creek; that's the pint Old Cross-Fire always crosses at. It is gitting fur now into the arternoon, so we'll have to be brisk. Ellit, is your rifle and all your fixins in good order?"

"All right," responded the youth.

"Then, come, let's be off."

The two adventurers shouldered their fire-locks, and as they passed through the gate of the fortification, many a brief prayer for their success was uttered by the inmates of the fort; all of whom had been deeply interested auditors of the conversation above related. They pursued a well-beaten path four or five miles up the bank of the river, until they reached the month of a large run, which emptied itself into the Ohio, immediately opposite a small island in the latter stream. Here, nature appeared in her wildest aspect.

"This is a suspicious looking place," observed Elliot.

"Not a bit," said Wetzel. "There haint been an Indian here for a long, long time. A good while back, this was a famous place for 'em to cross over in their canoes; and many's the time I've laid for days and nights at a stretch, on the point of that little island yander, watching the motions of the red-skins, to git a chance to diddle their hides with my old woman here,"—and the hunter patted the breech of his gun with manifest affection. "Old Cross-Fire," he continued, "used to paddle over, hereabouts; but me and him have had so many cracks at each other, along yander, that he's got afeared to ventur his old red hide in this quarter, any more. He's got his ferry at Short creek, now; and there's where we'll have to nail him."

"Do you think the old fellow himself carried off Rose?" interrogated Elliot.

"Jist as sartin he did as my name's Lewis Wetzel."

"Then, Lewis, I am resolved that my rifle shall kill the infernal old scoundrel!"

"Tut, tut, Ellit! Do jest as I tell you; I didn't fetch you along to talk that way. Boy, there's nary man in this part of the univarse that I'd trust with Old Cross-Fire."

"But if a fair chance should offer, Lewis, why may I not as well pull at him?"

"Becase it wouldn't be of no use at all; for it runs strong in my head that powder and lead can't kill him. My old woman here has tried so often to nush his jaw without doing it, that I've made up my mind to try him some other way. He's got a charmed life—that's a clear case!"

"Fudge, Lewis! Do you believe in such old woman's stories?"

"Well, I don't know that I do, as a gineral thing; but I must say that I've satisfied myself that Old Cross-Fire is proof agin rifle balls, any how. But we must move along quicker, Ellit.—We're only half way to Short creek, and we have not a minute's time to spare."

"I can keep up with you—move along," said the youth.

"It is high time to quit talking, now," observed the elder hunter, in a softened tone, after they had left the run some distance in their rear. "A body has to be quiet when he gits about the Indians, or they'll be mighty apt to git about him."

Elliot promised to keep silence. The two hunters now quickened their pace, though care was taken to bring their feet to the ground as lightly as possible. Wetzel, who walked before his youthful companion, continually glanced his well practiced eyes around him, penetrating the mazes of the forest on every side. He moved with surprising stillness, and never uttered a syllable, unless it might have been to check his comrade for making unnecessary noise.

When the hunters reached the mouth of Short creek, the sun was nearly ready to disappear behind the bold heights on the opposite shore of the Ohio. The banks of the creek, at its confluence with the river, were abrupt, though not high, and covered even to their extreme borders with a luxurient growth of pawpaws. The outer edge of the beach of either stream was dry and sandy; but a wide strip of wet and unctious earth next to the water's edge, had been exposed to view by the recent subsidence of a freshet.

"This is the eend of our tramp," whispered Wetzel to his companion. They were then standing at the lower angle of the junction of the streams—screened, however, from observation by the thick pawpaw grove which extended to the verge of the precipice.

"What is to be done now?" asked the youth, in a low whisper.

"I'll see," said Wetzel. "You stay where you are, and do not budge a peg, nor make a bit of noise, while I go and look around a little."

He cautiously drew the branches aside, and glided through the bushes with a quietness peculiar to the skilful Indian hunter. After an absence of several minutes he returned, and made a signal to Elliot to follow him. The latter stepped forward as cautiously as he could, and accompanied Lewis a few rods up the creek bank, when the elder hunter called the attention of his companion to the stumps of two bushes, on which the recent marks of the hatchet were visible.

"This one," whispered Wetzel, stooping down to the nearer stump, "was cut by Old Cross-Fire himself."

"How do you know that?" inquired Elliot.

"Can't you see that it was cut by a left-handed man? The highest pint of a stump is always where the heel of the hatchet cuts it; and that high pint is next to us on this stump and on the left side."

"I understand you," said the youth. "Your reasoning is conclusive that the bush was cut by a left-handed man."

"Now look at the other stump," resumed Wetzel, "and give me your idea about that."

Elliot carefully examined the second stump, and ventured his opinion promptly.

"This one," said he, "was cut by a right-handed man, because the highest point of the stump is on the right side."

"That's right, Ellit, I've larnt you that much, and it's worth minding, too."

"Why is the information so valuable?"

"It's valuable on this account, Ellit; you see it shows us that there have been at least two red-skins here—one left-handed and one right-handed one. The left-handed one is Old Cross-Fire, he is the only left-handed man I know of in these parts; and the other, I judge, is one of his hangers-on."

"But might there not have been more than two, Lewis?"

"So there might, but we can't tell," said Wetzel, as he moved near the bank and cast his keen eyes upon the bosom of the water. "There's another diskivery I've made," he added. "Do you see that little green twig in the creek there?"

Elliot glanced his eye in the direction denoted by his comrade's finger, and answered in the affirmative.

"Well, Ellit, that little twig is fast to Old Cross-Fire's canoe, which is there sunk in the water; and I arger that these bushes here were cut to make forks to fasten it to the bottom."

"Very likely," said Elliot.

"And I now arger that there might have been one or more Indians taking care of the canoe, while the old dog and his imp come ashore to cut the forks."

"You reason like a philoshpher, Lewis. I will soon become an expert hunter, under your tutorage."

"Now, Ellit," said the scout, "you go back to your old place and keep quiet, and have a bright look-out, while I slip around the pint of that hill and see what's going on. Only be quiet, and do as I tell you. I'll be back before you get uneasy."

The two hunters separated: Elliot to seek his original cover, and the other to obtain some information of the expected enemy. The former examined the priming of his gun, and satisfied himself that every thing was in proper order for service. He seated himself upon the ground and kept remarkably quiet—busying his mind most of the time, in fancying the situation of Rose. Sometimes he was ready to conclude that she had fallen a victim to savage cruelty, but he endeavored to dispel such gloomy ideas from his mind, and contemplate only the brighter side of the picture.—He was unhappy, however, in spite of his efforts to restore his spirits to their wonted buoyancy.—In the midst of his meditations, he felt something strike him upon the shoulder from behind. He sprang upon his feet and discovered Lewis Wetzel standing near him.

"It's well I aint an Indian!" said the latter.

Elliot was much mortified to think that he had allowed himself to be surprised so easily.

"Lewis, you have learned me another lesson," said he, "and I shall profit by it."

"See that you do, Ellit," replied Wetzel, in a low voice. "You must be quiet, now," he added in a whisper.

"Did you see any thing?" asked Elliot.

"Yes; they are coming!"

"Who?"

"Old Cross-Fire, and three others."

"And Rose?"

"She's safe enough, riding the little white poney, and Old Cross-Fire is leading it along."

"Lewis, I'll shoot the impudent scoundrel, if I die for it!" muttered the youth; and he clenched his teeth with rage.

"Hush, Ellit, hush! Do as I tell you, and all will be well. Crouch down as low as you can, and be quiet."

"The old red-skinned wretch!" growled the young hunter.

"Be easy, boy!" said Wetzel; "he is not to be shot, I tell you. I'll attend to him. Ellit, you are gitting feverish; I see it on you a'ready.—Keep cool—keep cool—or you can never shoot to kill."

The eye of Wetzel was quick to perceive that his youthful comrade was laboring under some nervous excitement, occasioned by the novelty and probable danger of the situation in which he was placed.

"I'll be cool presently," he replied.

"Only do as I tell you, Ellit. Lay low, and draw your breath easy; and don't whisper another word, as you value your life, and Rose's too."

Some time elapsed before either made the slightest motion. At length, the tramping of the poney, approaching the creek, was distinctly heard; and Elliot made a motion toward raising his head to obtain a sight of Rose, but his purpose was promptly thwarted by the brawny arm of his companion, who breathed, rather than whispered, in his ear, his favorite injunction, "Be quiet!"

Wetzel's head was placed behind a cluster of green leaves, through the interstices of which he was enabled to obtain a view of the shore of the creek, opposite the place at which the canoe was sunk. He observed Old Cross-Fire conduct the poney to the margin of the bank, at which place he lifted his captive to the ground. The sobbing of Rose, at this time, was quite audible. As the sounds fell upon Elliot's ear, he trembled with emotion; and might have infringed Wetzel's order, had not the latter, anticipating something of the kind, turned his face toward him, and frowned him into silence.

Old Cross-Fire, setting no store upon Rose's saddle, merely stripped the poney of its bridle, which he slapped across the animal's back, and with a second swing threw it upon the beach below him. The poney cantered into the bushes, where it soon commenced feeding upon the wild grass at its feet. In another moment, the Indians had lifted Rose down the declivity, and their whole party appeared on the beach. Two of them waded into the creek as far as the twig which had been observed by Wetzel, where they plunged their arms into the water, and each drew forth a wooden fork. Their canoe immediately rose to the surface. Dexterously throwing out the water it contained, they pushed it to the shore, where Old Cross-Fire and the other warrior had remained to stand guard over Rose. The fair captive was then placed in the bow of the canoe; one of the

Indians seated himself about its centre; while another drew forth the paddle, stood erect in the stern, and pushed off. The old chief and one Indian remained on the beach, probably to wait the return of the canoe.

All these motions were distinctly observed by Wetzel, who quickly matured his own plans. The moment the canoe was pushed off, he made signs to Elliot to be in readiness.

"Aim!" said he, in a scarcely audible whisper, "at the fellow in the middle of the canoe. Pint directly at his body, and don't pull till I give the word."

Elliot directed the muzzle of his gun towards the water, and just then had his first view of the enemy. The sight of Rose slightly disconcerted him; but summoning all his manly energies into action, he cocked his rifle, and took accurate aim at the designated object. Wetzel, meanwhile, graduated his piece in nearly the same line of sight; and, at the same instant the canoe reached the mouth of the creek, he gave the word, in a clear whisper—"Pull!"

Both rifles firing precisely at the same moment, blending their reports so admirably that the ear could not have distinguished two separate discharges. Both Indians fell: the one in the centre of the craft dropped on its bottom; but the other, who had been standing upright in the stern, capsized the canoe in falling over. This was a contingency which Wetzel had, perhaps, not contemplated. He was prompt, however, in meeting it.

"Plunge in" he whispered to Elliot, who had already made up his mind to do so, regardless of consequences. The youth dropped his rifle, and at one bound was over the bank, and at another in the water. He plied his limbs with almost superhuman strength. A shot was fired on the shore, but he scarcely heard it, so eagerly was he bent upon saving Rose from the frightful death by which she was threatened. For a short period after Rose had been thrown into the water, her dress buoyed her upon its surface. Gradually, however, it became saturated with the element, and in turn exercised an opposite influence. She was nearly exhausted when Elliot came to her relief. The youth brought the unconscious girl to the shore, and placed her in a position adapted to restore animation to her system.

Before Elliot had swam far from the shore Lewis Wetzel, with a celerity of motion peculiar to himself, had reloaded his rifle, and stealthily placed himself at the edge of the precipice, nearly over the two Indians who yet remained on the beach. The comrade of Old Cross-Fire had already raised his gun to his shoulder to fire at Elliot, when Wetzel gained his new position. The rapid motion of the youth, however, plowing his way through the water, somewhat baffled the savage; and before he had time to draw a satisfactory sight upon the swimmer, a ball from Lewis Wetzel's rifle pierced the Mingo's heart. At this moment, Old Cross-Fire was standing near his companion; his keen black eyes were directed toward the spot from which the two first shots were fired. His ample chest heaved from the working of the furies within; his nostrils were relaxed and distended alternately, and his giant frame was braced up to its full height. His ponderous rifle was held by his right hand, across the front of his body, ready to be placed in his left shoulder at a moment's notice.

As soon as Wetzel fired his last shot, and before the Mingo chief had time to make a motion toward retreating, he dropped his gun, and leaped over the bank, with the fury of a tiger, upon his long-sought enemy. The force with which he sprang upon Old Cross-Fire laid the savage at full length upon the beach, with one arm and a portion of his body buried in the mire. Wetzel himself sunk to his thighs in the mud, and found it impossible to extricate himself. He had, however, the advantage of the Indian, for the latter was lying prostrate, somewhat stunned by his fall, and deprived moreover of the use of one of his arms. The hunter, whose side was now placed against the breast of the old chief, finding that his antagonist was reviving, seized his knife, and was about to plunge it to his heart, when the latter, by a sweep of his long arm, encircled Wetzel's body, and nearly crushed him to death. The scout made several attempts to use his knife, but the excruciating pain he experienced from the iron hug of the Mingo, paralyzed his powers of action. At length Old Cross-Fire made a tremendous effort to turn himself; and in doing so relaxed his arm in some measure, which enabled Wetzel to inflict a deep stab in the chieftain's side, from which the red current of life spouted freely. The savage uttered a yell of anguish, and his arm fell powerless by his side. Wetzel continued to use his knife until the vital spark no longer animated the breast of his victim. The dead body of the Mingo chief served the purpose of aiding the victorious hunter in extricating his legs from the mire. He secured the scalps of Old Cross-Fire and his comrade—the bodies of the two Indians first killed having sunk to the bottom of the river.

It was now night, but the moon was up, and the stars shone brightly. Wetzel went in search of Elliot and Rose. He found the latter much revived, and the youth was tenderly supporting her weakened frame, and making her sensible of the leading events we have related. She expressed a wish to proceed home immediately. Lewis, after a short search, found both the poney and its bridle. Rose was placed in the saddle, and the party returned in safety to the Fort.

Sunday Reading.

God.—There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain bless Him—the insects sport in His beams—the elephant salutes Him with the rising orb of day—the bird sings Him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims Him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, "There is no God."

Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you may see at once all the hours of the day and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars and a night covered with clouds; meadows enameled with flowers, forests hoary with snow, fields gilded by the tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of evening, re-appear at the same instant, fresh and humid, with the rosy dew of morning? At every instant of the day, the glorious orb is at once rising, resplendant at noonday, and setting in the west; or rather, our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east, or south, or west in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendor is perhaps that which nature can best present that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits at the same time a shining image of the glorious Trinity.—*Chateaubriand.*

European Fashions.

Fashions for June.

From the London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.

Foulards are very fashionable this season, and seem quite to replace the mousselines de laine; they are chines, &c.; the taffetas de chine is also a most useful material and is made in stripes and various patterns, and shades of every color; watered silks are also very fashionable. Muslins and organdy are ornamented with inlets and embroidered entablieu of echelle. Redingotes of muslin are also much ornamented by inlets. With these dresses the sleeves are of moderate fullness with deep wristbands; the make of sleeves depends on the material; there are three styles principally used: if silk or thick material they are tight, the top variously ornamented for muslin or light material the demi gigots and the Amedis are used. The redingote form of body and the tight half-high corsage are very fashionable for morning wear; in evening dress the cordage grand mere corsage a la Niobe and a la Vierge. Flounces, tucks, blais, fringe, ruches, gimp trimming, also vary with the material.

For walking dresses, scarfs of taffetas, glaces of light colors have three folds on the shoulders and back, confined by bands of gimp. Muslin scarfs are with embroideries a jours, or with inlets. Black lace scarfs are fashionable, as also those of filet.

Fichus and connezous are very much worn; some are with short sleeves, and form a neat finish to a silk dress. Summer mantelets of pink or blue levantine glace with white and lined taffetas are trimmed all round with pink and white gimp, and fringes of the same color. Mantelets of embroidered muslins are lined with pink and trimmed with lace, and those of lilac poult de soie are lined with white and embroidered with white silk, with cordelleres of white and lilac.

In bonnets all the lighter materials are now in requisition, crapes, tulles, lace, organdy, tissue de soie, &c. &c.; paille, pink, blue and white, are the favorite colors, and feathers in various styles, with flowers are the favorite trimmings. The cape form is still very general, but the fronts are not quite so round as they have hitherto been worn, they partake more of an oval form.

Selected Miscellany.

An Excellent Schoolmaster.

The following capital story of a N. York Schoolmaster, must have fitted him for operations on an extended scale, is given in an exchange paper:

"I heard of one of your Committees interfering with a vengeance, and turning out a Schoolmaster for committing enormities in the way of illustrating his lessons. It appears that he had enlisted the feelings of pupils in natural philosophy, and tried to get some apparatus, but was told to do the teaching and leave the nonsense.—But nothing daunted, he got some apparatus himself, and told the boys if they would bring him a mouse or two the next day, he would show them the effects of nitrogen gas upon them. The next day came the committee to reprove him, because, forsooth, the boys in their eagerness to learn, had been up all night trying to catch mice for their master, and disturbing the house! He promised to do better, but when he came to astronomy, he committed a more atrocious crime—for being deficient of an Orrery, he took the biggest boy in the school, and placing him in the middle for the Sun, told him how to turn round and round on his axis, as the sun did; then he placed a little fellow for Mercury; next to him a girl, for Venus; then a representation of the Earth; then a fiery little fellow for Mars, and so on, till he got all the planetary system arranged, and explained to each how fast he was to go, and how many times to turn on his heel, as he went round his orbit.

"Then giving the signal, the sun commenced revolving and away went the whole team of planets around him, each boy keeping his proper distance from the centre, trotting with the proper velocity in his orbit and whirling around in due proportion as he performed his revolution. It must have been a rare sight, and a lesson which the boys retained; for do you think, my dear sir, that John, who represented Mercury, would ever forget that he had an easy time walking round the lubber in the centre, while Will, who represented Herschell, must have been out of breath in scampering around his orbit!

"But if the boys did not forget the lesson, neither did the master; for, horrified, the Committee dismissed him at once—he had been teaching, for aught they knew, the dance of the Turkish dervishes.

Uses of Tobacco.—Passing up Arch street yesterday, (says the Philadelphia North American,) we noticed men throwing tobacco juice upon the Linden trees to destroy the worms. Cold water would not do this, and therefore a decoction of the weed is used because it is effectual in its work. Of course, there is some deleterious substance in tobacco, or it would not be applied to this purpose. Yet the very article men use to poison noxious insects, they chew and snuff and smoke with the keenest gusto. Doubtless the saliva of a tobacco chewer would effectually kill the canker worm. Yet one from the dead would hardly convince such a man that the use of this deleterious weed impregnates his blood and impairs the vigor of his constitution. So the devotees of tobacco will continue to "go ahead," and turn up their noses at this sort of lay preaching.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Soda Water.—An English Chemist lately lecturing at the Royal Institution, said that the great majority of the article sold as *soda water*, does not contain one grain of soda, but is merely plain water, impregnated with carbonic acid gas; not because soda is too expensive an article, but because the apparatus for forcing the gas into the water costs about $75, whereas, the cost of the machinery, requisite to prepare a solution of soda, is from 3 to $4,000.—*Boston Journal.*

Romance in Real Life.

The following details are as strange as they are true. In the neighborhood of Gloucester, a young lady, of highly respectable connections, has experienced a series of reverses in the cause of the heart's best affection seldom equalled. A gentleman, of some station in society, became by accident acquainted with the maiden to whom we allude, and, their affection becoming reciprocal, the day was fixed for their union, which was to have taken place in the city of Gloucester. Agreeably with this arrangement, and as the match was a desirable one, her parent parted with a lucrative business in the country, on which she and her mother lived in respectability and comfort, and went to Gloucester, intending to settle. The day for the celebration of the wedding arrived; but, alas! the bridegroom came not; his parents had peremptorily forbidden the match, and he was already, by their contrivance, on the seas, bound for Jamaica. A letter reached the poor girl, but to confirm her fears; his parent's consent had been withheld, and he had suddenly left the seaport town in the west of England, where he resided, not a faithless, but an unhappy lover.

Time passed, and industry on the part of the hapless girl but ill supplied the loss of the comparative independence herself and family had left when they came to Gloucester, with the view, and indulging the hopes to which we have alluded, and though blighted in heart, she cheerfully succeeded in helping to support her decrepit mother and aunt in comfort.

Time, the gentle softener of affliction, had many a long day cast its dimming shadow over the great event of her life, and nothing more had been heard of her absent lover, till a week or two ago, when to her astonishment and delight, she received a letter from him, breathing the devotedness and constant attachment, and vows of unaltered affection, not the less welcome, though wafted across the seas. Another followed, begging forgiveness for the former apparent neglect—and still another, the last accompanied by the consent of the parents of the absent one. The poor girl's hopes were at the highest point of anxiety, when she received a still more welcome epistle, assuring her that her lover had landed at Falmouth, and was hastening to perform his neglected promise. The day was looked forward to with delight; it came—and with it the dark tidings of the grave!—her lover had been suddenly seized with illness the night before his departure for the city of Gloucester; he was a corpse before the morning! As a melancholy satisfaction to the poor disappointed girl, the mother of the intended bridegroom visited her immediately, when his mother confessed that her son had been an involuntary exile, and would have remained so, had not his parents, whom he loved and respected, given their consent to his union; after frequent communications his parents assented, and he instantly quitted Jamaica to claim the hand of his first love; hastening to meet her, death ruthlessly arrested his progress before he had been many hours on his native shore. As a proof of the sincerity of his attachment, the lover, in the hour of dissolution, bequeathed to his bride elect £2,000.—*Hartford (Ct.) Times.*

Yankee Energy.—A few days since a gentleman of this city was standing near the Canal at Coeymans, when he saw a small yawl boat approaching him, propelled by a lad about 17 years of age. The boat contained also the boy's mother, six sisters, and a small brother. Our friend asked him where he was from and where bound; and was answered in substance as follows:

"We are from Ohio; my father died there, and as we were nearly destitute, mother thought we had better go back to Saybrook, Conn., where we used to live, so we raised money enough to get this boat, and started from Ohio last fall. We came through Lake Erie and got into the Canal, where we were stopped by the ice; and during the winter we hauled our boat up by the side of the Canal, where we remained till the ice broke up.—Sometimes we were considerably cold and at other times were sick a little, but on the whole we all get along right smart. We shall go down the North River and up the Sound to Saybrook."

During this conversation our friend was walking along the margin of the Canal, our noble Yankee boy being unwilling to lose any time, kept constantly propelling his boat forward, the young brother, a lad of only 7 or 8 years of age, steering the craft. It was Sunday morning, and the mother and daughters were clad in their Sabbath suits, and engaged in reading. A small furnace was standing on the deck of the boat, and a sail, snugly stowed, was lying fore and aft. The few cooking utensils, bedding, and clothing belonging to this poor family, were securely placed under the deck.

Here is an instance of industry and perseverance, which commends itself to the notice of the rising generation—aye, and the present one too. No doubt if this boy lives, he will yet make a stir in the world, and if we knew his name we would publish it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Changes of Words.

The proper indefinite article in English is *an;* an book or an egg: an apple or an pear. When we say, as we do now, "a pear," we have lost the *n* in an. We do not add *n* when we say an apple. The grammar tells us *a* is made *an* before a vowel. It is not so. *An* is made *a* before a consonant.—The *n* is dropped. *An* is the indefinite article, in the German *ein*, and in the French *un;* in these languages the *n* is dropped as in English. The numeral *one* is the same word; and an apple means one apple. We may often hear foreigners talk about giving one shilling to a man, for a shilling, or seeing one play, for a play. In the same way we are told that in forming the plural of lady, *y* is changed to *ie*. Now, this is not the right way of putting it. The old way of spelling lady is ladie, and the plural, of course, ladies. Well, in the plural the old way is kept; no change is made. But in the singular, the *ie* has been altered to *y;* so that it is the singular, not the plural, that has been changed. Now, we spell the plural of day, *days*, but formerly it was daies, and the possessive singular, daies, also.

In many languages there is a transition, not altogether unnatural, from lowness of condition to lowness of character. It is so in Greek, and it is so in English. A *villain* was originally only a *villainus*, or inhabitant of the ville, dependent on the great man or lord of the soil; now a villain is a *knave*. But a knave was formerly only a servant, nay, before that, only a boy. The German *knaba* is now a boy, but the English, after becoming a servant, is now a rogue. Wickliffe's version of the Bible has "Paul, a *knave* of Jesus Christ," that is, a servant. In the same way, tho' *colere*, in Latin, meant to till the land, and *colonus* a tiller of the land, the English *clown* means not merely a countryman, but a countrified or rustic man. So, though the German *bauen* means to till the land, and *bauer* a countryman or peasant, the English *boor*, which is the same word, means more, and implies something of the clown, and the adjectives boorish and clownish are nearly synonymous. In the word neighbor, that is, *nigh-boor*, the word has lost its peculiar meaning. Now, on the other hand, while countrified, clownish, boorish and rustic, implies something coarse, citified implies something polite, as we see in the word *urbane*, from *urbs*, "city," or civil, from *civis*, "a citizen."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Remarkable Anagram.—Among all the extraordinary anagrams of sentences, to which the acts or history of General Harrison has yet given rise, can any thing equal the following, which the Northampton (Mass.) Courier has "sought out and sat in order?"

General William Henry Harrison,
President of the United States,
Died at Washington City,
April the Fourth,
In the year of
Our Lord,
One
Thousand Eight Hundred
And Forty
One.

The foregoing is composed from the letters found in the following words, which were the last ever uttered by our late Chief Magistrate. 'Tis no more singular than true:

"Sir—I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out—I ask nothing more."

An Editor.—The conductor of a public press should be an ardent lover of truth. From the suggestions of prejudice, the impulses of passion, he should ever repair to the quiet shrine of this divinity, and laying the richest offerings of his intellect on her altar, listen with more than Oriential devotion to her dictates. Every decision she may utter should be treasured in his heart, as a jewel of priceless worth, and even her softest whisper should linger in his memory, as the last words of one whose virtues have passed under the seal of immortality.—*North American.*

Singular Matrimonial Alliance.

M. Guizot, when about his twentieth year, made his literary debut in the pages of a Paris periodical, then under the editorial care of a young lady of noble family, but who, having lost her father and most influential relatives—some of them by natural death, and others by the guillotine—was obliged to employ her talents and learning, which were great, in writing, for the support of herself and those who were dependent on her. To the publication conducted by this lady, M. Guizot sent contributions every month. These elicited expressions of warm admiration from the pen of the fair editor, and were read with gratification by the public. Still no one had the slightest idea from what quarter they proceeded. It so happened that about this time the lady was taken seriously ill, and of course obliged to suspend for a time all literary labor. M. Guizot having accidentally become aware of the circumstance, conveyed an anonymous intimation to her, that he (the correspondent whose writings she had so often praised) would furnish all the requisite matter for publication until she had sufficiently recovered to resume her editorial duties; and most ably and faithfully did he fulfil his promise. The lady felt, on her restoration to health, that her noble minded unknown friend had been the salvation of her work and in some measure of her fortunes. Soon afterward, they chanced to meet in the house of a mutual friend, but without the lady having the slightest idea that the correspondent to whom she was so deeply indebted was present. In the fulness of her heart, she then and there, as she was in the habit of doing in every company in which she chanced to mix, gave utterance to her gratitude, accompanying it with expressions of the deepest regret that she had not the happiness of knowing the generous individual to whom she was laid under such infinite obligations.

The reader is left to imagine what must have been M. Guizot's feelings, while all this was passing in his presence. The lapse of time, so far from deadening the lady's sense of gratitude to the friend who had so gallantly rushed to her aid in the hour of need, only served to deepen the feelings, and to impart an additional intensity to her desire to have an opportunity of thanking him in person. With this view, she inserted a paragraph in her publication, imploring her benefactor—for such as well as friend she considered him to be—to communicate his address to her. The notice appeared at certain intervals, without eliciting the desired information. At length, seeing she persisted in repeating it, as if resolved not to be defeated in an object so dear to her heart, M. Guizot forwarded his address to the office of the lady's publication. A personal interview between the parties was the result. The formation of mutual friendship followed; that friendship soon ripened into reciprocal love; and that love, after the lapse of a limited period of time, was crowned and consummated at the hymenial altar. One would explore in vain the almost boundless regions of romance in quest of a matrimonial union having been formed under more singular circumstances.

The Ladies.—It is the delight of some "musty old fellows" to find fault with almost every thing the ladies do—it is of no use, however, nobody cares for such "fellows"—the "dear creatures" always have the support of the *press*, and that is enough. Now there is a neat and very useful little article called "sun screens," much used by the ladies, for which the brazen-faced starer takes the liberty of abusing them; and the audacity is not confined to this city, as will appear by the subjoined, from the gallant editor of the Philadelphia North American, to whose sentiments we most heartily respond:—[*N. Y. Star.*

Sun Screens.—Some captious people are disposed to quarrel with these little articles of personal comfort, used by the ladies. In our estimation, they are not merely convenient, but decidedly the handsome thing. In this city they are indispensable. The rays of the sun would burn the fair skin and make the face of a sweet girl glow with unnatural fire, in traversing any of the avenues leading westward during the afternoon. No one can doubt their utility, and it is only the impudent, who can object to such a delicate screen to shield the timid from the gaze of the rude starer. Behind them a lady can hide herself when she wishes not to give the "cut direct," and there Cupid can "execute" in a most scientific manner. Full blue eyes or piercing black ones, gleaming from behind a beautiful sun screen, may inflict wounds which neither the physician's skill, nor

the surgeon's art, can ever heal. It is only in opposition to this species of refined cruelty, that we are disposed to "file a bill" against ladies "Sun Screens."

BENTHAM'S BEQUEST.—Jeremy Bentham, with a real love of science, bequeathed his body to his friend, Dr. Southwood Smith, a kindred spirit, and a highly gifted and philosophical writer; and the worthy doctor took the best possible way of honoring the glorious old philosopher. He had the head, with all the integuments, preserved after the manner of the South Sea Islanders; and he employed a skilful artist to model the face and head, (in composition) so as to obtain an exact likeness, and to make it resemble the living man. This the artist has succeeded in; the features are placid and reflective, and beam with the purest benevolence and philanthropy, such as once animated the original; and what adds to the illusion is, that Bentham's own hair is fixed on the modeled likeness. It is white and long, and of a particularly fine texture, and hangs most gracefully over the shoulders of the divine old man. This work of art is affixed to the real skeleton, which is dressed in the last suit of clothes worn by this illustrious philosopher, and they are stuffed out so as to fill them; he is placed in a sitting posture, resting the right hand on a stick, and the left hand in a natural easy posture on his left knee; and to give a finish to the whole, his broad-brim hat is placed on his head, just as he was wont to sit on a bench in the Temple gardens, contemplating some of those truths which only now begin to be appreciated. A plain, solid, richly-colored Spanish mahogany cabinet encloses the rich relic of one of nature's nobility, and we gaze on the face of this political prophet, through the large plate glass, which is so placed that the light falls on his features, and an observer is almost tempted to speak to him. A pair of folding doors secure the glass from any injury, and exclude the light when there is not a visitor.

MURAT AND THE COSSACKS.—The Novo-Tcherkars, a Russian journal, mentions the following historical fact: There has been found amongst the property of Colonel Tchernozoubof, deceased, a gold repeating watch, on the case of which are engraved the words, "Joachim Murat, Captain of Cavalry." A seal attached to the watch bears the inscription "Eleanory to Joachim—Forget me not." Tchernozoubof, in 1812, when a simple Cossack, received this watch from the King of Naples himself, on the eve of the battle of Borodino, on the following occasion: Murat, at the head of some squadrons of cavalry, was driving before him a cloud of Cossacks on the road to Mojaisk. Carried away by impetuosity, he found himself near a group within half pistol shot.—The Cossacks were about to fire at him, when Tchernozoubof, who had recognized him, exclaimed "present arms! hurrah! long live the King of the brave!" The Cossacks, astonished, obeyed the command. The King of Naples galloped up, and handed his watch to Tchernozoubof. The Hetman Platoff having been informed of this fact conferred the rank of officer on the soldier, and created him his aid-de-camp. The present Hetman Vlassof wished to purchase this watch, in order to present it to the heir of the imperial throne, and offered 20,000 rubles for it; but nothing could persuabe Tchernozoubof's family to part with the glorious relic.

AN INDIAN MOTHER.—Extract from the third volume of Mr. Bancroft's History:—"If a mother lost her babe, she would cover it with bark, and envelope it with the softest beaver-skins; at the burial she would put by its side its cradle, its beads, and its rattles; and as a last service of maternal love, would draw milk from her bosom in a cup of bark, and burn it at the fire, that her infant might still find nourishment in the land of shades. Yet the new born babe would be buried, not, as usual, on a scaffold, but by the way side, that so its spirit might secretly steal into the bosom of some passing matron, and be born again under happier auspices. On burying her daughter, the Chippewa mother adds, not snow shoes, beads and moccasins only, but (sad emblems of woman's lot in the wilderness,) the carrying belt and the paddle. "I know my daughter will be restored to me," she once said, as she clipped a lock of hair as a memorial. "by this lock of hair I shall discover her, for I shall take it with me," alluding to the day when she too, with her carrying belt and paddle, and the little relic of her child, should pass through the grave to the dwelling place of her ancestors."

A SKIM MILK CHEESE WITH A VENGEANCE.—Up at the west end of the city, there is a good natured, fun-making negro, named "Parsis," who hovers round the grocery stores in that neighborhood rather more than is desirable. Like many other gentlemen of color, he prides himself upon the thickness of his skull, and he is always up for a bet upon his butting powers; and well he may be, for his head is hard enough for a battering ram. The other day he made a bet in a store that he could butt in the head of a flour barrel, and he succeeded. He then took up a bet to drive it through a very large cheese, which was to be covered with a crash cloth, to keep his wool clear of cheese crumbs. The cheese thus enveloped, was placed in a proper position, and Parsis, starting off like a locomotive, buried his head up to his ears in the inviting target. Parsis now began to feel himself irresistible, and talked up "purty considerable." A plan, however, was soon contrived to take the conceit out of him. There being some grindstones in the store for sale, one of them was privately taken up, and wrapped up in the same manner as the cheese, and Parsis readily took another for ninepence, that he would put his head through it as easy as he sent it through the first. The interest of the spectators in the operation became intense. Every thing was carefully adjusted, and upon the word being given, Parsis darted off like an arrow at the ambushed grindstone; he struck it fair in the centre, and the next instant lay sprawling in the middle of the floor, upon which he recoiled. For some minutes he laid speechless, and then he raised himself slowly upon his knees, and scratching his head, said, with a squirming face—"Dam hard cheese, dat, massa; dey skim de milk too much altogether before dey make it; dat's a fac."—*Boston Post.*

THE GRINDSTONE CHEESE.—The Philadelphia Ledger of Friday contains our story of Parsis butting the grindstone, and credits it to the Picayune. Pic's a good 'un, but he can't have our nigger. Since his trial of strength with the grindstone, Parsis has made another unlucky experiment, by undertaking to bump his head against the ceiling of a low room. He sprung up like a rocket, and shot his head clean through the plaster and laths, but instantly the latter gathered round his neck, so that he was caught like a rat, and could not be unhung until a portion of the ceiling was cut away.—*Boston Post.*

O. K.—AWFUL CONDITION.—A correspondent of the Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer, in noticing the census of that town, says: "In the *juvenile* department I find 287 unmarried ladies between the ages of 16 and 30, and 406 between the ages of 10 and 16. To counterbalance that, we have but 48 young men of a marriageable age; but ten out of that number are in a situation that would justify their "taking the responsibility," five out of that number have determined to lead a life of *single blessedness*, and the remaining five are not worth having."

A "horrible state of society," truly."—*N. O. Pic.*

NO MORE TIGHT LACING.—The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer, states that tight lacing is "done for," in the French capital, the dress makers having introduced the fashion of going without corsets. Too good to be true, we fear. If it should, however, prove true, it will be one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on woman. Consumption will take unto itself wings; and the thousand other ills to which woman is heir, will be greatly mitigated and the health of females will be immeasurely improved, by allowing their forms freedom from all restraint, such as tight lacing.—*Sun.*

An Englishman having asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good, Pat replied "Yes, they are so fine that I wonder you do not import some of them into England. Let me see; there's the road to love, strewed with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honor, through the camp; to prison, through the law; to the undertaker's, through physic." "Have you any road to preferment?" said the Englishman. "Yes, faith, we have, but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

JUVENILE WIT.—"Oh dear!" blubbered an urchin, who had just been suffering from an application of the birch, "Oh my! they tell me about forty rods makes a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let 'em get such a plagey lickin as I've had, and they'll find that one rod makes an *acher*."

Milton's manuscripts at Cambridge.

Among Milton's manuscripts are outlines of various subjects, intended by the poet for tragedies! Sixty-two are scriptural subjects, thirty-two from English history, and five from Scottish history.—A 'century of inventions!' Such stupendous labor had the young poet marked out for himself! The Old Testament, as abounding in picturesque and striking incidents, furnished most of the scriptural plans; seven only are from the New Testament. One of these he entitles *Christus Patiens*, founded on the scene in the garden. 'His agony may receive noble expressions,' are the concluding words of this sketch; and noble they would have been if Milton, in the full maturity of his powers, had tasked himself to his high theme.—One of the poet's historical plans was wisely abandoned—the subject of Macbeth preoccupied by Shakspeare Milton proposed beginning at the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff, and he adds, 'The matter of Duncan may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost.' The splendid success of Shakspeare in the early and preternatural scenes of the play—heightened by the character of Lady Macbeth, a character superior in tragic power and terror to the grandest creations of the Grecian drama—must have deterred Milton independently of his respect for the unities of the drama, from the thought of commencing *before* the murder, or probably his severe classical taste would lead him to shun the representation of a murder on the stage. He did right, however, in not measuring swords with Shakspeare. 'Within that circle none durst walk but he.'

Milton's panoply of learning would have impeded his motions and contracted his power. Shakspeare, swift and unencumbered, like Ithuriel, with "touch of celestial temper," reached the heart at once. By a happy institution he achieved what even Aristotle admits to be the great end of tragedy—to excite admiration, compassion and sympathy. His moral is as just and complete as it is terrible. He trusted, not to classical taste and the unities, but to his command over the strong, ever-living passions of human nature shaping our actions and destiny, beating in every breast and agitating every frame. Milton would have found "fit audience but few." Shakspeare has civilized man in every country to melt at his tenderness and pity, kindle at his ardor, and shudder at his sublimity.—*Fraser's Magazine for May.*

INSANITY.—There are at present sixteen hospitals for the insane in the United States. These accommodate about 1800 patients, of whom a majority belonged to the old, incurable class, before they were removed to the hospitals. By the census of 1840, ascertained at the Department of State, the number of insane and idiotic reported in the United States, is 17,181; the population is 17,013,379, which gives one insane person to 990 inhabitants.—*Tribune.*

A preacher being requested to perform the last sad office for a young woman at the point of death, pressed her to believe that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven—"Then I am safe," replied the patient, "for I have been so long ailing, that I am nothing but skin and bone."

A drunken crew of sailors hearing the wind roar in the house in which they happened to be carousing, were so fully persuaded that they were on board a ship, and in danger of shipwreck, that they threw all the furniture out of the window under the idea that they were lightening the ship.

"Maint I see you home from meetin Peggy."—"No, you shan't do no such thing, I'm otherwise engaged." "Well, I swan, I guess you've miss'd it this time, for I've got my pockets chuck full of gingerbread." "You may take my arm, Jonathan."

I have seen enough of prating ignorance never to venerate wisdom but where it actually appears; I have received literary titles and distinctions myself, and by the quality of my own wisdom, know how very little wisdom they confer.—*Goldsmith.*

The greatest feat we have heard of late, is one performed by a circus rider out west, who enters his own eyes and comes out of his horse's ears.

"In danger from official interference," as the ulprit said when the sheriff was after him.

A piston rod is a first rate argument—it works both ways.

Pay not to fortune the regard you owe to merit.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1841.

☞ "The Reward of Dishonesty," an original tale, in our next.

Daguerreotype Portraits.

We were invited the other day by a gentleman of this city to call at a room in the National Hotel, fronting the Court House, and witness the process of transferring the image of a "human face divine" to a silvered plate, in a durable and as perfect a manner as it can be delineated by a mirror, and, true enough, we found Burns' wish—

"O, would some power the giftie gi'e us,
"To see ourse'ls as ithers see us,"

fully accomplished by the almost magical art of the Daguerreotype.

The great excellence of the art consists in its perfect truth to nature. The *contour* of the head—each feature, with a perfect expression of the drapery—even to the most minute button—are all brought out with more truth than the most practiced and skilful painter can ever hope to reach. The process by which this singular result is produced was perfected within the last year by a Mons. DAGUERRE, of Paris. After some 10 or 12 years study and practice he was enabled, by means of the *camera obscura*, to transfer to a silvered copper plate—chemically prepared—the perfect and permanent image of every object presented for its reflection—whether buildings, landscapes, human faces, or other objects.

The *modus operandi* is as follows: The "camera" is placed in a convenient position in the window, about as high as the head while sitting in a chair, with all the apparatus in a frame or box about 15 or 20 inches long by 6 or 8 square. Directly opposite the line of vision through the "camera," about 3 feet from it, was placed a chair having a slide in the back to keep the head in a natural and steady position. The person wishing his likeness taken places himself in such a position as he prefers, either for a profile or full view of the countenance. The apparatus is then adjusted, the plate fixed in the box, the slide removed—the person remaining in a fixed position for the space of from one to three minutes, he is told that the "deed is done," and directly after is presented with a perfect fac simile of himself, with his beauties or deformities staring him full in the face. As we said before, the *contour* of the head—each feature—folds of drapery—indeed every thing which could identify the individual, are brought out—"nothing extenuating and setting down nought in malice."

The gentlemen who perform these wonders at the National Hotel, are Messrs. J. & T. T. WOODRUFF, who will no doubt be happy to exhibit their art, and take any likenesses which may be wanted between 9 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon.

THE ARCTURUS.—We have just received the May and June numbers of the ARCTURUS, a monthly periodical, started in New York, a few months ago, designed as a "Journal of Books and Opinion." It is filled with well-written and commendably short articles, abounding in just sentiments and good humor. There is occasionally a page or two devoted to Old English Authors; among whom we notice Dr. DONNE, a name entirely unknown to those who have not read the beautiful and touching biography of this poet by old IZAAK WALTON. Those who would like a Magazine of sound and cheerful literature, and one which occasionally marks out a new path, will be pleased with the ARCTURUS. Terms, $5 per annum. BENJ. TREVETT, Publisher, 121 Fulton st., New York.

☞ A splendid Wedding "came off" at Montreal a short time since. The happy couple were a Mr. DESDARATS and a Miss SELBY. The ceremonies were conducted in the Roman Catholic form, and are said to have been witnessed by not less than five thousand persons. The bride was attended by twelve *filles d'honneur*, and the bridegroom by an equal number of *gracons d'honneur*. The beautiful and accomplished bride was attired in a magnificent dress of white flowered satin.—Her *filles d'honneur* were also dressed in white, with a wreath of white roses around their heads, and ample lace veils reaching to their heels.

THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.—By a law of this State, the Chancellor and Vice Chancellor may, upon application of the wife, by a sentence of nullity, declare void any contract heretofore or hereafter made, upon evidence of the following facts:

1. That the female was at the time of the alleged marriage under the age of fourteen years, and that such marriage was without the consent of her father, mother, guardian or other persons having the legal charge of her person, and was an offence on the part of the husband, under the statute, and punishable according to law.

2. That the marriage was not followed by consummation or cohabition, nor had been ratified by any mutual assent of the parties after the female had attained the age of fourteen years.

☞ Dow, Jr., who has been for some months preaching "Short Patent Sermons" throuh the eastern papers, has recently delivered a discourse from the text,

"If ye are honest, honorable men,
Go ye and—pay the Printer."

The discourse is made up of excellent advice, and had we occasion, we should publish it; but our subscribers are exceptions to newspaper *patrons* in general—they not only pay, but pay in advance.

GEOGRAPHICAL IGNORANCE.—The June number of the London Gentleman's Magazine, announces that "William Henry Harrison, President of the United States, died at his official residence at *Boston*, on the 4th of April." This is a curious example of ignorance of the geography of this country, very prevalent among all classes of the English, the educated as well as the vulgar.

AN EMINENT PRINTER.—The present King of Prussia, when crowned prince, had a private printing office of his own, and frequently put into type original remarks and passages with which he met in reading. He soon became a very good workman.

A COMPARISON.—The Louisville Journal, acknowledging the receipt of some asparagus, says "the size of the stalks is prodigious, and they are as tender as first love."

A correspondent of the Salem Register tells of an apple tree on the premises of Mr. Samuel Jones, in Topsfield, Mass., which last week bore a large white rose!

☞ Marryat has issued a new novel, by the name of Masterman Ready, or the Wreck of the Pacific. It is for the young, and is well spoken of by the press.

PRINTERS IN BUFFALO—are all to unite in a public dinner on the Fourth. We think it a good *measure* and one that can be well *justified*.

EFFECTS OF EMOTION.—It often happens that a slight emotion draws tears, which are frozen in their cells by stronger and deeper ones.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FACE.—There is no face so pleasant to behold, as the face that loves us.

☞ Fanny Elssler is *kicking* at New York.

Odds and Ends.

AN APOLOGY.—A well dressed young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, run his head against a young lady. He beg n to apologise. "Not a word, sir," cried she, "it is not hard enough to hurt any body."

When we see a sore eyed loafer, with green specks, step up to the bar and call for his glass of bitters—we guess if he would put his spectacles over his mouth and the liquor in his eyes, they would soon be well.

"Wha' for you no mind you wuck, dar, Sambo?" said Cuffee, "you darn lazy niggur! you always is more benefit den profit—I would n't give you your wittles for your clothes."

"I say, Mister, how came your eyes so all fired crooked?" "My eyes?" "Yes." "That came by setting between two pretty girls, and trying to look love to both at the same time."

Antisthenes was asked "what he got by his learning?" His reply was, that he could talk to himself without being beholden to others for the delight of good company.

Politicians make fools of themselves—pettifoggers will make fools of others, and women with pretty faces will always make fools both of themselves and the men.

The Ccos cc. (N. H.) Democrat says there is a member of the non-resistance society in Lancaster, who is so conscientious that he will not *tie his horse to a post!*

Virtue, like fire, turns all things into itself; our actions and our friendships are tinctured with it, and whatever it touches becomes amiable.—*Seneca.*

However white your teeth may be, be careful not to display them unnecessarily. An open mouth, a hanging jaw, and a display of grinders, has spoilt many a pretty face.

Two men melted the other day—one of them melted a piece of ice, the other a huge mouthful of shad, the first survived, the latter choked—the shad to death!

The thermometer got up so high on Tuesday week that we could n't reach it—and if the weather grows much warmer, we should n't be surprised if it went out of sight.

"Hallo, Mr. Engine man, can't ye stop your steamboat a minute or two?" "Stop the boat!—what for?" "Wife wants to look at your boiler, she's afraid of its burs ing."

The very latest case of modesty is that of a young lady who always wore green spectacles because she objected to looking at gentlemen with her naked eyes.

Dr. Franklin says that seven hours sleep is enough for a scholar, eight for a laborer, and nine for a *hog*.

CONSCIENCE.—The wounds of conscience never cicatrize, the wings of Time himself do not cool them, but his scythe opens them the wider.

When we see a loafer wending his way home with his skin full of liquor, and a bottle in each pocket, we guess he feels tolerably independent.

When we hear man and wife "my dearing" each other in public, we guess they use a good quantity of mustard at home.

Among three thousand one hundred and twenty five who die, it appears by the registers, there is only one person of one hundred years of age.

Every married woman should have a female friend whom she can consult about the best way of managing her husband.

A little negro girl, who lives in New Orleans, has a complete elephant's leg, from the knee joint down to the foot. The Crescent says this.

Tibe says there are three things indispensible to peace and tranquillity in these times; namely, to owe nothing, own nothing, and know nothing.

THE SCOTCHMAN'S PRAYER.—Keep my purse from the *lawyer*—and my body from the *doctor*—and my soul from the *devil*.

"I shall not die unheard," as the pig said when the butcher stuck him.

GOOD.—The Bunker Hill Aurora says that the pictures of Fanny Elssler give a *bare* idea of her.

A clock is a very *tick*-lish thing—more so than love, in our opinion.

The silliest men make the worst husbands.

MARRIAGEABLE LADIES are called *waiting* maids.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

To the Genesee.

Sweet is thy music, Genesee!
Fair River of the West!
There flows no other wave like thee,
On, to its ocean rest:
Here on thy banks, I oft commune with thee,
And list thy teachings, fairest Genesee!

The Red Man loved, wild Genesee!
To muse upon thy brow,
Or in light canoe to cut thee, free
As the bird skims o'er thee now:
And he taught with piercing yell, so wildly rude,
These mute, tall cliffs to break their solitude.

O then t' have gazed, proud Genesee!
On thy unbroken sway!
When the centuried forest chimed to thee,
As "all unpruned" it lay:
And th' old gray elm, untrained in artful grace,
Stretched its rude arms to paint them on thy face.

Thy primal beauty, Genesee!
As erst untouched, it smiled,
Swept by relentless industry,
Hath fled with Nature's child:
The city, heedless, plods o'er thy domain,
And clacking mills disturb thy peaceful reign.

Yet when th' young year, bold Genesee!
Bursts from its wintry chain,
Proud swells thy cataract voice on high,
And thunders bold complain:
Thine angry leap, and whirl, and vengeful roar
Fright guilty man, th' usurper on thy shore.

Yet avarice spares thee, Genesee!
One safe, unharmed retreat,
Hallowed by cliffs that talked with thee
When time's first measure beat:
Where moss-grown cedar bend perrennial near,
And mutual carols, fill the circling year.

Long as thy cliffs, bold Genesee!
Like crimsoned walls shall tower,
Long as yon cataract on high
Its dashing tide shall pour,
Thy nether stream, embowered, shall winding flow,
Calm as the rival haven that sleeps below.

Dread, though thy chasm, Genesee,
Thou lurest the bird to play
Familiar with thy majesty,
And lightly dip thy spray,
That, like a silvery canvass, floats so fair,
The sunbeams paint their arching glories there.

Flow on forever, Genesee!
There's gladness on thy brow;
The quiet Heaven doth look on thee,
Thou framest a heaven below:
Flow for the hearts that love thy deeper lore,
To the boundless sea, flow joyful evermore!

Rochester, June 11, 1841. QUINTIUS.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Ode to Friendship.

True Friendship, where do'st thou abide?
Say, is thy dwelling here?
Or do'st thou, lovely Nymph, reside,
In some remoter sphere?

Say, do'st thou dwell where glitt'ring dust
Her gilded sceptre sways?
Or art thou found where humble trust,
Reflects a brighter blaze?

Do Kings to thee their homage pay,
And worship at thy feet?
Or do'st thou fly before their sway,
To some secure retreat?

Can glit'ring gold, or spark'ling crowns,
Thy precious treasures gain?
Or art thou only to be found,
Where moral beauty reigns?

Is there a place beneath the sun,
Where thou can's't deign to move?
Or do'st thou choose thy course to run,
In brighter worlds above?

Art thou a native of the skies?
Then wing thy way to earth,
That we may see thy star arise,
And hail the glorious birth. M. C.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

To Lucinda.

Oh! take the rose; 'tis blighted
With premature decay;
And, like the heart you slighted,
It soon will fade away.

Thy hand its leaves may nourish,
Its withered stem sustain;
But yet 'twill never flourish,
Or bloom with life again.

And now, perchance, you'll cherish
The heart you spurned before:
But soon, O soon! 'twill perish,
Nor beat with sorrow more.

Then keep the rose; 'tis blighted
With premature decay;
And, like the heart you slighted,
It soon will fade away. S. C. B.

The Complaint of the Lungs.

Dear ladies, hear our sad complaint,
And pity our distress;
Too long we've borne our silent grief,
'Tis time to seek redress!

In cruel fetters bound we plead;
Oh! hear our feeble cry;
Your corsets vile, oppress us so,
We scarce can bear a sigh.

'Tis in our cells, the blood and air,
Indulge their warm embrace:
But scarcely have they room to meet,
While you so tightly lace.

Our neighbors too are sorely pressed,
And grievously complain:
We're forced to bear each other's woes,
And sympathise in pain.

The heart, you know, or ought to know,
Is pumping night and day,
To force the purple stream of life,
Throughout its circling way.

The stomach and the liver too,
Deserve not such abuse;
With ceaseless care they analyze,
And fit your food for use.

Oh! could you see our crippled state,
Our languid movements view,
You surely would not grieve us thus,
As thoughtlessly you do.

And why is all this rude attempt,
Your symmetry to change?
Can you correct your Maker's work,
Or better plans arrange?

The loveliest form that beauty wears,
Is woman fair in youth:
Her perfect shape, taste may adorn,
But not amend its truth.

Dear ladies, we entreat you then,
By all that's just in taste,
Oh! as you value life and health,
Give freedom to the waist.

Nathan Fay, of Massachusetts, was in early life married to a young, gay and beautiful, but high spirited girl with whom he lived but a year or two, their disposition being but illy fitted to render each other happy. Among his appers after his death, which happened about three years since, was found the following, which as a curiosisy, is worthy of preservation.

Mary's Elopement.

Just eighteen years go this day,
Attired in all her best array,
For she was airy, young nd gay,
And loved to make a grand display,
While I the the chrges would defray,
My "Gara Sposo" went astray—
By night eloping in a sleigh,
With one whose name begins with J.;
Resolved with me she would not stay,
And be subjected to my sway;
Because I wished her to obey,
Without reluctnce or del y,
And never interpose her nay,
Nor any secrets e'er betray.
But wives will sometimes have their wy,
And cause if possible, a fray.
Then who so obstinate as they?
She therefore left my bed for aye,
Before my hair had changed to gray,
Or I'd sustained the least decay,
Which caused at first some slight dismay,
For I considered it foul play.
Now where she's gone I cannot say,
For I've not seen her since the day
When Johnson took her in sleigh
To his seductive arts a prey,
And posted off to Canada.
Now when her conduct I survey,
And in the sc le of justice weigh,
Who can blame if I inveigh,
Against her to my dying day?
But live as long as life I my,
I've always purposed not to pay,
(Contract whatever debts she may)
A shilling for her: but I'll pray,
That when her body turns to clay,
As soon it must, without gainsay,
If mourning friends shall her convey
To yonder grave-yard, they'll not ly
Her carcass *near* mine—Nathan Fay.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

Flowers.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
Weep without sin, and blush without a crime;
Oh may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your love sublime!

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly artist,
With which thou paintest Nature's wide spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou imparte.t
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye flowers, tho' made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field, and wood, by day and night,
From every source, your presence bids me treasure,
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary,
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *'memento mori'*
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories!—angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth!

MARRIAGES.

On the 23d inst. at the Clinton House, by His Honor the Mayor, Mr. Edward Childs, to Miss Clarissa Burr, both of Madison county.

On the 15th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., by the Rev. Mr. Pharcellus Church, at the First Baptist Church, Mr. Henry F. Mc Glacklin, of Rochester, to Miss Bedjetha Fay, late of Troy, New York.

On the 21st inst., at 11 o'clock, at Col. James Gallery's, by the Rev. Mr. Van Zant, Francis, eldest son of the Hon. John Bowman, of Clarkson, to Ann Maria, second daughter of James Davoren, Esq., late of Eden, Linn Co. Clare, Ireland.

On the 20th inst., by the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. Edgar Haight, to Miss Emily Augusta Tallman, all of this city.

In Brighton, on the 15th June, by Rev. Tryon Edwards, LORENZO D. ELY, of Fairport, to CAROLINE C. CULVER, daughter of Oliver Culver, Esq. of the former place.

In Greece, on the 7th ult., by the Rev. J. B. Olcott, Mr. OTIS GEE, to Miss AMANDA HALLENBECK.

On the 15th inst., at Hillsdale, Columbia Co. N. Y., by the Rev. Mr. White, Mr. Levi Pierce, Merchant of this city, to Miss Eliza Sornborger of the former place.

In Stafford, June 9th, by Elder Hart, Mr. John D. Bartholf, of Batavia, to Miss Jane Barrett, of Pembrol e.

In Middlebury, on the 30th May, by the Rev. Mr. Buck, Mr. Leonard P. Smith, to Miss Maria Kemp, all of Middlebury.

At the National Hotel in Perry, on the 31st ult., by Rev. J. Staunton, Mr. John Quinton, to Miss Caroline Waters, both of Perry.

In Elkland, Tioga county, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Charles K. Ward, of Le Roy, to Miss Laura C. daughter of Col. L. Davenport, of the former place.

In Nunda Valley, on Thursday, the 27th ult., by the Rev. E. Marsh, Mr. J. G. Wisner, editor of the Genesee Valley Recorder, to Miss H. Adelaide Merrill, all of that place.

In Pavillion, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. J. M. Day, Mr John C. Johnson of Le Roy, to Miss Sally Maria Johnson, of the former place.

On the 9th June, by the Rev. Mr. Hibbard, of Geneva, Mr. H. Purdy, of Penn Yan, to Miss Caroline Hall, of Palmyra.

On the "Oak Ridge," (Palmyra) on the 17th May, by the Rev. B. B. Durfee, of Marion, (according to the Levitical law,) Mr. Jeromiah Shupheldt, to Mrs. Ann Edington, both of East Palmyra.

At Akron, Erie county, N. Y., on Wednesday, the 2d inst., by the Rev. S. Salisbury, Mr. C. B. Rich, of Richville, Erie county, to Miss D. A. De Long, formerly of Hampton, Washington county.

On the 3d ult., at Caledonia, by the Rev. Donald C. Mc Laren, T. Frothingham, Esq, Attorney at Law, to Mary Anne, daughter of Hon. Willard H. Smith, all of that place.

In Prattsburgh, Steuben county, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Wm. Goodall, of Howard, Mr. Orson Simmins, of Fredonia, Chatauque county, to Miss Maria E. Gould, of Prattsburgh.

At Marblehead, Ohio, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hickok, Mr. Charles A. Harrington, of Albion, to Miss Harriet J., daughter of John Whitney, Esq. formerly of Rochester, N. Y.

At Lockport, on the 2d inst., Mr. L. B. Garlinghouse, to Miss Martha A. Spaulding.

In Honeoye, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Zenas Covel, Orren Townsend, Esq., of Rochester, to Miss Nancy Demill, of the former place.

In Canandaigua, on the 22d ult., by Rev. Thomas Castleton, Mr. Henry Mathewson, of Walworth, to Miss Ruth Tiffany, of the former place.

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. G. Cohan, Mr. Geo. W. Mount, of Caneadea, to Miss Maria M. Wright, of Angelica.

In Rushford, on the 13th inst., by O. Leavens, Esq. Mr. Eleazer Howard, to Miss Nancy Hiflery, both of Rushford.

In Wyoming, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Elliott, Mr. Geo. W. Randall, of Roanoke, to Miss Maria Palmer, of Covington.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

Terms.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1841. No. 14.

Original Poem.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

PETALESHAROO—A Poem in two Cantos.

BY DE WITT C. ROBERTS, A. B.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this.
Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming.

So Love doth reine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
He maketh warre—he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continual jarre.
O miserable men! that thus his subjects arre.
Spenser's Faerie Queene.

PREFACE.

The *mele* of tragedy and romance, which composes the web of the following poem, requires no explanation save what the well known ardent temperament and desperate valor which constitute the Indian character, will naturally suggest.

In the annals of the Red Man, are recorded deeds and achievements which the tongue of fiction would tremble to rehearse—under these we shelter ourselves from the charge of improbability either in time, place, or event.

The Hero who gives name to this article, is a character conspicuous in Indian history. For some account of his signal bravery and prowess—which conferred renown upon him, even among his own war-like brethren, the Pawnees, insomuch that he was by them styled the "bravest of the braves"—and for a description of his commanding person, see Drake's History of the Indians, where also will be found a portrait.

The extinction of the tribe of Itean's by the Pawnees, as alluded to, is historically true; the time having only been adapted to the period wherein the incidents of our tale are supposed to have transpired.

An Indian lived in a mossy cave,
By the side of a mountain o'er looking the wave
Of a beautiful river that wandered along,
And filled all the forests with music and song;
The shrub oak, witch hazel and sumach around,
O'ershadowed the cavern that scarce could be found,
And the tall waving maple and pine down below,
Caught the breezes of heaven and morn's early glow,
And a kind shelter lent to the fast fleeing game,
That ever fled on as the pale hunter came.

The Indian seer in his mountain cave,
Told many a tale of his warriors brave—
Of their valor in battle, their ardor in love—
In battle the tiger, in bower the dove.
And once in my college days, wandering away
From the city's rude din in the forests to stray,
With my dog and my gun and my hunting pack on
I climb'd the dark cliffs and the dark cavern won—
I heard his wild tale in the Indian tongue,
And o'er his rude accents in extacy hung,
Though a foe to my race, still I pitied his song,
And he bade me my stay in his cave to prolong!

And once when all his sterner passions slept,
And golden visions o'er his memory crept
When pensive twilight ruled o'er wood and wave,
He sang the legend of a Pawnee brave,
Who swept the Itean country far and wide,
And victor bore away a lovely bride.
With varying notes the hoary seer began,
It was a simple strain, and thus it ran:

CANTO I.

A story of the woodlands,
Pale face, I sing to thee;
On the tablet of thy memory
O let it graven be.
Of a gallant Pawnee warrior,
Brave Petalesharoo,
Well known in Indian legends,
Of courage tried and true.

He loved his Pawnee nation,
And the forest wild and wide,
Where many a mountain reared its head,
And rivers rolled its tide.
Amid his own green forest-land,
He learned the arts of war,
And bravely 'gainst his country's foes
He met the battle's jar!

Against the neighboring nations
He loved to join the fray,
And drive the Itean foemen
To their forest depths away.
For the Itean was his foeman,
E'en of the olden time;
And many an Itean warrior,
All in his glorious prime,
Fell in those deadly conflicts,
In every glade and glen,
When the wrath of the vengeful Pawnee
Fell on the Itean men.

Tall was his form and comely,
As ever joined the dance,
Or swung the deadly war-club,
Or poised the poisoned lance.
His eye was bright as morning light,
Beneath a noble brow;
And the long scalp lock on his crown did mock
The ravens wing, I trow.

His waist was bound with a wampum belt,
Where gleamed the axe which so oft had dealt
Fierce blows for the beautiful and true;
And the scalping-knife whose crimson blade,
Oft the reeking skull all bare had laid,
And avenged the wrongs of Petalesharoo.

'Twas in the merry spring time,
When flowers are peering out,
And the woodland boughs are laden
With flower and leaf and sprout;
When the forest aisles are ringing,
With murmuring of rills;
And a thousand birds are singing,
In gladness 'mong the hills;
When the partridge from the thickets,
Flies up with whirring sound,
And the wood-cock's hollow drumming
Makes all the woods resound;
When the tuneful thrush is warbling
With many a mellow note,
And the cuckoos' sighs of mystery
Upon the breezes float;
When the owlet sits in silence,
Within the hollow tree,
And the squirrel gnaws his hickory nut,
And barks with merry glee;
When the fawn is quiet quaffing
Out from the flowing rivers,
And the deer sleeps in the verdure
Where the silent aspen quivers.

There was a lone and silent dell,
Down which a stream of water flow'd,
Fresh from the dark rocks' living well,
That here and there in sunlight glowed,
Kissing the flowers that lined its brim;
Now flowing through the shadows dim,
And sweetly cool of blossom shade,
And alcoves wove by nature's hand,
Meet for some fairy water-maid,
That 'neath the ocean waves her band
Of coral bright and sea-weed fair,
So bind the richness of her hair.

So here within this sweet recess,
An Itean maiden lingers;
Fair as those forms we deem would bless,
And in her fairy fingers
She held a wreath of leaves and flowers,
Fresh gathered from the woodland bowers;
And in her raven tresses,
The choicest gems that grew around,
Blushing and dewy-bright, were bound,
Clinging with fond caresses;
Her tresses, aye, all flowered o'er,
They hung her golden shoulders down;
And then an artless smile she wore
Upon a brow that knew no frown;
A purity and heavenly grace,
As spotless as the mountain snow,
Reigned in her angel form and face,
Such as we rarely meet below.

Now light as flits the Zephyr's wing,
She bounds along the pleasant stream;
Now views her face glassed in the spring,
And wonders at the water's gleam;
Now up the dark cliff sprightly bounds,
And scales the verdant hill,
And listens to the gentle sounds
Of singing bird and babbling rill.

But hark! I hear another sound,
Softly breathing all around,
Thrown upon the solitude,
Echoing through the mossy wood.
The wild flowers startle from their beds,
The sleeping fawns upraise their heads,
To hear the magic harmony,
Softer than the hum of bee,
Breathed in the ear of spring's bright daughters,
Or sound of distant falling waters,
With tones so sweet the air was ringing;
It was the Indian maiden singing.

"I gather flowers for my brow,
From the mossy fountain's brine;
Areouski, tell me now,
Shall this bright eye o'er grow dim?
Spirits of the earth and air,
Spirits of the viewless land,
Tell me—tell me—where—O where,
Dwells the happy loving band?

"By the powow's dusky smoke,
By the fire of council's flame,
By the words our prophet spake,
By the dreams that went and came,
Spirits, crown this brow with flowers,
Spirits, lead me hand in hand,
Where, amid unfading bowers,
Dwells the happy loving band.

"Shall this foot o'er lose its lightness,
Shall this cheek e'er lose its hue,
Shall this eye e'er lose its brightness,
Or its floods of pearly dew?
Spirits of the magic waters,
Wielders of the magic wand,
Areouski, tell thy daughter,
Where's the happy loving band?

"I will take this woven garland,
And sing o'er it a charm,
Calling spirits from that far land,
Whither earth-loosed spirits swarm;
Deftly twirling it about,
Marking figures in the sand,
Thus will I the home find out,
Of the happy loving band."

* * * * * * *

With hunting garb and sounding bow,
And a whoop that falls like a knell on the foe,
And a foot as light as the winds that blow
At the dawning of the day;
When the earth is bathed in dew,
And Phœbus' kindling ray
Lights the hunter on his way;
When the roe-buck roams the vale,
And in freedom scents the gale,
Away the forests through;
The chieftain hies to the merry chase,
And long and weary will be the race,
Ere the panting buck hath found a place,
At the feet of Petalesharoo.
Away on the wings of the morning wind,
The startled deer, he is close behind,
Over brier and brake,
Over river and lake;
Through thicket and glade,
Through sunlight and shade;
O'er hill top and lea,
On the wild winds free,
The antlerd deer like a shadow flew,
And the concave roof of the old woods rang,
And the wild buck darts with a fiercer spring,
As the wailing whoop of Petalesharoo,
Sent the war halloo to the welkin blue.

He wanders far from the hunting grounds,
Where the hunter shout of the Pawnee sounds;
Here, save in war, he may not tread,
Though by the swift chase hither led;
Yet Petalesharoo, unmoved
Amid forbidden mazes roved;
With silent, slow and weary pace,
He lengthened out the weary race,
Till the spent deer with dripping flank,
Sped up the dell, along the bank,
Where sang so sweet, o'er wood and rill,
The Nymph that climbed the verdant hill;
Well screened by many a clambering vine
Of ivy green and wild wood bine.

The dart is poised, and with a twang,
Forth from the sounding bow it sprang;
And bounding from a sapling swift,
The hunter of his game bereft.
But ah! as speeds the lightning's streak,
When through the sky the thunders speak,
The arrow pierced the maiden's side!
Then rang the glades with one long shriek,
The ending of that song;—then weak
She fell, bathed in the crimson tide.

And Petalesharoo is there,
With sympathetic heart;
And on his bosom rests the fair,
With all that wilderness of hair,
Floating in ringlets on the air.
The garland's rent apart;
Some soothing Indian balm applied,
Has staunched her bosom's gushing tide;
And water from the fountain's brim,
Has cooled the fever of her brow,
And her slight breath is easier now,
And soon her eye, though wild and dim,
Begins to show reviving life,
And that the furious inward strife,
So fading fast away:
And soon returning senses show,
The sorrow of a stranger brow,
Bent o'er her where she lay.

And now she starts with deep unrest,
And fixed and wildered gaze;
For stranger feelings ruled her breast,
Now with some vision seeming blest,
Now fixed in wild amaze;
Lest something sad, she knew not what,
Had fallen to her hapless lot;
Now gazing with a smile,
Yet fearing lest the noble form
That clasped her to his bosom warm,
Was but a dream the while,
When thus the chieftain silence broke,
And with a cheering tone,
Unto the forest maiden spoke,
And then with timid fears, she woke,
Nor found herself alone.

"Sweet fawn of the forest, lone dove of the sky,
What though a rude foeman is hovering nigh?
Daughter of Manitto, child of the blest,
Angel of loveliness, rest thee, O rest!

"As the light bending bough of the green willow tree,
O'er arches the streamlet that gladdens the lea,

As the sky cleaving oak breasts the hurricane's shock,
And shelters the flower that blooms on the rock;

"As the eagle that watches his nestlings on high,
And reels round his treasure when danger is nigh;
So o'er thy lone beauty, as lovely as dew
Bends the foe of thy tribe;—I am Petalesharoo.

"Star of the morning, fairest of flowers,
Nymph of the fountain, queen of the bowers,
Daughter of Manitto, child of the blest,
Angel of loveliness, rest thee, O rest."

They sit alone by the fountain clear,
Her head reposed on his heaving breast,
And no longer starteth she with fear,
But smiling sinks to a pleasant rest.
He gazed on the Indian beauty,
As thus within his arms she lay,
And trembled at the tender duty,
Who never shook in battle fray;
And felt a wound within his heart,
As 'twere the rankling of a dart;
Aye, he who ne'er felt battle wound,
When bolts, like rain-drops, whistled round,
Whose blood ne'er bathed a foeman's steel,
Alas! a deeper wound must feel.

O, dark as midnight was the eye,
That on his vision fell;
Soft as the moon that cleaves the sky,
Bright as the stars that twinkle by,
Like some delusive spell.
And then he told the winning tale
Of his deep rooted love,
And felt his spirits well nigh fail,
Lest e'en the odor laden gale
Should catch the accents faint and low,
And sigh them where the free winds blow,
Through every leafy grove;
Reviving as she conscious heard,
The breathing of the tender word,
That told requital in her breast,
And Petalesharoo was blest.

A kiss has sealed the maiden's lip,
Which may not wake to sound;
For as the bees the honey sip,
Within her soul he found
A deep unutterable love,
Love, such as spirits feel above,
Love, such as mortals rarely know,
Escaped from heaven to reign below.

There lies the arrow still unsent,
There lies the hunter's bow still bent;
The panting deer free once again,
Shakes from his sides the briny rain,
And joyous snuffs the mountain air,
And slumbers 'mid the verdure there.

No hunter rushes from the brake,
His victim from sweet dreams to wake;
The deer, the arrow and the bow,
Neglected lie, forgotten now;
Himself retained in maiden thrall,
By love, the sweetest bond of all.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

CANTO II.

The evening sun is sinking down,
Clothing the woods in deeper brown,
Its mellow ray reflecting bright,
From golden clouds, a mellow light,
And forest top and hill and stream,
And basking in the dazzling gleam.

The lilly hath closed its painted cup,
The harebell hath folded its petals up,
The bird hath flown to its slender spray,
The fawn hath ceased its harmless play,
The deer to roam the forest wide,
Or bathe within the cooling tide,
The bear hath stolen to his den,
And forth from every nook and glen
Rings out the lank wolf's mournful howl,
Or whoop of melancholy owl.

* * * * *

What ho! methinks I see a form,
Still as the calm that waits the storm,
Like spectre gliding 'mong the trees,
With footsteps light as passing breeze;
Upon his head an eagle's plume
Waved in the gales of sweet perfume,
And on his foot the moccasin,
With colored beeds was woven in;
A shining belt of wampum bound
The buckskin frock that wrapt him round,
And there too, hung the tomahawk
Which oft had gleamed in battle shock,
And fearful scalping knife, yet red
With gore, from fountains of the dead;
Vengence was written in his look,
And all his limbs with madness shook!

Soft as the deadly panther's tread,
Still as the slumbers of the dead,
He crawls along o'er fallen trees,
'Mong rocks and brambles by degrees;
Nor crackling limb, nor rustling leaf,
Betrays the skulking Itean chief,
Until he hovers o'er them there,
Black as the image of despair.

* * * * *

Oft had they met on battle plain,
And gleamed defiance dread;
Yet ever thirsted they in vain,
Each other's fount of life to drain,
And to bedew with crimson rain,
The wild flowers 'neath their tread;
But now to see his much loved child,
Zerula, goddess of the wild,
Light as the thistle down, that rides
The breeze, that fans the green hill sides,
Pure as the snow flake on the mountain,
Or flower that nods beside the fountain,
Clasped by a stranger, more, a foe,
And that too, Petalesharoo,—
O, then his wrath was turned to madness:

"Zerula sweet, my daughter, ho!"
The chieftain spoke; then with a spring
He pounced upon his mortal foe,
The gallant Petalesharoo,
Like couger on the fawn below,
The cause of sorrow and of sadness.

And now with wild distorted limb,
In many a battle tried,
And quivering lip and visage grim,
And eyes that in their sockets swim,
And nostrils heaving wide,
Those foemen met in deadly strife,
To cease but with departing life;
And now they struggle hand to hand,
Rolling along the streamlet's sand,
Each huge frame writhing 'neath the clasp
Of giant arm and iron grasp.

Zerula trembled like a leaf,
With hope and fear and joy and grief,
To see her sire and gallant chief,
Striving for victory;
Each struggling with a fiendish might,
To gain advantage in the fight;
Each seeking for his weapon bright,
To set his foeman free,
Until entangled in a vine,
Which round the Pawnee's foot did twine,
She saw the Unca's weapon shine,
Above his warrior plume.
One moment, and it were too late;
One moment seals her lover's fate;
One moment, and a father's hate,
Hath buried all in gloom.
Her hot brain reeled;—the light of day,
And every thing that round her lay,
Like midnight visions fled away,
"But ah, he shall not die!"
She spoke, and turning quick as thought,
Her frenzied hand a weapon caught;
It was the deadly tomahawk,
Which in the conflict's desperate shock,
Had fallen from the Hunter's belt,
For which so vainly he had felt.
And now 'tis poised on high;
Then as the lightning swift decending,
When 'mong the nodding forest blending,
Their hoary strength in fragments rending,
So flashed it on the eye,
When through her father's scalp she drove
The biting steel to save her love;
Then quivering back to earth he fell,
Ghastly and stiff within that dell!

Dark blood has dyed the fountain's sheen,
Dark blood has stained the verdure green,
A purple hue is on the rock,
Where lies the reeking tomahawk,
And there all cold beside the water,
The Unca lies, slain by his daughter.
So frail the links of kindred chain,
So slight is friendship's tie,
When Love asserts his silent reign,
And snaps the fragile bonds in twain,
Whose joys are joys of woe and grief,
To whom neglect knows no relief,
Save one, which is,—to die!

* * * * * * * * *

The stars of heaven are brightly beaming,
The moon her mellow light is streaming
Far through the forest shade;
And solemn stillness reigns around,
But ah! where rests the maid?
Sits she beside the silver fountain,
The twinkling stars of midnight counting,
As in the light of dawn they fade?

* * * * * * *

The waning light of blazing brands,
Within her native cabin low,
Reveals Zerula with her hands,
All harshly bound in leathern bands,
And there was Petalesharoo,
In double bonds, close by her side,
And nobler bridegroom, lovelier bride,
The wigwam's blaze ne'er shone upon.
Around them dusky warriors slept,
While one stood sentinel,
Watching the tears Zerula wept,
Since coming morn must tell
The doubtful fate that waits her lover,
The Pawnee brave, the hunter-rover,
Her own, she knew full well.

The watch-fire blaze grows dim and low,
The sentinel is sleeping now,
The moon and stars have sunk to rest,
And dawn is kindling in the west,
And darker, deeper shades are thrown
Upon the forests drear and lone.
"Now"—spake Zerula; "seize the hour,—
While slumber rules with magic power,
Now free thy limbs from foeman's thrall,
And roam as wont thy native hall,
The wilderness, free once again,
And rouse the roebuck from his glen.
Once more with wild war whoop and bound,
Make the far echoing woods resound;
Back to thy native glens, away!
And mingle in the battle fray;
Forget thy lovely Itean maid,
And all our loves beneath the shade,
And I alone will expiate
Thy flight and my slain father's fate!"

"Aye! *I will* leave thee, but not long!
Ere morn doth break, my warrior throng
Shall rouse these cravens from their sleep,
But to relapse in one more deep;
Soon shall the war-whoop wake the wild,
And desert's reign where verdure smiled;
No wigwam to the rising sun,
Shall tell of deeds by valor won;
Low shall they in their ashes lie,
And nought but ruin meet thine eye.
Then shall no power our lots divide,
My own, my dark haired Indian bride.
And oh! Great Manitto, give ear,
And listen to thy servant's prayer—
One kiss Zerula, now adieu!"
Then forth sprang Petalesharoo;
With noiseless steps the ring is pass'd,
One loving look behind is cast,
And, plunging in the greenwood shades,
He bounded towards his native glades.

The morn has tinged the mountains gray,
The mantling mists have rolled away,
And by that crystal lake
The Indian home is desolate,
And he no more shall wake,
To mourn his nation's fallen state!

A band of swarthy braves is seen,
With muffled tread and fiendish mien,
Along the forests edge;
And well that ghastly band, I ween,
Redeemed the chieftain's pledge.
The tomahawk and blazing brand,
Were seen in every warrior's hand,
And lo! their chieftain full in view,
The gallant Petalesharoo.
And sooner might the mountain stream,
Above its fountain brightly gleam,
The eagle leave the stormy peak,
His nestlings in the marsh to seek;
Sooner the bear might poise the spear,
Or hunter flee the armed deer,
Than fair Zerula suffer wrong,
Or brook the scoffs of savage throng,
And they not feel his warrior horde,
Fall on them like a flaming sword.

* * * * * * * * *

"Bring forth the royal daughter now,
Where lies her sire so cold and low."
Zerula, dragged by ruffain hands,
Before her clay cold father stands.
"Behold thy deed, thou traitor maid!
And soon shalt thou appease his shade;
And never shall a Pawnee wed
An Itean maid; thy bridal bed
Shall be the gloomy embers there;
No tender love shall braid thy hair,
Nor clasp thee to his bosom warm,
Nor shield thy slow consuming form
Nor shall a lover's arm suffice
To rob us of our sacrifice.
Unworthy of her race and kin,
Where heart a foe could woo or win,
Soon thou shalt feel the creeping flame,
Lay waste thy agonizing frame,
Thus to appease thy father's shade,
Thou subtle viper! traitor maid!"

So spoke her Sachem brother stern,
And to the stake they bound
Her graceful limbs; and mountain fern,
And bundled faggots, quick to burn,
Were piled all around;
And yet her mien, unawed, unmoved,
Her deep affection well hath proved,
And now dark warriors in a ring,
All join the fiendish dance;
Around the pile they lightly spring,
And now a lighted torch they bring,
The faggots, quick as lightning's wing,
Receive the fiery glance;
And as the quickly bursting beam
Fell on their orgies they did seem
The demons of some spirit land,
Holding their revels dire;
So fearful was that ghastly band,
Around the blazing fire,
Howling and laughing, to see the flame,
As nearer the victim it curling came.

But hark! there's a cry of woman's wail,
And the wigwam's blaze lends a ruddy glow,
The fearful sign of a coming foe;
And through the ranks of the mazy throng,
A mighty form, as a giant strong,
Did hew his lonely way;
Piling around him heaps of dead,
Dyeing the earth a crimson red,
To where his treasure lay.
Lo! it was he, the bold and true,
And gallant Petalesharoo,
Who, dashing aside the rolling flame,
And whispering her beloved name
And rending every chord asunder,
Bore swift away his lovely plunder.

The sun rolls high above the hills,
The dew no longer germs the flower,
The nightingale its music trills,
And cheats each sweetly lingering hour,—
The early morning's rudy beam
Has seen a sight that is no dream,
And yet its light doth rarely see
A morn so fraught with misery,
No wigwam meets its early ray,
No children join in merry play,
No light canoe speeds o'er the lake,
No warrior threads the tangled brake;
A solemn silence reigneth there,
And earth is wedded to despair.

And Petalesharoo has hied
Far through the leafy gloom,
And victor leads his lovely bride,
In gladsome triumph by his side,
To make his own dark forest wide,
Her only, happy home;
To wait her lord when the chase is o'er,
In gladness at his wigwam door,
And living, ever bless her true
And gallant Petalesharoo.

Their years together fled away,
Their locks together turned to grey,
And oftimes wandering forth alone,
'Mid those retreats where first they met,
They mused o'er each rock and stone,
Once by a father's life blood wet;
Together mourned those scenes long gone,
In days of youth so swiftly flown;
And she would tremble at the thought
Of that dread morn, so deeply fraught

With fearful deeds of noble daring,
Forever in her memory wearing
The love that rescued her from death,
E'en to her life's remotest breath.

So runs the legend, simply told,
And never till the heart grows cold,
Can sire to son rehearse the story,
Of Indian love, revenge and glory,
And he not feel his pulse beat high,
Nor ardor kindle in his eye,
To win by valor such a bride,
And love so ardent, true and tried!

END OF CANTO SECOND.

Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

THE REWARD OF DISHONESTY.

"Here, then, I am, quietly seated in a good hotel, in one of the most beautiful villages in the western section of the far-famed Empire State.—Within and around, all bears the impress of peace, prosperity, enterprise and happiness. A lovely country surrounds it, made rich and productive by the untiring labors of the husbandman. Here rises a mansion in majesty and splendor, imperfectly seen through the shrubbery which encloses it; there stands a cottage, neat, simple and unimposing in its appearance; and a little farther on, is the dwelling of one whose fortune it is neither to be the inmate of a palace or the lord of possessions great in number or broad in extent. About them are far-spreading fields, arranged with all the taste and good order which characterizes a judicious New York farmer. Some of these are covered with wheat, the staple product of the north, while others are checked with grass, corn, oats, barley, and all the various crops which are so extensively cultivated in this State. All, all is loveliness, richness and beauty.

"Yes, here I am, after twenty years spent in traveling. During that period of time, I have visited all countries, been in all climes, and familiarized myself in some degree with the manners, customs and languages of many nations. I have been warmed by the sun far down in the South, and have been chilled and benumbed by the keen, cold, piercing winds of the extreme North. I have wandered over the vine-clad hills of France, through the olive groves of Italy, and have felt the soft, refreshing breezes of "Old Ocean" as they gently whispered over the sunny hills of Old Hispania. I have been in the Council Chamber of the American nation, and have listened with pleasure to the cool debates and judicious deliberations of foreign courts. I have dwelt in the cottages of the poor, and have been kindly and courteously received in the palaces of the rich, the great, the aristocratic. I have seen and been entertained by man in all the various situations to which he is elevated by wealth, talents and noble birth, or degraded by poverty and ignorance. I have stood by the bedside of those whom I dearly loved, of those with whom I have been intimate in the tender years of boyhood, whom I have seen grow into manhood, wealth and popularity, and I have seen them pass from time to eternity. I have seen a kind father and an affectionate mother, a dear brother and a beloved sister, go down to the cold, silent grave; but all, all these heart-rending sights have not pierced my agonizing soul, and drawn forth such keen pangs as a sight which I have this day beheld."

Thus soliloquized a man whose manly countenance and fair appearance bespoke for him the appellation of a gentleman; whose silver locks marked him as one who had passed the meridian of life, as he changed his position on a settee at one of the hotels in the village of A———. His pale cheek and contracted brow, wrinkled with age and the cares of life, exhibited every appearance of mental agony, as he carelessly and wildly rolled his dark keen eyes about the room in which he was seated, apparently insensible of anything about him.

"Once," said he, "he was young and respected, and promised fair to become——but, but"——and he suddenly closed the broken sentence in a low, inaudible voice. Soon, however, he arose, took one or two turns across the room, and as he again seated himself, he exclaimed, "Honesty, honesty!" with an emphatic tone of voice, apparently lost in the most bitter reflections. Remaining in that situation a few moments, with his eyes half closed, he exclaimed in an angry tone of voice, "I always knew he was dishonest, his punishment is just; but, oh! I pity him, I do most sincerely pity him!"

Being struck with the appearance of this man and judging from the disconnected and broken, sentences which he continued to repeat at times, that some important subject weighed heavily upon his mind, curiosity led me to enquire of him the cause of his troubles. After conversing a short time, I drew from him, substantially, the following:

George Hanley, said he, was a chum and a class mate of mine in Yale College. He was a young man of superior talents, and possessed a mind of the first order. His father, the Hon. Judge Hanley, was a gentleman farmer residing in the county of H——, one of the richest agricultural districts in the whole state. Knowing the importance of a liberal education to fit a man for usefulness, acting in whatever sphere he might, he neglected no opportunity of giving his son every advantage that wealth and the best instructors could afford. At the age of sixteen, George entered college. He immediately showed the power of a master spirit, grasping every subject with a manliness and strength of mind seldom looked for in those of maturer years. He soon found that it required but a small portion of his time to master and make himself familiar with his college studies. His leisure hours were occupied in acquainting himself with the best and the most popular authors. He paid great attention to literature and polite reading. In his manners he was easy, gentlemanly and manly; in conversation interesting and familiar, possessing extraordinary conversational powers and a fund of general information that fascinated and pleased all. The course he pursued was such as gained him the confidence and esteem of every member of his class, of all his college companions. Having been school-mates before, we entered college chums, and class-mates when there, we became extremely intimate, and through such intimacy, I had an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with all the little secrets of his private character. There was something, that made one thus intimate, suspicious of him. He was one of that class of persons whom to know well, required long acquaintance, the closest observation and the most familiar intimacy, for

"He could smile, and murder while he smiled."

He was cunning and crafty; his ambition was without bounds; yet so well did he understand the art of deceiving, that he avoided the reputation of being either vain or impudent. Deception seemed to form a part of his nature, and so perfect in him was it, that it could be discovered only by the closest observation. He well know, even in his college days, the power of his talents and the power which they then gave him over his companions. His knowledge of the dispositions of men, however, and the course necessary for one to pursue in order to command their respect and esteem, taught him never to abuse the privilege which he might exercise, and which such persons too often do exercise.

At the expiration of his collegiate course he graduated with the first honors of his class, with a high reputation for his literary attainments.—Soon after this he entered upon the study of the law. In the prosecution of his legal studies he made great proficiency, and soon acquired the reputation of being "a young man of promise."—Upon all the popular questions of the day, that were publicly discussed, he was always called upon to address the people of the vicinity in which he resided. He spoke with ease and fluency, and often with great force and effect. Being above the ordinary height, well proportioned, with an almost perfect symmetry and beauty of form, with a loud, clear, commanding voice, mingling wit and humor with sound reasoning and able arguments, often illustrating the points he was discussing by some appropriate anecdote, he soon acquired the reputation of a public speaker calculated to convince and please. He was listened to with attention, congratulated and flattered for his success, and commanded great influence and respect from the whole circle of his acquaintance. He passed the term of clerkship required in attorney's office, and entered upon the practice of his profession, for which he was well fitted, with high hopes of success: no one doubted it, for he seemed to have been born

"Beneath the aspect of a bright eyed star,
And his triumphant adament of soul
Was but the fixed persuasion of success."

Being wealthy, and connected with families of the first respectability in the section of the country of which he was a resident, he escaped all those perplexities and almost insurmountable difficulties which so often impede the progress of young practitioners, struggling with poverty, stationed "like grim death" on every corner and at every turn, to impede their progress. The coldness which is ever shown by the senior members of the profession towards a young man venturing to compete with them, who stand on the high banks of the reputation which age and experience gives them, and like the wicked Egyptians, stone every one whose head rises for the first time above the waters of inexperience, was not shown toward him. Fortune seemed to be the goddess who presided over his destiny, and every breeze that swept along seemed under her direction for him. He soon gave evidence of success, and it satisfied the expectation of his friends. The readiness and deep research which he exhibited in the most complicated cases, gave him the name of being thoroughly the master of his profession, so essential for one who enters upon a profession so full of competition, learning, and the most brilliant talents.

Years rolled away. Time had wrought its changes upon all. From the genteel, gay, young man, George Hanley had become a grave, middle-aged man, surrounded with a beautiful wife and a lovely family of children. He was now a man of great wealth, for his father had died, leaving him (as he was the only heir) sole possessor of his large fortune. His wife's fortune was also considerable, and his coffers were annually increased by an extensive and lucrative business in his profession.

Living not many miles from the village in which he resided, I often saw him, and was frequently entertained by him at his own house. He lived in good style, and all about him wore the appearance of happiness and prosperity. The good opinion which the people of that section formed of his talents, legal acquirements and many virtues, had been continually increasing, and he now seemed to be fast approaching that point towards which ambition ever tends. He was consulted by his fellow-citizens on all subjects, whether of a pub-

lic or private nature; for in him they seemed to repose the most implicit confidence, and his opinions were received as the law in its full force, spirit and effect. No one denied his talents or judgment. None doubted his integrity, no one questioned his honesty, none disputed his popularity; and from his continuing so long the only man of his profession in the village of W——, it seemed no one dared become his competitor.

It was a cold, chilly, rainy, unpleasant afternoon in the spring of 18—, as the mail coach which had passed through the village of W. from time whereof the memory of its inhabitants ran not to the contrary, and for the last quarter of a century had regularly each day stopped at Uncle S——'s public house, drew up in its accustomed place.—Among the passengers who alighted therefrom, was a young man, modest in appearance, in whom however there was nothing that would particularly distinguish him from the rest. "Hallo, Captain!" cried the master of the whip, as he was adjusting his reins, "do you stop here?" "Yes," replied the young gentleman. "This trunk," said he, pointing to a small travelling trunk, "is mine; take it off, if you please." He was a stranger in the village of W.,—no one knew him,—he made himself known to no one. He was gentlemanly in his appearance, and conversed with no one unless solicited, and then he did so readily on all subjects. He remained there several days before he declared his intentions or made known the object of his visit. As he was unpresuming and unostentatious in his manners, curiosity, as is usually the case when a stranger is discovered in a country village, like that of W., seemed not to inquire him out, and what was stranger yet, after a week's residence there, he was not known among the gossips. After he had become familiar with the localities of the place, and had seen something of its inhabitants, he called on my old friend George Hanley, and delivered to him a letter of introduction from Judge B——n, in whose office the young gentleman had just finished the term of his clerkship, recommending him as a young attorney of fair talents, who was desirous of locating himself with a view to the practice of his profession. Hanley received him with a formality and coldness which he was accustomed to show toward no one, and in an indifferent manner told him he was happy to make his acquaintance, that he presumed there were many places where he could locate himself to advantage, wished him success, and seemed more inclined to finish the papers that were lying before him, than to converse with the young attorney as to the prospects of his commencing business in W., or elsewhere.

In a few days the young attorney was situated in a small office, with a very small library, and such furniture only as was barely necessary; and on a small sign placed over the door, was painted in neat, modest letters, "Simeon Conway, Attorney at Law." The citizens of the village looked upon him as presumptuous in the extreme, in attempting to practice law in a place where he would meet so able and so distinguished a competitor, whose reputation and character as a lawyer was established, who was the idol on whom all gazed, as he was the idol in fact whom all worshipped.

As time passed away, the young attorney became favorably known, and succeeded in procuring some business. Nothing daunted in his little success, he continued, and in a short time he had a fair proportion of the business, a much larger proportion than he could reasonably expect under all the circumstances. Possessing good business habits, correct in doing whatever was placed in his hands, he soon acquired the reputation of a correct, business-like, trusty young lawyer. In the course of time he extended his acquaintance to the prominent leading men in the county, who looked upon him with favor rather than with the coldness and distrust which he received from Mr. Hanley. His first efforts at the bar, in that county, gained him many friends, and secured for him a favorable reputation, both as a lawyer and an advocate. In him they saw nothing to condemn, but much to recommend. He sought business and friends only as he could procure them by pursuing an honorable, independent course; *seeking* neither for the one, nor *begging* for the other. The coldness which my old friend showed at their first meeting, continued. He seemed to look upon him with an eye of distrust and suspicion, treating him, however, with civility and decent respect on all occasions.

It was nearly a year however before he had occasion to appear in court as an advocate in any cause of importance. His first appearance as such established his reputation. He had been retained to defend a man indicted for murder. When the cause was called for trial, he appearing alone as counsel for the accused, all were surprised at the unprecedented presumption of one so young and inexperienced, in taking upon himself the responsibility of defending an individual in a trial upon the result of which depended life or death. The cause was tried—the accused criminal was acquitted. If all were surprised at the presumption of the young attorney, they were now equally as much surprised at the exhibition of talents and powers of which his most sanguine friends had not conceived.

From this period he had no want of friends or of business. His success was complete. He seemed now to be the star at which all gazed.—The coldness of my old friend had now settled into hatred—envy filled his breast, altho' he manifested it only in an indirect manner. Notwithstanding the growing popularity of the young attorney, there was no less confidence in Hanley. He was looked upon, with equally as much respect, and stood equally as high in the opinion of his fellow citizens. Not one feather had been torn from his plume. The observing, however, saw his real character beginning now to manifest itself. His good common sense and knowledge of men taught him far differently than to manifest the real feelings which troubled his peace, on seeing the growing popularity of his friend, whom he now considered would soon become a serious rival.

Years rolled away. George Hanley was fast passing the meridian of his life. Wealth, prosperity and good fortune, as if guided by the finger of fate, had thus far marked him at every turn, nor did they cease to bestow upon him their favors, as old age, rich in all for which worldly ambition strives, was slowly creeping upon him. The confidence which had been reposed in him by all, gave all the most exalted opinion of his honesty and integrity. In the county in which he resided, he had ever been honored with appointments of importance and trust. As he increased in years, so also did his aspirations increase, fanned by the fire of an ambition which although concealed, had its origin in self-aggrandizement. The coldness which he had hitherto shown in an indirect manner, he now did not scruple to exhibit publicly, whenever an opportunity presented itself. His popularity, which continued still to increase, and the addition of new honors, made him more frequent in his expressions of coldness, which now had become expressions of contempt. But of this the young attorney took no notice, treating him with the utmost civility on all occasions and under all circumstances.

It was at this time, when the young attorney was smoothly gliding along on the full tide of successful experiment in the pursuit of his profession, that I left the United States on my second tour through Europe. The field which all but a short time since supposed full, was large enough for another champion, who promised soon to become an equal if not a superior, to the one now in possession. This idea stung the mind of Hanley with the most cruel vindictiveness. His feelings seemed to be harrowed up into those of a perfect fiend, and he did not fail to avail himself of every opportunity in his power, to injure the reputation and impede the progress of the young attorney. Notwithstanding this ungenerous conduct on the part of his senior friend, he passed it by apparently unnoticed.

During my absence, my college friend and companion was honored with high offices of trust and responsibility, serving in those capacities with credit to himself and satisfaction to those appointing him. At the expiration of his term of service, being a skilful financier and reputed for his honesty and integrity, and also for his facility and correctness in doing business, he was placed at the head of an extensive manufacturing establishment, which was submitted exclusively to his control. This situation he was induced to accept for two reasons—one, because he had become tired of the drudgeries of the legal profession, and the other because he saw the growing reputation of his young rival, which he now began seriously to fear would soon outshine his own, notwithstanding the ungenerous and unmanly course he had taken to prevent it. Being well advanced in life, he could well do so without exciting the suspicion that he feared the man whom he had aimed to destroy. But his course was onward and upward. The more Hanley sought to injure and oppress him, the greater was his success—the higher did he rise in the estimation of his fellow citizens.

As I had ever held a correspondence with Hanley, from the time we left the halls of college, on my second departure to the old world, it was agreed that we should continue it during my absence. From various cities there I addressed him letters, and expected, in compliance with his promises, answers to the same, which I looked for in Paris, London and other cities. Hitherto he had been exceedingly prompt in answering all my communications, whether at home or abroad. But to my mortification and surprise, I now heard nothing from him. I had expected and inquired for letters from him until expectations and inquiries were vain. I finally gave it up in despair. The reason of such silence in one whom I thought could not be silent, I was unable to divine. The loss I felt severely, for he was an excellent correspondent; besides, I felt mortified and chagrined in losing the communications of so valuable a friend. From the day I left him in the quiet village of W., where he then stood first among the people, I have neither heard from him or seen him, until this day.

Upon saying this, a tear stole down the old man's cheek. He here paused a few moments, unable to proceed, but soon wiping away his tears, he continued: I have but just arrived from my distant travels, and the object of my journey to this section of the country, was to spend a few days at my old friend's, in the village of W.—While waiting here for the stage that was to carry me on towards my place of destination, I came across a gentleman whom I met in Paris a year since. Being desirous of visiting the State Prison, he requested me to accompany him. We went, we entered within its walls, and who should I discover among its inmates, but my old classmate, my college chum, George Hanley! Oh, heavens! I was amazed, surprised, astonished!

As I stood gazing upon him, doubting the evidence of my senses, he caught my eye, and immediately exclaimed, "Ah! Wilson, is that you? dishonesty brought me here!"

Unable longer to restrain himself, the eyes of the narrator were filled and his face was flooded with tears. When he recovered from this burst of feeling, "Oh!" he almost shrieked, "what sight could have been more cruel than to see my old friend—my class-mate and chum, one who is endeared to me, notwithstanding all his faults, by the most tender ties of youthful friendship, which has been constantly ripening until we are both far advanced in the autumn of life, confined within the dreary walls of a State Prison, sentenced there for a term of years to *hard labor?* What bitter reflections do the associations connected with our early life draw forth! Is it possible? Can it be? Oh! that I could believe myself deceived! What was more cruel than to be denied, by the rigid rules of a State Prison, the pleasure of even speaking to him—of simply inquiring why he was there—what misfortune had befallen him with whom I had so often exchanged the kind salutation of friendship and affection. It is, continued he, certainly is so; I would to heaven I was deceived.—The able lawyer and counsellor, the eloquent advocate, has been removed from a life of active usefulness to one of dreary "*hard labor;*" from the society of the great and the wise, to that of felons. The same high, broad forehead, dark, keen eyes, and those manly expressions, and the same intellectual countenance, could there be seen; but the voice so often heard defending the life of his client, or most earnestly pleading with the jury to spare him the disgrace of the situation in which he now is, where I have but just seen him, is hushed in silence, and he condemned to infamy and disgrace.

On saying this, the old gentleman arose and left the room, in the greatest agitation. A short time afterward I saw him slowly walking in a meditative mood, from towards the prison, apparently absorbed in the most bitter reflections.—My curiosity, which had been considerably awakened in the appearance of my friend when I first saw him, was now wrought up to the highest pitch. I intended to have seen him more—to have made some further inquiries concerning the convict lawyer; but he left in the stage for which he was waiting, and I have never seen him since.

In the fall of 18—, while traveling in the county of ———, in this state, arriving late in the afternoon at a little village, and there being the appearance of a storm, I ordered lodgings for the night. My host was a fat, jolly, good-natured body, familiar and sociable—one of that class who are privileged by common consent to laugh, talk, joke and be merry with all. I observed he was called by the name of Uncle Stewart. The name struck me as being one which I had heard somewhere, but where I could not at first recollect.—At the tea table, our fat host seated himself at its head, with all the dignity of a lord. Being seated at his right, he freely entered into conversation. He was very inquisitive, much after the manner of a genuine Yankee. But the name of *Uncle Stewart*, made an impression upon my mind—why, I could not tell. It occurred to me, however, that Uncle Stewart was the same individual to whom I heard the gentleman in the village of A——— allude, while relating to me the history of Hanly.

After he had apparently exhausted the whole chapter of his inquiries, I ventured to interrogate him some. Among other inquiries, I inquired of him if he ever knew George Hanley? "What, 'Squire Hanley, do you mean?" said he, looking exceedingly wise, and apparently surprised that he should be inquired after by a stranger like myself. Yes, I replied, lawyer Hanley. "Yes, sir, I guess I do. I knew him well. He lived here more than twenty years. He was a great lawyer. But I guess he's whar he can't plead law now.—If he's gittin' his just desarts, he is." At this time a tall gentlemanly appearing man came into the room, interrupting our conversation for a short time in speaking to our fat landlord, telling him some one was desirous of seeing him in the parlor. As he turned to go away, he said, "This feller can tell you all about him; he was a clerk in his office." From him I learned the following particulars:

About ten years since, said he, I finished my term of clerkship in the office of George Hanley. At that time he stood high in the opinion of the public. For a number of years previous, he had been connected with the —— —— Manufacturing Company. The business of the Company was now very extensive, and he being an excellent financier, and grown somewhat tired of the drudgery of the practice of law, was induced to take the whole charge of the Company's business.—Heretofore he had been their financier, consequently all the money was under his direction. He stood above suspicion—no one distrusted him.—Every thing moved on well for two or three years. From some cause, rumor noised it abroad, that the Company's affairs were in a precarious situation. No one, however, listened to it with any degree of credit. But rumor, with her ten thousand tongues, still kept up the cry. Mr. Hanley seemed to be in a state of constant excitement.—Things continued in this way. In a short time there were frequent meetings of the Company called together secretly, for the purpose, as I supposed, of consulting as to the interests and the financial situation of its concerns. Finally, it was currently reported that the affairs of the Company had been injudiciously managed since Mr. H. had taken charge of them. All had observed that he lived in better style, rode in a more splendid carriage, and was more extravagant in every respect than he had heretofore been. This, however, did not create any alarm, nor did it lead any to suppose his extravagance was maintained at the expense of the Company, as it was well known he was wealthy, and in making these improvements in his manner of living, it was tho't was only enjoying the avails of a life of industry and economy.

In a short time the report became general, that the Company was insolvent; that it had become so through the injudicious management of its affairs by Mr. Hanley. An investigation was had, which resulted in discovering that Hanley was greatly indebted to the Company. Suits were commenced against him, heavy judgments rendered, and in a little time the people were surprised by the notice of a Sheriff's sale, that the household furniture, real estate, and all the property, of every description, of Mr. Hanley, were advertised for public sale, to satisfy the demands which the Company had against him. On further investigation, it was found that he had not only ruined himself in a pecuniary point of view, but the members of the Company. He had been guilty of the most daring frauds, and was immediately arrested. All were astonished at the disclosures; yet they could scarcely believe them. Indictments were found against him for several offences. At this time, the young attorney, the young man who had come here poor and friendless, whom Hanley had treated with the utmost coldness and disrespect, until he abused him openly, was to appear in discharge of his duty as District Attorney and prosecute against him. None exulted at the misfortune of Hanley, but all were glad that the once abused young attorney would have an opportunity of fully redressing his numerous wrongs.

The trial came on, and the witnesses were heard. The proof was so clear that neither he or his counsel attempted a defence. The District Attorney made but a few remarks. He spoke of the most important parts of the testimony only. He also spoke of the success and reputation which Mr. Hanley had acquired as a lawyer. He alluded to the coldness with which Mr. H. had treated him, and his final open hostility. "But," said he, "gentlemen of the jury, I do not wish or intend to cast one single reflection. I pity him, I commiserate his misfortune, so little expected, so unlooked for by all. I will not take any advantage of his situation. I waive the privilege to which I am so justly entitled, of meting out to him the full measure of recompense which he richly deserves. I forgive him all."

The court room was filled to overflowing. All eyes were fixed upon the unfortunate Hanley.—The appearances of guilt, which were so manifest in all his actions, left no one reason to doubt he considered the judgment which he was certain would fall upon him, otherwise than as a deservedly righteous one. When the District Attorney had concluded and taken his seat, the Court gave the jury a short charge and they retired. After a short absence, they returned. A death-like silence prevailed. All were anxious to hear the result, which they knew must be against him, although each one faintly hoped it might be in his favor. The spell was soon broken. The jury declared against him a verdict of *guilty*. He was asked by the Court if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. In a low, suppressed, tremulous voice, he answered—"Not anything, sir."

For years, the judge had been an intimate friend of the prisoner. He well knew and acknowledged his talents. It was with difficulty he could discharge the unpleasant duties of his office, in pronouncing sentence upon one who had so long held the first place in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He alluded in the most feeling and touching manner to their long intimacy; "but," said he, "the laws must be obeyed. They know of no difference in their punishment between those who are talented and have been honored and respected, and the basest villain. The Court, therefore, sentence you (and at this moment every individual in the room seemed to express a regret with a sigh) to *hard labor*—(here the judge was for a few moments unable to articulate) in the State Prison for the term of —— years."

All felt that the sentence was just, but were touched with the deepest sorrow that it should have become necessary, to satisfy the ends of justice, that it should be pronounced. It was but THE REWARD OF DISHONESTY.

Selected Miscellany.

The character and conduct of the old marm are a sure and certain guarantee for those of the darter.—*Sam Slick.*

The above axiom is expressed in homely language, but it contains no less of truth because it is destitute of refinement. It is the example of the mother which bends and inclines the character of the offspring. The mother thinks her daughters must be brought up to gentility; she sets herself up to act the genteel. This is all right so far as she is capable of carrying it out. But every thing should be based upon a foundation on which one can remain. The mother wishes to push her daughter to a sphere beyond what the parents' means will sustain them. They imbide high notions; look down with contempt upon their former associates, aspire to a station which they cannot reach, and what is the consequence? They fall a

prey to adventures and fortune seekers. Can a daughter expect to be happy with such a companion? Stripped of the artificial plumage, the fortune hunter finds himself deceived in the same way as he expected to deceive another. Then arise bickerings and quarrels, and separations, and misery; and all this beause the "old marm" was ambitious to elevate her "darters" above their station.

True merit will rise of itself without artificial means, and the balance of rank, like the balance of trade, will find its own level and its own proper station, Nothing is gained, but much is lost by this unnatural and premature fostering of greatness, which if brought to maturity, produces only bitter fruits of repentance.

The following, which we copy from one of our exchange papers, contains much practical good sense, expressed in a plain, unvarnished way. We do not know who is the author of it.

"Wed in haste and mourn at leisure," is a maxim little thought of among the "lads and lassies of the present day." This is wrong—we like the old way of our fathers. They used to go regularly once a week or a fortnight, as the distance might be, and staid at home the rest of the time learning how to steer for themselves; while the lady was improving in culinary music, or spinning real *bona fida* stocking yarn. Alas! for the present—a few hours gossip, a walk by moonlight, and a parson or justice is called, and they are "fixed." By the way, Barnstable fishermen say moonlight rots fish—no wonder, then, it makes lovers rather *soft*. It is easy enough to jump into the hopper, but when once here, you've got to go through the mill, no mistake; and ten chances to one you will wish to *bolt* in less than a week. The fairer *flower* of connubial bliss too often becomes *must-y* on the tongue of the husband, when the *mealy* mouth wife soon brings forth "*do*," and if that will not conquer, she soon resorts to corn *blows*, which blossom on the broom-handle; and the good man prefers the crust of submission, to his wife's *pound*-cake with contention. They are then both satisfied they are in the wrong mill, and that the *sack* would have been decidedly the best berth. Those who intend to cultivate the earth for a living, should never marry; for although they may bestow never so much labor on their corn-fields, they will reap nothing in the harvest but *suckers*, with which to fill their *cribs*.

Amusing Incident.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Evening Gazette, in a letter dated Peoria, Ill., gives the following very amusing incident, of which he was an eye witness a few days previous:

"A young man from Boston, or that vicinity, with a friend, was sauntering along the bank of the river, when he discovered a fine buck swimming across from the opposite shore; one of the party went for a rifle, while the other remained to watch the buck. Before the former returned, the buck had nearly reached the shore, when young P. tried to prevent his landing until his Illinois friend returned with the rifle. The buck immediately turned and made for the other shore again. Fearing he was going to lose the prize, P. lost no time, but stripping himself, and taking a penknife in his teeth, he plunged in after the animal. He overtook and passed him in the middle of the stream, and seizing him by the head, cut his throat with his knife, and taking the deer by one of his hinder legs, endeavored to drag him ashore. The latter had no thought of yielding his life without a struggle, and gave his enemy a tremendous kick, who, changing his position, took his prey by one of the ears, and after considerable effort succeeded in bringing him to the shore, greatly to the relief of his friend, who had come with a musket, and had been an anxious spectator of the danger to which his Yankee companion had unconsciously exposed himself.

Senatorial Amusements.—A correspondent of one of the Western papers, writing from the seat of Government of one of the States, gives the following account of the manner in which legislators sometimes amuse themselves:

"Once this winter a Senator suggested some mode of doing business rather rudely to the speaker, who answered him that he knew his business. The Senator replied, he was very happy to hear it, for it was a piece of information of which he was before entirely uninformed. Another grave Senator a few days since, when in committee of the whole, Mr. Sill in the chair, took a newspaper, made a sort of foolscap of it, and placed it upon the head of another. The other, taking it off, placed it upon the head of a third, who rose and nodded about to attract the attention of the Chairman. Mr. Sill kept his countenance and would not notice the Merry Andrew. During the time a fourth Senator slipped behind the capped honorable and took his chair away. You may well imagine the mirth when the dignitary and his cap sprawled upon the floor like Dr. Slop in the cow yard. Still Mr. Sill preserved his gravity till another Senator facetiously called out, "Mr. Chairman, the Senator from ——— has the floor," whereupon the Committee rose and reported progress."

Calomel Cakes.

An amusing incident, to all except the parties immediately concerned, occurred a few days since, in the neighboring county of Callaway, Ky. A cake woman, through mistake, procured from a merchant's clerk, a quantity of Calomel for Saleratus, which she kneaded into her cakes in the usual manner, but, to her great disappointment, found that they "wouldn't rise." Nothing daunted, however, she determined to offer them for sale, and attended a public gathering for that purpose. Nearly the whole of the day had passed away without a solitary customer, when a clock pedlar, who was busily engaged in vending his wares, concluded to "treat" his customers to a batch of cakes. The bargain was struck—the cake merchant smiled as she stowed away the "four pences," and the clock merchant went away satisfied with his bargain, with a huge pile of ginger bread upon his arm. He thought it "cheap enough considerin," and daelt it out with a liberal hand. Down went the gingered dough and "m'lasses," and——but it is useless to pursue the description further. The consequences may be easily guessed. Suffice it to say that the pedlar in all probability had not a clock on hand that worked more rapidly than himself and his customers. There is little probability that any of them will ever wish to be "wound up" for another such "run."—*Paris (Tenn.) Press.*

"S———, I can't see how you can sit and eat while your wife is so sick." "Why, my dear fellow, it is not that I love my wife less, but that I love pancakes more."

From the Geneva Courier.

A Mother's Grave.

"Tread lightly here—'tis hallowed ground."—*Anon.*

The sun had set—bright twilight-rays suffused
The west with fading glory, dim, yet pure;
The scheming mind of man had ceased to fill
The air around with enterprising din,
And God alone was heard and deeply felt
In nature's breath on the evening air. 'Tis then,
In solitude, the wounded, fettered soul,
That's felt the pang of grief, must freedom find
In solemn thought on judgments past, on death,
The grave, and heaven. * * *

At such an hour as this,
A daughter's lonely footsteps slowly sought
That hallowed spot where cold and low in death
Reposed a sainted mother's mouldering dust.
Within that sacred place where wait the dead,
She came 'with quivering breath and throbbing brow,'
She knelt beside that grave and silently communed
With that dear mother's spirit. Ah! it was
A solemn scene to see one full of health
And beauty, leave the joyous haunts
Of life to seek sweet converse with the dead—
To draw away the mind from life's vain things,
Its cold realities, and look beyond
Into the dim and distant mysteries,
Across dark Jordan's flood. The grave! the grave!
Oh 'tis the place for thought. Long lingered she
Beside that hallowed spot. A mother slept
Beneath that green-grown sod. A mother! oh!
What joys are linked to that beloved name,
And holy affections. Aye, indeed,
She lingered there—it was a sweet delight.
Again she saw her with the flush of health
Upon her cheek—her soul enwreathed in smiles—
Her every act pure love personified.
She saw that high pale forehead, when disease
First marked her for its own. E'en then her look
Of calm and holy piety disclosed
A heart whose substance all was love—again
She saw that palid lip and feverist brain, and heard
Anew her parting prayer to God, to guide,
Protect, and take at last her orphans dear—
Again she saw her spirit pass away,
Like to the morning cloud and early dew,
To its mysterious abiding place.
'Twas then the tide of feeling swept o'er her,
And long she wept—she rose with melted heart—
Again she gazed upon that lonely grave
And slowly left the place, that mother's self
Enshrined within her heart—from thence she saw
In clearer lineaments portrayed, the grace,
The beauty, glory of her character, and vowed
She'd be like her in life, the pure, the just,
The kind, the good somewhat to which the heart
May nobly, fondly cling—like her in death,
The crowned of God.

M. A. C.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1841.

To Correspondents.

Somebody feels bad. We can't help him.

"Farewell Song"—next number.

Three other poetical articles are under consideration. There is room for hope.

We suspect that a certain one, whose name and residence we know, has been acting the plagiarist. If so, he had better make humble confession and save his name and character from publicity.

National Jubilee.

Our National Birth Day was celebrated on Monday, agreeably to the arrangements of the Committee, with the usual manifestations of patriotism and good feeling. National banners waved from the Liberty Poles of the several wards, and various other places. The city was crowded at an early hour with vehicles filled with passengers from the country; the citizens generally were out, and warm in their congratulations with each other on the return of the auspicious day, and the military (not inferior to that of any other city) displayed their usual spirit and correct discipline on the occasion. Williams' Light Infantry, Capt. Swan's Union Grays, Capt. Kleim's German Grenadiers, Capt. Tucker's Cadets, and the Artillery Corps under Lieut. Jennings, were particularly noticed.

About ten o'clock, the procession was formed in State street, under the direction of Col. Amos Sawyer as Marshal, assisted by Maj. Amon Bronson, and Maj. P. D. Wright.

It was gratifying to see the Hibernian Temperance Society turn out in such great strength, to honor the Natal Day of the Land of Freedom where they have found a welcome asylum from the scourge of oppression.

The procession moved through the principal streets to Washington Square.

The Rev. Mr. Shaw invoked the Throne of Grace—Mr. Bloss read the Declaration of Independence—Gen. Stevens delivered a spirited address—the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly also spoke in excellent strain—the Rev. Mr. Carlton closed the exercises in thanks to the Almighty for his manifold favors to us as a free and independent people.

These exercises were interspersed with Odes written by Miss Pratt, D. W. Chapman, and L. Q. Curtiss, together with appropriate airs from the Bands. The Odes were creditable to their authors. They were read well by L. Ward Smith and Mr. Bloss.

No accident, we believe, occurred during the day, and the marked diminution of cases of drunkenness was a subject of universal remark. The row near Buffalo Bridge, which appears to have been an organized attempt to resist the regulations of the civil authorities to prevent bonfires in the public streets, was successfully quieted, though not without personal injury to the Captain of the Watch and some others.

Fire Department.—Pursuant to custom, the Fire Department turned out in full strength at sunrise on the National Anniversary. The promptitude and zeal of the various companies are abundantly indicated on all such occasions—but were never so much so, as on this occasion. The discipline and uniform of the companies generally are excellent; and the Engines, chiefly made in this city, are among the best efforts in that branch of mechanics.

☞ Niagara Falls, once a famous place of fashionable resort, have of late years been constantly *running down*.

The Fire Works.

The most interesting portion of the doings of the 5th, was the Fire Works of Mr. Palmer, on Ann street. We should think that they were witnessed by at least three thousand of our own citizens, as well as by hundreds of people from the country. Mr. P. has been at considerable expense in fitting up the lot, and gave the exhibition as a *feeler* of the public spirit of our citizens, intending, in the event of his meeting with sufficient encouragement, to establish a Garden in this city, somewhat on the plan of Niblo's, in New York. The general rush on Monday evening, we understand, has decided the question with Mr. P., and he will probably soon commence the necessary arrangements for a Garden. Having been the proprietor of a similar establishment in Utica, for eleven years, we have full confidence in his ability to render such a place of resort one of utility rnd rational amusement.

So generally satisfactory were all the fire works, it might appear invidious to draw comparison between them. The "Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius" had a most i mposing effect. The flowing lava and deep toned thunder were, we suspect, almost true to nature. The "Glory of '76" was indeed glorious. The many colored tints which encircled those figures, so full of dread to the tyrant, and the beautiful arch of stars above them, produced a sensation most grateful to every American bosom. The "Horizontal Balloon Wheel" elicited general approbation. The stars of various colors which it discharged, were as agreeable to the senses as they were creditable to the taste and skill of the artist. But the "Roses and Diamonds, or Memento of '76," fairly eclipsed all their brilliant predecessors. Their design was most happy.—We have seldom seen any thing of the kind more sublime. The universal acclamations of the vast throng, fully testified their appreciation of the merits of the piece. The Rockets discharged at intervals during the performance, had a grand effect, and this effect would have been heightened, as would also that of all the works, had the evening been darker.

The ceremonies concluded by the ascension of a large and beautiful Balloon, which, upon being cut loose, was rapidly carried to the east, and which, during its brief ærial flight, discharged a number of rockets, finally enveloping itself in a mantle of flame, and disappearing from the view.

Animal Magnetism.

This humbug has been revived again in our country. We had supposed that the seal of public disapprobation had been placed upon it years ago, and that we should never be bored again by recitals of its wondrous sleeping effects upon the gullible. But we were mistaken. A *Professor* Somebody is now creating a prodigious sensation in Boston, where he has been leeturing with success for some weeks. Among the more credulous portion of the denizens of that "City of Notions," he has secured a large train of followers, and their numbers are so rapidly increasing, that they even bid fair to cast in the shade the advocates of its sister humbug, Phrenology.

But, after all, there is *something* in Animal Magnetism as well as in Phrenology. That this may the more readily appear, we give the result of some of the Professor's experiments;

He puts a man to sleep, with one eye open; after which you may tread on his toes without awaking him. At this, all the spectators hold up their hands in amazement, and cry, "There is something in it!"

He asks the sleeper what the workmen are at in an iron factory. He replies, "they are fixing things;" on which the spectators roll up their eyes in astonishment, and exclaim, "There is something in it!"

You ask him what sort of a house you live in. He will reply "a brick house" or "a wooden house." At this you start in amazement, and declare, "There is something in it!"

You may imagine him in your parlor, and ask him what he sees there. He will reply, "something sticking up." At this you are astonished a second time, and vow, "There is something in it!"

You may fold up any article in a letter, and hold it for a quarter of an hour close to his eyes, before two blazing lamps. Then ask him what it is, and he will reply, "something." The spectators will clasp their hands at this, and exclaim, "There is something in it!"

You may ask him why you cannot get by a turnpike gate. He will reply, "because you do not pay the toll." At this astounding discovery, which nothing short of witchcraft could nose out, you are thunderstruck, and quite deprived of the power of speech. The spectators, all agog with wonder, set up a roar of applause, and again exclaim, "There is *certainly* something in it!"

But the Professor has been less fortunate in his private exhibitions before a select committee of scientific Bostonians. During one of these exhibitions, some days since, he entirely failed in his experiments on a young lady. But he was not without an excuse, though it was not one quite satisfactory to the committee, viz; that his want of success was wholly attributable to "the presence of some one whose *mental atmosphere* was particularly obnoxious te him!"—an excuse which of itself should forever stamp the quack with disgrace.

Within a few days past, those of our citizens who have attended the Museum, have had an opportunity of judging for themselves of the pretensions of Animal Magnetism. If Mons. Addrent, whom some of our city editors have been pleased to dub "the Prince of Wizards," cannot at least create the impression on the more pliable minds of his auditors, that there may be less humbuggery than fact in the pretended science, we do not know who can. But he did not succeed in doing so. Notwithstanding his subjects and committees were duly *instructed*, the whole affair was a complete failure. We would advise Monsieur to confine himself to his old feats of legerdemain.—Whilst many of these are certainly staggering, those at which he has lately tried his hand are, to say the least, peculiarly disgusting to every mind of ordinary sensibility and intelligence.

Animal Magnetism is a humbug of French birth. It originated with Prof. Wesmer, some years before the French Revolution. This individual, by impudence, legerdemain and the most extravagant pretensions, soon attracted very general notice. Among his countrymen he readily found willing dupes. Fickle as the wind, and ever seeking new sources of excitement, a great proportion of the Parisian population at once embraced the theory. Apprehensive of the consequences to which the delusion might lead, the Government at length appointed two committees, composed of gentlemen of acknowledged science, to investigate the merits of the system. Mesmer, however, refused to receive the committees, remarking that he would receive spectators, but not judges. But one of his disciples, D'Eslon, offered, unsolicited, to afford the committees every facility in acquainting themselves with both the system and the manner in which it was applied to diseases. After the most laborious and thorough investigation, the committees reported, *Animal Magnetism was condemned.*

Against the justice of these reports, both Mesmer and D'Eslon put in their most solemn protest. But the blow which the theory thus received, if not a fatal one, was at least a severe one. The people, upon their "sober second thought," were returning to their right senses, when the Revolution, in its devouring flood, swallowed up Animal Magnetism, as it also did many real sciences and institutions of merit.

The next we heard of the system is among the Germans. They received the abandoned stranger with open arms, and nursed it with the greatest care and zeal. Many of the distinguished men of that country became its enthusiastic advocates; but the influence and rank of its opponents were powerful, and, after subjecting the theory to repeated experiments, finally triumphed.

Since this second verdict was passed upon Animal Magnetism, its principal abiding places, previously to its crossing the waters, has been in Italy and Sweden. It has never flourished in England or Holland. But Brother Jonathan has at length taken the special charge of the exotic, and we doubt not he will assiduously cultivate it until another "notion" takes possession of his mind.

Literary Notices.

☞ The Metropolitan for June, closes the eleventh volume of that work. It contains a continuation of Mrs. Trollope's "Belles in England," Blackgown's "Memoirs of an Italian Exile" and "Memories of Gibralter;" also, another tale from the "Recollections of a Student," a capital sketch by Edward Howard, entitled "The Idiot Sailor-Boy," the first three chapters of "Spencer Middleton, or the 'Squire of River Hill," by George Stanley, "Autobiographical Sketches," by Mrs. Crawford, and a few clever poetical contributions.

The Metropolitan is re-published by Mrs. Jemima M. Mason, corner of Broadway and Pine streets, New York.

The Arcturus for July has come to hand.—This periodical, though of recent establishment has acquired a favorable estimation with the public. Two very able papers, one upon Lord Bolinbroke, and the other upon Capital Punishment, will be found in this number. Published by B. G. Trevett, 121 Fulton st., New York.

Biography of James Monroe.—It is understood that Samuel L. Gouveneur, Esq., is preparing for publication a biography of his father-in-law, President Monroe. We doubt not that the work will form an important addition to the American biographical library.

Scott's Works are to be published in Philadelphia. They will be issued in 25 Nos. for $5—each No. containing a volume. If they are printed as well as they *should* be—of which we cannot yet speak—they will constitute the cheapest series which have ever been issued from the press.

The Grave of L. E. L.—A monument to the memory of this sweet poetess, is about to be erected in England. At present "she sleeps in the barren sands of Africa," and the mournful music of the billows to which she listed in her solitary secret dwelling, is now the dirge that resound over her grave.

One of the Oldest of the Cocked Hats.—The last Newport Mercury completed the Eighty third Volume of that venerable paper. It was first published in that town by James Franklin, an elder brother of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, on the 12th of June, 1757.

☞ Misers are like moths—they eat up a community without becoming fat themselves.

Sketches of History.

The Palace of Palenque.

The ruins of the city of Palenque are described in the new work of Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood, as occupying many acres, but so covered with a dense forest that they found it difficult to explore them; especially in the unfavorable wet season in which they made the attempt. The natives appear to have afforded them every possible facility, but were in fact without any suitable instruments or resources. Then the mosquetoes were "beyond all endurance." The reader may form some idea of the nature, extent and magnificence of these ancient ruins on our continent, by the following description of the deserted Palace at Palenque—which the travellers occupied during their stay in the vicinity:

A front view of this building is given in the engraving. It stands on an artificial elevation of an oblong form, forty feet high, three hundred and ten feet front and rear, and two hundred and sixty feet on each side. This elevation was formerly faced with stone, which has been thrown down by the growth of trees, and its form is hardly distinguishable.

The building stands with its face to the east, and measures two hundred and twenty-eight feet front by one hundred and eighty feet deep. Its height is not more than twenty-five feet, and all around it had a broad projecting cornice of stone. The front contained fourteen doorways, about nine feet wide each, and the intervening piers are between six and seven feet wide. On the left (in approaching the Palace) eight of the piers have fallen down, as has also the corner on the right, and the terrace underneath is cumbered with the ruins. But six piers remain entire, and the rest of the front is open.

The building was constructed of stone, with a mortar of lime and sand, and the whole front was covered with stucco and painted. The piers were ornamented with spirited figures in bas-relief, one of which is represented in the above engraving. On the top are three hieroglyphics sunk in the stucco. It is enclosed by a richly ornamented border, about ten feet high and six wide, of which only a part now remains. The principal personage stands in an upright position and in profile, exhibiting an extraordinary facial angle of about forty-five degrees. The upper part of the head seems to have been compressed and lengthened, perhaps, by the same process employed upon the heads of the Choctaw and Flat head Indians of our own country. The head represents a different species now existing in that region of country; and, supposing the statues to be images of living personages, or the creation of artists, according to their ideas of perfect figures, they indicate a race of people now lost and unknown.

The head dress is evidently a plume of feathers. Over the shoulders is a short covering, decorated with studs, and a breast plate; part of the ornament of the girdle is broken; the tunic is probably a leopard's skin; and the whole dress, no doubt, exhibits the costume of this unknown people.—He holds in his hand a staff or sceptre, and opposite his hands are the marks of three hieroglyphics, which have decayed or been broken off. At his feet are two naked figures seated cross-legged, and apparently suppliants. A fertile imagination might find many explanations for these strange figures, but no satisfactory interpretation presents itself to my mind. The hieroglyphics doubtless tell its history. The stucco is of admirable consistency, and hard as stone. It was painted, and in different places about it we discovered the remains of red, blue, yellow, black, and white.

The piers which are still standing contained other figures of the same general character, but which, unfortunately are more mutilated, and from the declivity of the terrace, it was difficult to set up the camera lucida in such a position as to draw them. The piers which are fallen were, no doubt, enriched with the same ornaments. Each one had some specific meaning, and the whole probably presented some allegory or history; and when entire and painted, the effect in ascending the terrace must have been imposing and beautiful.

The principal doorway is not distinguished by its size or any superior ornament, but it is only indicated by a range of broad stone steps leading up to it on the terrace. The doorways have no doors nor are there the remains of any. Within, on each side are three niches in the wall, about eight or ten inches square with cylindrical stone about two inches in diameter fixed upright, by which perhaps, a door was secured. Along the cornice outside, projecting about a foot beyond the front, holes were drilled at intervals through the stone; and our impression was, that an immense cotton cloth, running the whole length of the building, perhaps painted in a style corresponding with the ornaments, was attached to the cornice, and raised and lowered like a curtain according to the exigencies of sun and rain. Such a curtain is now used in front of the piazzas in the haciendas in Yucatan.

The tops of the doorways were all broken.—They had evidently been square, and over every one were large niches in the wall on each side on which the lintels had been laid. These lintels had all fallen, and the stones above formed broken natural arches. Underneath were heaps of rubbish, but there were no remains of lintels. If they had been single slabs of stone, some of them must have been visible and prominent; and we made up our mind that these lintels were of *wood*. We had no authority for this. It is not suggested either by Del Rio or Captain Dupaix, and perhaps we should not have ventured the conclusion but for the wooden lintel which we had seen over the doorway at Occosingo; and by what we saw afterwards at Yucatan, we were confirmed beyond all doubt in our opinion. I do not conceive however, that this gives any conclusive data in regard to the age of the buildings. The wood, if such as we saw in the other places, would be very lasting; and its decay must have been very slow, and centuries may have elapsed since it perished altogether.

The building has two parallel corridors running lengthwise on all four of its sides. In front of these corridors are about nine feet wide, and extended the whole length of the building upward of two hundred feet. In the long hall that divides them there is but one door, which is opposite the principal door of entrance, and has a corresponding one on the other side, leading to a court yard in the rear. The floors are of cement, as hard as the best seen in the remains of Roman baths and cisterns. The walls are about ten feet high, plastered, and on each side of the principal entrance ornamented with medallions, of which the borders only remain. These perhaps contained the busts of the royal family. The separating walls had apertures of about a foot, probably intended for purposes of ventilation.

The builders were evidently ignorant of the principle of the arch, and the support was made by stones lapping over each other as they rose, as at Occosingo, and among the Cyclopean remains in Greece and Italy. Along the top was a layer of flat stone, and the sides, being plastered, presented a flat surface. The long unbroken corridors in front of the palace, were probably intended for lords and gentlemen in waiting; or perhaps, in that beautiful position, which, before the forest grew up, must have commanded an extensive view of a cultivated and inhabited plain, the king himself sat in it to recieve the reports of his officers, and to administer justice. Under our dominion, Juan occupied the front corridor as a kitchen, and the other as a sleeping apartment.

Variety

Formation of Hail.—Some persons are puzzled, says the Boston Mercantile Journal, to account for the formation of hail stones in the atmosphere, when the temperature on the earth's surface is above ninety, as was the case on Wednesday. Mr. Espy in his meteorological lectures gives a beautiful description of the formation of a cloud, and after the cloud is formed, he says, rain drops are generated—but sometimes these cannot reach the earth on account of the violence of the upward current, but are, on the contrary, carried to the region of perpetual congelation, there frozen, and thrown off at the sides of the hail cloud. —*Star.*

"Ma, what does cousin John hug sister Bridget so for?"

"La, Simon, you have such eyes—he's only a courting her, my child."

"Golly gracious, ma—don't he court her *hard* though?"

"La, Simon, do hush?"

Judging of the merits of a newspaper by its size, is like measuring a man's brains by his altitude.

Important Invention.—Mr. Wm. P. Baker, of Boston, has made an important but simple improvement in the lock, which he calls the "thief detector." This machinery occupies but a small part, and can be introduced into most common bank and store locks. The machinery is attached to an air chamber, (into which air is compressed with a pump,) by wires connected with a bolt, door, windows, or other opening to the store; any movement of the wires sets in motion the machinery, and opens a whistle, which continues to blow till the machinery is run down. The noise produced may be heard a great distance, and is similar to steam whistles attached to locomotives on our railroads. —*Troy Whig.*

The musquitos have established an extensive singing school in the office of the Galvestan (Texas) Gazette, and the fleas avail themselves of the musical advantages thus afforded, to foot it up and down over the editor's body, in every sort of a dance, from the slow march to the rapid gallopade. The editor's position is most interestingly uncomfortable.

The Perpetual Rose.—A Parisian florist has succeeded in producing a new hybrid rose from the Bourbon rose and Gloire de Rosomene, the flowers of which he fertilized with the pollen of some damask hybrid roses. The plant is said to be extremely beautiful—the color bright crimson, shaded with maroon purple, and is further enriched with a powerful and delicious fragrance.

"I'll handle your witnesses without gloves," said one lawyer to another. "That you may do with *safety*, but it is more than I would venture to do with *yours*," was the reply.

An exchange paper says that vanity is the millstone that the devil hangs about the neck of Genius. Yes; and oblivion is too often the sea in which it is thrown.

What word of ten letters can be spelled with five?

Ans. X P D N C. (Expediency.)

MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday evening, the 30th inst., by Alderman Erickson, Mr. William Johnson to Miss Catharine Covenhoven, both of this city.

At Dansville, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. H. Walker, Mr. David D. McNair, to Miss Mary L. Bradner, daughter of Lester Bradner, Esq., all of that place.

In Le Roy, on the 23d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Salmon Hale, Esq., of Jackson, Mich., to Miss Harriet Scrantom, of the former place.

In Allen, Chautauque Co., on the 20th inst., by Elder J. W. Selden, Mr. Wellington Cook, to Miss Maria Brown, all of Allen.

In Henrietta on the 24th ult., by the Rev. S. H. Ashman, Mr. Elish Beebe, of East Bloomfield, Ontario county, to Miss Harriet M. Snyder, of the former place.

In Lima, N. Y. on the 23d inst., by the Rev. J. Barnard, Jr., Mr. Clement Turner, to Miss Huldah E. Warner, 2d daughter of Judge Warner.

In Buffalo, on the 22d inst., by C. H. De Forest, Esq., Mr. Joseph Williams, to Miss Catharine Lasher, all of Rochester.

In Rushville, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Gelston, Major George S. Ellas of Bath, to Miss Amanda D., daughter of Hon. Chester Loomis of the former place.

In Prattsburgh, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. William Wheeler, of the town of Wheeler, and Miss Henrietta Johnson, daughter of S. A. Johnson, Esq., of the former place.

In Hartford, Ct., June 16, in the Universalist Church, by Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. John Jameson, to Miss Rachel Stedman; also, Mr. James M. Stedman, to Mrs. Esther Ruggles formerly of Rochester.

In East Hartford, on the 10th inst., by Rev. Geo. Burgis, Mr. James Hills, Jr. to Miss Harriet M. Wells.

In New Haven, on the 13th inst., Mr. Abner H. Stone, to Miss Mary A. Smith, of Albany.

In Penfield on the 24th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of Pittsford, Mr. David W. Smith, of the former place, to Miss Hannah Louisa Paddock, of Penfield.

On the morning of the 24th instant, at St. Luke's church, by the Rev. Mr. Van Zant, Doct. James S. Monroe, to Mrs. Maria Fay, both of this city.

In Lockport, on the 24th June, by the Rev. Geo. Dennison, Mr. Geo. Bond, of Brockport, to Miss Jane Bacon, daughter of Geo. Bacon, Esq.

In Angelica on the 17th inst., by J. B. Welch, Esq., Mr. Warren Chafee, of Cambria, Niagara county, to Miss Melinda Munn, of Westfield, Chautauqua county.

In Rushford, on the 13th inst., by G. Leavens, Esq., Mr. Eleazer Howard, to Miss Nancy Hillery, all of that place.

In Castile, on the 20th inst. by, Elder Reed, Mr. Joseph Lard to Miss Mary Jane Hess, all of Castile.

At West Bloomfield, on the 15th ult., by Rev. Mr. Haskins, Mr. Isaac Waring, to Miss Cynthy Ayers.

In Byron, on the 10th inst., by Amos Hewit, Esq., Mr. Oliver Ford, Esq. to Mrs. Sally Ann Colwell.

In Dansville, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Elam H. Walker, Mr. Minaroa H. Mills, of Mount Morris, to Miss Margaret Southworth, grand daughter of Hon. Moses Van Campen, of Dansville.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

Terms.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1841. No. 15.

National Ode.

ODE

For the Celebration of the Fourth of July, by the Rochester Lyceum.

BY MISS SARAH J. CLARKE.

The morning breaks—the glorious sun
  Pours his effulgent light
Through gloomy clouds and vapors dun,
  On Bunker's hoary height;
And there a stern, determined band
  Wait England's armed brave;
Behold, they come! see, near at hand
  Their hostile banners wave!

See, proudly up the hill's side now
  Their bright battalions sweep;
But, ah! to take upon its brow
  Their cold, eternal sleep.
Hark to the cannon's opening roar!
  See falchions gleaming bright!
Behold the maddened rush, the gore,
  The glory of the fight!

Hark to the bayonet's ringing clash!
  See Warren's well-aimed blow,
See Putnam's sword and fierce eye flash
  Defiance on the foe!
On armed front and glittering flank
  Their muskets pour their rain,
Till file on file and rank on rank
  Are weltering with the slain.

Time passeth on—the scene is changed—
  Within a dim old hall,
A dauntless patriot band are ranged,
  Prompt at their Country's call;
Behold her bound with tyrant thongs!
  And on yon table see
The faithful story of her wrongs—
  The wrongs that set her free.

Nor wrongs alone, but RIGHTS are told,
  By God and Nature given,
Which tyrant man may not withhold,
  The legacy of Heaven—
Earth's every clime to cheer and bless,
  Bequeathed to all that live,
"Life, liberty and happiness"—
  The richest Heaven can give.

The DECLARATION! deathless scroll
  That bids a nation rise
And spurn th' oppressor's base control,
  The tyrant's threats despise,
They sign! they sign! a strength is cast
  Upon each brave heart now,
While mighty spirits of the past
  Are listening to their vow.

For, see, unmoved each patriot stands,
  Still undismayed, still brave,
Though phantoms point with shadowy hands
  To Shame's unhallowed grave.
Death! Death! he seemeth now to spread
  A vast and bloody pall,
Gloomy and dark, above each head,
  Within that ancient hall.

They know that blood, the warm, rich blood
  Of those who would be free,
Must water, in a generous flood,
  The tree of Liberty.
Yet pledge they—those brave sons of Fame—
  "Their lives, their fortunes"—*more*,
The "*sacred honor*" of each name,
  To plant it on their shore.

* * * * * * *

Again 'tis changed;—a winter night
  Spreads its thick shades around,
Nor moon, nor e'en a star's pale light
  Gleams o'er the frozen ground,
As from the drear and wave-lashed strand
  Of cold, dark Delaware,
A silent, yet unfearing band,
  Its wintry billows dare.

'Mid falling rain and driving snow,
  They ply the muffled oar,
To wake to shame or death, the foe
  That sleeps on Trenton's shore.
They land; still midnight's shadows screen
  The plain, and tent, and flood;
Oh! 'tis a wild, yet fitting scene
  For War's dark deeds of blood.

Behold that band return again
  To cross that stream to-night;
Yet not alone—a thousand men
  Come captives from the fight,
To whom the scene around doth seem,
  The quick, wild strife that passed,
Some dark and dread and troubled dream
  That will not, cannot last.

The victors—oh! *their* hearts bound free;
  Joy lighteth every brow;
Who death now dreads on field or sea?
  Who talks of slavery, now?
Already Freedom's blessed sun
  Shines forth, though war clouds lower;
How much for Glory hath been done
  In one brief midnight hour!

But England's pride still scorns to yield;
  And see, and see again,
Through years, on many a trampled field
  The strife of armed men.
Behold, on bayonets at rest
  The fierce and headlong rush;
Behold from many a gallant breast
  The heart's red torrent gush!

And who against the battle tide,
  Leads Freedom's phalanx on,
The faint to cheer, the brave to guide?
  'Tis glorious WASHINGTON!
Ah! see him wave his sword on high,
  His stately war-horse wheel,
And gaze, with calm, uncowering eye,
  On ranks of threatening steel!

And see, where falls the leaden storm,
  Where gleams the bayonet,
And banners flash, yon youthful form!
  'Tis noble LAFAYETTE!
And who the band led by his sword,
  Where e'er the foe advance,
To charge where blood is freest poured?
  The chivalry of France!

On! on! to victory or death,
  Columbia's, Gallia's brave;
'Tis glory thus to yield the breath—
  There 's *freedom* in the *grave*.
They fight while foes are left to die,
  They pile each field with slain,
And oft their shout of victory
  Swells upward from the plain.

* * * * * * *

Another scene; from Yorktown's gate
  The British squadron's pour;
Yet not in all their pomp and state
  And haughty pride of yore;
Not to the battle onward led,
  To glory or their graves;—
They come with slow and sullen tread,
  Like scourged and cowering slaves.

The eyes once wont in fire to speak,
  Where is their fierceness now?
Shame, grovelling shame, burns on each cheek
  And brands each humbled brow!
Behold their blades and banners cast,
  Dishonored, to the dust,
Dark with the stain of conflicts past,—
  The life blood of the just!

And see yon plumed and titled lord,
  A British noble's son,
Yield up his jewel-hilted sword
  To conquering WASHINGTON!
Where now is his ancestral pride,
  And where his dreams of fame?
In mercy, let oblivion's tide
  O'erwhelm his very name.

* * * * * * *

Years pass away like summer's sheen
  From some cold mountain's brow,
Still fraught with change. Behold the scene
  Before, around us now;
See, once again the morning ray
  That smileth out of Heaven,
Hath ushered in this sacred day
  To joy and glory given.

Around us are our peaceful homes
  Where once the foeman trod;
Where armies met, the hallowed domes
  And altars of our God.
The battle and the toil are o'er;
  The light of Liberty
Beams on our land from shore to shore—
  Joy! brothers, we are free!

Though past, those scenes of blood and strife,
  We yet may be as brave,
May live a patriot's honored life,
  Without a soldier's grave.
What though we win no warrior's fame,
  And wield no chieftain's powers—
The glory of an *honest name*
  May surely yet be ours;

And ours, a reverence for the law,
  For Justice's sacred halls,
An arm to strike, a sword to draw,
  When our loved country calls.
OUR COUNTRY—let it be our trust
  And purpose strong and high,
To keep her proud name from the dust,
  Her banner in the sky.

Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

New England Scenery—An Affecting Incident of Real Life.

I once made an excursion along the banks of the delightful Connecticut. The scenery of this river is often peculiarly romantic, and would be visited by parties of pleasure, if the falls which so frequently occur were removed, so as to render the noble stream navigable. In many places the water flows over a rich alluvial meadow, with a soil which would vie with the best land in the Empire State; at other places the banks are thirty feet high, and being above the highest freshet, is dryer and better adapted to the growing of grain. Going as far north as the Granite State, the meadows become narrower, seldom more than fifty rods wide, and frequently terminated by precipitous rocks, or by the more gentle slope of the encroaching mountains.

In Grafton county the prospect changes; there the meadow in most places is arrested by a steep hill, some seventy feet high; when that is gained, you come to a plain, varying from 100 rods to one mile, not of that rich soil of the lower lands, but usually clay and often mixed with small stone.—For a distance of thirty miles, however wide or circumscribed this plain, its level is about the same, not varying more in height than the meadow, its surface giving frequent and strong proofs that it had often been inundated by the spring freshets—not since the river has attained its present bed, but when the world was young, and before man had "sought out so many inventions."

One mile south of Dartmouth College, there is on either side of the river a dark granite rock of smooth surface, as if worn by the current, of equal height with the flat before described. The rock descends on an angle of about seventy degrees,

contracting the river to one-fifth of its usual width. Pass these "narrows," and the river expands to a bay of one mile wide, surrounded by high hills, covered with wood. Visit this place in a pleasant summer day, and it appears like a little isolated lake, shut out from the world. At high water in the spring, the scene is changed; the river, as if maddened by the encroachments of the enduring granite, with gathered fury rushes past her narrow bounds, to disgorge herself into the agitated bay, producing an eddy on each side, with a current of seven miles per hour, and seemingly elevated some inches above the stream; the counter currents, so near and running with such speed, would make any attempt to cross fatal.

It is evident that these banks were once united, and formed a barrier which would have caused a cascade, not so grand, it is true, as the Niagara, yet it must have been more romantic, pouring as it did over that narrow pass. In a spring freshet, it would have been a sublime sight from one of the small islands in the bay; or, if you chose, you might climb the rock on the west side, and see the river above gradually narrow to a point, and then loose itself in the agitated bay. When this wall of solid rock, sixty rods thick, was removed, or whether by a ceaseless and slow action of a powerful element, or by a sudden avalanche, it has long been beyond the power of man to tell.

North of the narrows, in Orange county, Vermont, are palisades more imposing and grand than those on the Hudson. Here nature favored man by making it possible for him to construct a road. At one point the rock rises perpendicularly forty feet from the river; then there is an interval making it just possible to build a road; then it rises again ninety-seven feet, almost overhanging the road—the traveler on the one hand threatened by the impending rock, and beneath the placid surface of the winding river seems ready to receive him.

Seven miles above the narrows, I stopped at a large house on a farm extending two-thirds of a mile on the banks of the river, the meadow being sixty rods wide, terminated by a steep hill of seventy feet. On this farm the upper flat was marked by a brook, whose source was in the granite hills. As it approached the river, it had hollowed out a deep ravine, running nearly west, until it came to the brow of the hill; then, as if directed by the hand of an eccentric man, it turned suddenly north, running nearly half a mile, leaving a ridge of clay, interspersed with layers of sand too steep to climb, and fit only to hold the world together, or to put the last finishing touch to the great landscape. This ridge must be gained, descended, and the height again attained, or the more circuitous route of the brook taken, before a valuable part of the farm could be seen.

However grand the design or enormous the expense for a single individual to attempt, yet a road was cut, near a level, through the hill, making the passage to the rear part of the farm direct and convenient. This cut arrested my attention, and on inquiry I learned the following incident connected with the highway. "Truth is stranger than fiction," and in this case more difficult to be believed.

The motto of this sturdy old farmer and host, was *Economy*—not that stingy kind which deprives the miser of all the comforts of life, but it was manifested about his ordinary business. His great study was the adaptation of means to produce the most good or greatest effect. He had long since learned that it was not very pleasant to cross the ridge as often as business compelled him. He therefore built a dam half a mile up the brook where the water was higher than the ridge; then by cutting a ditch he brought the water to the place where he wished to have his road, and thus let it pass off down the hill. To build a road through such a hill with ordinary means, would have been a great tax for a whole town, and for one man to make the attempt, was considered chimerical by his neighbors.

The novelty of the undertaking, and the noise of the waterfall often brought visitors to see the slow progress the water made in gullying the hard blue clay which constituted the principal part of the hill. After running for months, it made a gap of some forty feet deep, and falling as it did perpendicularly from the top, though the stream was small, it produced a grand *little* cascade, and could be heard, when the air was still, for the distance of two miles. Agitated by the fall, its bulk increased by the accumulation of detached earth, which with accelerated speed was seeking the common level, and it would glide over the blue, oily clay, seeming hardly to mar its surface. But "a steady dropping will wear a stone," and this clay gradually yielded to the impression. After wearing down ten or twelve inches, the water would meet a vein of pure white sand, which would mingle readily with the water; when in these layers of sand, the water would disappear from the surface, and if near either bank, the experienced man would leave immediately, until the statum of clay, being thus left without support, should fall, and the water again appear upon the surface. It would sometimes undermine the solid bank, and the perpendicular surface of twenty or thirty feet high and two or three feet thick, cleave off in a regular thickness, and fall with the concussion and power of a thick wall of stone.

Two lads, of eight and ten years of age, while their parent was at dinner, went up to the notch, not perhaps so much with a view of accelerating the removal of the earth, as to gratify their curiosity, the desire of which, by the way, often leads people of discretion to imminent peril. The lad of ten, after looking awhile at the waterfall, thinking it might be made to do a more active business, and not for a moment thinking of the awful risk he would run in doing that which a more experienced person would shudder to think of, diverted the course of the stream to a stratum of sand at the base of the high bank. It immediately gullied the sand so as to be received into layer, and kept its course onward and along the base. The younger lad, not so much engrossed by the sport, stood looking at the high wall which almost overhung their heads.

There are moments when the more experienced and cautious may not know or think of the peril they may be in. Here was a bank which these youths found standing firm, a small stream of water it is true, had lost itself in the base, in doing which it had made but a small chasm, and was running quietly and unseen; had it been a mighty torrent, sweeping all before it, the dashing spray would have warned them to a safer distance.—But what should now excite the fear of those who knew no peril? The water was gone from their sight, and they might perhaps be wondering if it would return, or how long it would remain concealed. Whatever might have been their cogitations, they were soon interrupted. The younger brother saw the bank begin to crumble and totter, and with the presence of mind which should make an older person proud, he gave the alarm and left the scene in time to escape the fall with only a slight brush as the bank tumbled over, the speed of which only seems to have accelerated his flight. He returned; not however to think of his own narrow escape, but to look for his brother. The place where but a moment before they were indulging in innocent amusement, was now covered with two and a half feet of fallen earth! He called his brother, but there was no kind voice to greet his ear—he was alone! and the waters, as if to sympathize with his feelings, stopped at the place, as if waiting for the first emotions of grief to subside, or pausing before they should pass the place where lay his beloved kindred!

"What became of the lad?" said I, with feelings no longer to be suppressed.

"There is a providence in all things," replied my informant, "and every event is directed for some wise purpose. Far from home, here was a lad eight years old standing near a suffering or perhaps a dead brother! Should he call, no ear would hear; but still he could not think of leaving his brother, so suddenly taken from his sight, without an effort to release him from the relentless earth; and taking his hoe, he nerved himself to the work, but in a few moments it occurred to him how utterly futile was his best efforts, and dropping his hoe, he ran a distance of seventy rods to alarm his father. Immediately the parent and a hired man were on the ground. That hoe guided to the spot! If there had been no mark made, or if the hoe had been removed, they might have dug days, for the distance of twenty rods, before finding the lost boy; but an overruling hand directed that a child's folly should be the land-mark, and following the guide, they commenced digging rapidly, yet with fearful care. Deep in the ground the form was reached, exhumed—restoratives which had been provided by his sister were applied. What intense anxiety! what breathless silence prevails! what anguish is pictured on that parent's face! But stop,—the boy breathes—he opens his eyes—he lives! What joy is there now in that little circle! No one can describe it,—no one can imagine the feeling which there prevailed, unless a like scene has been before him."

Popular Tales.

From Graham's Gentleman's Magazine for July.

THE MISTAKEN CHOICE;
OR, THREE YEARS OF WEDDED LIFE.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"So you are really going to be married, Charles?"

"Yes, uncle; and I hope you will agree with me in thinking that I have made a very prudent choice."

"That remains to be seen yet," said Mr. Waterton. "In the first place, who is the lady?"

"Miss Laura Tarleton."

"I know her *name* well enough, for you have scarcely uttered any other one these six weeks," was the crusty reply; "but I want to know something of her family."

"Her father was a southern merchant, and died four or five years since, leaving only two daughters to inherit his large estate; one of these daughters married about two years since, and is now in Europe; the other I hope to introduce to your affections as my wife."

"Has she no mother?"

"Her mother died while she was very young."

"Where was she educated?"

"At the fashionable boarding-school of Madame Finesse, and I can assure you no expense has been spared in her education."

"I dare say not; these new-fangled establishments for the manufacture of man traps, don't usually spare expense. How old is your intended wife?"

"Just nineteen."

"Where has she lived since she left school, for I suppose she was "*finished*" as they style it, some years since."

"She has resided lately at the Astor House, under the protection of a relative who boards there."

"Then she cannot know much about housekeeping."

"I dare say not," replied Charles, with a slight feeling of vexation, "but all that knowledge comes by practice, uncle."

"If her time has been divided between a boarding school and a hotel, where is she to learn any thing about it?"

"Oh, women seem to have an intuitive knowledge of such things."

"You are mistaken, boy," said the old man, "if a girl has been brought up in a good home, and sees a regular system of housekeeping constantly pursued, she will become unconsciously familiar with its details, even though she may not then put such knowledge in practice; the consequence will be that when she is mistress of a house, her memory will assist her judgment—a quality, by the way, not too common in girls of nineteen. But how is the poor thing who has seen nothing but the *skimble-skamble* of a school household, or the clockwork regularity of a great hotel, to know any of the machinery by which the comfort of a home is obtained and secured?"

"Oh, I am not afraid to trust Laura," replied Charles with animation. "She is young, good-tempered, and, I believe, loves me; so I have every security for the future. When there's a will there's always a way."

"True, true, Charles, and I only hope your wife may have a will to find the right way; what is her fortune?"

"Reports vary respecting the amount—some say eighty, others, one hundred thousand dollars."

"Don't *you know* any thing about it?"

"I know that her fortune is very considerable, especially for a poor devil like me, who can barely clear two thousand a year by business," answered Charles with some irritation.

"When your father married, Charles, he was master of but three hundred dollars in the world."

"That may be, and the consequence was that my father's son has been obliged to work like a dog all his life."

"The very best thing that could have happened to you, my dear boy."

"How do you make that out? For my part, I see nothing very desirable in poverty."

"Nor do I, Charles; poverty is certainly an evil, but it is an evil to which you have never been exposed; competence was the reward of your father's industry, and he was thus enabled to bestow a good education and good habits upon his son. The limited range of your own experience will convince you of the danger of great riches. Who are the persons in your great city most notorious for vice and folly? Who are the horse-jockies, the gamblers, the rowdies, and the fools of high life? Why, they are the sons of our rich men, and how can we expect better things from those who from their childhood are pampered in idleness and luxury? I know you will tell me there are exceptions to this sweeping censure, and this I am willing to allow, for there are some minds which even the influence of wealth cannot injure; but how few are they, compared with the number of those who are ruined in their infancy by the possession of riches. Depend upon it, Charles, that learning, industry and virtue form the very best inheritance which any man can derive from his ancestors."

"It is a pity the world would not think so, uncle."

"So it is, boy; but the fact is such as I have stated, whatever the majority of the people may think. You have not now to learn that the wise and good are always in the *minority* in this world. But tell me one thing, my dear boy; if Miss Tarlton was poor and friendless, instead of being rich and fashionable, would you have fallen in love with her?"

"Why yes—certainly—I don't—" stammered Charles, confusedly, "but that is supposing so improbable a case that I cannot determine."

"Suppose she were suddenly to be deprived of her fortune," said the persevering old man, "would you still be so desirous of wedding her?"

"Why, to tell you the honest truth, uncle, I do not think I should, and for an excellent reason.—Laura has been brought up as a rich man's daughter, and therefore can scarcely be expected to have had proper training for a poor man's wife. If I were compelled to support a family on my paltry business, it would be necessary to have a more prudent and economical companion than Laura is likely to prove; but, thank heaven, this is not the case."

"All are liable to reverses of fortune, Charles, and should such befal you in future, you might chance to find that a prudent wife without money is a better companion in misfortune than an extravagant one who brought a rich dowry."

"My dear uncle, do not imagine all kinds of unpleasant contingencies; the idea of what you call a *prudent woman* is shocking to my notions of feminine character; it always conjures up in my mind an image of a sharp-voiced, keen-eyed creature, scolding at servants, fretting at children, and clattering slip-shod about the house, to look after the candle-ends and cheese-parings. Before a woman can become parsimonious, she must in a measure unsex herself, since the foible most natural to the sex, is extravagance—the excess of a liberal spirit."

"You are mistaken, Charles; that there are such women as you describe—bustling, notable housewives, who pride themselves on their ability to *manage*, as they term it, and who practice cunning because unable to use force—I acknowledge; but they are chiefly to be found among those who have been placed in an unnatural position in society,—women who, having neither father, brother nor husband to protect them, have been obliged to struggle with the world, and have learned to *jostle* lest they should *be jostled* in the race of life. But bachelor as I am, I have had many opportunities of studying the sex, and I can assure you that economy, frugality, and industry are by no means incompatible with feminine delicacy, refinement of thought and elegant accomplishments."

"Well, it may be all true, uncle," replied Charles, utterly wearied of the old man's lecture, "but it is too late to reflect upon the matter now, even if I were so disposed. I am to be married next week, and I hope when you see Laura, you will think with me, and give me credit for more prudence than you seem to think I possess."

Charles Wharton possessed good feelings, and, as he believed, good principles; yet, seduced by the ambition of equalling his richer neighbors, he had persuaded himself into choosing a wife, less from affection than from motives of interest. Had Laura Tarleton been poor, he certainly would never have thought of her, since, pretty as she was, she lacked the brilliancy of character which he had always admired. But there was a sin upon his conscience, known only to himself and *one* other, which often clouded his brow, even in the midst of his anticipated triumph. There was a young, fair and gifted girl, whom he had loved with all the fervor of a sincere attachment, and *he knew* that she loved him, although no word on the subject had been uttered by either. He knew that his looks, and tones, and actions had been to her those of a lover, and he had little reason to doubt the feeling with which he had been met. He had looked forward to the time when he should be quietly settled amid the comforts of a peaceful home, and the image of *that fair girl* was always the prominent object in his pictures for the future.—But a change came over the spirit of the whole nation. Wealth poured into the country—or at least what was then considered wealth—and with it came luxury and sloth. The golden stream came to *some* like a mountain torrent, and others began to repine at receiving it only as the tiny rivulet. People 'made haste to be rich,' and Charles Waterton was infected with the same thirst after wealth. He met with Laura Tarleton, learned that she was an orphan heiress, and instantly determined to secure the glittering prize. Ambition conquered the tenderness of his nature; he forsook the lady of his love, and after an acquaintance of six weeks, succeeded in becoming the husband of the wealthy votary of fashion.

Not long after his marriage, he discovered one *slight* error in his calculations, and found that his wife's hundred thousand dollars had in reality dwindled down to thirty thousand. But even this was not to be despised, and Charles, conscious that he had nothing but talents and industry when he commenced life, felt that he had drawn a prize in the lottery. Grateful to his wife for her preference to him, and conscious that he had not bestowed on her his full affections, he determined to make all the amends in his power, by lavishing every kindness upon her, and submitting implicitly to her wishes. Having intimated to him that she should prefer boarding during the first year of their married life, he accordingly engaged a suite of apartments at the Astor House, where they lived in a style of splendor and ease exceedingly agreeable to the taste of both. Mrs. Waterton was extremely pretty, with an innocent, child-like face and a graceful figure, and Charles felt so much pride in the admiration which she received in society, that he forgot to notice her mental deficiency. Their time was passed in a perpetual round of excitement and gaiety. During the hours when the counting room claimed the husband's attention, the young wife lounged on a sofa, read the last new novel, dawdled through a morning's shopping, or paid fashionable visits. The afternoon was spent over the dinner table, while the evening soon passed in the midst of a brilliant party, or amid the pleasures of some public amusement. But living in the bustle of a hotel, with a large circle of acquaintances always ready to drink Mr. Waterton's wine and flirt with his pretty wife, they were rarely left to each other's society, and at the termination of the first twelvemonth, they knew little more of each other's tempers and feelings than when they pledged their vows at the altar. Charles had learned that his placid Laura was somewhat pertinacious and very fond of dress, while she had been deeply mortified by the discovery that Charles' deceased mother had, during her widowhood, kept a thread and needle store; but this was all that they had ascertained of each other. There had been no studying of each other's character—no opportunity of practising that *adaptation* so necessary to the comfort of married life. They had lived only in a crowd, and were as yet in the position of partners in a quadrille, associated rather for a season of gaiety than for the changeful scenes of actual life.

The commencement of the second year found the young couple busily engaged in preparing for housekeeping. A stately house, newly built and situated in a fashionable part of the city, was selected by Mrs. Waterton, and purchased by her obsequious husband in obedience to her wishes, though he did not think it necessary to inform her that two thirds of the purchase money was to remain on mortgage. They now only awaited the arrival of the rich furniture which Mrs. Waterton had directed her sister to select in Paris.—This came, at length, and with all the glee of a child, she beheld her house fitted with carpets of such turf-like softness that the foot was almost buried in their bright flowers; mirrors that might have served for walls to the palace of truth; couches, divans, and fauteuils, inlaid with gold and covered with velvet most exquisitely painted; curtains, whose costly texture had been quadrupled in value by the skill of the embroideress; tables of the finest mosaic; lustres and girondoles of every variety, glittering with their wealth of gold and crystal; and all the thousand toys that serve to minister to the frivolous tastes of fashion.—The arrangement of the sleeping apartments was on a scale of equal magnificence. French dressing tables, with all the parapharnalia of Sevres china and crystal; Psyche glasses, in frames of ivory and gold; beds of rosewood, inlaid with ivory, and canopied with gold and silver, were among the decorations. But should the reader seek to ascend still higher—the upper rooms—the servent's apartments, uncarpeted, unfurnished, destitute of all the comforts which are necessary to domestics as to their superiors, would have been found to afford a striking contrast to the splendors of those parts of the mansion which are intended for display.

With all his good sense, Charles Waterton was yet weak enough to indulge a feeling of exultation as he looked round his magnificent house, and felt himself "master of all he surveyed." His thoughts went back to the time when the death of his father had plunged the family almost into destitution—when his mother had been aided to open a little shop, of which he was chief clerk, until the kindness of his old uncle had procured for him a situation in a wholesale store, which had finally enabled him to reach his present eminence. He remembered how often he had stood behind a little counter to sell a penny ball of thread or a piece of tape—how often he had been snubbed and scolded at when subject to the authority of a purse-proud employer—and in spite of his better reason, Charles felt proud and triumphant. His self-satisfaction was somewhat diminished, however, by the sight of a bill drawn upon him by his brother-in-law in Paris, for the sums due on this great display of elegance. Ten thousand dollars—one third of his wife's fortune—just sufficed to *furnish* their new house. Thus seven hundred dollars was cut off from their annual income, to be consumed in the wear and tear of their costly gew-gaws; another thousand was devoted to the payment of interest on the mortgage which remained on his house; so that, at the very outset of his career, Charles found himself, notwithstanding his wife's estate, reduced to the '*paltry two thousand a year*,' which he derived from his business. But he had too much false pride to confess the truth to his wife, and at once to alter their style of living.—Each had been deceived in their estimate of the other's wealth. Laura's income had been large enough, while she remained single, to allow her indulgence in every whim, and Charles, ambitious of the reputation of a man of fashion, after slaving all the morning in his office, had been in the habit of driving fast trotting horses, or sporting a tilbury and tiger in Broadway, every after-

noon, spending every cent of his income, and giving rise to the belief among the young men that he was very rich, while the old merchants only looked upon him as very imprudent. They were now to learn that their combined fortunes would not support the extravagances of a household, but Laura, accustomed to the command of money from childhood, knew not its value, because she had never known its want, and her husband shrank from enlightening her on the subject, by informing her of their real situation.

By the time the arrangements of their house were completed, and had been admired, envied and sneered at by her "dear five thousand friends," the season arrived for Mrs. Waterton's usual visit to Saratoga. Her husband of course accompanied her, though with rather a heavy heart, for he knew that only by close attention to business he could hope to provide the necessary funds for all such expenditures, although he had not sufficient moral courage to confess that he was so closely chained to the galley of commerce. The usual round of gaiety was traversed—the summer was spent in lounging at different watering-places—and the autumn found them returning, heartily wearied, to their splendid home. With the assistance of some kind *suggestors*, Mrs. Waterton now planned a series of entertainments for the coming winter, and Charles listened with ill-dissembled anxiety to the schemes for balls, parties, soirees, musical festivals and suppers. There was but one way to support all this. Charles determined to extend his business, and instead of confining himself to a regular cash trade, resolved to follow the example of his neighbors, and engage in speculation. Accordingly, he sold his wife's stock in several moneyed institutions, and, investing the proceeds in merchandise, commenced making money on a grander scale. This was in the beginning of the year '36, and every body knows the excitement of that momentous season; a season not soon to be forgotten by the bankrupt merchants, the distressed wives and beggared children who can date their misfortunes from the temporary inflation of the credit system, by which that fatal year was characterized. Mr. Waterton's books soon showed an immense increase of business, and, upon the most moderate calculation, his profits could scarcely be less than from eight to ten thousand dollars within six months. This was doing pretty well for a man who had formerly been content with a "paltry two thousand a year," but as avarice, like jealousy, "grows by what it feeds on," Charles began to think he might as well make money in more ways than one. He therefore began to buy real estate, and *pine lands* in Maine, *wild tracts* in Indiana, *town lots* in Illinois, together with the thousand schemes which then filled the heads of the sanguine and the pockets of the cunning, claimed his attention and obtained his money; while, at the same time, the fashionable society of New York were in raptures with Mrs. Waterton's splendid parties, her costly equipage, and her magnificent style of dress.

"Have you counted the cost of all these things, Charles?" said his old uncle, as he entered the house one morning, and beheld the disarray consequent upon a large party the previous night.

"Yes, uncle, I think I have," said Charles, smiling, as he sipped his coffee, at the old man's simplicity. "The fellows who manage these affairs soon compel us to count the cost, for when I came down this morning, I found on the breakfast table this bill for nine hundred and fifty-four dollars."

"Nine hundred dollars, Charles! You don't mean to say that your party last night cost that sum?"

"I do, my dear sir; and considering that the bill includes every thing but the wines, I do not consider it an exorbitant one; however, the elegant colored gentleman who takes all this trouble for me, does not charge me quite so much as he would if I employed him less frequently."

The old man looked around and sighed. The apartments were in sad disorder; for the servants, overcome by the fatigues of the previous day, had followed the example of their master, and stolen from the morning the sleep they had been denied at night. A bottle lay shivered in one corner of the supper room, the champaigne with which it had been filled soaking into the rich carpet—a piece of plum-cake had been crushed by some heedless foot into the snow-white rug which lay before the drawing-room fire—the sweeping draperies of one of the curtains was still dripping with something which bore a marvellous resemblance to melted ice cream, and the whole suite of apartments wore that air of desolation which usually characterizes a "banquet hall deserted."

"Do you calculate the destruction of furniture in counting the cost of your parties, Charles?" asked Mr. Waterton.

"Oh, no—that of course is expected; furniture, you know, becomes old-fashioned and requires to be renewed about every three years, and therefore one may as well have the use of it while it is new."

"You must have a vast addition to your fortune if you expect to pay for all these things."

"My dear sir," replied the nephew, with a most benignant smile at his uncle's superlative ignorance of his affairs, "my dear sir, you do not seem to know that, in the course of about three years, I shall be one of the richest men in New York."

"Do you sell on credit?" asked the old man, significantly.

"Certainly; every body does so now."

"Well, then, my boy, take an old man's advice, and don't count your chickens before they are hatched; don't live on ten thousand a year when that sum exists only in your ledger. Call in your debts, and when your customers have *paid*, then tell me how *much* you have *gained*."

"My dear uncle, you are quite obsolete in your notions. I wish I could induce you to enter with me into a new scheme; it would make your fortune."

"I am content with my present condition, Charles; my salary of eight hundred a year is quite sufficient for the wants of a bachelor, and leaves me a little for the wants of others; nor would I sacrifice my ease of mind and quiet of conscience for all the fortunes that will ever be made by speculation."

"It is not necessary to sacrifice either peace or principle in making a fortune, uncle."

"You have not seen the end yet, my dear boy; I have lived long enough to behold several kinds of *speculative mania*, and all terminated in a similarly unfortunate manner. It is a spirit of gambling which is abroad, and I am old-fashioned enough to believe that money thus obtained never does good to any one. It is like the price of a soul; the devil is sure to cheat the unhappy bargainer."

"How I hate to hear people talk about business," lisped Mrs. Waterton, as she sat listlessly in her loose wrapping gown at the breakfast table; "I think no one ought to mention the word before ladies."

The old man looked at her with ill-disguised contempt.

"It will be well for you, young lady," said he, "if you never have to learn the necessity of a knowledge of business."

Laura put up her pretty lip, but was silent, for she was much too indolent, and rather too well bred, to get angry.

Charles Waterton had given his uncle what he believed to be an accurate view of his circumstances. Excited beyond the bounds of sober sense, by his seeming success, he was as sanguine a dupe as every bled beneath the leech-craft of speculation. His real estate, which he *very moderately* estimated at *quintuple* its cost, formed, *at such prices*, an immense fortune. His book debts were enormous, for his money was scattered east, west north and south, and in consequence of giving long credits, he was enabled to obtain exorbitant profits. But the Eldorado whose boundaries seemed so accurately defined on paper, became exceedingly indistinct as he fancied himself about to approach its shores. The following year began to afford tokens of coming trouble. Credit was still good, but money had entirely disappeared from the community, and men who had learned to make notes in order to *acquire fortunes*, were now obliged to continue their manufacture in order to *avoid ruin*. Rumors of approaching distress arose in the money market: men began to look with distrust upon their fellows, and as unlimited confidence in each other had been the foundation of the towering edifice of unstable prosperity, the moment that was shaken, the whole structure fell crumbling to the earth. As soon as a doubt arose, destruction was at hand, and at length one wild crash of almost universal bankruptcy startled the dreamers from their golden visions.

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One fine morning in the spring of 1838, the doors of one of the most stately houses in ——— street, were thrown open to the public, and the auctioneer's flag waving from the window, gave a general invitation to every passer by. That ominous red flag! no less significant of evil than the black banner of the rover of the seas; for it is ever the signal of the disruption of household ties. That ominous red flag! sometimes betokening the instability of fortune—sometimes the work of death—sometimes telling of blighted fortunes—sometimes of broken hearts, but *always* of discomfort and disquiet. And yet, few things will so readily collect a concourse of people as that scarlet harbinger of destruction. There may be found the regular auction-haunters, men of idleness, bachelors, perhaps, glad to find an hour or two killed beneath the auctioneer's hammer—single ladies of small fortunes, who have nothing to do for themselves, and have not yet learned the luxury of doing something for their neighbors—notable housewives, actuated by a sense of duty and a love of economy, who waste *nothing but time* in their hunt after bargains—young persons who come to see how such persons furnished their houses—and perhaps some would-be connoisseur in search of old pictures, which, if they have only hung long enough over a smoky fire-place, may be classed with the works of the old masters.—On the morning in question, however, unusual attractions were offered to the visitors of such places, for it was the abode of wealth, and luxury, and taste, which was thus desecrated—the mansion of the Watertons! The rich carpets were disfigured by many a dirty footstep—the velvet couches bore the impress of many a soiling touch, and many a rude hand was laid upon the delicate and costly toys which had once been the admiration of the fashionable visitants of the family. Among the crowd were two of that *numerous tribe* found in the very midst of fashionable life, who have learned the trick of combining meanness and extravagance—women who will spend hundreds upon a shawl, and at the same time beat down the wages of a poor seamstress until she is almost compelled to purchase with life itself the bread which ought to sustain life. Such were the two who now seated themselves in the drawing-room of the ruined family, in order to be in the *right place* when certain articles were put up for sale.

"I want nothing here," said one, with a half scornful air, "except those mosaic tables; the carpets and curtains are ruined by carelessness, and no wonder, for Mrs. Waterton was a wretched housekeeper."

"And I only mean to buy that workbox," said the other; Mrs. Waterton told me it cost a thousand francs in Paris, and I am sure it will not sell for one-fourth its cost."

"By the way, have you seen her since her husband's failure?"

"Oh no, I shouldn't think of calling upon her when in so much distress; besides, I am told she has refusesd to see any one. Did you hear how she behaved when she heard of Mr. Waterton's reverses."

"No, I know nothing about her since she gave her last grand party, which was followed in a few days by his bankruptcy."

"Why, I was told she raved like a mad woman, reproached her husband in the vilest terms for thus reducing her to poverty, taunted him with his low origin, and accused him of the basest deception."

"I can easily believe it, for these mild, placid, milk-and-water women have got the temper of demons when once aroused."

"I have not told you all yet; she refused to give up her jewels, which were known to be of great value, and having secretly employed a person to dispose of them for her, she took passage for France and actually set sail a few days since; merely informing her husband *by letter*, that such was her purpose. This letter she placed in such hands that she knew he would not receive it until the vessel was under weigh, and he thus learned that she had deserted him forever. She pretends to have gone to join her sister; but there is a whisper of a certain black-whiskered foreigner who is the companion of her voyage. At any rate, whether he goes with her or not, he is a fellow passenger."

"Where is Mr. Waterton?"

"At the house of his old uncle, who will probably be obliged to transfer him to a lunatic asylum, before long; but hush, the auctioneer is coming."

I have told you the *denouement* as related by the heartless women of the world, but like most of their species, they were only *half right*. Mrs. Waterton *did* go with the intention of seeking her sister's protection, but ere she arrived there, she was persuaded to travel further under the protection of her fascinating friend. Mr. Waterton did not enter a lunatic asylum, but recovered his senses so fully that he obtained a divorce from his wife, and is now a fellow clerk with his uncle, enjoying as much tranquility as a remembrance of his former follies, his imprudent choice, and his three years of wedded life will allow.

Natural History.

From the Missionary Herald for March.

Fiery Flying Serpent.

In the early part of 1833, a native chief of Limo Manis, in the vicinity of Padang, named Tam Basar, in company with another person, mentioned to Mrs. F. A. Vandenberg and myself that they had just before seen a serpent flying, and as it was considered dangerous, had killed it. We accordingly went and examined it; and finding no appendage of the nature of wings, we again laughed at them as attempting to impose on our credulity. They, however, continued positive that they had seen it fly, and explained the mode of flying by saying it had power to render the under part of the belly concave instead of convex, as far as the ribs extended, whence it derived its support in the air; whilst its propulsion was produced by a motion of the body similar to that of swimming in water. We, however, continued incredulous, and took no further notice of the circumstance. In January, 1834, I was walking with Mr. P. Rogers, in a forest near the river Pedang Bessie, about a mile from the spot where he above was killed, when stopping for a moment to admire an immense tree, covered as with a garment of creepers, I beheld a serpent fly from it, at the height of forty or sixty feet above the ground, and alight upon another at the distance of forty fathoms. Its velocity was rapid as a bird, its motion that of a serpent swimming through water. It had no appearance of wings. Its course was that of a direct line, an inclination of ten or fifteen degrees to the horizon. It appeared to be four feet long. The one killed by the native chief was about the same length, was of slender proportion, dark colored back, light below, and was not characterized by any peculiarity which would make it remarkable to a stranger. Thus was I convinced of the existence of flying serpents; and, on inquiry, I found some of the natives, accustomed to the forest, aware of the fact. Those acquainted with the serpent called it "Ular tampang hari," (the fiery serpent) from the burning pain and mortal effect of its bite; so that the fiery flying serpent of the Scriptures was not an imaginary creature, though it appears now extinct in the regions it formerly inhabited. I have delayed the present not in hopes of obtaining a specimen which I could offer as a more convincing proof than my bare assertion; but further delay may possibly, with some, weaken even this testimony on a point which appears to have been long disputed, and which has not been credited by any of the Dutch gentlemen employed in collecting specimens of the natural history of these parts, to whom I have mentioned it. I learn from the natives, however, that this is not the only species that flies. There is one called "Ular Tadang," with red head, and not exceeding two feet long, seen sometimes about cocoa-trees, whose bite is instantly mortal, and which has the power of flying or rather leaping a distance of twenty fathoms, for it is described as not have the waving motion through the air of the one I saw.

N. M. Ward.

Pedang, West Coast Sumatra.

The Tortoise.—In the Library of Lambeth Palace, is the shell of a land tortoise, bro't there about the year 1623, lived till 1730, a period of 107 years. Another was placed in the garden of the Episcopal palace of Fulham by Bishop Laud in 1625, and died in 1953—125 years. How old they were when placed in the gardens, was unknown. From a document belonging to the Cathedral, called the Bishop's Barn, it is ascertained that the tortoise at Peterboro' must have been 220 years old. Bishop Marsh's predecessor in the See of Peterboro' had remembered it 60 years and remarked no visible change. He was the seventh Bishop since its sojourn there. Its favorite food was the flowers of the dandelion, lettuce, green peas, &c. In the latter part of June, it inclined to eat strawberries, current, and the like. The gardener said it knew him well, as he generally fed it, and would watch him, attentively at a gooseberry bush, where he was sure to take its station while he was plucking the fruit. It would take no animal food, nor milk, nor water. In cloudy weather, it scooped a cavity in the ground where it laid torpid till the sun appeared. For a month before retiring to winter quarters, it refused all sustenance; the depth of its burrow varied as the approaching winter was mild or severe, being from one to two feet. Mr. White, in his history of Selbourne, from which the account is taken, mentions one which always retired to the ground early in November, and emerged in April. It was very timid with regard to rain, although its shell would resist a loaded cart. As sure as it walked elate, on tiptoe, so sure came rain before night. The tortoise has an arbitrary stomach and lungs, and can refrain from eating or breathing a great part of the year. As soon as the old lady who fed this one for 30 years, came in sight, it would hobble towards her with awkward alacrity, but was inattentive to strangers. The ox knoweth its owner.

Curious Anecdote of the Nightingale.—A French paper which we lately received, contains an interesting fact, illustrating the sagacity of the Nightingale. M. de Nervaux, in a letter dated at St. Cosmes, has communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, a curious fact which he had an opportunity of observing during the inundation which has recently caused so much destruction in that quarter. "A part of my garden," said he, "has been carried away by the water, which rising rapidly, was beginning to cover a hedge situated in the lower part of it. A Nightingale had built its nest in this hedge, and while I was watching for the water to reach the level of the nest, I observed it several times a day, and approach within a distance of six or seven paces. There were at first four eggs in the nest. One morning I could see but two, the water having risen then to within about one inch from the nest. I thought the two eggs that were missing had been submerged; but an hour after, seeing but one, I watched with redoubled attention, and what was my astonishment, when after having seen the two birds fly away from the nest, skimming the ground, I found that the last egg had disappeared. The birds directed their flight towards the most elevated part of my enclosure; and on visiting the place where they alighted, I found the four eggs in a new nest, about fifty paces distant from the first. A new egg was afterwards laid, and the brood succeeded very well."

This may have been the prompting of instinct—but it looks astonishingly like reason.—*Boston Journal.*

Sunday Reading.

Extract from the works of Lamont.

Swearing.—Whatever fortune may be made by perjury, I believe there never was a man who made a fortune by common swearing. It often happens that men pay for swearing, but it seldom happens that they are paid for it. It is not easy to perceive what honor or credit is connected with it. Does any man receive promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or is any man advanced to dignity because he is expert at profane swearing? Never. Low must be the character which such impertinence will exalt; high must be the character which such impertinence will not degrade. Inexcusable, therefore, must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups; the letcher, his mistress; the satirest his revenge; the ambitious man, his preferments; the miser, his gold; but the common swearer has nothing; he is a fool at large, sells his soul for naught, and drudges in the service of the devil gratis. Swearing is void of all plea; it is not the native offspring of the soul, not interwoven with the texture of the body; nor anyhow allied to our frame. For, as Tillotson expresses it, "though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet no man was ever born of a swearing constitution." But it is a custom, a low and paltry custom, picked up by low and paltry spirits who have no sense of honor, no regard to decency, but are forced to substitute some rhapsody of nonsense to supply the vacancy of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it.

The Early Dead.—The aged die and are gathered to their resting places, like the sheaves of ripened wheat into the storehouse of the husbandman. They have finished their day. They fall as falleth the blossom nipped by untimely frost.—Their day is also ended. If in another and a better world there be distinctions of age as well as the gradations of intellectual and moral excellence—if there, one star differs from another star in magnitude as much as in glory—it may be among the means of a wise Providence, that the young are called in the midst of their bloom and their beauty, to form a part of that perfect whole, where there is no more death—where the light of life goeth not out forever.

Beautiful Extract.

The Parsee, the Jew and the Christian.—A Jew entered a Parsee temple, and beheld the sacred fire.

"What!" said he to the priest, "do ye worship the fire?"

"Not the fire," answered the priest: "it is an emblem of the sun and of the genial heat."

"Do you then worship the sun as your God?" asked the Jew. "Know ye not that this luminary also is the work of the Almighty Creator?"

"We know it," replied the priest, "but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign in order to perform a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun, the incomprehensible source of light, an image of that invesible being who blesses and preserves all things?"

The Israelite thereupon rejoined:

"Do your people then distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their God; and descending from this to baser objects, they kneel before an earthly frame. Ye amuse the outward, but blind the inward eye; and while ye hold to them the earthly, ye withdraw from them the heavenly light. Thou shalt not make unto thee any image, or any likeness."

"How then do ye designate the Supreme Being? asked the Parsee.

"We call him Jehovah Adoni; that is, the Lord, who is, who was, and who will be," answered the Jew.

"Your appellation is grand and sublime." said the Parsee; "but it is awful, to."

A Christian then drew nigh and said, "We call him Father."

The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other and said, "here is at once an image and reality; it is a word of the heart," said they.

Therefore they raised their eyes to heaven and said with reverence and love, "Our Father!" And they took each other by the hand, and all three called one another *brothers.—Dr. F. A. Krummacher.*

Life.—This is a mourning life. None are exempt from the sorrows which were entailed upon us by our first parents in Paradise. I have seen in some old book, I do not recollect when or where, but I have always remembered it, that "nothing is surer than disappointment." I believe it is true. Oh, how painful is the memory of the glowing anticipations which I have long ago formed, but which never have been and never will be realized! It is natural for such beings as we are, to promise ourselves things which we can never in truth possess, for if we had nothing but the stern realities of this world spread out to our view, we would shrink back from the journey set before us, and say: "Let me now die that my troubles may cease. If I pursue this path, where nothing greets my eye save thorns, rugged steeps and thristy deserts, I will daily suffer the pangs of death, and at last be overwhelmed with sorrows, and go down to the grave the child of wo!"

Selected Miscellany.

Mrs. Monroe and Mad. La Fayette.

The following is an extract from Mr. Gouverneur's Biography of President Monroe, now in the press:

When Mr. Monroe was Minister from the United States at Paris, and when General La Fayette was confined in the prison at Olmutz by the Emperor of Austria, information was brought him, that Madame La Fayette, the General's wife, was thrown into prison, and no doubt in a few days would follow the fate of her mother and grand mother at the guillotine. Mr. Monroe alone could save her, and as Paris was then in the hands of the mob, it could only be accomplished by arousing the sympathies of the people. The destruction of life had been such in every state of society where opulence was perceptible, that to avoid certain death, all luxuries and splendor were laid aside; and the wealthy, instead of riding in their equipages, either walked or rode in the miserable vehicles of the city.

It therefore created a great sensation when the splendid equipage of the American Minister's carriage appeared at the gate of the prison, and his lady informed the keeper that she had come to see the wife of General La Fayette. Such a call at such a time was like electricity. The news spread in all directions, and before Mrs. Monroe drove from the prison thousands had collected around her carriage, and the feelings elicited by

the meeting of two such females in such a situation, arrested the axe of the executioner and eventually set the captive free. The feelings of Colonel Monroe cannot be realized during the absence of his wife. He could not accompany her, as that would have counteracted the feeling he knew must be awakened to save the prisoner. When Madame La Fayette met Mrs. Monroe she was in a state of perfect phrenzy, supposing that she was led out to execution, and when she found herself embraced by the American Minister's lady, within the walls of that gloomy prison, where but a few days previously had been sent to execution her mother and grand mother, it was for a long time before she could realize her situation. Mrs. Monroe assured her she should be saved, and that her husband had determinad to risk all, if it became necessary, to accomplish her deliverance.

Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

In Mr. Combe's Notes on the United States, occurs the following curious anecdote, illustrating a trait of Yankee character:

"The talent of the New Englanders in bargain-making is proverbial in America, and the inhabitants of the barren island of Nantucket, if we were to judge from the following anecdote, would seem to carry off the palm from all others in this accomplishment. One of the party at table, alluding to an illustration of this characteristic of the Nantucket population, which, according to Sam Slick, had occurred in the professional practice of Mr. Webster, asked him whether it was true. He said it was essentially correct, and proceeded to state the real incidents, as follows: A Nantucket client had asked him to go to that island to plead a cause for him. Mr. Webster, after mentioning the distance, the loss of time, and the interruption to his other practice, said that he could not go unless he received a fee of a thousand dollars. The client objected to paying so large a sum for pleading one cause. Mr. Webster replied that the fatigue and loss of time in travelling to Nantucket, and remaining there probably during the whole circuit, amounted to as great a sacrifice on his part as if he pleaded in every cause on the roll. "Well, then," said the client, "come, and I will pay you the thousand dollars; but you shall be at my disposal for the whole sittings, and I shall let you out if I can." Mr. W. went, and was sub-let by his client, who drew the fees to relieve his own loss. Judge Story, who was present, remarked that he had often heard the anecdote mentioned, but never before heard it authenticated. He added, "the current edition proceeds to tell that your client let you out for eleven hundred dollars, saved his own pocket entirely, and gained ten per cent. on his speculation." Mr. Webster stated, with great good humor, that as his client had not reported the amount of the sub-fees which he drew, he could not tell whether this addition was correct or not. Sam Slick's report of this occurrence is not entirely accurate."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF L. E. L.—In the Life and Literary Remains of "L. E. L," whose sweet poetry has often calmed the perturbed spirit, and charmed the pure and susceptible heart, is the following description of the personal appearance of this celebrated authoress, Mrs. Maclean, better known as Letitia Elizabeth Landon, whose melancholy and premature death has been so recently deplored:

"Her hair was "darkly brown," very soft and beautiful, and always tastefully arranged; her figure slight, but well formed and graceful; her feet small, but her hands especially so, and faultlessly white and finely shaped; her fingers were fairy fingers; her ears also, were observedly little; her face, though not regular in "every feature," became beautiful by expression; every flash of thought, every change and color of feeling, lightened over it when she spoke earnestly. The forehead was not high, but broad and full, the eyes had no overpowering brilliancy, but their clear, intellectual light penetrated by its exquisite softness; her mouth was not less marked by character, and besides the glorious faculty of uttering pearls and diamonds of fancy and wit, knew how to express scorn, or anger, or pride, as well as it knew how to smile winningly, or to put forth those short, quick, ringing laughs, which, not excepting even her *bon mots* and aphorisms, were the most delighful things that issued from it."

The Yankee Character.

Mr. HILL, the well known delineator of Yankee characters, has been lecturing in Boston on the manners, customs, &c. of New England. In one of his discourses he thus humorously alludes to Jonathan's capability of turning his talents to account in all situations:

"If you place him on a rock in the midst of the ocean, with a pen-knife and a bundle of shingles, he would manage to work his way on shore. He sells salmon from Kennebec to the people of Charleston; haddock "*fresh* from Cape Cod," to the planters of Matanzas; raises coffee in Cuba; swaps mules and horses for molasses in Porto Rico; retails ice from Fresh Pond, in Cambridge, to the East Indies—mutton from Brighton to New Orleans and South America—*manufactures* "Morus Multicaulis" for the Governor of Jamaica—becomes an admiral in a foreign nation—starts in a cockle-shell craft of fifteen tons, loaded with onions, mackerel, and other notions, (too numerous to mention) for Valparaiso—baits his traps on the Columbia river—catches wild beasts in Africa for Macomber & Co's Caravan—sells granite on contract to rebuild San Juan de Ulloa—is ready, like Ledyard, to start for Timbuctoo "to-morrow morning"—exiles himself for years from his home, to sketch in their own wilderness, the "wild men of the woods," and astonishes refined Europe with the seeming presence of the untutored savage—introduced to Metternich, he asks him, "What's the news?"—says, "how do you do, marm?" to Victoria—and prescribes Thompson's eye water the Mandarians of China!"

A REDEEMING PARAGRAPH.—Mr. Buckingham, the well known traveller, since his return to Europe, has published a book, much of which is described as bigoted, coarse and abusive. We have seen a number of extracts from the work, in English papers, written in a spirit of fairness, and sometimes of much kindness. The passage we give below, is a redeeming one; and at least entitles the traveller to some share of good will at the hands of the gentle beings to whom it refers:

"The women, moreover, are much handsomer than the men. They are almost uniformly good looking, the greater number are what would be called in England, "pretty women," which is something between good-looking and handsome, in the nice distinctions of beauty. This uniformity extends also to their figures, which are almost universally slender, and of good symmetry. Very few large or stout women are seen, and none that we should call masculine. A more than usual degree of feminine delicacy, enhanced by the general paleness of complexion and slightness of figure, is particular characteristic of American feelings, and the extreme deference shown to them every where by men has a tendency to increase that delicacy by making them more dependent on the attention and assistance of others that English ladies of the same class usually are."

A VIEW OF BOTH OCEANS.—The lofty point on which we stood was perfectly clear, the atmosphere was of transparent beauty, and looking beyond the region of desolation below us, at a distance of perhaps two thousand feet, the whole country was covered with clouds, and the city at the foot of the volcano was invisible. By degrees, the more distant clouds were lifted, and over the immense bed we saw at the same moment the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This was the grand spectacle we had hoped, but scarcely expected, to behold. My companions had ascended the volcano several times, but on account of the clouds had only seen the two seas once before. The points at which they were visible, were the gulf of Nicoya and the harbor of San Juan, not directly opposite, but nearly at right angles to each other, so that we saw them without turning the body. In a right line over the tops of the mountains neither was more than twenty miles distant, and from the great height at which they stood they seemed almost at our feet. It is the only point in the world which commands a view of the two seas; and I ranked the sight with those most interesting occasions, when from the top of Mt. Sinai I looked out upon the Desert of Arabia, and from Mount Hor I saw the Dead Sea.—*Stephens' Incidents of Travel in Central America.*

TALKING TO CHILDREN.—He that can throw himself into the thoughts and circumstances of children so that they shall forget for the moment the difference between their age and his, is a rare man.

HARD WORK.—It is hard work to make a dinner of grape shot, unless well boiled—and it is hard work to digest a fool's argument, unless it be soaked in something like reason.

It is hard work to look at the Sun without winking—and it is hard work to look at some girls without feeling inclined to wink.

It is hard work to do nothing, and have too much of it on hand—and it is hard work to collect a debt of one who says, "I'll pay it to-morrow."

It is hard work to squeeze cider out of a brick bat—it is hard work to scratch out ideas from a fool's head.

It is hard work to hold lightning by the tail—and it is hard work to stem the torrent of a *lovely* woman's will.

It is hard work for many people to live—and doubly hard for some to die.

REASONABLE.—A school boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him answered, "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship. The heavy strokes upwards and the down ones light."

The above puts us in mind of the boy, we heard of, who threw a stone at his father's favorite dog and broke his leg. "What did you do that for?" inquired his father. "I wanted to make him cypher," replied the boy. Make him cypher, said the old man, "what do you mean by that?" "Don't you see?" rejoined the boy "he puts down *three* and *carries one.*"—*Circleville Herald.*

The musquitos have established an extensive singing school in the office of the Galvestan (Texas) Gazette, and the fleas avail themselves of the musical advantages thus afforded, to foot it up and down over the editor's body, in every sort of a dance, from the slow march to the rapid gallopade. The editor's position is most interestingly uncomfortable.

"Keep quiet, or I'll give you a clip," as the shears said to the cloth.

European Fashions.

Fashions for July.

From the London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.

Morning Neglige—Robe of batiste de laine, poussiere, with fichu of plain cambric, and collar a chale, and plain manchettes. Fancy straw bonnet edged, and with plaid ribbon; scarf of black silk, with frill of the same.

Toilette de Visite—Robe of barege in pattern of pale colors, corsage and sleeves a petites coulisses, and deep tucks edged with fringe. Black taffetas scarf, with ruche. Bonnet of crape fronce violette of lace and flowers, corresponding with the dress; handkerchief with inlets of Valenciennes, manchettes and collar trimmed with Valencieanes. The corsages continue to be made tight and with points; corsages grand mere a l' Amazon, with gimp trimmings and those a chale or revers, are also worn; for young ladies they are generally square or with folds; and in thin materials they are made a coulisses. Tight sleeves still maintain their ground, but they are variously ornamented, and the small gigot of moderate fullness at the shoulder, and tight on the lower part of the arm, is fashionable.

Generally speaking, tucks have replaced flounces, though they are sometimes used for tall figures; tucks are frequently edged either with fringe or lace, or folds rise en tablier, en echelle, or is a wave; for silk pink ruches are used, and on muslins, inlets of Valenciennes and embroidery.

Dresses of pink or blue organdy, worked in tambour, with silk of the same color, are very pretty for public dejeuners. Organdys of deep blue are quite the rage in Paris.

Scarfs continue to be worn in every variety; the most elegant are of lace ottomane velvet, and real cashmere, with plain centres and pine ends, or figured in Asiatic bouquets; then follow those of foulard, shaded silks, barege, muslin, &c. &c. The newest and most fashionable style of pocket handkerchief, is with inlets of Valenciennes all round. Bonnets are now much ornamented, lace and flowers intermixed; the form continues small, partaking very much of the capote. Straw bonnets, trimmed with velvet of two colors, with ruche inside, are pretty. Leghorns are mostly ornamented with lace, or wreathes a la ceres, in poppies, daisies, &c.; honey-suckle is also seen, but the most elegant are those of hydrange in every color.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1841.

Literary Notices.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA, CHIAPAS AND YUCATAN. By JOHN L. STEPHENS. 2 vols. HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Mr. STEPHENS, it will be recollected, was appointed, some time ago, by the Government of the United States, on a special mission to Gautimala; and it was supposed that so enterprising a traveler would improve so favorable an opportunity for exploring the hitherto unknown wonders of Central America. The result has been, two of the most superb, rich and highly finished volumes of travels ever presented to the American public—a work as creditable to its ingenious and accomplished author, as it is valuable to American Literature.

Mr. Stephens was fortunate enough to secure the well-known artist, Mr. CATHERWOOD, as the companion of his journey; under whose supervision, and from whose drawings on the spot, the numerous and costly engravings with which the work is illustrated, were made. The country over which Mr. Stephens journeyed, literally teems with objects of interest to the traveller, the historian, and the antiquarian—a country consisting of immense plains, volcanoes, mines, hot-springs and fountains,—destitute of roads, bridges, public conveyance and hotels,—and almost without food, except pounded corn and jerked beef, inhabited by a wild and half-civilized people, distracted and torn into factions by civil war—and scattered over with magnificent ruins of cities, temples and monuments—the mementos of a past race—which lie buried in the depth of primeval forests. It will be readily conceived that a tour through a region marked by so many peculiar features, cannot be devoid of interest, and those who shall have the pleasure of reading these volumes, will be prepared to say so.

The style of the work is not its least attraction. It is off-hand, spirited and sketchy; depicting in a way peculiar to the author himself, and with abundant good humor, the various hazardous and sometimes ludicrous adventures, odd characters, personal dangers and difficulties which were encountered. His pictures drawn from life, his descriptions of climate, scenery, and the almost infinitely varied productions of the country, are presented with a freshness and vividness that takes hold and makes a lasting impression upon the mind. Many valuable sketches of the history and politics of the country, and the state of parties, are intermingled with judicious observations upon the manners and customs of the people, their habits of life and social condition.

But by far the most interesting, is that portion devoted to antiquities. A work of this kind has been long desired, and will be eagerly sought for and read by all classes. The far-famed ruins of Palenque, have hitherto been known only by vague report. The jealous policy of the Spanish Government excluded foreign travelers; and Humboldt was the first who gave an authentic though very imperfect sketch of the extensive ruins. It was left for Mr. Stephens not only to complete the exploration of these remains, but to discover other perished cities, greater and even more magnificent than Palenque, of which nothing was heretofore known.

The engravings of Mr. Catherwood—nearly a hundred in number—give a most vivid conception of these remains of ancient grandeur. The wall covered with hieroglyphics, the temples, monuments, statues and idols, are all delineated in the most faithful manner.

Our travelers took great pains to obtain information, and have collected a vast amount of statistical details concerning the projected canal across the isthmus of Darien, designed to connect the two oceans. They have given a series of measurements and surveys that will enable the public to form a correct estimate of the value and importance of such a work in a national and commercial point of view.

In conclusion, we cannot but express our satisfaction at the appearance of so valuable a work. The antiquities of America open a wide field for investigation and research; and those who are desirous of pursuing the study, will find in these volumes a most essential aid. They are to be had, we believe, at most of our bookstores.

NEW YORK MILITARY MAGAZINE.—This is the title of a new weekly periodical, devoted exclusively to military affairs—edited by Capt. WM. W. TOMPKINS, of New York, and published every Saturday, each number containing 16 octavo pages. To those who have a taste for military pursuits, we think this work would be very useful, as well as an agreeable companion; containing, as it does, sketches of uniform companies, portions of the U. S. tactics; biographies of renowned military chieftains, well-written accounts of great battles, together with a variety of information concerning courts martial, regimental orders, parades, excursions, &c. Although but little acquainted with such matters ourselves, we feel no hesitation in recommending the work to the patronage of our military friends. A specimen number may be seen at the counting room of this office.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT.—Though this work has only reached its fourth number, the reputation for *usefulness* which it has acquired, is second to that of few monthlies in the country. Its editors are gentlemen of acknowledged ability, as are also most of its regular correspondents. The July number contains articles from the pens of Alonzo Potter, D. B. Stockholm, N. T. Rosseter, S. W. Jewett, John A. Dix, Wm. Howitt, Alfred B. Street, Amos Dean, S. S. Randall, Gideon Hawley, Willis Gaylord, John Cockran, Edwin Croswell and James Taylor.

Published at Albany, at $1 per year.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The July number of this popular magazine has been received. Among the most valuable papers we would mention Popular Poetry of Modern Greece; A Ball at the Tuilleries; The Polyzon Papers; The Philosophy of Boots; Moderation *vs.* Teetotalism; the Quod Correspondence; and The Battle of New Orleans, with an engraving. The editor has also contributed a feeling tribute to the memory of Willis Gaylord Clark, one of the principal writers of the Knickerbocker for the last five years.

☞ The Lady's Book for July is ornamented with a couple of most splendid engravings—"The Pet Lamb," and "The Sabbath." They are really *speaking* pictures—and then, as if for the purpose of exhibiting the worthlessness of *Art* when compared with *Nature*, it has another plate, giving the Fashions for the present month, in which humanity seems to be squeezing itself into almost every shape but that of men and women.

A WEEK IN WALL STREET, *by one who knows*, is a clever satire upon the doings, and many of the principal men of that world-renowned street.—The personages introduced are so thinly disguised that there is no difficulty in recognizing them.

This book will be found interesting by all who wish to learn somewhat of the iniquitous intrigues and crooked ways of the devotees of Mammon.

For sale at HOYT'S.

☞ The Editor of the Boston Courier lately made an excursion to Niagara Falls without passing through Rochester! Fie on your taste, M BUCKINGHAM! Only think of a person of your pretensions as a tourist going *round* Western New York, the most beautiful portion of the State, celebrated alike for its superior agricultural products, and the devotion of its inhabitants to correct principles! Our good city of Rochester, too, with its flour-mills and Falls where Sam Patch jumped off, —all passed by with the most sovereign indifference! A word of advice, good friend. Stay at HOME; or cultivate a *better taste* for travelling.

"SPARE THAT TREE!"—The venerable Elm tree standing in the centre of the village of Pittsfield, Mass., was struck by lightning a week or two ago. About ten inches width of the bark was ripped off the whole length of the trunk. This noble tree is 150 feet high, perfectly straight, and without a limb for 90 feet up, and measures 15½ feet in circumference. It is probably several centuries old. The citizens of Pittsfield are making great efforts by artificial means to preserve its life.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO?—The editor of the Kennebec Journal says that "the quantity of grain manufactured into whiskey will be some millions of bushels less than last year, if the Temperance Reform goes ahead; there will be less work for lawyers, doctors, grog sellers, sheriffs, constables, police courts, jailors and hangmen."

WORTHY OF NOTICE.—The N. Y. Tatler records the astounding fact, that the tickets offered at auction on Tuesday of last week for admission to Fanny Elssler's benefit at the Park Theatre, could not be disposed of, and after four boxes were sold at a price below par, the sale was stopped! The Tattler also says, and persists in saying, that the "divine Fanny" was actually *hissed* at the Park Theatre on Monday night!

☞ A Louisville auctioneer advertises a fine lot of Fanny Elssler bedsteads. He says that the legs stand perpendicularly, as they should; not horizontally, as the name mght lead people to suppose.

IMPORTANT—VERY!—An editor in Chautauque county tells his readers that he had just made an excursion of some 30 miles, and that during his absence nothing remarkable had transpired other than that his hop vine had grown astonishingly! Crops in that vicinity are decidedly improving

ACQUISITIVENESS.—A fellow in Philadelphia walked into the house of Mr. FOWLER, the Phrenologist, and after a brief call took leave, and so did six gold spoons and a watch. Should the loser catch the villain, he might develop some new bumps upon his cranium.

☞ The Editor of the Chicago Democat says, "We never cared a farthing about getting married until we attended an old bachelor's funeral. God grant that our latter end may not be like his!"

☞ The first mark of a gentleman is a proper regard for the feelings of others. A most true saying this, and one which all would do well to remember.

PARADOXICAL.—An act has passed the Texan Congress, "to authorize the President to set on *foot* a corps of *mounted* Gunmen!"

☞ A new way of curing stammering has been found out in New York, by cutting the genio hyoglousous muscles.

☞ Fraudulent debtors are like parched corn —they make the greater show after they have burst.

Original Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Creation.

When first high heaven ordained this Globe a sphere,
And rose from darken'd chaos all that's here;
Then from the Almighty's throne—eternal bright,
There came th' sun's enlivening powers and light,
To shine thro'out this wide ethereal space,
When pois'd and mark'd the course each world should trace
And as the varying year came rolling on,
Did each revolving season share its boon.

The fiery-crested sun begins his reign,
And warmer flows his golden beams again;
Sole monarch of each distant world around,
At whose command each germ in embryo's found,
In kindred earth the vital spark revives,
Bursts from its kernel, vegetates and thrives.

While now fair Spring! queen of the season's all,
Who sport with nature on this mighty ball,
A softer theme my ardent lay inspires
To see the valley fill'd with love's desires;
The feather'd songster's end their winged flight,
And in sweet converse join in gay delight;
In softest notes converse by instinct bound—
In one rude group in sweet discordant sound;
'Till on that given day by heaven ordained
In mated pairs by wedded laws restrained,
Some then returning seek a lovely spot,
While others hover round to cheer the cot;
These nestlings, soon again each happy pair
With fostering tenderness their offspring rear,
While rolling still along the varied year;
When nature's dazzling splendor decks the sphere,
See brighter scenes than those expand
While aromatic sweets perfume the land;
With rich profusion now the orchard's crown'd,
When every blossom throws its fragrance round;
And sweets from ev'ry lonely flower convene
To mingle fragrance for the wondrous scene!

Far to the west, Sol bends his sovereign way,
And leads along the great decline of day,
Till wandering thro' th' ærial boundless main,
He sinks beneath the horizon again;
How soft the paler rays that gild the scene,
When nature seems to seek repose again!
While twilight still is hovering in the west,
Creation seems in robes of beauty dress'd:
Each moment beams again with new delight,
Till darkness chases off remaining light.

Then on the spangled firmament we gaze,
And watch the twinkling stars' refulgent blaze;
And now the hour of meditation comes,
When silent night its gloomy form resumes:
And while I turn my thoughts on nature's plan,
I find conspicuous most, of all, is man;
Thro' him the streams of light and reason flow,
Proclaimed above, the lord of all below!
To him the leafy mountain must give way,
And swift the turning forest tumbles in decay,
The boundless ocean yields to his control;
He spreads the fleeting sail from pole to pole.
The murky mine its treasures too must yield,
Tho' hid in greatest depths of earth concealed.
In vain the lands the waters shall divide,
Thro' rocks and hills he winds his inland tide:
The orbs of light on high, ethereal way,
From keen-eyed science now have ceas'd to stray;
Each wandering step a playmate seems to thee,
That kindles round the brow of Deity!
Then say not, man, this is all a chance—
Where is the skeptic that could e'er advance
A thought for reason yet so dire to man,
Or mock the vale of Resurrection's plan,
And cloud the cheering day, forever call,
And then to dark oblivion doom the whole?
Shall virtue then no cheering boon impart,
To hover round the good man's dying heart
Whene're his earthly course is fairly run?
Shall heaven and earth's offended law repose
And make again—to smile on scenes like those?
Or shall th' ethereal spark to man that's given
A refuge seek and be refused in heaven?
The veriest wretch on all the earth that lives
From God himself a kindred breath receives,
And feels from deeds of guilt a sad remorse;
But habit formed, what law can stay its force?
Frail nature's bark is launch'd before the gale,
"To stem life's current, left without a sail!"

'Tis solemn night! the tortured west displays
To wond'ring man, the Almighty's power and ways,
Now clouds condensing, thick and dark appear,
And distant thunders roll along the air!
Still threatening, nearer comes the storm—
Till nature seems convuls'd beneath its form,
When all is wrap'd in darkness round,
Stands man, his inmost thoughts profound,
And sees amaz'd the grateful shower descend,
Till peal on peal the thunders loud contend.
Quick lightnings flash terrific thro' the scene,
And seeming chaos reigns above again!

And now great Father while I flattering pause
Beneath thy works, and nature's wondrous laws,
For thou art here, and there allied to all,
And not an atom in the end can fall;
Not one lone wretch deep in Patose's mine,
Not one on Nova Zembla's drear confine;
Nor is this all of life that's given,
To prove the great and good intent of heaven.
Allied to thee, and quicken'd by thy breath,
How can the grave remain eternal death?
Like autumn's seeds, he purer will arise,
And seek a joyous home in Paradise!

SCHENECTADY, April, 1841. S. H. F.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Divine Providence.

God of the Pilgrim, hear my vow
Which I proffer to Thee now,
I thy servant, e'er will be
If thou'lt bestow a thought on me.

Over life's uneven sea,
Adverse winds have waften me,
Thou my pilot, hope my sail,
Let thy spirit wake the gale.

Then secure if powers arise,
And angry tempests range the skies;
When we invoke thy sovereign will,
Thou canst speak it, "Peace, be still."

Created, nurtured, stayed by thee,
Father, recreant can we be,
Or hesitate into thy hands,
Now to commit our ebbing sands?

Many a slender reed's been riven,
Many a barque ne'er reached its haven—
But when our Great Pilot guides,
Lauch we forth—roll on ye tides.

The pennant of the Cross unfurled,
Flies from her mast-head to the world—
E're yet the Book of Life is sealed,
Catch the first glimpse, and be ye healed.

CHESTERVILLE, O., May, 1841. F. P. G.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

What is Friendship?

Go ask of him, who far from home
In anguish bends his friendless way,
Sad exile, driven afar to roam,
To ev'ry sorrowing pang a prey.

Go ask of one, whose sigh may be
Upon the breeze that wings its way,
In swiftness with the swelling sea,
From lands and climes beyond its sway.

And marked you him whose steps receding,
Still farther down yon distant stream,
To seek a refuge from the unheeding,
And pass his years in lonely dream?

He once had friends in prosperous hour,
Who knelt before, and frowned around him,
And swore that Friendship's deathless power,
Forever to their hearts had bound him.

A bitter hour at length there came,
His name was seared with blighting scorn,
And sorrow steeped her fiery bane,
To bid the wretch in frenzy mourn.

Yet in that hour of hopeless grief,
The thought of friends could check his wail,
But ah! vain hope, of vain relief,
Those friends had fled with fortune's gale.

Ye who have felt the bitter scorn,
Amid the world have felt forlorn,
May guess aright, may guess full well,
His breast had less of earth than hell,
A dark and fathomless abyss,
Where scorpions sting, and stinging, hiss;
As writhes the prey by vulture torn,
So writhes the mind, thus doomed to mourn.

And this is friendship, this that name
That sounds so lovely to the ear,
"A shade that follows wealth or fame,"
But mocks the falling, sorrowing tear.

'Tis like the bright and sparkling flower,
Of earth's returning vernal gladness,
Which blooms and dies in one short hour,
Then leaves the spot in pri'me sadness.

The gilded, soaring bird of heaven,
That boldly meets the tempest's swing,
Will sometimes, in her swift flight driven,
Lose pennons from her flashing wing.

The bird beheld her plumage torn,
By the rude whirlwind's wildest wrath,
To earth on tempests sees it born,
And sends a tear upon its path.

Yes, watches till she sees it sinking
Upon the soil whereon to rest,
Then swift descend in anguish thinking,
To pine upon her lonely nest.

That bird and shadowy plume I ween,
May be a type of Friendship's power,
In joy we feel its idle gleam,
But lose it in disastrous hour.

July, 1841.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Farewell Song.

Oh! must we part from those we love!
Must kindred ties be brok'en!
Must love's young buds so soon be torn,
From the wreath where they are woven?

Shall we not weep then, when we think
Of happy hours gone by,
Which we have spent in union here
When called to go away?

Yes, but we thank thee, Lord, that thou
Our footsteps hither brought,
That we're been led in wisdom's way,
And by her precepts taught.

Grant that our teacher's prayer be heard,
The joy to her be given,
To see the plants she's raised on earth,
Forever bloom in heaven.

WADING RIVER, June, 1841. A.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 18th inst., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. JOSIAH FOX to Miss EMELINE JANE TIBBITS. Also, on the 19th, by the same, Mr. LEONARD HAM to Miss SUSAN BROWN, all of this city.

In this city, on the 20th inst., by Rev. Jacob Chase, Mr. ALANSON BROWN to Miss SUSANNA ELLSWORTH, all of this city.

In this city, on the 14th inst., by Alderman Selye, Mr. JOSEPH BAILEY to Miss HANNAH BARKER, all of Rochester.

At the First Baptist Church, on the 11th inst., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. CHARLES J. HALSTED to Miss CALISTA ALBEE, all of this city.

In this city, on the evening of the 9th inst., by Justice Moore. Mr. NORMAN P. PECK to Miss ANNA E. GARDINER, second daughter of the late Capt. Gardiner, of Salem, Mass.

In this city on the 8th inst., by the Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. GILLBERT HATHAWAY, of Laporte, Ia., to Miss SARAH E. KNEELAND, of this city.

In this city, on the morning of the 3rd instant, by Ald. Mack, ROBERT ALDRIDGE, Esq., to CATHARINE DE LONG, both of Greece.

In Barre, on the 5th inst., by Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. HORACE DYER to Miss ANN WELLS, all of Barre.

In Brockport, July 10th, by Rev Mr. Chipman, Mr. F. W. BREWSTER, Merchant, to Mrs. GENNETT TYLER, daughter of William Downs, Esq.

In East Mendon, on the 4th inst., by Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. JAMES FARRANT to Miss CATHARINE THOMVS, daughter of Capt. Thomas, of this city.

At Zion Church, Palmyra, on the 23d inst., by Rev. T. S. Brittan, Mr. William H. Southwick, merchant of Palmyra, to Miss Henrietta A. Chapman, daughter of William Chapman, Esq., of Macedon.

In South Bristol, on the 3d inst., by Geo. W. Paul, Esq., Mr. JERMIAH SPICER to Miss ABIGAIL TUBBS.

In Byron, on the 10th ult., by Amos Hewitt, Esq., Oliver Ford, Esq. to Mrs. Sally Ann Colwell.

In Le Roy, on the 28d ult., by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Salmon Hale, Esq. of Jackson, Mich. to Miss Harriett N. Scranton, of the former place.

In New York, on Wednesday evening, 30th June, by the Rev. Mr. McLane, Mr. Wright F. Conger, to Miss Julia M., daughter of E. D. Comstock, Esq. of that city.

On Tuesday, the 29th ult., by the Rev. Dr. McCarroll, Mr. William L. F. Warren of Newburgh, to Catharine, daughter of John H. Walsh, Esq.

On Wednesday, 30th ult., by the Rev. John Johnston, Mr. Samuel A. Walsh, to Eliza C. daughter of Samuel Williams, Esq.

At Macedon Centre, on the 4th inst., by Durfee Osband, Esq., Mr. Eli Hill, of Palmyra, to Miss Phebe L. Baker, of Farmington.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

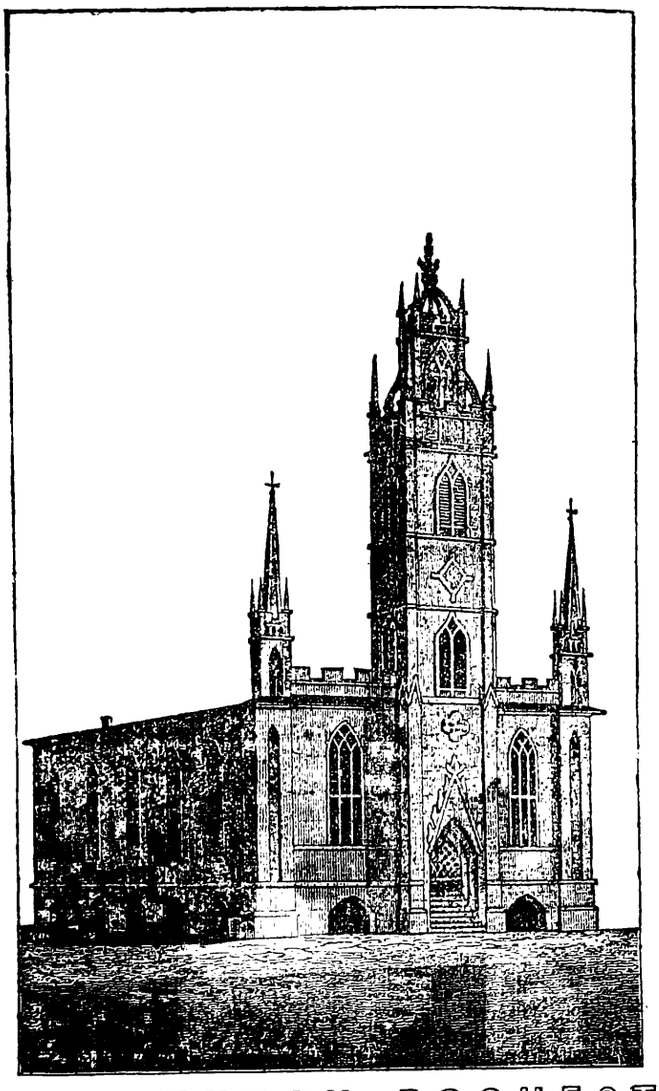
TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1841. No. 16.



GRACE CHURCH, ROCHESTER.

Description of the Cut.

Grace Church—Formerly St. Paul's.

This society was formed in May, 1827, in part from members of the congregation of St. Luke's. The Rev. Sutherland Douglas was called to the rectorship in April, 1828, and resigned in August, 1829. The edifice was consecrated in August, 1830. In November following, the Rev. Chauncey Colton was called to the rectorship, and resigned in December, 1831. In 1832, the Rev. Burton H. Hickox was called to the pastoral charge—he resigned in December, 1833.

On the 10th of February, 1834, the corporation of St. Paul's Church dissolved itself.

Soon afterward, a corporation under the style of "Grace Church" purchased the edifice of St. Paul's and commenced public worship under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Hickox, who was called by this society on resigning the charge of St. Paul's before the dissolution of the latter society. Mr. H. resigned on the 18th February, 1835. He was succeeded by the Rev. Orange Clark, in 1835, and Mr. C. by the Rev. Washington Van Zandt, the present rector, early in 1840.

The building, which is still commonly called St. Paul's, is of stone, and in the Gothic style—as is represented by the engraving.

As men judge by appearances, appear well. If you wish to succeed, never plead poverty. If you have but three cents, jingle them.

Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

THE EXCURSION

Young People of Clarkson—The Erie Canal—Reflections—Visit to Mount Hope, &c.

Messrs. Editors—Having enjoyed a pleasant excursion, though merely a common place holiday ride from the country, attended by no ostentatious display or notable incident, by which to distinguish it from many other similar occasions, it will gratify some of your readers, at least, if you can find room for a passing notice of it.

Our little company consisted of some dozen young ladies and gentlemen from the village of Clarkson, who desired to escort a few friends on their departure for home, as far east as your city, via. Brockport and the Canal—and also visit, with them, some prominent attractions of your place. Seven o'clock, A. M., found us moving thitherward—not in a splendid "coach and six"—but upon the secure seats of substantial lumber wagons, drawn forward by as worthy rosinates as ever toiled at the plough, or less usefully dashed over the paved streets of a city, in the costly caparison of a lordly millionaire. The absence of steel springs did not at all diminish the *elastic* spirits of our company, while the healthy jolting of our plain vehicle was ample compensation for the absence of that luxurious but unhealthy ease which is found in a more costly and fashionable conveyance.

In a short time we alighted at the American Hotel in Brockport, where we tarried a little while for the arrival of the packet boat "Sir Henry"—but the loud, clear sound of the bugle horn soon gave notice that we must "step aboard," and the subsequent unwinding of the *painter* from the snubbing post, the crack of the driver's whip and the cry of "all aboard," found us moving off at the rate of five knots an hour, toward the place of our destination.

The Grand Erie Canal, and its ruder cognomen of "Clinton's Big Ditch," have become such common "household words," and the monotony of a canal ride is so familiar to all, that no comments I can make on this part of our trip, will be new or interesting. Yet, for one, I never set foot upon this mighty artificial thoroughfare without feeling my bosom expand with a spontaneous emotion of State pride and of gratitude to that great man who was the master-spirit if not the father of the noble work. His ashes repose in silent neglect, but *this self-erected* monument of his genius and patriotism shall remain till some future convlsion of nature breaks up the fountains and the depths of Lake Erie itself.

Not to digress further from our excursion, we will briefly observe, that these twenty miles of the trip, passing over a dead level of the canal, without a single lock, furnishes us with no accounts of any *ups* or *downs* that befel our way. Of course we here found but little of what is commonly termed the "*spice of life*," viz: *variety*. Accordingly, these four hours passed off alternately in social chit-chat—in the relation of anecdotes—in perusing the brief paragraphs of various books, papers and pamphlets that lay scattered about the cabin table—in playing at some innocent and amusing game—and in occasionally emerging from the cabin to the deck, only to scamber back again at the provoking cry of "*bridge*," or submit to make a very low and servile obeisance. True, the attention was occasionally arrested by the dropping off a fellow passenger, or the accession of a new one; and also by meeting and passing of various canal craft, when a mutual exchange of gazing and staring, and sometimes of nods of recognition, took place between the occupants of boat and boat. A casual remark was now and then made upon the stinted growth of grain and grass along the way; and when wearied with other objects and other subjects, the eye might rest for a moment upon some scrap of board or weather-beaten sign, bearing the half-obliterated inscription "*milk for sale*," or "*oats for sale*," which are appended to some obscure dwelling or two-penny grocery every half mile of the canal.

At length we beheld the glittering spires and stately edifices of Rochester, and a few minutes more brought us into the midst of its bustling, noisy and active population. We were not long in exchanging our floating quarters for an airy, spacious and well-furnished apartment at DAWLEY'S

Saloon. Here we did ample justice to a table of refreshments, served up by our fair hostess in great variety, and in plain, neat, economical style. The refreshing draughts of cold, well-tempered lemonade were admirable drink for a warm day—and *we* thought quite as agreeable as would have been other *once* more fashionable, but stimulating drinks. And I will here take the opportunity for observing, for the benefit of those individuals or parties of pleasure from the country who may be ignorant of the fact, that Dawley's Saloon, just over the east side of the bridge, on Main street, is exactly the place of resort for those who prefer a cheap, retired and commodious retreat, to the bustle and annoyance so general at a public tavern.

Being refreshed, we exchanged this agreeable retreat for pleasant seats in two of the city hacks, but not till we had well nigh been [illegible] off by the hack *drivers* instead of the hac[illegible] was the importunity with which some ten [illegible]ve of them assailed us to take his "*new and superior carriage*," and his "*best team*" in the company. They were probably *all* good enough, and surely those we took were safe carriages, fleet horses and careful drivers; with which we whirled away up Clinton street and around Washington Square, taking the road to Mount Hope.

The plain, substantial and somewhat expensive residences upon the above named beautiful street—the incipient clatter of industrious mechanics which met our ears in passing the boat-yard—the new and tasty dwellings erecting in the outskirts of the city, observed on our way to the cemetery—these, with abundant similar evidences all about the city, are proof positive that a place capable of such progressive improvement in the midst of almost unparalleled pecuniary embarrassments, only requires the help of favorable circumstances to aid her elastic energy—her almost illimitable resources—to elevate her soon to the proud eminence of ranking first among the inland cities of America.

We were not long in arriving at the entrance-gate of Mount Hope—the dividing line between the *city of the living and the dead*—and as we passed the gate with a single step, I could not suppress the reflection that indeed it *is but a step* between this world and the next. Such feelings may be termed by some as moody or superstitious; but I never enter a grave yard without having my feelings and my thoughts in unison with the place. However giddy we may become in the whirling eddy of fashion, or however greedily we may pursue in the phantom struggle for wealth or fame, it is due to the place, on entering the portals of the dead—it is due to *ourselves*, to abstract our thoughts from this world and turn them toward the next. I never *can* exclude such a transition of thought on the like occasion, and would not if I could—for I fain would believe that I always leave the spot, if not a professing Christian, at least with a meeker, an humbler, a wiser and a better heart. As I wander among the mouldering relics of my fellow men, where the dust of my neighbor mingles side and side with that of the pilgrim from foreign lands—of the infant babe with the grey-headed patriarch—of the goodly saint with the midnight assassin, and of the wretched beggar with the wealthy Crœsus, all alike unconscious of their common level, and the pall of oblivion which shrouds them in one eternal night, I reflect upon the origin as well as the present and future continuance of my own existence—upon the transitory nature of distinctions among men, and upon the mystery of that great incomprehensible First Cause, "whose ways are unsearchable and past finding out."

When arrived fairly within the improved part of the cemetery, our party alighted from their carriages, each one strolling as their several inclinations prompted, either among the silent habitations and lonely relics of the dead, or rambling farther on to view the natural scenery of the place. But of this I may hereafter give a little sketch. After becoming a little fatigued with our walk, we were soon re-seated in the hacks, taking a circuitous ride about the grounds and then ascending to the top of the pinnacle.

As I stood in silent contemplation upon the summit of the Pinnacle, which nature has seemingly erected as a monument, to make the destined resting place of an empire of sleeping millions, I turned my gaze from the solemn stillness of the scene, upon your city, which lay in full view below. And what a contrast! *There*, was a city teeming with 20,000 people, full of bustle and activity—*here* all was silent as the grave. *There*, the vanity and pride of man requires a palace or a temple to hold him—*here*, he only needs and occupies a narrow house, 2 feet by 6. *There*, he is a glittering pageant of fashion and of wealth, attired in costly gems, and robes of purple—*here*, those gew-gaws are exchanged for a coffin and a shroud. *There*, his pampered appetite surfeits upon the luxuries of every clime—but *here*, his own flesh is the repast of loathsome worms.—*There*, his life personifies the insect of a day, that spreads its glittering wings alternately in the sunshine and the cloud, expiring at eve in the delusive flame which attracts only to destroy—but *here*, the closing of life's brief day, is kindled up with the lamp of *Hope*, and the soul of man, not consumed, but purified from its clayey chrysalis, ascends to new life and immortality. *There*, the man of sterling worth and retiring merit, remains in the humbler walks of life, while the scornful and the proud pass him unnoticed—but *here*, no clod of earth asserts its consequence over another clod; and of each it may be said,

> "A heap of *dust* alone remains of thee,
> "'Tis all thou art, and all the *proud* shall be."

There, the man of poverty and afflictions toils on wearily through life, "oppressed with grief, oppressed with care," the menial drudge of some "haughty lordling's pride"—but *here* is a place of rest for those that "weary laden mourn"—and *here*, too,

> "The great, the wise, the sovereign head,
> "Must lie as low as theirs."

There, a general jubilee might congregate to-day around the festive board 20,000 guests; but *here*, that entire generation, with all its youth and beauty, shall within 30 years be gathered into an assembly from which they shall never break up. Unseen, but with unerring aim, time thrusts in his sythe among them to gather the harvest, and daily the funeral knell breaks over these hills, while *here*, the sexton as often places the sod over some new coffin lid, and chants the dirge,

> "I gather them in—I gather them in."

Let an old resident of Rochester be here entombed to-day, and in thirty years supposed again to take his place among the living—he would look in vain for one familiar face: not even a trace of his former home, nor a former feature of the whole city remains—they are indeed gone—"*all gone;*" and as he wonders through the city like a pilgrim from some distant world, seeking in vain for one friendly face, he asks *where* are they gone, and echo answers "*where!*" *There* upon Mount Hope he finds them *all*, with a marble slab as their only spouser. And thus, every thirty years, may Rochester be supposed to empty its entire generation into this cemetery; which, in one generation more shall number 50,000 souls, and in the next subsequent, 100,000. This pinnacle shall yet remain—the Genesee shall yet continue to flow on—and yonder cataract shall yet continue to flow in its former grandeur and sublimity—while man and his works succeed each other and pass away in their presence, like the grass of the fields, the leaves of the trees, or the dews of the night.

Such were some of the reflections suggested to the mind, as our company viewed the prospect from the pinnacle of Mount Hope.—They may be termed rather serious, which I freely allow; for I always feel on such occasions, that however awe-struck I may have been *elsewhere*, when the majesty of the Creator was exhibited in the tornado, the cataract, and the thunder-bolt—that *here*, from the grave, ascends the still, small, *speechless* voice of Death, more sublime, more contemplative, more terrible, than the sound of waving elements, when uttered in the combined potency of the ocean, the thunder-bolt, the tornado, the cataract, and the earth-heaving earthquake itself.

I had designed to give a little sketch of this romantic and interesting spot; but as it was my first visit, and a hurried one, too, being obliged to return to our boat early, I took only a partial view of the place, and therefore could not do it justice. But I will just say to those who have not visited Mount Hope, go and see it, and admire for yourselves. I need hardly observe, what all are well apprised of, that the place is laid out as if by the hand of Nature, for a vast burial ground. A tract of fifty acres or more, of porous gravelly soil, is here *thrown up*, as it were, into mounds, ridges, and hilly-knobs, sprinkled over with a sparse covering of forest trees, interspersed with more or less underwood and shrubbery. Perhaps something like a correct idea of its general features may be obtained, by picturing in the mind a lake of fifty acres in extent, having its surface in the first place rolled up into heavy swells—then having these swells transversely cut across, or notched up like saw teeth—then shaking the whole lake violently like a bubbling pot over the fire, causing most of the watery hillocks to flatten their sharp peaks, and huddling and jumbling them together with an irregularity, partaking, in places, of wild confusion and romantic grandeur—in some instances piling mound upon mound, and peak upon peak, with here a cliff of almost perpendicular ascent, overlooking a deep, dark ravine, into which "'tis dizzy and fearful to cast one's eyes so low;" while the main surface still continues in the shape of knobby hillocks, mounds, and gentle slopes.—To complete the picture, fancy the lake is now changed into Mount Hope, with one high swell or mound, peering like a monarch above the rest, to represent the pinnacle near the northern side of the ground, and you have *some* idea of its natural appearance. It appears to be the work of Nature during some playful freak; and we almost fancy it to have been her favorite sportive gambol-ground, where the lines of her fanciful fingers, and traces of her bounding feet, alternate from lovely beauty to rugged sublimity, leaving the beholder balanced between raptures of admiration and amazement.

The artificial improvements constantly going on, render it still more attracting as a place of resort. Many of the mounds are already surrounded with neat carriage roads or gravelly walks, and others are laid out into family lots, bordered with foot-paths and ornamented with cultivated shrubbery and flowers. As yet, but few tombs have been erected, and comparatively few monuments. It is highly creditable that in the management of this beautiful cemetery, Nature's dominion is trespass-

ed upon with a gentle and sparing hand, amidst all the artificial improvements laid out. Not a twig, a brake, or a wild flower is suffered to be molested, unless they lie directly in the way of necessary improvements.

But this communication has reached an unexpected length, so that the remainder of our excursion must be briefly related. From the apex of the pinnacle, (on which there is just room sufficient for a carefully driven carriage to turn round) we descended by a winding road, passing round it to its base, much like the thread of a screw. Returning to the city, we made a short visit to the Falls, to view the glory of the Genesee, and behold the abyss where the memorable Sam Patch *jumped into fame and to a watery grave.* The prospect was unusually imposing for this season of the year, in consequence of the late considerable rains. But we could not long enjoy the prospect, being obliged to hurry back to our boat, where we alighted just as the signal horn of departure was sounding.

And *here* was the only *trying* scene of the day—for I trust it will be considered neither uncharitable or reproachful to our fair companions, if I remark that from *some* of their faces the tears trickled profusely, on extending the hand to their parting friends, and endeavoring to pronounce a stifled farewell. I do not believe this was proof of weakness, for my own observation bears witness, that if the affections and sympathies of the sensitive female heart are more easily moved than man's lethargic nature, hers are none the less strong and enduring—but on the contrary, exhibit a constancy and fortitude amidst the severest vicissitudes of life, that often weans or quails the hearts of the sterner sex. Woman's heart is the silken chorded instrument, of which but wound the slightest fibre of affection, and it vibrates in tears; but when rudely wrenched by a gladiatorial hand, it displays a firm, elastic nature, which enables it to recover from the shock—and we find she *still remains the same.* But man's heart is more like an instrument of grosser texture, less elastic, and requiring the more forcible strokes of a hammer to vibrate it into activity—while a few *hard* blows often destroy its tension, or break asunder its more brittle and ununitable threads.

Pardon this digression in favor of the fair sex, and I will close. Our speedy boat soon left the hum of your busy mart dying away upon the ear, and your burnished spires and cupolas fading in the increasing distance, and without any special occurrence happening on the way, we landed about twilight upon the spot from whence we stepped aboard in the morning. From this place, our previous plain *Democratic* conveyance soon took us safely to our several homes, much pleased with our excursion, and feeling none the worse for having drank freely of good *lemonade* through the day, and of *nothing stronger.*

Allow me here to pay another compliment to the temperate character of the young people of Clarkson—viz: that during a pleasure sleigh-ride last winter, numbering between 50 and 60 young persons, nothing *stronger* than wine was used, and that so sparingly and by so few, that *one crack* drinker might have drank it all.

Our excursion, Messrs. Editors, was a plain one and is plainly told—and permit me to observe that whatever *some* people might think of our plain style, *we* enjoyed it right well. For one at least, I can truly say of it with the English bard,

> "Yes, let the *rich* deride, the *proud* disdain
> The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
> To *me*, more dear, congenial to my heart,
> One *heart-felt joy*, than *all* the *gloss* of art."

H. R******.

Clarkson, July, 1841.

Popular Tales.

FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACES.

BY A VILLAGE BEAU.

Miss Simper appeared at Saratoga in an elegant suit of sable. She was said to be in mourning for her father, an oppulent broker in Baltimore, recently deceased. Grief had wasted her health, and weeping had washed away her roses, and she was come to recover her appetite and reanimate her blushes. Miss Simper of course, was an heiress, and attracted great attention. The gentlemen called her a beauty, and talked a great deal of her real estate, bank stock, and securities. Some of the ladies thought her complexion too sallow, and some objected to the style of her dress; Mrs. Highflyer said she had not the air of a woman of fashion, while Captain Hiliard pronounced her a suspicious sail and declared his belief that she was a privateer in disguise. The fair stranger, however, walked daily to the fountain, modestly cast down her eyes when gazed at, and seemed unconscious of all but her own sorrows. About this time, Major Fitzconnell appeared upon the busy scene. He was a tall, handsome man, of easy address, and polished manners, who seemed to regard all about him with an air of very polite unconcern. He was announced as an officer in His Britanic Majesty's service, and brother to Earl Somebody, in England. It was reported that he had large landed possessions in the west. He did not appear to seek society, but was too well bred to repel any civilities which were offered him. The gentlemen were pleased with his good sense, his knowledge of the world, and the suavity of his manners, but as he seemed to avoid the ladies, they had little opportunity of estimating his qualities.

Major Fitzconnell and Miss Simper met by accident at the fountain. The officer, who had just filled his glass at her approach, presented it to the lady, who, in sipping the transparent element, dropped her handkerchief. The gentleman very gallantly picked up the cambric and restored it to the owner—but the blushing damsel, abashed by the easy attention of an elegant stranger, in her confusion lost her reticule, which the soldier gracefully replaced on her wrist, with a most respectful bow.

A curtesy on one side, and another bow on the other, terminated the civilities of this meeting.—The gentleman pursued his walk, and the lady returned to her chamber. That Miss Simper felt duly sensible of the honor of having elicited three graceful congees from the brother of an English Earl, cannot be doubted; nor can we suppose, without injustice to that gentleman's taste, that he saw with indifference the mantling blushes which those attentions had drawn forth; certain it is, however, that as they separated in opposite directions, neither of them was seen to cast "one longing, lingering look behind."

As I had not the privilege of intruding into either of their chambers, I cannot say what fairy forms might have flitted around the magic pillow, nor whether the fair one dreamed of coronets, coats of arms, kettle drums and epaulettes. In short, I am not able to inform the reader whether the parties thought of each other at all, but from the extreme difficulty of again bringing two such diffident persons in contact, I am inclined to think the adventure would have ended here, had not "chance," which often decides the fate of mighty monarchs, decided theirs.

Miss Simper's health required her attendance at the fountain on the following morning at an unusually early hour; and the Major, while others were sleeping, had sallied forth to enjoy the invigorating freshness of the early breeze. They met again by accident at the propitious well; and as the attendant who is usually posted here to fill the glasses of the invalids had not taken his station, the Major had not only the happiness of performing that office, but of replenishing the exhausted vessel, until the lady had quaffed the full measure prescribed by the medical dictator of this little community. I am not able to say how often they pledged each other in the salubrious beverage; but when the reader is informed that the *quantum* prescribed to a delicate female varies from four to eight glasses, according to the nature of her complaint, and that a lady cannot decorously sip more than one mouthful without drawing breath, it will be seen that ample time was afforded on this occasion for a *tete-a-tete.* The ice being thus broken, and the water duly quaffed, the gentleman proposed a promenade; to which the lady after some little hesitation acceded, and when the great bell summoned them to breakfast, they repaired to the table with excellent apetites, and cheeks glowing with heathful hues, produced by the exercise of the morning.

At ten o'clock the lady issued from her chamber, adorned with new charms, by the recent labor of the toilet, and strolling pensively, book in hand, to the farthest corner of the piazza, commenced her studies. It happened at the same moment, that the Major, fresh from his valet's hands, hied himself to the same cool retreat, to breathe forth the melancholy musings of his soul upon his flute. Seeing the lady, he hesitated, begged pardon for his intrusion and was about to retire—but the lady assured him it was "no intrusion at all" and laid aside her book. The gentleman was soon seated beside her. He begged to know the subject of her researches, and was delighted with the taste displayed in the selection of an author; she earnestly solicited a display of his musical talent, and was enraptured with every note; and when the same impertinent bell which had curtailed their morning walk, again sounded in their ears, they were surprised to find how swiftly time had flown, and chagrined that the common-place operation of eating was so often allowed to interrupt the feast of reason and flow of wit.

At four o'clock the military stranger handed Miss Simper into an elegant gig, and drove to the neighboring village; where rumor soon proclaimed that this interesting pair were united in the holy bands of matrimony. For once, the many tongues of fame spoke truly—and when the happy Major returned with his blushing bride all could see that the embarrassment of the lover was exchanged for the triumphant smile of the bridegroom. It is hardly necessary to add that such was the salutary effect of this pleasing event, that the young couple found themselves restored instantaneously to perfect health; and on the following morning they bade adieu to Saratoga Springs.

"This is a very ungenteel affair!" said Mrs. Highflyer. "I never *heard* the beat of it in all my born days!" said a fat shopkeeper's lady.—"How funny!" cried one young lady. "How shocking!" exclaimed another. "Egad, that's a keen, smart girl!" said one gentleman. "She's a tickler, I warrant her!" said a second. "She's a pirate, by thunder!" roared Capt. Hiliard.

In the meanwhile the new married pair were pursuing their journey, by easy stages towards the city of New York. We all know how the blest charms of nature improve when we see them reflected, and so on, and we can readily imagine "how happily the days of Thalaba past by" on on this occasion. Uninterrupted by ceremonious visits, unrestrained by the presence of third parties, it is not surprising that our lovers should often digress from the beaten road, and as often linger at a romantic spot, or a secluded cottage.

Several days had now elapsed, and neither party had made any disclosure to the other upon the important subject of finance. As they were drawing near the end of their journey, the Major tho't it advisable to broach this delicate matter to his bride. It was on a fine summer evening, as they sat by a window at an inn, enjoying the beauties of an extensive landscape, that this memorable conversation occurred. They had been amusing themselves with that kind of small talk which new married folks find so vastly pleasant; as how much they love one another, and how happy they intend to be and what a fine thing it is for two fond hearts to be dissolved and melted into one, &c. Many examples of love and murder were related—the lady told of several distressed swains who had incontinently hanged themselves for their mistresses, and the gentleman as often asseverated that not one of these martyred lovers adored the object of his passion with half the fervor which *he* felt for his *own dear, darling, sweet, precious little Anne!* At last, throwing his arms over his wife's chair, he said carelessly, "Who has the management of your property, my dear?"

"You have, my darling," replied she.

"I shall have when I get it," said the husband. "I meant to inquire in whose possession it was at present?"

"It is all in your own possession," said the lady.

"Do not trifle with me," said the gentleman, patting her cheek, "you have made me the happy master of your person, and it is time to give me the disposal of your fortune."

"My face is my fortune, kind sir," said she, laying her head upon his shoulder.

"To be plain with you, madam," said the impassioned bridegroom, "I have need of money im-

mediately—the hired gig in which we came to this place, is returned, and I have not the means to procure another conveyance."

"To be equally candid with you, sir," replied the happy bride, "I have nothing in the world but what you see."

"Have you no real estate?" said the Major starting to his feet.

"Not an acre."

"No bank stock?"

"None."

"No securities, no jewels, no money?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Are you the daughter and heiress of a rich broker?"

"Not I, indeed."

"Who the devil are you, then?"

"I am your wife, sir, and the daughter of a very honest blacksmith."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the Major, starting back with astonishment—then covering his face with both his hands, he remained for a moment absorbed in thought. Resuming his serenity, he said, in a sneerig tone, "I congratulate you, madam, on being the wife of a beggar like yourself. I am a ruined man, and know not whence to supply my immediate wants."

"Can you not draw upon the Earl, your brother?" said the lady.

"I have not the honor of being allied to the nobility."

"Perhaps you can have recourse to the paymaster of your regiment?"

"I do not happen to belong to any regiment."

"And have you no lands in Arkansas?"

"Not an acre."

"Pray, then, may I take the liberty of asking who you are?"

"I am your husband, madam, at your service, and only son of a famous gambler, who left me heir to his principles and profession."

"My father gave me a good education," said the lady.

"So did mine," said the gentleman, "but it has not prevented me from trumping the wrong trick this time."

So saying, Major Fitzconnell bounced out of the chamber, hastened to the bar, and called the landlord. His interesting bride followed on tiptoe and listened unobserved. The Major inquired, at what hour the mail-stage would pass for New York.

"About midnight," was the reply. "Please to secure me a seat," said the Major, "and let me be waked at the proper hour." "Only one seat?" inquired the host. "One seat only," was the reply. The landlord remarked that it was customary for gentlemen who set off in the night to pay their fare in advance; upon which the Major paid for the seat.

The Major and his bride retired to separate chambers; the former was soon locked in the arms of sleep, but the latter repelled the drowsy god from her eyelids. When she heard the stage drive up to the door of the inn, she hastily rose, and having previously made up her bundle, without which a lady never steals a march, she hastened down stairs. Upon the way she met the landlord, who inquired if her husband was awake?

"He is not," said the lady, "and need not be disturbed."

"The seat was taken for you then?" inquired the innkeeper.

"Certainly."

"O, very well—we'll not disturb the gentleman—the stage is ready, madam—jump in."

Mrs. Fitzconnell jumped in accordingly, and was soon on her way to New York, leaving the gallant Major to provide another conveyance and a new wife at his leisure.

Sketches of History.

EXTRACTS

From Stephen's Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan.

BATHING AND BED ROOM SCENE.

There was an enjoyment in this bath greater even than that of cooling our heated bodies. It was the moment of golden sunset. We stood up to our necks in water as clear as crystal, and calm as that of some diminutive lake, at the margin of a channel along which the stream was rushing with arrowy speed. On each side were mountains several thousand feet high, with their tops illuminated by the setting sun; on a point above us was a palm-leafed hut, and before it a naked Indian sat looking at us; while flocks of parrots, with brilliant plumage, almost in thousands, were flying over our heads, catching up our words, and filling the air with their noisy mockings. It was one of those beautiful scenes that so rarely occur in human life, almost realizing dreams. Old as we were, we might have become poetic, but that Augustine came down to the opposite bank, and, with a cry that rose far above the chattering of parrots and the loud murmurs of the river, called us to supper.

We had one moment of agony when we returned to our clothes. They lay extended upon the bank, emblems of men who had seen better days. The setting sun, which shed over all a soft and mellow lustre, laid bare the seams of mud and dirt, and made them hideous. We had but one alternative, and that was to go without them. But, as this seemed to be trenching upon the proprieties of life, we picked them up and put them on reluctant. I am not sure, however, but that we made an unnecessary sacrifice of personal comfort.—The proprieties of life are matters of conventional usage. Our host was a don; and when we presented our letter he received us with great dignity in a single garment, loose, white, and very laconic, not quite reaching his knees. The dress of his wife was no less easy; somewhat in the style of the old fashioned shortgown and petticoat, only the shortgown and whatever else is usually worn under it were wanting, and their place supplied by a string of beads with a large cross at the end. A dozen men and half grown boys, naked except the small covering formed by rolling the trowsers up and down in the manner I have mentioned, were lounging about the house; and women and girls in such extremes of undress, that a string of beads seemed quite a covering for modesty.

Mr. C. and I were in rather an awkward predicament for the night. The general reception room contained three beds, made of strips of cow-hide interfaced. The don occupied one; he had not much undressing to do, and what little he had he did by pulling off his shirt. Another bed was at the foot of my hammock. I was dozing, when I opened my eyes, and saw a girl about seventeen sitting sideway upon it, smoking a cigar. She had a piece of striped cotton cloth tied around her waist, and falling below her knees, the rest of her dress was the same which Nature bestows alike upon the belle of fashionable life and the poorest girl; in other words, it was the same as that of the don's wife, with the exception of the string of beads. At first I thought it was something I had conjured up in a dream: and as I waked up perhaps I raised my head, for she gave a few quick puffs of her cigar, drew a cotton sheet over her head and shoulders, and lay down to sleep. I endeavored to do the same. I called to mind the proverb that "travelling makes strange bed fellows." I had slept pell mell with Greeks, Turks and Arabs. I was beginning to travel in a new country; and it was my duty to conform to the customs of the people; to be prepared for the worst, and submit with resignation to whatever might befall me.

As guests, it was pleasant to feel that the family made no strangers of us. The wife of the don retired with the same ceremonies. Several times during the night we were waked by the clinking of flint and steel, and saw one of our neighbors lighting a cigar. At daylight the wife of the don was enjoying her morning slumber. While I was dressing she bade me good morning, removed the cotton covering from her shoulders, and arose dressed for the day.

RUINS OF THE CITY OF COPAN.

The Wall was of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large stone steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace, the form of which it is impossible to make out, from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped.—Our guide cleared a way with his manchete, and we passed, as it lay half buried in the earth, a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in form and appearance, so far as the trees would enable us to make it out, like the sides of a pyramid.

Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column, about fourteen feet high and three feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief, and on all four of the sides from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed, and the face evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike any thing we had ever seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics. This our guide called an "Idol," and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this unexpected monument put at rest once and forever, in our minds, all uncertainty in regard to the character of American antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as the works of art, proving, like newly discovered historical records, that the people who occupied the continent of America were not savages. With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who sometimes missing his way, with a constant and vigorous use of his machete, conducted us through the thick forest, among half-buried fragments to 14 monuments of the same character and appearance, some with more eloquent designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians; one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots; another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth; another hurled to the ground, and borne down by huge vines and creepers; and one standing, with its altar before it, in a grove of trees which grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing; in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people.

The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and swift processions, forty or fifty at a time, some with little ones wound in their long arms, walking to the end of boughs, and holding on with their hind feet or a curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and, with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest. It was the first time we had seen these mockeries of humanity, and with the strange monuments around us, they seemed like wandering spirits of the departed race guarding the ruins of their former habitations.

We returned to the base of the pyramidal structure, and ascended by regular stone steps, in some places forced apart by bushes and saplings, and in others thrown down by the growth of large trees, while some remained entire. In parts they were ornamented with sculptured figures and rows of death's heads. Climbing over the ruined top, we reached a terrace overgrown with trees, and crossing it, descended by stone steps into an area so covered with trees that at first we could not make out its form, but which, on clearing our way with our manchete, we ascertained to be a square, and with steps on all sides almost as perfect as those of the Roman amphitheatre. The steps were ornamented on the south side, about half way up, forced out of its place by roots, was a collossal head, evidently a portrait. We ascended these steps, and reached a broad terrace a hundred feet high, overlooking the river, and supported by the wall which we had seen from the opposite bank. The whole terrace was covered with trees, and even at this height from the ground was two gigantic Ceibas, or wild cotton trees of India, about twenty feet in circumference, extending their half naked roots fifty to a hundred feet around, binding down the ruins, and shading them with their wide spreading branches. We sat down on the very edge of the wall, and strove in vain to penetrate the mystery by which we were surrounded. Who were the people that built this city? In the ruined cities of Egypt, even in the long lost Petra, the stranger knows the story of the people whose vestiges are around him. America, say historians, was peopled by savages; but savages never reared these structures; savages never carved these stones. We asked the Indians who made them, and their dull answer was "Quien sabe?" "who knows?"

There were no associations connected with the place; none of those stirring recollections which hallow Rome, Athens, and

"The world's great mistress on the Egyptian plain;"

but architecture, sculpture and painting, all the arts which embellish life, had flourished in this bye grown forest; orators, warriors, and statesmen, beauty, ambition, and glory, had lived and passed away, and none knew that such things had been, or could tell of their past existence. Books, the records of knowledge, are silent on this theme.—

The city was desolate. No remnant of this race hangs round the ruins with traditions handed down from father to son, and from generation to generation. It lay before us like a shattered bark in the midst of the ocean, her masts gone, her name effaced, her crew perished, and none to tell whence she came, to whom she belonged, how long on her voyage, or what caused her destruction; her lost people to be traced only by some fancied resemblance in the construction of the vessel, and perhaps never to be known at all. The place where we sat, was it a citadel from which an unknown people had sounded the trumpet of war? or a temple of worship of the God of peace? or did the inhabitants worship the idols made with their own hands and offer sacrifices on the stones before them? All was mystery, dark, impenetrable mystery, and every circumstance increased it. In Egypt, the collossal skeletons of gigantic temples stand in all the nakedness of desolation; here an immense forest shrouded the ruins, hiding them from sight, heightening the impression and moral effect, and giving an intensity and almost wildness to the interest.

A LIVING CITY.

But the padre told us more; something that increased our excitement to the highest pitch. On the other side of the great traversing range of Cordilleras lies the district of Vera Paz, once called Tierra de Guerra, or land of war, from the warlike character of its aboriginal inhabitants.—Three times the Spaniards were driven back in their attempts to conquer it. Las Casas, vicar of the convent of the Dominican order in the city of Guatimala, mourning over the bloodshed caused by what was called converting the Indians to Christianity, wrote a treatise to prove that Divine Providence had instituted the preaching of the Gospel as the only means of conversion to the Christian faith; that war could not with justice be made upon those who had never committed any aggressions against Christians; and that to harrass and destroy the Indians was to prevent the accomplishing of this desired object. This doctrine he preached from the pulpit and enforced in private assemblies. He was laughed at, ridiculed, and sneeringly advised to put his theory in practice. Undisturbed by this mockery, he accepted the proposal, choosing as the field of his operations the unconquerable district called Tierra de Guerra, and made an arrangement that no Spaniards should be permitted to visit the country in five years. This agreed upon, the Dominicans composed some hymns in the Quiche language, describing the creation of the world, the fall of Adam, the redemption of mankind, the principal mysteries of the life, passion and death of our Savior. These were learned by some Indians who traded with the Quiches, and a principal cacique of the country, afterwards called Don Juan, having heard them sung, asked those who repeated them to explain in detail the meaning of things so new to him. The Indians excused themselves, saying they could only be explained by the fathers who taught them. The cacique sent one of his brothers with many presents, to entreat that they would come and make him acquainted with what was contained in the songs of the Indian merchants. A single Dominican friar returned with the ambassador, and the cacique, having been made to comprehend the mysteries of the new faith, burned his idols and preached Christianity to his own subjects. Las Casas and another associate followed, and, like the apostles of old, without scrip or staff, effected what Spanish arms could not, bringing a portion of the Land of War to the Christian faith. The rest of Tierra de Guerra never was conquered; and at this day the northeastern section, bounded by the range of Cordilleras and the State of Chiapas, is occupied by Candones or unbaptized Indians, who live as their fathers did, acknowledging no submission to the Spaniards, and this Government of Central America does not pretend to exercise any control over them. But the thing that roused us was the assertion by the Padre that, four days on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the great Sierra, was a living city, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America. He had heard of it many years before at the village of Chajul, and was told by the villagers that from the topmost ridge of the Sierra this city was distinctly visible. He was then young, and with much labor climbed to the naked summit of the Sierra, from which at the height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a great distance a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glitering in the sun. The traditionary account of the Indians of Chajul is, that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language, are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country around, and murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium; no horses, cattle, mules, or other domestic animals except fowls, and the cocks they keep under ground to prevent their crowing being heard.

There was a wild novelty—something that touched the imagination—in every step of our journey in that country; the old padre, in the deep stillness of the dimly-lighted convent, with his long black coat like a robe, and his flashing eye, called up an image of the bold and resolute priests who accompanied the armies of the conquerors; and as he drew a map on the table and pointed out the Sierra to the top of which he had climbed, and the position of the mysterious city, the interest awakened in us was the most thrilling I ever experienced. One look at that city was worth ten years of an every-day life. If he is right, a place is left where Indians and an Indian city exist as Cortez and Alvarado found them; there are living men who can solve the mystery that hangs over the ruined cities of America; perhaps who can go to Copan and read the inscriptions on its monuments. No subject more exciting and attractive presents itself to my mind, and the deep impression of that night will never be effaced.

Can it be true? Being now in my sober senses, I do verily believe there is much ground to suppose that what the padre told us is authentic.—That the region referred to does not acknowledge the government of Guatimala, has never been explored, and that no white man ever pretends to enter it, I am satisfied. From other sources we heard that from Sierra a large ruined city was visible, and we are told of another person who had climbed to the top of the Sierra, but, on account of the dense cloud resting upon it, had been unable to see anything. At all events, the belief at the village of Chajul is general, and a curiosity is roused that burns to be satisfied. We had a craving desire to reach the mysterious city. No man, even if willing to peril his life, could undertake the enterprise with any hope of success, without hovering, for one or two years on the borders of the country, studying the language and character of the adjoining Indians, and making acquaintance with some of the natives. Five hundred men could probably march directly to the city, and the invasion would be more justifiable than any ever made by the Spaniards; but the government is too much occupied with its own wars, and the knowledge could not be procured except at the price of blood. Two young men of good constitution, who could afford to spare five years, might succeed.—If the object of search prove a phantom, in the wild scenes of a new and unexplored country, there are other objects of interest; but if real, besides the glorious excitement of such a novelty, they will have something to look back upon thro' life. As to the dangers, these are always magnified, and, in general, peril is discovered soon enough for escape. But in all probability, if any discovery is ever made it will be by the padres.—As for ourselves, to attempt it alone, ignorant of the language, and with mozos who were a constant annoyance to us, was out of the question. The most we thought of was to climb to the top of the Sierra thence to look down upon the mysterious city! but we had difficulties enough in the road before us; it would add ten days to a journey already almost appalling in prospective; for days the Sierra might be covered with clouds; in attempting too much we might lose all; Palenque was our great point, and we determined not to be diverted from the course we had marked out.

LAZOING.

It was the season for marking and numbering the cattle, and two of the Senores Aycinena were at the hacienda to superintend the operation.—The cattle had been caught and brought in; but, as I had never seen the process of lazoing, after dinner, a hundred head, which had been kept up two days without food, were let loose into a field two or three miles in circumference. Eight men were mounted, with iron spurs an inch long on their naked heels, and each with a lazo in hand, which consisted of an entire cow's hide cut into a single cord about twenty yards long; one end was fastened to the horse's tail, which was first wrapped in leaves to prevent its being lacerated, and the rest was wound into a coil, and held by the rider in his right hand, resting on the pommel of the saddle. The cattle had all dispersed; we placed ourselves on an elevation commanding a partial view of the field, and the riders scattered in search of them. In a little while, thirty or forty rushed past followed by the riders at full speed, and very soon were out of sight. We must either lose the sport or follow; and in one of the doublings, taking particular care to avoid the throng of furious cattle and headlong riders, I drew up to the side of two men who were chasing a single ox, and followed over hill, through bush and underwood; one rider threw his lazo beautifully over the horns of the ox, and then turned his horse, while the ox bounded to the length of the lazo, and without shaking horse or rider, pitched headlong to the ground.

At this moment a herd swept by, with the whole company in full pursuit. A large yellow ox separated from the rest, and all followed him. For a mile he kept ahead, doubled and dodged, but the horsemen crowded him down toward the lake; and, after an ineffectual attempt to bolt, he rushed into the water. Two horsemen followed and drove him out, and gave him a start, but in a few moment the lazo whizzed over his head, and while horse and rider stood like marble, the ox again came with a plunge to the ground. The riders scattered, and one horse and rider rolled over in such a way that I thought every bone in his body was broken; but the sport was so exciting that I, who at the beginning was particularly careful to keep out of harm's way, felt very much disposed to have my own horse's tail tied up, and take a lazo in my hand. The effect of the sport was heightened by the beauty of the scene, with the great volcanoes of Agua and Fuego towering above us, and toward evening throwing a deep shade over the plain.

Selected Miscellany.

From the N. O. Picayune.

A POCKET FULL OF ROCKS.

FUN AT THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.

Among the thousand and one cant terms and slang expressions used in the west and southwest, there is no one that has obtained a greater celebrity than that which heads this article. It comes in play more frequently, is more significant than any other, and when we hear a man say, "Here I am in town with a pocket full of rocks," we know, to use a common and cant phrase, that he is "on hand for almost any thing." If a man has the money to settle a demand, "his pocket is full of rocks;" if he is willing to undertake a perilous enterprise, his "pocket is full of rocks;" should he express himself well to do in this world, equally ready for business or pleasure, he has a "pocket full of rocks," and the thing is perfectly understood. If to this he adds, "and no poor relation," then his credit is fully established. Having said this much to define the expression, we will now give its origin.

Several summers since there were assembled at the Hot Springs of Arkansas, a large number of gentlemen from the southern and western states. The utmost good fellowship and harmony prevailed among them, until the arrival of two men, opposite to each other in manners and habits, in all save one thing—they both contrived to render themselves extremely annoying and disagreeable to the rest of the visitors.

One of them was a stalwart, rowdyish native of the emerald isle, whom we shall call O'Whack—a bullying fellow, always bragging of his knowledge in the art and mystery of knocking his fellow men down, according to the latest and most approved methods. He was the sole owner and possessor of a quarter nag named Chain Lightning, and was always ready to make up a match whenever he was sure of winning.

The other individual we shall "hand down" with the cognomen of Major Bluster. So far as the title goes he was "*sure enough*" Major, who had fought, and gallantly too, in the last war. He was a very small man, but pugnacious in the extreme—always engaged in some fight, and completely out of his element unless he was in a quarrel. He wore a hickory bark coat—so called from its being colored with a decoction from the bark of that tree—which was very long and had deep pockets at the sides. He was always bragging of his skill in flinging rocks, of which there was plenty in the vicinity of the springs, and he really could throw them with a force and accuracy which was astonishing. He, too, was the possessor of a race nag, named Pepper.

Strangers to each other, O'Whack and Bluster were not long in forming an acquaintance, such as it was, with the gentleman of the village. By their intrusions, they soon got the ill will of every body, until at length a meeting was called and measures taken to rid society of their burden. Bluster was a dangerous character, for he occupied a position which gave him the standing of a gentleman, but O'Whack they cared nothing about—he could be driven off at any time. A committee was finally formed, whose business it was to wait upon the latter. They told him he must do one of two things—either clear out the Major, or clear out himself—there was no two ways about it, one or the other he must do. O'Whack chose the former, as a matter of course, and immediately set about the business.

Soon meeting with the Major upon a beautiful green, where all the visitors resorted, and which was divested of roots, stumps and rocks, he abruptly accosted him with—

"Look here, my little hop o' my thumb, you must lave these diggins."

"Do what?" said the little Major, blustering up to O'Whack, who was nearly four times his size.

"You must lave."

"You're joking."

"Am I?" retorted O'Whack. "Now look here, my cock sparrow, I tell you, ye must clear yourself—away wid ye. I niver was any more in airnest in my life. Just go away pacibly and quiet, like a jintleman, and dont put me to any trouble at all."

"You don't mean what you say," said the Major, who, half mad, and at the same time at a loss to know what the fellow meant by such uncommon conduct.

"Don't mane it, do I?" continued O'Whack, "if you ain't off wid yourself immediately, you'll see whether I mane it."

The Major was now boiling over. "Perhaps you want to get me into a fight," said he.

"Jist suit yourself, and I'm contint," said O'Whack.

"Take that, then," said Bluster, as with the quickness of a cat, he gave his adversary a tremendous slap on the side of the face. This was all O'Whack wanted. Instantly throwing himself into an attitude, he squared away, and by a well directed blow sent Bluster some ten feet upon his back. The little man was not in the least frightened, for he was up and at O'Whack in a twinkling. The same result followed a second blow from the latter, and poor Bluster again measured his length upon the ground. He looked around but there was no rocks to be seen, and he pitched at his adversary with his fists. A third, a fourth and fifth time was he knocked down. Every soul in the town was present, and all admired the game of the Major. After having been laid out some dozen times by the superior science and size of O'Whack, the Major finally came to a conclusion that he would "lave," as at first requested. He never cried "enough," however, but instead of "coming up to the scratch" for another "round," he silently made his way to a sapling where Pepper was tied, jumped her in a twinkling, turned and gave his adversary one grin of defiance, his face looking like a huckleberry pudding all the while, put spurs to his nag, and was soon out of sight.

Sincere were the congratulations which passed among the gentlemen present, at the riddance of the pugnacious Major. O'Whack was allowed to swagger about, by especial permission, for that afternoon only; they intended to give him his "walking paper" the next morning. The great fight had taken place early in the afternoon, as the sun gradually sunk in the west, and was winding up its day's work, all thoughts that there was such a being in existence as Major Bluster, were banished from the minds of those who had seen his defeat and exit—the hero was forgotten. Some were amusing themselves with ball-playing, others with pitching quoits, while the invalids were earnestly looking on, when suddenly the venerable Bluster himself, mounted upon Pepper, was seen turning the corner of the road, about two hundred yards distant, at a smart gallop. The pockets of his hickory bark coat were noticed to hang plump by the side of Pepper, and nearly reached the ground, and as he gradually neared the party, a fierce determination, mixed with revenge, could be plainly seen upon his bruised and battered face. He suddenly pulled up at the identical sapling from which he started, threw the bridle over a limb, pulled the right side of his hickory bark coat over Pepper, jumped off himself, and after coolly surveying the spectators of his late terrible defeat, exclaimed with an air of great calmness and decision,

"Well, gentlemen, here I am, in town, with a pocket full of rocks. Where is that overgrown bully I had the little skirmage with a short time since? I want another turn with that chap, as big as he is."

O'Whack was standing some twenty yards distant, relating his exploits to a smaller party, when the sharp eye of Bluster glanced upon him.

"Look here, Mr. O'Whack, you may be great at knocking down on scientific principles, but when it comes to flinging rocks, I'm that myself. Now *you* must clear." This was uttered by Bluster with great force and determination.

O'Whack looked at his opponent with contempt. He had not the slightest idea of the force and accuracy with which the Major could throw stones, as the Yankees express it, and acting upon this belief he retorted—

"Go to the devel wid yerself, don't be after bothering me wid yer nonsense."

"Clear—leave, I tell you," said the now exasperated Major, "or I'll be into you like a thousand of brick, *sure*."

O'Whack made no motion toward starting.

"Will you leave the drive?" shouted Bluster.

O'Whack replied with an oath that he would not.

"Then take that!" said the Major, accompanying the words with a rock, which he pulled from his pocket, and which he threw at the head of O'Whack with a force that fairly made it hum.—The latter stooped and dodged his head down, but Bluster had made his calculation for this movement, and the rock hitting him directly in the back of his thick skull, pitched him directly on his face. Before the stunned and astonished O'Whack could gain his feet, Bluster had planted another directly in the same spot, and the "scientific" man gave his mother earth another kiss. Every attempt he made at scrambling up the Major would balk by one of his pills applied to the same spot. Finding his game a losing one, and that he stood no chance of making anything by it, O'Whack finally sung out enough, and was permitted to gain his feet, when he started for his nag. Bluster could not resist the temptation of hitting him in the side when he was getting upon Chain Lightning—again in the back after he had mounted, and a third rock carried away his hat after he had started. O'Whack never stopped to recover it, but was soon seen turning a corner of the road, going in quarter nag time, and has never made his appearance at the Hot Springs of Arkansas since.

Major Bluster maintained his ground—has since been "big dog of the tanyard" there, and executed all of the barking; and to this day, catch him where you will, he is always "in town, with a pocket full of rocks."

THE MISSES.—*Miss Demeanor* is said to be of, at least, doubtful character. It is not best to form any acquaintance with her.

Miss Cellany is a very intelligent and interesting lady, and is much in favor with editors and publishers. She is frequently noticed in thenewspapers.

Miss Anthropy is a peevish old spinster: and although she is exceedingly modest and reserved, we should not recommend her acquaintance.

Miss Trust is of a jealous disposition, and withal rather troublesome.

Miss Construction is much in favor with sectarians; is of a serious, moral deportment, and is supposed to be well disposed.

Miss Fortune, although honest and amiable, is much dreaded and shunned by all. She is rather wayward, however, and often intrudes in company where she is not welcome.

Miss Nomer often renders important aid to the legal professions, and her company is often sought by gentlemen of the law.

Miss Rule is a great politician, and on several occasions has presided in the halls of legislation.

Miss Letoe is a poor dependent person, and although in good health, is always supported by some more wealthy neighbors.

Miss Tress, ah, is a lady of literary notoriety, and highly in favor with all CLASSES, and especially with the juvinile portion of community.—*N. Y. Mechanic.*

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO ACKNOWLEDGED WORTH.—At the late commencement of Union College, the degree of Doctor of Laws, was conferred upon the Hon. SAMUEL JONES, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the city of New York, and upon the Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, the American historian.—*Star.*

From the Natchez Courier.

LOVE AND GOOSEBERRIES.

A SENTIMENTAL STORY.

We had a cousin—heigho!—she the "anxious mother" of a half a dozen little cousins, now—well, she was in form and feature as far above the concentrated charms of all the novels that ever were or will be written, as Amanda Malvina Fitzallen was superior to Mr. Jerry Sneaks. Her voice, it was like the wild warblings of an Æolian harp, as it lulls the Zephyrs to their slumbers—her eyes, look not upon the stars, you can't match them there, and the cunning little gipsy had such a way of half closing the brilliant orbs, veiling their dangerous beams, and then, with a sudden start, flashing their death-dealing rays upon you, that your very heart instantly felt the process of combustion—her brow, shaded with her auburn hair, was like a hand's breadth of white cloud mid the rich lustre of the southern sunset—her hands were fitted for nothing but to sweep the harp's mellow chords, and to be kissed by a lover—and her feet—oh, how we admire a pretty foot!—her feet—Titania, Queen of the Fairies, would have given her most beautiful nutshell chariot just to have seen that perfect *feature*, we must call it.

Well, we were in a dreadful condition about that cousin—sometimes we'd call her "cousin;" it was delightful to claim relationship with such a perfect creature—and then we wouldn't call her cousin, for we laid a sort of trap, that if she asked, as we hoped she would, why we used not that cousinly title, we had a very pretty speech made to intimate that we desired, when manhood came, to call her by a dearer name. But the provoking little mink never seemed to notice whether we *cousined* her or not.

She was older than we, and her name was Eglantina!

One day walking in the garden with the fair one, we determined to divulge the yet unspoken tale of affection which surcharged the heart. We were in a beautiful walk, fringed with gooseberry bushes, when, after the most approved fashion of romance, sinking gracefully upon one knee, in burning words, we poured forth the story of our eternal love.

Eglantiha calmly listened—we thought we perceived a tear dimming her radiant eye—we rose, and stretching out our arms, thought of course that she would sink upon them and murmur the gentle confession of reciprocated attachment. Reader, she did no such thing.

She serenely turned and pulled a handful of green gooseberries, and gravely asked, "Cousin John, what are these?"

"Gooseberries, my darling Eglantina," answered cousin John.

"Eat them," she replied; "*goose*-berries must be good *for your complaint!*"

* * * * * * * * *

Reader, "Consin John" *made tracks.*

UNIQUE AND VALUABLE BIBLE.—Yesterday the press was admitted to a private view of the celebrated unique Bible published by Macklin, and illustrated by the late Mr. Bowyer. This edition of the sacred volume is truly a wonderful production. It is of the folio size, is printed of the largest and boldest type we have ever seen in book work, and tends to no fewer than forty-five volumes. The pictorial illustrations—partly drawings, but principally engravings—are, generally speaking, of first rate merit, and are nearly seven thousand in number. The entire work is in the most perfect state. The estimated value of this copy of the Bible is three thousand guineas.—*English paper.*

CURIOUS.—The means provided by nature, whereby a silk worm escapes from the cocoons are worthy of notice.

Immediately at the mouth of the insect there is a small sack into which it secrets one drop of very sharp and corrosive acid. At the time for the escape of the little animal, the sack bursts and the acid destroys the fibre of the silk which it touches, and thus makes a hole, through which the moth creeps in the open air. Is this arrangement the effect of mere chance?

'Ephraim,' said Simon, 'what does a young fellow look like, when gallanting his sweetheart through a shower?' 'Why,' said Ephriam, looking at his boots, 'he has very much the appearence of a *rain baux*.

Ephraim says, that if men's jaws were intended for tobacco presses, they would have screws in them.—*Rich. Star.*

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1841.

Don Pedro d'Alcantara, a Patron of Rochester Mechanism.

Perhaps no branch of Rochester mechanism is more noted, at home and abroad, than that of Rifle making. Among those of our mechanics engaged in this business, are some who, for taste and ingenuity, are not surpassed, we venture to say, in this or any other country. Not only are the Rochester rifles peculiar for their perfect finish and capability for execution, but improvements have been made in their construction, giving them signal advantages over the common article.

Mr. William Billinghurst, of this city, has received an order to make a rifle for Don Pedro d'Alcantara, the young Emperor of Brazil, whose coronation soon takes place. The circumstances under which the order was received, are these:—A dentist by the name of Badell, left Geneva a few years since for Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. Becoming acquainted with the Emperor, the latter informed him, a few months since, that he wished to procure a valuable Yankee rifle for his own use, and desired to be directed to some ingenious mechanic who could furnish it. Mr. B. recommended to him Mr. William Gardner, of Geneva, as being the only gunsmith of much celebrity with whom he was acquainted. Mr. G. soon afterward received an order for *three* rifles—one for the Emperor, the cost of which, it was stated, was a secondary consideration, the only direction being to unite beauty and perfection in the manufacture of the article; one for Mr. Badell, worth $100, and one for another gentlemen worth $40. Mr. Gardner readily consented to make the two rifles, the prices of which had been designated, but declined the execution of the order for the third, fearful that it might not be sufficiently perfect to meet the expectations of his distinguished patron; and he accordingly transferred the order to Mr. Billinghurst. Mr. B. is regarded as one of the best gunsmiths in the country, and will, we doubt not, execute the order as satisfactorily to the Emperor as creditably to himself. The rifle will probably be finished in about three months, at which time we will give a full description of it.—Its cost will be about $400.

"Boz."—A few weeks since, a public dinner was given in Edinburgh to Charles Dickens, the author of the numerous works of fiction which have delighted so many thousand readers on both sides of the Atlantic, within a few years past.—Two hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to the table, and after the cloth was removed, about one hundred and fifty ladies entered the galleries in full dinner dress. Among those present, were some of the most eminent literary and scientific gentlemen of Scotland and England. Many speeches were made, which elicited great applause, particularly that of Prof. Wilson, who, in giving the health of Mr. Dickens, took occasion to speak of some of his last productions, and the one of Mr. D. in reply thereto. The meeting is described as a splendid tribute "to the genius and character" of Mr. D.

K. K.—Our old friend Bartlett, the editor of the Quincy (Ill.) Whig, says he likes the little experience he has had in matrimonial life, and advises his former bachelor associates to "go and do likewise"—and above all things, not to forget the K. K. [*kake and kompliments*] to the printer.

Politeness.—Volunteering to carry the parasol of a lady who has hold of your arm, and holding it over your own head.

Perilous Situation.—A man by the name of Allen, in attempting to cross the Niagara river, a short time since, broke one of his bars, and losing all control of his boat, was threatened with a descent of the terrific cataract, *nolens volens*.—With a presence of mind which is sometimes exhibited in the most fearful crisis, with his remaining oar he guided his boat, as it sped down the stream with the velocity of lightning, toward one of the islets designated as the Three Sisters, a short distance above the precipice, and was so fortunate as to gain it. Here he remained forty-eight hours without food, when he was discovered by the smoke of a fire he had kindled. It now became a question of discussion, whether an attempt should be made to save him, or he left to perish. Although the islet had probably never before been visited by a human being, and the attempt regarded as almost hopeless, yet it was determined to rescue him if possible. His brother-in-law, a Mr. Robinson, a daring and fearless young man, succeeded in reaching an islet some rods above the one occupied by Allen, and by means of a boat, made fast to a rope connecting the islet with Goat Island, was enabled, after several attempts, to rescue the man from his perilous situation. During the time these attempts were making, the shore of the river was thronged with thousands of persons.

Warm Weather.—We have had some intensely hot weather during the present season. In this city, on the 24th ult., the thermometer stood at 97; in Hartford, on the same day, at 98; in Troy, on the 23d and 24th, at 96; in Albany, on the 25th, at 96; in Philadelphia, on the 23d, at 99; in Alexandria, same day, at 92; in Baltimore, same day, at 91½; in Charleston, on the 20th, at 86; in Macon, on the 15th, at 96, 98 and 100; in St. Augustine, on the 16th, at 94 The editor of the Wilmington Chronicle says he felt cool and comfortable, a short time since, with the thermometer at 95.

Sam Patchism.—William Kinney jumped from the foremast of the sch. Sandusky, at Buffalo, on Friday, in imitation of Sam Scott's performances. He leapt into the water from the height of 65 feet, and was loudly cheered by the crowd of loafers and others assembled to witness the fool-hardy feat.

Fanny Elssler sails in the Great Western today, for England. During a sojourn in this country of less than eighteen months, she has *danced* the Yankees out of both their cash and morals.—She carries home with her $100,000 in specie, besides presents to a large amount.

Good Manners.—A lady writing from Morocco, says, the abhorrence of the Moorish women of being overlooked is so excessive, that no well bred lady will look from her terrace into her neighbor's court, unless they are on the most intimate terms. They even avoid approaching the edge.

Courtesies Editorial.—A Boston editor boasts that he went all the way to Philadelphia and back, by Railroad and Steamboats, without being taxed a cent for his passage. These road and boat owners know a thing or two.

☞ It has been said of an Ex-President in the west that he never drinks any ardent spirits.—This was substantiated by his negro slave, who said that "Massa no drink rum, but then he drink his coffee strong enough to kill the debil."

☞ Wise, the æronaut, is to make his 31st ærial Excursion from the borough of Lewisburg, Pa., on the 14th inst.

☞ The name of the Secretary of a Temperance Society in Boston is Charles *Water*-man.

Literary Notices.

To Travellers.—Mrs. Steele's "Summer Journey in the West," can be had at G. W. Fisher & Co.'s Bookstore, No. 6, Exchange street, to whom we are indebted for a copy. She appears to have aimed at making her "little book" of use to tourists and emigrants by giving a pleasing description of places, modes of traveling, the distances, prices of conveyances, &c., throughout her route—which lay from New York through this city, by the Ridge Road, to Lockport; thence by cars to the Falls; thence to Buffalo; through Lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Michigan to Chicago; by land to Peoria; thence by steam boat to St. Louis; thence to Wheeling by the Mississippi and Ohio rivers; thence over the Alleganies to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. The style is attracting, and a moral turn is frequently given with good effect to her reflections upon what she witnessed.

The Arcturus.—We have received another number of this clever and entertaining periodical, filled as usual with good tales, just criticisms and well-chosen extracts. Stephens is arraigned at the bar of the critic for not being as deep and learned an antiquarian as he would have the reputation of being. Justice is however done to his valuable work. But poor Buckingham, *the late* orientalist and *present* accidentalist, is pounced upon and disposed of like poor Tray in the fable, without "distinction or mercy." We have seldom seen a judgment more severe and at the same time more *just* than that pronounced upon this greatest of able foreign humbugs. B. Trevett, 121, Fulton st., New York.

"Who reads an American Book?"—was a question often asked in years gone by. The seventh edition of Stephens' Central America has just been hurried from the press to meet the increasing demand of the reading world. The work has been out but about a month, and already the sale exceeds 7,000 copies—a deserved compliment to the author, and a reward we are glad to see rendered to the Harpers, the enterprizing publishers.

The Ladies' Companion, for August, appears with unusual interest. It is embellished with a plate of the fashions and a beautiful steel engraving of scenery on the Hudson. It is filled with original matter from many of the best literary writers of the day. We can only say that the "Companion," for talent, taste and mechanical execution, is the best and most elegant ladies' magazine in America.

☞ The Metropolitan for July has come to hand. It contains continuations of the several tales which have for some time past filled its pages. Three were were stories. "Spencer Middleton," the "Woman Hater," and the "Young Member's Wife," are all in the best taste. C Morse, Agent, Buffalo st., Rochester.

Anti-Graham—decidedly.—The Boston Post says that "meat pies and sausages abound in Philadelphia since the slaughter of the dogs commenced."

Industry.—The Northampton Courier has the following: "Miss Mary Newell, of Granby, the other day, braided fifteen variegated palm leaf hats, of superior quality and size. Her sister the same day braided thirteen of the same quality and size. They commenced at half past seven A. M., and finished at half past eight in the evening, their regular meals included."

. *A cheerful heart* paints the world as it finds it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, pall.d with thick vapors, and dark as the "shadow of death."—*N. Eaton.*

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Lines

ON LEAVING HOME TO ATTEND SCHOOL.

E'er parting with that lovely band,
To journey for a distant land,
E'en when the farewell hour drew near,
To all that memory holds most dear,
As changing hues of Autumn's leaf,
Alternate throbs of joy and grief,
In silence swelled my youthful breast
That vainly sought for peace and rest.
Of joy—to think the time so nigh
When other lands I should descry;
To think that soon my thirsty mind
Could drink at learning's fount refined:
Of grief—that e'er I sunk to rest,
Or Venus lit the glowing west,
An erring youth no more would share
Fraternal or paternal care;
But severed far—a stroke severe—
From the gay scenes of youth's career;
From early friends, with whom I played,
Beneath the maple's wide-spread shade;
Or strayed along the winding rill,
That gently flows beside the hill;
Or pierced the trackless solitudes
Of the surrounding verdant woods.

But farewell, now, to scenes like these!
Those fond delights no more shall please;
For deeper thoughts come o'er the mind,
That cast a darker gloom behind.
The future—dressed in light and shade,
To bid us hope, too soon may fade;
And fancy's fairest visions fly,
And darker clouds o'erspread the sky.
But Hope, in rainbow beauty dress'd,
Speaks peace unto the troubled breast,
And urges on to sterner strife,
To meet the chequered scenes of life.

E. M. K.

Millville, Orleans co.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Ode to Friendship.

True Friendship, where dost thou abide?
Say, is thy dwelling here?
Or dost thou, lovely nymph, reside
In some remoter sphere?

Say, dost thou dwell where glitt'ring dust
Its gilded sceptre sways?
Or art thou found where humble trust
Reflects a brighter blaze?

Do kings to thee their homage pay,
And worship at thy feet?
Or dost thou fly before their sway
To some secure retreat?

Can glitt'ring gold, or sparkling crowns
Thy precious treasures gain?
Or art thou only to be found
Where moral beauty reigns?

Is there a place beneath the sun,
Where thou canst deign to move?
Or dost thou choose thy course to run
In brighter worlds above?

Art thou a native of the skies?
Then wing thy way to earth,
That we may see thy star arise,
And hail thy glorious birth.

M. C.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

To Abigail.

When zephyr comes fresh'ning the broad summer glare,
And fans thee, and toys with thy bright raven hair;
When thy lips, with a smile gently parting, reveal
The pearls they repose on, but will not conceal;
When thy cheek and thy bosom have each its fresh rose,
And the tide of thy joy in sweet melody flows,
Be thus, I exclaim, ever simple and free,
Rejoicing in nature, and nature in thee.

When the full rising moon, with its bright golden beam,
Breaks faintly, and gleams on the slumbering stream;
When, like gems in its lustre, the tears fondly start,
As the song of the nightingale steals to thy heart,
And the charm to a gentle confession gives birth,
Of that love which is all I am proud of on earth,
'Tis thus I exclaim, thou art dearest to me,
Enamoured in nature and nature in thee.

S. C. B.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Love's First Dream.

BY H. CLARKSON.

The meteor's blaze is beauteous and bright,
Flashing and gleaming with sudden light;
The meteor's blaze but a moment doth gleam,
E'en so will the light of love's first dream.

The wild foaming wave ever onward is sped,
With the sparkle of the foam as a crown on its head,
This gem-like sparkles not more lovely I ween,
Than the joyous light of love's young dream.

How fair but how slender is the gossamer thread
Which the insect is spinning for a trap and a bed!
Not more fair and slender doth this wary web seem,
Than the light silken band of love's first dream.

When the meteor burns out, how dreary and dark
Is the way once illumined by its far glowing spark!
When the gem-like ray of the breaker's foam disk,
Bereft of all beauty the wave onward flisk.

That happiness be not like a meteor's blaze
And the path you tread, a dark thorny maze,
That all pleasure may not to bitter ashes turn,
Let the first glow of love's dream continually burn.

"Forget Me Not."

The star that shines so pure and bright,
Like a far-off place of bliss,
That tells the broken-hearted
There are brighter worlds than this;
The moon that courses through the sky,
Like man's uncertain doom,
Now shining bright with borrowed light,
Now wrapped in deepest gloom—
Or whence eclipsed, a dreary blank,
A fearful emblem given
Of a heart shut out by a sinful world
From the blessed light of heaven:—
The flower that freely casts its wealth
Of perfume on the gale;
The breeze that mourns the summer's close
With melancholy wail;
The stream that cleaves the mountain's side
Or gurgles from the grot—
All speak in their Creator's name,
And say, "Forget me not!"

"Forget me not," the thunder roars,
As it bursts its sulphury cloud;
'Tis murmured by the distant hills
In echoes long and loud;
'Tis written by the Almighty's hand
In characters of flame,
When the lightnings gleam with vivid flash,
And his wrath and power proclaim;
'Tis murmured when the white wave's fall
Upon the wreck-strewn shore,
As a hoary warrior bows his chest
When his day of work is o'er.

From the Boston Post.

The man who wrote the following has not spoken since:

"Long is the morn
That brings no eve,
Tall is the corn
That no cobs leave;
Hard is the apple
That never grows meller;
Blue is the sky
That never gets yeller;
But longer and bluer and harder and tall,
Is my own lady-love—my adorable Poll."

Odds and Ends.

Streeter's Ephraim says there is much *dig*-nity in a gardener's profession. Also that the practice of shipping seamen is a very *crew*-el habit, and that he who robs an orchard, is actuated by a very *tree*-sonable design.—*Times.*

The Picayune says: "The ladies in Lafayette and Clay counties, Missouri, have adopted as a rule, never to marry a man who owes the printer for more than one year's subscription."—*Exchange Paper.*

We are heartily sick of this everlasting twattle about the "respectability" of persons who have committed crime. That is the very reason why they should be punished to the utmost extent of the law.—*Cleveland News.*

"A man in Detroit advertised for a partner in the *nursery* business." The Lowell Courier says—"Some of our exchanges think this is only a *genteel way* of advertising for *a wife.*

"Pa, is Pennsylvania the father of all the other States?" "Certainly not, my child; why did you ask that question?" "'Cause I see that all the newspapers call it Pa."

Judging of the merits of a newspaper by its size, is like measuring a man's brains by his altitude.

Some pretty young ladies in Boston have formed a temperance society, and pledged themselves not to allow any beau to make love to them who even tastes wine. Several accidents have happened by these young ladies attempting to smell the breath of their visitors; but then accidents will happen in the best regulated societies.

Some Yankee has invented a new kind of ink, called "the love letter ink." It is a sure preventative against all cases of "breach of promise," as the ink fades away and leaves the sheet blank again in about four weeks after being written upon.

Editorial Syrup.—They have invented a syrup at Richmond, for young people, called "Concentrated Syrup of Goosequill," which gives children as it were an immediate "taste" for composition. It is excellent for editors who are hard up for ideas.

Revision.—One of the most celebrated instances of careful revision is related of Ariosto, who left fifty-six various readings of the first line of the Orlando Furioso.

History.—Volney calls history, a vast collection of moral and social experiments, which mankind make involuntarily and very expensively on themselves.

Important if true.—In the Picayune it is stated that the government is in treaty with Dr. Truman Stilman, for a large supply of his Sarsaparilla and Pills to *clear out* Red river raft.

There is but one road to permanent happiness and prosperity, and that is the path of unspotted integrity, of high-souled honor, of the most transparent honesty.

Kings.—Milton very happily states the danger of irresponsible power, when he says that a king's will is his right hand, and his reason his left.

Poetry.—Shelley defines poetry as the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds.

May I B 1 of the lovers of U, as the Miss of 6 teen said 2 a 10der 4 leg of mutton B4 she 8 a piece of it.

"I must change my *quarters!*" as the counterfeiter of twenty-five cent pieces said when he heard the police were after him.

Happiness consists not in having much, but in being content with little.

"I'll knock you into pi," as the cook said to the dough.

What word makes you sick if you leave out one of the letters? M (usick.)

Half an ounce of alum in powder, will completely purify twelve gallons of corrupted water.

Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 29th July, by Rev. Mr. Church, WILLIAM WILLIS, to JANE ALBRIGHT, all of this city.

On the evening of the 26th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Carlton, Mr. James Patterson, to Miss Sophia Harrison, both of this city.

In this city, on the 22d inst., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. James Wilkins to Miss Sarah Ann Jones, both of this city.

In New York, on the evening of the 21st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Roderick Wales, Merchant of this city, to Miss Sarah A. Farewell, of Dorset, Vt.

At Millville, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Orrin Catlin, Mr. John A. Rowly, of Gaines, to Miss Elvira Frost, of the former place.

On the 21st inst., by Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Edwin A. Rhoad, to Miss Margarett A. Morton, all of Lockport.

At Gasport, July 22d, by Rev. R. Dunning, Mr. John W. Stone, of Royalton, to Mrs. Aurelia Fuller, of Ridgeway.

In Philadelphia, on the 19th instant, by John Swift, Mayor, Mr. Thomas Haines, of Lockport, to Miss Julia, daughter of the late George Reed, Esq., of Bucks county, Pennsylvania.

In Parma, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. Stephen Bathrick, Mr. Orrin Limbocker, to Miss Eliza M. Stevens, all of that place.

In Kendall, on the 11th ult., by Solomon Webster, Esq., Mr. Jay Johnson, of Clarkson, to Miss Ada Eliza Coxe, of the former place.

In Groveland, on the 15th inst., by Rev. J. Parker, Mr Henry L. White to Miss Betsey Harrison.

At Honeoye Falls, Monroe county, on the 19th inst., by Rev. S. H. Ashmun, Charles Faulk, Esq. to Miss Harriet I., daughter of Mrs. Susan Leach, both of Honeoye Falls.

In Albion, on the 14th inst., by Rev. Mr. Chipman, of Brockport, Thomas S. Clark, Esq. to Miss C. Isabella Rathbun.

In Victor, on the 21st inst., by Rev. J. M. Sherwood, of Mendon, Mr. Levi B. Lobdell to Miss Fanny M., daughter of William Jenks, of the former place.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

Terms.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1841. No. 17.

Original Critical Notices.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

There are a few instances on record of men, who, with extensive classical attainments, and all the minute, laborious learning of the cloister, have yet mingled with success in the busy turmoil of politics. JOHN HORNE TOOKE was such a man. As a philologist, a character which is supported only by the most varied and laborious investigation, he was among the first men of a century which had produced Bentley, Johnson and Parr. His acquaintance with the Anglo-Saxon, and the other *bases* of modern English, was accurate and profound. Succeeding lexicographers, though in some cases much to their discredit, indisposed to acknowledge the obligation, have borrowed much from his clear and well-reasoned expositions of the original meaning, orthography, derivation, and subsequent adaptations and changes of many of our derivative words. Most of these interesting discussions are embraced in his "*Diversions of Purley.*" This is a work with an unfortunate title, inasmuch as it leads the reader to mistake a book of deep and accurate scholarship and severe reasoning, for the random amusements of an idle moment, worthy only of being glanced at and forgotten. This, as will be inferred, is far from being the fact.

The "Diversions of Purley" are among the most interesting and valuable contributions to modern Lexicography. But it is not in his character as a learned and careful philologist that we wish to consider the subject of these remarks. We have said that he was an instance of the rare union of minute erudition with great political tact and a capacity for mingling successfully in the stirring debates of a popular assembly. Horne Tooke was made for a popular controvertialist. Equally happy in his extemporaneous efforts on the hustings, where his usual fondness for biting and happy retort was triumphantly exemplified, and often much to the annoyance of his adversary; and in the polished, yet fluent effusions of his classic pen, he was the *beau ideal*, of a successful people's man. His style was of the most effective cast. He wrote in strong, expressive, homely Saxon, out of the pure well of English undefiled, from which his early studies enabled him to draw at pleasure.—The impulses of his heart were honest and fearless. Incapable of low cunning, he never concealed or glossed over his principles to conciliate ignorance or prejudice; and it is not strange, therefore, that his writings breathe a spirit of blunt honesty and independence which, with the classic simplicity of his style, win upon us in spite of ourselves. All Junius' points and labored metaphors were ineffectual to turn aside the home thrusts of Horne Tooke.

It is, we believe, universally admitted that our subject came out of the contest with this concealed and mighty assailant unscathed, and not only so, but triumphant. The manner in which he lays bare the evasions, inconsistencies and absurdities of his opponent, is masterly. It needed such a man as Tooke, with his perspicacious common sense and a taste and discernment schooled by long and severe application, to tear off the garb of glittering antithesis in which this celebrated writer decked his malignant shafts and expose the naked enormity of his malice. Junius was a great and most powerful political essayist—perhaps, as an assailant, superior to Horne Tooke—but the latter, arrayed in the panoply of truth and honesty, proved himself in this instance immeasurably superior. There is something far from favorable to Junius in the contrast of his labored and almost finical style and painfully rounded sentences, with the honest, manly straight-forwardness of the object of his attack. We advise the reader, who wishes to preserve unabated his admiration of this celebrated writer, to skip the passages of his controversy with Horne Tooke. PUBLIUS.

Popular Tales.

From the Northern Light.

A TALE.

BY ALOYS SCHREIBER.

[Translated from the German by HORACE B. WEBSTER.]

KURD VON DACHAU spent the autumn at a monastery, over which his uncle presided as Abbot. His father and his two elder brothers had fallen in the campaigns of the Emperor, and he was the last of his race. His uncle often urged him to seek a wife among the noble ladies of the Speiergaus, where his castle was; and this would not have been difficult for him, as his form and manners were faultless, and since the death of his father and brothers, a quiet melancholy rested upon his countenance, which made the young knight still more attractive to the ladies. The heart of the youth seemed, also, in no wise, steeled against beauty and loveliness, but when his look rested upon some fair being, and it seemed as if the star of his life was rising to the ascendant, then, suddenly a gloomy presentiment came over him, as if an evil spirit stepped between him and the object of his hopes.

The cloister in which he had now passed several weeks was situated in a secluded but charming spot, in a delightful valley; on one side rose hills covered with vines; on the other, their lofty summits were crowned with aged oaks and elms.—Kurd usually rambled about the country, and lost himself in dreams of the future. One day he pursued his way through a wood which he had not before visited. He had been absent about an hour, and was on the point of returning, when he heard the murmuring of a brook. He went onwards, and soon came to the bank of rather a broad stream, which flowed, meanderingly, between the soft, sloping hills. At some distance, on the opposite bank, stood a small, newly-built, elegant castle. He had just fixed his view upon the beautiful prospect, when he observed a young maiden float from a thicket which skirted the castle wall, loosen a boat from the shore and step into it.—The rudder appeared too heavy for her delicate hands, for it was with difficulty she pushed the bark from the shore and guided it into the current. She glided up the stream and continually approached the bank where the young knight stood. The management of the vessel was so hard, that she had not time to look around, and Kurd remained unobserved. When the maiden, however, drew near, he stepped behind the trees, in order not to alarm or startle her. The lovely, youthful, blooming creature was now only a few feet from him, and earth and heaven vanished at the enchanting scene. He had never before met with a being so beautiful, delicate, and modest, and on her countenance rested a peace, which, it seemed that no storm could ruffle.

Only a few steps from the knight the stream formed a little, sandy bay. The maiden guided her bark thither, [illegible] moment from her toils. She stood leaning on the rudder, like a heavenly apparition, and surveyed the prospect. Then, in an artless but graceful manner, she sang the following song:

Reclined at ease by the emerald sea,
A youth exults with a gladsome glee;
As mirrored below in the glassy deep,
He sees the blue hills and the grazing sheep.

He plucks from its leafy stem a rose,
And into the sea the floweret throws;
And plying his stick, like a tiny oar,
He pushes the roselet away from the shore.

Then starting up from the opening deep,
He sees a mermaid suddenly leap;
Than the falling snow more pure and fair,
And a wreath of coral binds her hair.

O, bless thee, bless the, beautiful boy,
Thy rosy gift shall bring thee joy;
Come dwell with me in my coral home,
For thee the sea like the earth shall bloom.

Come down with me, and thou shalt forego,
In the quiet flood much bitter woe;
Come down where the waters peacefully rest,
And thou shalt repose on my snowy breast.

The mermaid wins—with a bound of joy,
Springs to her arms the beautiful boy;
And now on high in the starry deep,
He sees the blue hills and the grazing sheep.

The notes of the song floated on the autumnal breeze among the leaves of the oaks, but in the breast of the young knight they continued to sound, as the boat again glided down the stream, and the fair image threatened to vanish like a vision of the night.

He stepped down to the shore, in order to retain her image with the full power of his soul, yet by the rapid current, she quickly reached the land, sprang from the bark, and was lost in the thicket.

First love is oft like the fire which the lightning kindleth. Thus, also, was the heart of the youth struck by the consuming flash. A long time he stood on the Waldbach as one stunned, and gazed now at the boat, now at the castle. Already had the sun sunk behind the mountains, when he recollected that he could remain there no longer, and directed his way slowly back to the cloister. He looked on the right hand and on the left for a human being, who might give him some information about the castle, but he saw no one. On his arrival at the cloister, he inquired of one of the servants. "That is the white castle," said he; "it is called so, because it is painted white, and in the castle the dumb lady lives. From horror at the sudden death of her lord, she has lost her voice."

The servant knew no more and the knight feared to mention that which he wished most dearly to know. That the beautiful pilot was the daughter of the dumb lady seemed to him unquestionable, and he hoped soon to learn her name.

II.

Early on the following day stood Kurd again at the brook side, and looked down upon the white castle. People passed in and out, but the maiden was not there. Hour on hour went by, and painful as it was to the knight, he resolved, towards noon, to return to the cloister, though the star of his hope had not arisen. Evening found him on the same spot. Fortune now was less unkind, for the maiden came, as the day before, to the bank, stepped into the boat, and guided it up the stream, to the place where the young knight stood. He again concealed himself behind a hedge, and bent down the bushes in order to observe the beloved object. The maiden guided the bark again to the bay, looked hastily around, and then stepped, bashfully, on the shore. At this moment a gipsy came from the forest, leading a little girl, about six years old, by the hand, and carrying an infant on her back. The maiden could not restrain her fear, but recovered herself again when she saw that she appeared to be a mother with her children, soliciting charity.

"Beautiful lady," said the gipsy, "if you will permit me to sit in your boat and cross over with you, I will tell you your fortune. Give me your hand."

The maiden scarcely knew how to answer this strange request, and suffered rather her hand to

be taken than offered it. The gipsy but looked at it, and laughingly exclaimed, "The signs are good, first a thorn, then a rose. One star goeth up, another goeth down, but they unite at last. Fear not, fair lady, to-day is a happy day; perhaps he will meet thee even to-day."

"Who?" asked the maiden with some curiosity.

"Ah!" replied the gipsy, "I cannot say who. But he no longer lies in the cradle, and already wears a sword."

The maiden blushed. In amiable embarrassment, she drew a silver piece from her purse and handed it to the woman.

"Heaven be praised!" said she, "I should have paid you for carrying me across, and you give it to me."

The maiden looked now at the boat. "Good woman," she began after a short pause, "I would willingly carry you across, but the vessel will be too heavy, and I am not so skilful a pilot as a sailor."

The gipsy thought that an accident was impossible, as the stream was not deep. Finally she said, "Can I not wade across?"

"No, no," exclaimed the maiden, there are deep spots on the other side."

The knight was unable longer to keep back.—He stepped from out the thicket, saluted the maiden kindly, though with a beating heart, and said, "Noble lady, permit me to take the helm. I am a little acquainted with this art, which is not indeed, difficult, requiring only a stronger arm."

The sudden appearance of the young knight startled the maiden. She whispered some unintelligible words, and modestly cast her eyes on the ground.

"You may trust me," continued Kurd, "I am a Dachau, and the Abbot of the adjoining monastery of St. Martin is my uncle."

The gipsy in the mean time had quickly looked at the knight, and then, with her finger, traced strange figures in the sand.

"Children!" she exclaimed now with solemn voice and gesture; "children, ye must not think meanly of us, because we have no more a home since our people forsook the graves of their fathers. They had pried into the secrets of the spirit world; therefore, their children wander in error, and their race must fade away. But believe my words, this day is propitious to you both."

"It is, indeed, to me!" said Kurd, in the overflowing of his heart, and his glance met the eyes of the maiden, who blushed deeply, and stood there as tremblingly as a rose which has lost its stem.

"If you would be so kind, Herr Von Dachau," said she, and looked toward the boat. Kurd would offer her his hand to assist her, but she quickly stepped in, the gipsy followed, and Kurd brought the boat safely to the other shore. The maiden thanked him very kindly.

"Grant me only one prayer," said Kurd, "as I have seen your face, so would I gladly learn your name."

"I am Irmengard," she replied with downcast eyes, bowed herself, and slowly ascended the hill.

Kurd looked after her, until she had entered the castle-gate. It now first occurred to him that he could not use the boat on his return, because he would then leave it on the opposite shore. He was about preparing to wade across, when almost breathless, a servant, sent by the lady Irmengard, hurried down from the castle, to ferry the knight across. This attention greatly pleased him, and his loving heart construed it into a favorable omen.

Some gloomy days of rain, which now succeeded, compelled the knight, painful as it was, to remain at the abbey. He wished for the wings of his thoughts, which floated over forest and stream to the white castle, and brought ever only new longings. Late in the evening of the third day, the sky became clear. "The weather changes at the right moment," said the Abbot at supper.

"Why do you think so, dear uncle?" asked Kurd.

"We celebrate in the morning, in our church, the birth-day of the deceased count Von Thurn, and his widow is accustomed to come from the white castle, and to be present at the requiem."

This intelligence was doubly joyful to Kurd.—He might hope on this occasion to see the fair Irmengard, and at the same time give him a good opportunity to obtain some information.

"That is, indeed, the dumb lady," said he, "who from horror at the death of her husband, has lost her voice."

"Hast thou already heard the tale?" inquired the Abbot. "No, the gift of speech is not gone; yet, since the death of her lord, she has made a vow, never to speak again."

"And why?"

"Because," continued the Abbot, "she had often bitterly grieved with her tongue, and even on the day of his death, the blessed count Von Thurn, who was indeed a little given to intemperance.—Otherwise, she is a very prudent and modest woman."

"Has she children?" asked Kurd, and reddened deeply at the question.

"Their marriage was unfruitful; thence arose also many domestic troubles. Between man and wife there is no stronger bond than a child."

The young knight knew no more of Irmengard than before, and the only conjecture left to him was, that she might be a cousin of the countess of Thurn.

He could hardly wait for the dawn of the next morning, and when about nine o'clock, the first signal of the funeral service was given by the bell, he stepped to the window, from which there was a view of the road leading from the white castle. When the bell tolled the second time, a procession came up from the valley. Two ladies, in deep mourning, rode first, accompanied by numerous attendants. They descended in the court of the cloister, and immediately repaired to the church. The knight Von Dachau recognized, at the first glance, the lovely Irmengard, on whose arm the lady was leaning. He hastened also to the church, and took a seat, where he could easily see the maiden, without being observed by her. After the high mass was ended, and the requiem sung, the Abbot came and opened the tomb, in which the body of the Count Von Thorn reposed. The lady and Irmengard arose from the oratory and descended into the tomb. An aged monk, in surplice and stole, with some brethren of the cloister, who carried burning tapers, censers, and consecrated water. An anxious presentiment impelled the young knight to follow the ladies. He remained, however, standing on the lowest step, while the others went to the grave of the Count, which was hewn in stone at the end of the vault. The monk sprinkled the holy water, burnt incense, and repeated the words of the requiescat in pace, then with a shriek sank the lady in a swoon to the ground. Irmengard, pale as a corpse, tottered towards her, and seemed to be hardly able to sustain herself. Kurd thought not a moment, with a step he was at the grave, seized the sinking maiden in his arms, and bore her out of the tomb into the church, where she immediately revived. She looked astonished at the knight, thought a moment and now first regained her consciousness.

"Where is my aunt?" asked she, "Ah, the hateful odor of the dead in the tomb, and melancholy recollections, have overmastered her more than me."

"The lady Von Thurn is in good hands," answered the knight. "Father Bruno and the brethren have certainly restored her. Permit me, lady Irmengard, to lead you into the open air, that you may more speedily recover."

Irmengard went, leaning upon the arm of the knight, from the church into the beautiful, spacious court, where two fountains were casting up their clear, crystal streams. Irmengard bathed her temples and face, which revived her. She yet appeared pale and faint, but even so, still more attractive to the knight. In his eyes, which he could not turn away from her, was the involuntary, timid prayer of love. His looks pierced to the heart of the maiden, and a lovely redness quickly suffused her cheeks. Kurd seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips. She drew it softly back.—Just then approached the Abbot. He had caused the lady Von Thurn to be carried into a room, and she desired the presence of the maiden. Irmengard was still so exhausted that she needed the assistance of the young knight to ascend the steps.

III.

The Abbot well remarked the impression that the lovely Irmengard made upon the young knight, and when, after a few hours, the ladies had departed, he said to him,

"Speak candidly, Kurd, what think you of the lady?"

This question was to the knight rather abrupt; but as he had never been accustomed to prevaricate, he answered frankly,

"Venerable uncle, if it could so happen to me, she should be my wife."

"I would willingly add my blessing thereto," replied the Abbot; "but there is one insuperable difficulty to be removed."

Kurd was disturbed, and the Abbot gave him the following explanation:

"Thou wast yet young when thy father died. I brought thee up; and thou camest to us from the residence of thy liege lord, Count Von Sponheim, and hence thou knowest little of the affairs of thy family. Thy father and the old prince of Hohenecck lived in continual discord, and were at war with each other for some years. The contest was finally ended, yet their hearts never beat in unison, for nothing is more fragile than broken friendship healed. Once, over their wine, the old quarrel burst forth again, stronger than before. Thy father wounded his opponent with bitter words—they determined to meet on the eighth day. On the sixth, thy father suddenly died, and the Hohenecker could not even in the grave forgive him, that he had passed from this world without satisfaction. Now, I fear that his hate will be transferred to thee."

"But perhaps he will be appeased, if I gain the hand of his daughter."

The Abbot shook his head. "There are men," he said, "to whom hatred is a grevious burden, and they soon throw it off; and there are also men who must hate because they cannot love."

The knight did not perfectly comprehend these words, and as the Abbot took not entirely away all hope, and faithfully promised assistance, this difficulty did not appear so great, and he concluded that the favor of Irmengard was the most important thing, and that the rest would be only child's play, when that was obtained.

With the longing and hope of love in his breast, he hastened the same evening again to the bank of the Waldbach, and soon the fair Irmengard also came down the hill. She looked now across the stream, now at the boat, seeming undetermined whether or not to take her usual sail. She could not perceive the knight on account of the thicket. After a while she stepped into the boat, and steered up and down the stream for a short distance without moving away from the shore. Kurd stood in anxious expectation. Soon she again stepped on the shore, cast a searching glance around, and then turned back to the castle; yet this time she followed a path on the left side, where the hill was bare and denuded of trees and bushes.

The knight now, sad and melancholy, came from the thicket. Ah, if at least she had seen me, he sighed, and at this moment she turned her beautiful face toward the stream. Undoubtedly Kurd was not observed by her, for she remained standing, turned slowly around, stooped to the wild flowers, which here and there covered the hills, and again approached the Waldbach. The knight saluted her with his hand. Irmengard appeared at first not to observe it, finally she returned the salutation, and the loved one of the castle slowly ascended.

Thus it happened for several days. The lovers saw each other from the opposite shores, but Irmengard never crossed the stream, and Kurd at last thought that a brook between him and Irmengard was as bad as the ocean. Hope had already lent her wings to his love, and thereby increased his courage, and he determined to surprise the maiden on the other side. A short distance up the stream was a mill belonging to the abbey. The miller had a boat, and in this one evening Kurd crossed the stream. He saw the maiden at some distance, but the nearer he approached to her, the more painfully beat his heart, and the slower were his steps. She observed him, and started; she would haste away, still she could not move from the spot. The knight went respectfully towards her. When he observed her confusion, a sadness seized him.

"Noble lady," said he, "assure me that you do not scorn me for my boldness, and I will immediately return."

"Why should I scorn you?" answered Irmengard with downcast eyes.

Kurd passionately seized her hand. "Irmengard," said he, "there is no truer heart than that which here beats for you." At this word he pressed the hand of the lady to his heart, bowed, and slowly returned.

IV.

Between the monastery of St. Martin and their patron, about this time, a grievous feud arose. The knight of Dachau hesitated not a moment to draw his sword for the abbey over which his uncle presided. He summoned his vassals, armed his attendants, and in a short time collected a valiant band. He could not, however, depart from the country where bloomed all the happiness of his life, without once more seeing her to whom his heart clung with inexpressible love. He directed his steps to the mill in order to cross over. In the forest, the ground was already covered with the

yellow leaves of the oak and elm. Here and there a bird sang a melancholy farewell song to the joys of the year. A deep sadness overpowered the knight. Nearly thoughtless, and occupied only with his melancholy and his love, he reached the opposite shore, and lingered, as he nowhere observed a human being, on his road to the castle. A short distance from the castle, on the trunk of an old linden tree, stood an image of the Virgin Mary. Irmengard stood before the image, her hands piously folded, when Kurd approached the spot. She first observed him, for the fallen leaves rustled beneath his footsteps, and he looked vacantly before him. At this time she did not appear startled at his presence and addressed him first. "Lost in thought, Herr Von Dachau," said she, with a pensive smile, for the news of his departure had already reached her.

"Noble lady," answered Kurd, "in future think of me when you pray here; for I am going now to face many dangers, and have come now to bid you a farewell."

Irmengard grew pale. "Is it then certain?" she asked with trembling voice.

"It is certain. We leave to-morrow."

"I will pray for you here daily, before this image," lisped the maiden, and her lovely head fell upon her bosom, as bends the lily when swept by the storm-blast.

"I go now confidently," said Kurd; "for if I should fall, I shall not be entirely forgotten! Will you not, also, Irmengard, pray for the dead?"

The maiden grew pale. She could no longer restrain her tears, and extended her right hand to the knight, while with her left she dried her eyes. "I hope that you will again return," she said, and suffered the knight to bedew her hand with burning tears.

"Irmengard," he exclaimed with the most impassioned feeling, "Irmengard, this hand?"—

"Be careful of yourself," she warmly and eagerly said, and quickly departed.

The knight returned to the cloister with the bliss of reciprocated love in his heart. Full of the serenest confidence, he went to the uncertain contest, and his gladsome spirit infused itself into his comrades. Two bloody actions decided the whole contest. At each time the patron was repelled, a part of his men were taken captives, and another part fled in wild confusion, and he himself, with a diminished band, was compelled to seek safety in his own strong castle. But alas, the knight Von Dachau, in pursing the fugitives, fell into their hands, and now was languishing in a dungeon on the inaccessible Felsenburg.

V.

A gloomy winter, filled with snow-storm and tempest, rolled slowly away. Irmengard mourned in solitude her imprisoned lover, and the young knight's impatience daily increased with the hostile destiny which kept him at a distance from her who was to him all-in-all. His uncle, the Abbot of St. Martin, omitted no exertions to procure his release; but the patron created numerless obstacles, until finally he was obliged to bring about a reconciliation with the Count Von Sponheim.

It was in the last days of April that Kurd was released from imprisonment, and hastened back to the cloister. Already blew the mild breezes of spring; the bright, fresh green of the beeches peeped forth from between the dark pines, and here and there on the hills stood the fruit trees in full blossom. An infinite longing filled the breast of the youth, and his thought could rest nowhere. Only when he first saw the well known faces, and the towers of the abbey, did he feel himself at home, and the image of his beloved stood before him in bold outline. The Abbot received him as a son. But he soon went from the walls of the abbey to the castle. He crossed the stream by the mill, and walked in great emotion upwards from the same. A shriek startled him from his dreams. Irmengard stood before him; involuntarily extended her arms, but with virgin modesty, let them fall again.

"Irmengard!" exclaimed the knight, and took her hand and pressed it tenderly to his breast.—Both were almost unable to speak; they looked in each other's eyes, and the whole gloomy past faded before them. Evening drew on before they were aware, and they parted with the promise to meet again on the morrow.

Several weeks passed away, to the lovers like a blessed dream, and in their soul no thought arose that it could ever be otherwise. Meanwhile their meetings remained no secret; among others the patron of St. Martin had heard of it, and as he hated the Abbot and his nephew, so he gave secret intelligence to the Baron Von Hohenecck what was whispered about his daughter and the young Dachau. In the Hohenecker burned the old hatred,—he hastened to the white castle, with dark thoughts of vengeance in his soul. On his arrival indeed he seemed to observe nothing. He had come to spend a few days, he said, and to see again his beloved daughter. But through the dissembled friendship, the painfully concealed rancour here and there broke out, and Irmengard was troubled in spirit. Among the attendants of the Baron was an old servant, honest and faithful, and an enemy to all knavers. He warned the maiden, for his suspicions had been excited by divers questions which her father had asked of the castellain of the Countess Von Thurn. An inexpressible sadness seized Irmengard. She must speak to the knight Von Dachau; she must warn him. With this design, she despatched the gardener, in whose confidence she could trust, as a messenger to the abbey, and appointed to meet the knight at the midnight hour on the shore of the stream where the boat lay. With trembling, she awaited the moment, and when the gardener returned with an answer that he would come, she was able only partially to conceal the feelings of her heart.

The night drew on; the clock tolled eleven, and in the castle all appeared to be buried in sleep.—Irmengard's chamber adjoined a hall in which several presses stood. In one of these was preserved a dress which a relative of the Countess Von Thurn had worn. He had died in his fourteenth year, and the garment seemed to have been made for the maiden. She dressed herself therein, and glided from the castle through the garden to the place of meeting. Kurd was already waiting, filled with anxious expectation. She confided to him what she knew and apprehended. The youth appeared beside himself, but Irmengard spoke comfort and consolation to him. "There, above," said she, "is the destiny of man determined. If Heaven has appointed us for each other, no power can separate us."

Thus she spake frequently to him, and a ray of hope again shone into his breast. They must now part; but the maiden promised to send him a message on the following day by the gardener.—He accompanied her to the end of the hedge, and there remained standing and looking after her.—She had only advaneed a few steps in the garden, when there was a whizzing, like an arrow thro' the air, and Irmengard sank, with a shriek, to the earth. Kurd hastened to her. She lay in her blood.

"Irmengard," he exclaimed in a voice of despair, "Irmengard, thou art murdered!"

"Who? who?" roared a fearful voice, and a tall, gloomy form advanced from the shade of the trees to the body. Kurd recognized the Baron Von Hoheneck.

"Is it thou?" he asked; "hast thou shed thine own blood?"

"Man," said the grey-haired, "say not again, that this is my daughter."

"It is Irmengard Von Hoheneck," replied Kurd with terrific rage.

"Woe! woe! woe's me! I have murdered my child!" roared the Hohenecker, and rushed down the hill as if the spirit of vengeance was pursuing him.

Kurd's cries for help soon brought the gardener and some other servants from the castle. Torches were brought, and the by-standers shuddered at the sight which now presented itself at the flare of the torch-lights. The maiden lay on the ground lily-like, pale, and without motion. The arrow had entered her right shoulder, and the blood flowed therefrom profusely. After awhile she again opened her eyes, and a cry of pain escaped from her lips. "Heaven be praised, she lives!" exclaimed Kurd, and knelt down beside her, and seized her cold hand. Preparation was made to remove her to the castle. The knight left not her side, till the castle chaplain, who also practised the healing art, had extracted the arrow, and declared that the wound was not mortal. Only with difficulty could Kurd be persuaded to return to the cloister, and with the permission that he might daily come and inquire after the health of the maiden.

Of the Baron Von Hoheneck, none had thought, till Irmengard, the next day, when her spirits had returned, inquired after her father. She seemed not to imagine that the deadly shaft came from his hand, and she longed for a word of reconciliation. Kurd came over early, and inquired after Irmengard. The capellain gave him comforting intelligence, and then spake the knight, "Her father may, indeed, consider her dead, and in his despair, have laid violent hands upon himself."

The servants were soon sent out in search of him, and Kurd also warmly joined them. Yet all their search was in vain; some returned sooner, others later, with the intelligence that they could discover no trace of him. It was now supposed, either that he had thrown himself into the stream or had buried himself in a cloister, in some distant country. All, however, was carefully concealed from Irmengard; her wound soon healed, and in a few weeks she was able to walk about her room. Kurd received the news of her recovery with a joy, purer than had ever before entered his soul, yet he had no longer the courage to go to the castle, for he felt that the uncertain fate of Irmengard's father would thrust a gloomy spectre between his wishes and his hopes.

About this time there came to the monastery of St, Martin a lay-brother from Loraine, who, at the order of the Prior, was traveling to the Danube. Among other things, he told of a strange man, who, a short time before, had sought refuge in their abbey, and although appearing to be of noble birth, had offered himself to the Prior of the convent. The Abbot and the knight listened attentively. They asked about the appearance of the man, his age, and the time of his arrival at Loraine. All that the brother related, seemed to designate the Baron Von Hoheneck, and Kurd instantly determined to set out for Loraine.

VI.

After journeying many days, and undergoing many hardships, he reached the monastery, where he hoped to find the father of Irmengard. Already he saw the two towers of the splendid minster, rising above a small grove of oaks; he turned down a footpath, which led from the high road through the wood, when he observed at the entrance of a small ancient chapel, a man meanly clad, who appeared to be praying fervently. He recognized in a moment the Baron Von Hoheneck. He sprang from his horse, gave it to his attendant, and waited till the Baron, who had not been disturbed by his appraach, had finished his devotions. When he, after a while, arose, and reached after his staff, which lay upon the ground, Kurd stepped up to him—the old man started back, as at the sight of an avenging spirit. "Be not alarmed," said Kurd; "I bring glad tidings; your daughter, your Irmengard lives, and is recovered from her wound."

A heavy burden fell from the soul of the Baron Von Hoheneck. He stood for some moments motionless; then sank upon the earth, and gratefully raised his trembling hands to heaven. Kurd had expected that the old man would joyfully return with him, but the Hohenecker remained firm to his determination to spend the remnant of his days in solitude.

"Why," said he, "why should I take upon myself a burden which I am not strong enough to bear? I have renounced happiness, and I shall only find peace here, where all my hopes and wishes are turned to the future world. Here, knight Von Dachau, take my signet-ring as a witness that you have found me, and that I acknowledge you as my son-in-law. Cling with faithful love to my Irmengard, and my prayers shall bring down blessings upon you."

In vain Kurd employed all the arts of persuasion to induce the Baron to change his purpose; he tarried several days at the cloister with this design, yet his exertions were fruitless, and he was obliged to return alone.

Irmengard was painfully affected by the intelligence that she never again should see her father. "So then I must mourn for him as for one that is dead!" she exclaimed, and habited herself in robes of mourning, and wore them during a year. After the lapse of this period, she first gave her hand to the knight Von Dachau. When she stood at the altar, and the priest pronounced his blessing upon their union, Irmengard thought that she saw the form of her father by the side of the holy man who performed the ceremony, and that he nodded kindly to her. She had presence of mind not to interrupt the holy rite by any sign of alarm. But when the newly married left the chapel on their way to the castle, a messenger met them with the intelligence of the death of the Baron Von Hoheneck. His departure had been sweet, and his last words a blessing upon his children.

"Ma, what does cousin John hug sister Bridget so for?"

"La, Simon, you have such eyes—he's only courting her, my child."

"Golly gracious, ma—don't he court her *hard* though?"

"La, Simon, do hush?"

Selected Miscellany.

From the Democratic Review.

DEATH IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

A FACT.

Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!—went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village school one morning, when the studies of the early part of the day were about half completed. It was well understood that this was a command for silence and attention; and when these had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low, thick-set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint entered, that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichols's garden. I rather think I know the thief. Tim Barker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke, came forward. He was a slight, fair-looking boy of about 14,—and his face had a laughing, good-humored expression, which even the charge now preferred against him, and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher had not entirely dissipated. The countenance of the boy, however, was too unearthly fair for health; it had, notwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast, as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the stripling stood before the place of judgment,—that place so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged and gentle feelings crushed—Lugare looked on him with a frown that plainly told he felt in no very pleasant mood.—Happily, a worthier and more philosophical system is proving to men that schools can be better governed than by lashes and tears and sighs. We are waxing toward that consummation when one of the old fashioned school-masters, with his cowhide, his heavy birch rod, and his many ingenious methods of child-torture, will be gazed upon as a scorned memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine.

"Were you by Mr. Nichols's garden fence last night?" said Lugare.

"Yes," answered the boy, "I was."

"Well, sir, I'm glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy, quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright it was difficult to tell. "And I did'nt do anything last night that I'm ashamed to own."

"No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy ratan; "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I will thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little; his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray, sir," continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his features; "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job."

"I went that way because it was on my road home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance; and—and— But I did not go into the garden, nor take any thing away from it. I would not steal,—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to come from under Mr. Nichol's garden fence, a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of something or other over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon-beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in that bag?"

Like fire itself, glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspiration ran down his white forehead like rain drops.

"Speak, sir!" exclaimed Lugare, with a loud strike of his ratan on the desk.

The boy looked as though he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confident of having bro't to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion. In the meantime, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frighted, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say!" again thundered Lugare; and his hand, grasping his ratan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow faintly. His voice was husky and thick. "I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—I aint well."

"Oh, yes; that's very likely;" and Mr. Lugare bulged out his nose and cheeks with contempt.—"Do you think to make me believe your lies?—I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again; and if you don't tell the whole truth then, I will give you something that'll make you remember Mr. Nichol's melons for a month to come:—go to your seat."

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept trembling to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his head between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Lugare in the village school they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag and of young Barker being under the garden fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six year's old, and little Tim was left a sickly, emaciated infant whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease; but everything was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now passed, and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age; and the two struggled on together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with his older brother, worked a large farm in the neighborhood on shares. Jones very frequently made Tim a present of a bag of potatoes, or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high-tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them except himself and the grateful object of his kindness. It might be, too, that the widow was loath to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of "charity" as they would from the severest pains. On the night in question, Tim had been told that Jones would send him a bag of potatoes, and the place where they were to be waiting for him was fixed at Mr. Nichol's garden fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief.—That teacher was one little fitted for his important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Lugare to give his school a joyfully-received dismission. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry. They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl, which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest ratan before him.

"Now, Barker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here and take off your jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute, passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histronic art is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting, with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was gloating in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep! are you, my young gentleman!" said he; "let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake."

Lugare smiled again as he made his last observation. He grasped his ratan firmly, and descended from his seat. With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was still as unconscious of his impending punishment as ever. He might be dreaming some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes and feeling delights which cold reality never can bestow. Lugare lifted his ratan high over his head, and with the true and expert aim which he had acquired from long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and whacking sound which seemed sufficient to awake a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch applied his instrument of torture, first on one side of one side of the boy's back and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of two or three minutes from sheer weariness. But still Tim showed no signs of motion; and as Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over on the desk, his head dropped down on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the ratan dropped from his grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as at some spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would fail him. The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless, too. Death was in the school-room, and Lugare had been flogging A CORPSE.

A HARD HIT.—"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson." A clergyman who was in the company, calmly replied, "You think differently, sir, from your father."

From the National Intelligencer.

A VISIT

TO THE BIRTH-PLACE AND TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

I sat out on my pilgrimage the 16th of June, at 6 A. M. in the steamboat Columbia, and after a delightful trip of ninety miles down the Potomac, arrived at Bluff Point, in Westmoreland county, Virginia, at 3 P. M. On the beach I was received by Mr. Montgomery, by whom we were elegantly entertained during our stay in the county. On the following morning, after breakfast, we were provided with a carriage. The birth-place is distant from Bluff Point fourteen miles, for the first two of which we were accompanied by Mr. Montgomery, jr. His object was to point out the natal house of James Monroe, one of the deceased Presidents. When I found myself in its vicinity, supposing that such an opportunity would not offer again, I left the carriage and walked down to it with my urbane conductor. It is a frame house, with all the marks upon it of years that have passed away. After going through its rooms, I returned to the road, resumed my seat in the carriage, and proceeded on my pilgrimage. The road as we passed along did not offer objects of much interest; a great part runs through forests. Sometimes we saw the wild honeysuckle modestly displaying its pretty blossoms, and sometimes the wild rose standing out in bold relief, as if determined not "to blush unseen." We arrived at the Wakefield farm at 10 A. M.; the proprietor of which, to my regret, was absent. I had a few introductory lines to him, in which the object of my visit was stated.

We hastened onward, however, and soon arrived at the sight of some ruins. A tall chimney is all that remains to inform the traveler that a house had existed there. Immediately beyond the chimney there is a loosened soil presenting the appearance of an excavation, from which a clump of young fig trees shoot up in wild luxuriance. By advancing a few paces, an unadorned slab, broken in the middle, caught my attention; it was partly covered with weeds and shoots from the fig tree. On the previous evening I was informed of this slab, but when I saw it almost concealed from view by the weedy productions of nature, I experienced emotions of sorrow never to be forgotten. Is the birth-place of him thus neglected, I exclaimed, whose fame filled the universe! of the Cincinnatus of the modern times! of the Father of his Country? Ought it to be thus? Whilst cities—opulent, enterprising and intelligent—are vieing with each other in raising monuments to his memory, his birth-spot is indicated only by a broken slab, which the ploughshare will some day bury forever. By clearing away from it, with filial affection, the weeds, I discovered that a large angular piece was broken, probably by some sacrilegious hand, by which, no doubt, it was borne away. On it are inscribed the following words:

HERE,
The 11th February, 1732,
WASHINGTON
WAS BORN.

The slab caps a small mound, formed of bricks and earth; by standing on it, the Potomac and its shore on the Maryland side are distinctly seen.—The waters of Pope's creek are within a few hundred yards; and the Wakefield house, with its poplars, stands away to the left.

Upon this mound, in the full rays of the sun, I sat myself down, and my thoughts took the range which the locality, and the associations connected with it, were likely to give them.

A DESCENDANT OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—Mr. Buckingham gives the following account of his visit to Miss White, at Plymouth, a descendant of the pilgrim father William White, whose son Peregrine was born on board the Mayflower, at sea:

"She received us reclining on her bed, but neatly dressed, as for ten years past she has had but a partial use of her limbs for walking. Her face, however, was remarkably free from the wrinkles that usually accompany so great an age; her features were so pleasing as to indicate the possession of great beauty when young, and she had not a gray hair on her head. Her hair was as brown though not quite so full as that of a woman of 25, and her cheerful smile, firm voice, and intelligent conversation, made it difficult to believe it what was however beyond all doubt, that she really was 91 years of age. She described her sight as perfectly good; and her constant occupation of knitting, sewing, or reading, had never relaxed or become painful. The room in which she lived was in a house more than 200 years old, and one of the earliest of those built in the colony.

It was of wood, but constructed with great strength, and the exact pattern of an English house of the same period—a central door, low, but wide, with a large handle-shaped brass knocker, (of which we saw more in Plymouth than any other town,) with a broad entrance hall and rooms on each side. The house was two stories high, but the ceilings were very low, and across those of the larger rooms extended a thick and heavy beam of wood, laid flat and not edgwise as in modern buildings.

Miss White's room was called the cabin of the Mayflower, and it was certainly the most perfect cabinet of antiquities we had yet seen. The chair used by Gov. Carver on board the Mayflower, made of English oak, with the staple for lashing it to the ship's deck in stormy weather, was a prominent article in the furniture; the other chairs were of the old, high backed English fashion, the seats stuffed with hair, the wood of dark mahogany, the covering of striped black stuff. The old chest of drawers, with fanciful brass handles; the oak-framed horizontal-paned glass over the chimney-piece; the little lion-pawed mahogany pier table; the perpendicular and narrow oak-framed pier glass between the front window, with the dark green watered moreen curtains; and the family arms of the Whites and the Howlands, both pilgrim fathers, hanging over the mantel piece, framed and glazed, as issued from the Herald's College in London—carried one back so completely to the old English country mansions of past centuries, that it was difficult to feel one's self in the new world, and among a yet infant people.—*Buckingham's America.*

COMING TO HIS SENSES.—The editor of the Chicago Democrat is fast coming to a realizing sense of his deplorable condition, and we expect soon to hear of him at the head of an "Association of Reclaimed Old Bachelors," laboring for the conversion of that unfortunate portion of the human species. Hear him:—[*Bost. Post.*

"AN OLD BACHELOR is a poor, lonely, forsaken, wo-begone, unprovided for being, the child of misanthropy and the ridicule of society. Who cares for him? Who will mourn for him when dead? For what does he live, dig, toil, sweat, and endure all the ills that flesh is heir to? His heart must be that of adamant to behold the sufferings of old maids, as they writhe under all the agonies of celibacy—wasting their sweetness upon the desert air, and scattering their charms prematurely to the bleak winds of disappointment. An old bachelor! Pray, what is he? A mere 0 in the world, signifying nothing when alone, but increased tenfold when placed on the right side of 1; since in this country a good smart man and wife with their little ones seldom count less than 10 in the population of the world. How much happiness does the old bachelor lose! No smiling angel stands at the door to welcome him as he returns,—'My dear, are you come?' No lisping cherub climbs his knee and in tones of love cries out, 'Da d, give me thum thugar kitheth.' Oh! who would not marry, after having once tried it, and thereby have a companion for a cold winter's bed and a comforter through life to sympathise with your misfortunes and rejoice at your prosperity—to join the dance with you at your parties of pleasure, and finally to bedew your grave with those chrystaline tears which spring from a pure fountain that one in a state of celibacy knows not of."

THE FATHER OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—In an address, some years ago, by Joseph Hopkinson, before the Zelosophic Society in Philadelphia, the orator thus alluded to the father of Daniel Webster:

"The father of Daniel Webster was the cultivator of a few acres of land in New Hampshire. He supported himself and his family by his personal labor; literally by the sweat of his brow.—To a selfish and short-sighted view, his son was destined for no higher employment; and, had his father reasoned as selfish and short-sighted parents do, he would have thought it to be time and money thrown away to have given his son education beyond the wants of his situation, and would have hurried him from his grammar and arithmetic that he might have the benefit of his labor in the corn field. But he neither reasoned nor acted thus.—He afforded him the best and fullest instruction.—What a harvest did this wise and excellent parent reap! When his son rose to the high eminence he occupies with what a conscious and noble pride, with a heart overflowing with rapture, he could say—this is the fruit of the labor of my hands; this is the reward of my care. The boy of the woods is the man of the nation, giving honor to his country and receiving it from her—his fame and her fame spread together to every part of the civilized world. Who would deprive himself of the possibility of such a gratification for a sordid calculation of the time and expense of such an education?"

☞There is unhappily no large community where scenes are not transacted almost daily that will give a thrilling interest to the following remarks. The law to punish such crimes, which was acted on by the last Legislature, must be enacted by the next, and rigidly enforced.

The Libertine.

If there is a being on earth who deserves the contempt and loathing pity of every honest mind, who pollutes the very ground on which he treads (and I care not how high his station or how low his rank)—it is that thing, who, dead to every solemn obligation which cements society together, regardless of the ties of affection and the preservation of the moral purity and innocence, will deliberately work the destruction of female character, and blast her prospects for life; who will enter the social sanctuary, sit at the social board, make one of the same social circle around the domestic hearth, and for the gratification of his debased and beastly nature, arrest the current of social happiness, and in its stead, place the falling tears of anguish, misery and disgrace.

We know not in what rank to station such a monster; the midnight robber appears lovely by his side: the assassin is honored compared to him; the wild untutored savage would shrink from his touch. Explore the earth, search its caverns, its mountains, its cities; leave not a spot unexplored, nor a living creature unexamined, and bring forth the most hideous and loathsome specimen in existence, and it would not call such a traitor companion.—Perhaps this is the language of severity—well, the subject will bear it. In fact, a more despicable being enters not into conception of the human mind; he should be avoided as the damning excresence of morality—a monster whose breath is poison, and whose grasp is death.

FIREMEN PHRENOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.—Combe, it appears accounts for the spirit and activity of firemen by some peculiar phrenological organization. We do not know how it may be with the Philadelphia Firemen, but in this city we think it proceeds from another source altogether.—We mean Public Spirit.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Combe, the distinguished Phrenologist, while in this city, a few years since, was much interested in our fire department. He says in his work, that the temperaments of most of the members is sanguine, or sanguine-bilious, possessing great love of action and excitement. He farther remark, that the midnight alarm, the rushing to the fires, and the labour and peril in extinguishing them, are agreeable to such minds. Farther, their emulation is strongly excited. The point of honor is to be first at a fire. The director of the first engine that arrives becomes director-general of all the engines for the evening. He is, as it were, the commander-in-chief of an allied army during a battle. If the director be not out, the engineman who first attaches his hose to the water-pipe assumes that high honor. The competition to be first is so ardent, that ambitious young men sleep as if a part of the brain was left awake to watch for the word "fire," or the sound of the state-house alarm-bell. They will hear either, when no other inmate of the house is conscious of the slightest sound. They will sometimes put on their boots and great-coats, and carry their clothes, which lie already bundled up, in their hands, and dress at the fire. In rushing along the streets, they often run down and severely injure passengers who are in their way; or if one of themselves falls, the rest drag over the engine, regardless of his fate, and often break his legs or arms with the wheels.

THE BEST ANECDOTE EVER TOLD.—The following story, by Hogg, is the best thing on record:

"It's a good sign of a dog when his face grows like his master's. It's a proof he's aye glowerin' up in his master's een, to discover what he's thinking on, and then, without the word or wave o' command, to be aff to execute the wull o' his silent thocht, whether it be to wear sheep or run down deer. Hector got so like me afore he deed, that I remember when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk, I used to send him to take my place in the pew; and the minister kent nae difference. Indeed, he once asked me next day what I thocht of the sermon; for he saw me wonderful attentive amang a rather sleepy congregation. Hector and me gied ane anither sic a look! and I was feared Mr. Paton would have observed it, but he was a simple, primitiv, unsuspectin' auld man, a very Nathaniel without guile, and he jealoused nae think, tho' both Hector and me was like to split; and the dog, after laughin' in his sleeve for mair than a hundred yards, could stand it no longer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge in a potatoe field, pretending to have scented partridges."

We cut the following from a late exchange paper, which will serve at least to give a partial list of papers published in the city of New York:

At sound of the *Trumpet* this morning, a *New Era* was *Heralded* into existence, The *Sun* shone brightly, and the lesser *Planet* lost none of its lustre as the *Courier* arrived with the new *Standard Journal of Commerce, Express* to the *Tribune*. This was the *Signal* for an *American* to *Post* off on his *Commercial* affairs, before they were inspired by the *Tattler*, and a warning to us that instead of standing *Star* gazing, we should let out the *Truth*. So, gentle reader, here you have it, and if the *Spirit of the Times* will spur on the *Jonathan* of the *New World*, it may hereafter be seen in the *Mirror*.

ADVANTAGES OF SCIENCE.—Mr. Holbrook, of Medway, the celebrated bell-founder, who has put up a clock upon the Baptist church in this town the present week, gave us a little incident of his life which is worth relating, if for nothing more than to show the importance of a knowledge of chemistry. An immense pile of cinders and dross had accumulated near his foundry, which was supposed to be entirely worthless, and was used to fill up stone walls, &c. A foreigner who happened to be in town examined the pile one day, and offered $100 for it. So large a price excited Mr. H.'s suspicion that the cinders might contain valuable metal, and he declined selling it. The man then offered $200, which of course confirmed his opinion, and, after a little parley, the stranger acknowledged that he was acquainted with a process by which valuable metal might be extracted from the cinders, which he offered to divulge for a small compensation. A furnace and apparatus were constructed according to his direction, and, when the whole pile was run through, the mass of neglected rubbish yielded a nett profit of thirteen thousand dollars. So much for knowing "how to do it."—*Lynn Freeman.*

MASTERMAN READY. A Story for Children.—By CAPT. MARRYATT, Vol. 1. New York; *D. Appleton & Co.*—We have never seen any thing from the same pen we like as well as this. The Captain had promised his children to write a story for them, and undertookk in consequence to continue the Swiss Robinso Crusoe; but on application to the work, soon discovered it would be easier and more useful to those for whom he was writing, to strike out into an entirely new story. He has done so most successfully. It is still the tale of shipwreck and desolate island, and Masterman Ready is the personification of all the practical talents and available shifts, which much knocking about in the world teaches to the same not all—men. There is, moreover, much and accurate knoledge displayed throughout, cmommunicated in a way to be both intelligible and attractive to youthful minds, and we cannot better conclude our notice of it, than by repeating the exclamation of a clever boy, as he finished the book,—"Well, I am so glad it is to be continued."—*N. Y. American.*

SIMILES.—"Modesty to the female character is like saltpetre to beef, imparting a blush while it preserves its purity."

The above is only equalled by Ollapod, who says:

"Female lips are but the glowing gateways of so much beef and cabbage."

A LARGE ONION.—"Do you call them large turnips?"

"Why, yes, they are considerably large."

"They may be so for turnips, but they are nothing to an onion I saw the other day."

"And how large was the onion?"

"Oh! a monster; it weighed forty pounds."

"Forty pounds!"

"Yes, and we took off the layers, and the sixteenth layer went completely round a demijohn that held four gallons!"

"What a whopper!"

"You don't mean to say that I lie?"

"O, no; what a *whopper of an onion*, I mean."

The Baltimore Sun tells a pretty fair story:—Said an old gentleman the other day, "I have been forty-seven years in business, and can say what few can after such experience:—In all that time, my friend, I never disappointed but one single creditor." "Bless me, what an example for our young mercantile community," rejoined the person addressed; what a pity that *one time* occurred—how was it?" "Why," responded the old gentleman, "I paid the debt when it became due, and I never saw a man so much astonished in my life as that creditor was. It's a wonder it did not throw him into convulsions—for my part I didn't get over it for three weeks."

In England, when a gentleman is riding on horseback in company with a lady, he always places the lady at his left side to protect her from the passing carriages, as the rule of the road is "keep to the left." In this country where that rule is reversed, the lady is still placed on the left side, as the gentlemen probably think that the long flowing habit of a lady is better calculated than their thin boots and white pants to brush the mud and dust from carriage wheels. *Cokely*, who has travelled much in Europe, says this.—*Bost. Post.*

EFFECTS OF POLITENESS.—On Thursday morning a gentleman met a lady of his acquaintance at the corner of Fourth Market streets, Philadelphia, and wishing to be extremely polite, he bowed and raised his hat. He had forgotten the fact of having just purchased two quarts of whortleberries, which were deposited in the crown of his chapeau, snugly enveloped in a newspaper, and only recollected the circumstances when he found his neck and bosom filled with the fruit.—*Bost. Post.*

A PUZZLING LEGAL QUESTION.—A paper, published in Pennsylvania interior, proposes the following very knotty question to the young lawyers in that vicinity:—"The plaintiff A. brings his action against the defendant B. for a dog, and sets forth in his declaration, as descriptive of the animal, that he had *the end of his tail out off*—is it not incumbent on the plaintiff in order to support his declaration, to show that the dog *has no end to his tail left?*" What a chance for a Chancery suit.

STYLE.—The following rhetorical flourish is from the Assistant Clerk of the "Honorable Senate" at Concord;

"Mr. Speaker."

"Mr. Clark."

"The Senate concur with the House in the *passage* of the following bills."

"They also concur with the House in the *appintment* of a committee, &c., and on their part have *jined* Mr. Gregg."—*Claremont Eagle.*

Whatever the fine ladies of our age may think of the matter, it is certain that the only rational ambition they can have, must be to make obedient daughters, loving wives, prudent mothers and mistresses of families, faithful friends and good christians; characters much more valuable than those of skilful gamesters, fine dancers, singers or dressers, or than even wits or critics.

Lady Mary Duncan was an heiress, and Sir Wm. Duncan was her physician during a severe illness. One day she told him she had made up her mind to marry, and upon his asking the name of the fortunate chosen one, she bid him go home and open the Bible giving him chapter and verse, and he would find out. He did so, and thus he read—"Nathan said to David, thou art the man."

EDITORIAL SYRUP.—They have invented a syrup at Richmond, for young people, called "Concentrated Syrup of Goosequill," which gives children as it were an immediate "taste" for composition. It is excellent for editors who are hard up for ideas.

A PAIR OF GOOD ANECDOTES.

We cannot take upon ourselves to say that the following anecdotes are entirely new, but we consider them exceedingly good, and, as they were related by two of the reverend gentlemen who addressed the members and friends of the church Missionary Society, at the meeting held at the Amphitheatre, on Monday last, and have not been reported by any of our cotemporaries, we think it a pity they should be lost.

A meeting in connection with the Bible Society, was recently held in Paris, at which a gentleman appeared, who had been sent over from England by the committee of the Bible Society in London. This representative had been chosen, we understand, for his superior knowledge of the French language. In his turn, he addressed the Parisian assembly, with great fire and energy; but when he expected to see them beaming with enthusiasm or melted into tears, he observed a smile on every face, and heard from every quarter the sound of suppressed laughter. This occurred so often that there was no mistaking it for any casual effect, and the gentleman was, no doubt, mightily astonished at such a display from people so well bred as the French are generally allowed to be. When he had finished his oration, he asked a friend what could possibly have created so much laughter while he was speaking. He found, to his utter dismay, that in his eagerness to impress upon the assembly the necessity of taking the *water of life* (the scriptures) to the poor heathen, he had unconsciously been expiating with all his might on the virtues of brandy, (*eudevite*) exhorting the multitude to enable them to send brandy to those who were athirst, and telling them that thousands of their fellow creatures were perishing for the lack of brandy!

Another reverend gentleman, wishing to parallel the above anecdote, told of a French divine, who, preaching in this country, fell into a mistake almost as amusing as the above. As the English clergy are accustomed to call those of their communion their flock, the French designate all who assemble under their ministry their sheep. The French divine alluded to, harangueing his hearers in English, but forgetting that we have in our language two translations for mouton, one signifying the dead and the other the living animal, continually addressed his congregation, much to their surprise, as his dear *muttons.*—*English paper.*

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—How often are we pained to see young men after the business of the day is finished lounging about fashionable places of resort; when the hours they devote to the pursuit of pleasure, as it is styled, might be usefully occupied in the cultivation of their minds. A young man has each night at least four hours before retiring to rest, which he might occupy in reading and writing. Now say he goes into business at the age of twenty, and remains unmarried five years, he will then have for mental application during this time seven thousand three hundred hours. What a store of knowledge might be acquired in that period! How much useful information might be obtained! Even after he marries his family will not detain him from an opportunity of instructing himself in the arts and sciences.

Sunday Reading.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

The annexed description of Sunday in the Country, we take from one of a series of papers in the Knickerbocker Magazine, entitled "Sketches of the Country," said to be from the pen of Miss Sedgwick:

* * "The calm, basking sunshine had lain on the green landscape with such richness and beauty on Saturday evening, that one could not distrust the pledge for a glorious morrow; and I had risen early, even for the country, to enjoy the morning. It was indeed one of peculiar beauty. There was not a cloud to be seen in the heavens. The sun was not yet up, but his brightness came before him over the mountains, as if waking them from their slumbers. All was still, as one loves it to be on a Sabbath morning, save the sweet orisons of the red-breast and oriole, going up to Him "who feedeth the birds," and the sound of a distant waterfall breaking clear upon the ear, I stood upon a little eminence which overlooked the country a few miles around. The sun had now risen, the earth looked beautiful and new as at the creation, and lo! sunward a hundred peaks wer.

glowing in gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of a world. Over the whole landscape there is a stillness, showing that man rests from his labors, and every thing rests with him. The sturdy ox, which had toiled at the plough or dragged along the weary load, through the successive week days, is grazing quietly on the sunny slopes; the cows are sluggishly moving toward the pastures; the milk-maid suppresses her song as she bears the plentiful store from the farm-yard; and the very herd boy looks cautiously far up and down the lane, before he ventures the stone, twice aimed, at the unoffending chip-munk.

"All look as if they knew the day and hour,
And felt with man the need and joy of thanks."

"The breakfast is partaken in quietness; the Sunday morning breakfast of rich brown mush; the tables are cleared and set away; and the household are assembled around the family altar, while from the "big ha' Bible" the father "wales a portion with judicious care" and leads in the devotions. After prayers, each betakes himself to preparations for church. The children are made ready in well-brushed Sunday clothes, with clean faces and smooth hair, and seated to their lessons for the Sunday school. So still is every duty performed, that the tick of the tall clock is audible through the house, and the sense of religious awe seems to live in the very atmosphere.

"As we took our way to the church, the same stillness covered the whole face of nature, broken only by the hum of the honey bees gathering sweets from the way-side flowers, or the cawing of the crows from the distant fields. Neatly dressed people were moving in groups toward the sanctuary; the bright-eyed girl and her mother; young men, children, and the gray-headed, with a sobriety and decorum in unison with the solemnity of the day. The church was a neat, white building, standing just out of the deep mountain forest, and overlooking a wide country of water and land, many miles around. It had no bell, no steeple, no organ; nothing but the four unadorned walls, the simple pews, and the high massive pulpit, where the rich man found no incitements to his pride, nor the poor man temptation to his envy. Every thing was in keeping; the people with the house, the pastor with the people. There was not only a sincerity and solemnity, but also a congruity about the whole, which I have often felt the want of in more splendid sanctuaries.

"Notwithstanding the change which increasing years bring over our affections, I can never visit the church to which I was wont to go in my childhood, without deep emotion. The place, the occasion, the old form of worship, carry one insensibly back to former days, and make us forget for a time the interval which has elapsed. The changes which have taken place affect the mind with sadness. That is the same scene from the window on which I used to gaze during the service; this is the same pulpit; these are the same quaint, old-fashioned pews. But where are the inmates? How few, very few of them remain! The scythe of time has made dreadful havoc. The old have passed away like a tale that is told; the mature, such as remain of them, are grey-headed, and bending under the weight of years. Boys are transformed into the thoughtful fathers of families, and jocund thoughtlessness has given place to the furrowing lines of care. Around me is a generation which, mushroom-like, has sprung up in my absence; and more than once I mistook the children for their parents, pictured in my remembrance as if they had been destined never to grow old.

"Our good pastor, whose gray head and kindly greeting have so associated old age in my mind with benevolence of heart, that I can never yet separate them, is not here. How well I remember his grave deportment, his calm and deliberate air, and his venerable presence, which inspired an awe I have never since felt in the presence of any man. He has gone, years since, to receive the reward of "those who turn many to righteousness."

"Our country doctor, too, with his red, round face, and small, gray eyes, is gone. He sat in the pew yonder, just below the pulpit; and it requires no great stretch of fancy, to see his queued and powdered head peering above the railing, or to mark his grand and self-complacent air, which however offended no man's self-love, as with cocked hat and top boots, for he always affected the old style of dress, he followed the minister out of church. He was a man of great eccentricity of character, and had he fallen in the way of Charles Matthews, it would have made the comedian's fortune. During his professional studies the doctor had been the pupil of the celebrated Warren, whose name is so intimately associated with American history, by his lamented death at the battle of Bunker's Hill; and in his eyes, Doctor Warren was the greatest man the world ever produced.—If you differed from him in opinion, no matter what the subject might be, he would all at once stare you in the face, draw his long queu through his hand, and close upon you with the unanswerable argument, "Sir, the immortal Doctor Warren thought so!" After this there was no more to be said, for Doctor Warren was the oracle, whose authority admitted neither of doubt nor appeal.—He had great vivacity and fund of anecdote, was well read in his profession, and had a strong fondness for antiquarian research. His office was a perfect Noah's ark, hung with old paintings and stuffed full of all sorts of curious things. Alas! that kind heart and busy head are now resting in the quiet grave!" * * *

We must die. Shrink, as we may, from the truth, cover it up as we would fain do, from our own sight, agonize, as we do, at the thought—when we gaze upon our treasures—yet we and they must die—must enter worlds unknown—must enter an eternity—untried. Happy they who close not their hearts to this truth—who hesitate not in life to look calmly before them, and to go cheerfully forward even down into the dark valley, at the bidding of him who hath entered the realm of death, and spoiled him of his power.

Variety.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S GRAVE.—A gentleman on a visit to the residence of the late John Randolph, writes to the National Intelligencer as follows:—"The body of this extraordinary man reposes beneath the tall branches of a veteran pine, about forty paces from his summer dwelling. No marble marks the place of his repose. He was buried, according to his own request, with a white unpolished stone at his head, and a black one at his feet. He sleeps where he lived, in the peaceful bosom of his own native forest.

GOOD.—EXCELLENT.—One Dr. *Plough* is about to issue an *agricultural* paper in New Orleans. Send us ten copies, Dr.—*Richmond Star.*

The Doctor says it cannot be done, Corporal, unless you pay in advance. "*Hoe! Hoe!*" chuckled the Doctor, "catch me trusting to that *make* as that, the very thought is *harrowing*, I should *reap* no benefit from it." The truth is, Corporal, the Doctor has *planted* himself upon the cash system.—*N. O. Pic.*

A *very* writty man walked up to an oyster stand which bore upon it, as a sign "OYSTERS, &c.," and laid down ninepence, saying he would take that money's worth of "*and-so-forth.*" Upon this the keeper of the stand very quietly pocketed the cash and counted out to the *joker* twelve empty shells, observing that the oysters had been eaten and that these were their "*and-so-forths.*"

The spectacle of the world resembles the Olympic games. Some there are who keep shop and think only of gain, others devote themselves to the pursuit of glory, others again are satisfied with looking on; and these latter are by no means the most miserable.—*Pythagoras.*

FLOWERS.—Longfellow speaks of flowers, as

"Stars which in Earth's firmament do shine,"

and Mrs. Child beautifully says that she has often thought that flowers were the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

"Pete, how do you hammer your sheep, to prevent them jumping over the fences?"

"Oh, that's easy enough; I just cut a hole through one hind leg and stick the other through it; and then put one of the fore legs through that for a pin!"

"To swear, is neither brave, polite, nor wise."

"SWEAR NOT AT ALL."—A man named William Livingston, was brought before Alderman Redman yesterday, and fined $13 40, for swearing profane oaths.—*Phil. Amer.*

A member of the Connecticut Legislature climbed up to the State House steple. When asked what he was doing there, he said, "It is so hot down below, I have got up here to see the *bell fry!*"

"I've done trying," as the doughnut said when it was taken out of the spider.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1841.

☞"J. W. C." are initials with which we hope our readers will have an opportunity to become acquainted. They are not wholly unknown to the readers of American periodicals; and the beautiful Stanzas in another column with this signature annexed, bear evidence that those papers which are selected as his medium of communication with the public, have reason for self-congratulation.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.—"Life and Times of SA-GO-YE-WAT-YA, or RED JACKET," by WM. L. STONE. We have given this work a hasty examination. It is most admirably got up, is printed upon fine paper, and presents a most beautiful specimen of American typography. It has, however, too much the appearance of *book making*. The matter is spread over too much space, rendering the work entirely too large and costly for general readers. It might be condensed in half the volume. We say this much, because we are in favor of *cheap* books, such as can be placed in the hands of every body. So much for the dress. Its *contents*, possess a local interest here, and it would be needless to say, will be eagerly sought for, and read by the public at large. The principal events in the life of RED JACKET,—whose memory is yet fresh in the minds of our citizens,—are well-digested and arranged in a readable and attractive form. Many facts connected with the life and times of that distinguished chief, are now for the first time given to the public. Its pages are interspersed with extracts of speeches made on different occasions, which present some of the most beautiful and sublime specimens of Indian eloquence.—The work is also embellished with a portrait of the Chief himself, and an engraving of his former residence. We bespeak for it on the part of the public, a careful perusal and ready sale. To be found at D. HOYT'S, State street, Rochester.—Also at H. STANWOOD & Co's.

JOURNAL OF MISS ADAMS.—The reading world have another precious morsel, from the press of WILEY & PUTNAM, New York, in the shape of a neat duodecimo of 250 pages, containing the Journal and Letters of the daughter of JOHN ADAMS, written in France and England in 1785—several Letters from her father and other members of the family, and a memoir of Col. WILLIAM S. SMITH, (Aid to Gen. SULLIVAN,) who was engaged in twenty-two hard fought battles and became her husband after most of these letters were written. The work is edited by her daughter, Mrs. CAROLINE A. DE WINDT, of Cedar Grove, N. Y., and from a hasty glance we conclude it throws much light upon revolutionary incidents and the exciting times in which she lived. It is for sale at D. HOYT'S, No. 6, State-street.

"The Hannahs, or Maternal Influence on Sons, by ROBERT PHILIP, *of Mabe-ly Chapel, England, author of the Marys, Marthas, Lydias, &c."*

This is the title of a new volume of "the Lady's Closet Library," published by D. APPLETON & Co. 200 Broadway, N. Y. But little more need be said to attract attention to this work, than to give the titles of the capters, which are: "The peculiarities of Christianity towards mothers—A maternal lamp—Eve's maternal character—Maternal influence on Isaac, on Jacob, on Joseph, on Moses, on Samuel, on David, on Solomon, on John the Baptist, and on the Saviour." Every mother entrusted with the responsibility of training up a son, should be familiar with the suggestions furnished in this little volume. For sale at ALLING'S.

Original Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Warrior's Fate.

"He pulled away the cloth from his face, and the lips were gone. He grinned on us like a death's head, then burst out into wild laughter and began to give the word of command in broken French. We saw he was mad from a frozen brain, occasioned by the cold suffered in their dreadful retreat from Moscow. Suddenly a cry was heard, "Henry! my Henry!" and a young female rushed up to the car. The poor lunatic rubbed his brow as if trying to recollect where he was; then stretched out his arms towards the distracted girl, and lifted himself up with his whole strength. A shuddering fever-fit came over him.—He fell collapsed and breathless. She was forcibly removed from the corpse of her betrothed."—*Reminiscences of 1813, in Germany.*

"Weep not, my fondest one! for when
The bloody strife is o'er,
I soon shall fly to thee again,
And never leave thee more.
A queenly bride that day,
A beauteous prize forever mine,
Thou'lt smile away those tears of thine,
In yon fair home beside the Rhine,
To love our lives away."

'Oh stay!' It was the melting tone
Of woman's tenderness,—
'Stay! *Must* I mourn my Henry gone
The ranks of death to press?
Must fear thee bleeding laid;
No friend to help thee by thy side,
Thy pain to ease, thy steps to guide,
Or bind thy wounds, or check their tide,
And the cold ground thy bed!'

"Plead not; no coward's quiv'ring breath
Shall ever come from me;
I hope for life, but fear not death
So it may glorious be—
Yet hope to hear me tell
My toils and deeds beneath these bowers,
Here 'mid thy own sweet vines and flowers,
Where we have spent such happy hours—
Hark! 'Tis the call! Farewell!"
* * * * * * * *
The Niemen crossed, his band he led
In battles far away,
Nor fell among the thousands dead
On Borodino's day.*
That faithful gallant breast,
No foe nor danger could alarm,
It seemed no shot nor lance could harm;
There hung a talisman—a charm,—
Her likeness to it pressed.

Then Moscow blazed—then want and flight
With corses strewed the way;
As smote by pestilence or blight,
Steeds and their riders lay.
The scattered famished host
Saw the fierce Cossacks like a blast,
Sweep o'er the ranks. They stood aghast
As if a simoom o'er them passed—
Hope in despair was lost!

One weary night as stretched at rest
The warrior's thoughts would roam,
Asseeks the carrier-dove her nest,
Far to his own bright home.
Sweet dream! Her locks how fair;
Her soft blue eyes beamed with delight;
Her voice sweet as at parting sight,—
He strove to clasp that spirit bright,
And woke—she was not there!

How cold and stiff his limbs! There crept
A chill o'er life-blood warm!
Death's Angel, wrathful o'er them swept—
Like marble grew each form!
Their moans ceased with their breath—
As dying gladiators froze,
Half buried in the drifting snows,
The howling storm hushed their repose
And sung their dirge of death!
* * * * * * * *

How changed! With sword and honors bright
He left his friends and home;
Was that wild, fearful, frantic sight
Their absent warrior come?
They knew him not before
She shrieked, and clasped that form and face,
And Love and Death strove there apace—
They tore her from that long embrace
To learn—*he was no more!*

There by his own dark rolling Rhine
They buried him, the brave,
And a pale form was seen to pine
By that lone cherished grave.
Saw ye her faded bloom?
And did ye at that spectre start?
Her breast was pierced as with a dart!
There withered that young broken heart,
A flower crushed on a tomb. J. W. C.

*"The day ended; 50,000 men lay on the field of battle. A multitude of generals were killed and wounded; we had forty disabled."—*Memoirs of Gen. Rapp.*

ROCHESTER, Aug. 8, 1841.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

To Miss M. J. G., of Buffalo,

On her setting out on her return, after a visit in the neighborhood of the writer.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger—yet—farewell!—*Byron.*

And is it true—and must thou go?
Are here no joys to tempt thy stay?
Hast thou been warned of gathering woe?
Or wherefore, haste so soon away?

The birds of summer blithely sing
In shelt'ring groves that cluster nigh,
While murm'ring brooks the chorus ring,
And the echoing heights around reply.

Oh! can'st thou fly from scenes like these—
Scenes that Elysian bliss afford—
Where music floats on every breeze,
And nature spreads her richest board?

With heart-felt friendship, fond and free,
Beyond the power of words to tell,
And rising joy, we welcomed thee!
With sighs and tears we say, farewell!

But such is life—a weary road!
And such is man—a prey to care!
And such his woes—a heavy load!
Too great for mortal strength to bear!

O Thou who rul'st o'er all supreme,
With light and majesty adorned,
Since social joys are all a dream,
Why are our hearts for friendship formed?

Why—since, though many bands should meet,
And join two souls with tend'rest art,
Ere three successive pulses beat,
Fate tears them, bleeding, from the heart?

Is nothing proof against thy power,
O cruel, unrelenting Fate?
Though waves run high, though tempests lower,
There is *one tie* thou can'st not break!

By honor's dome, or martyr's stake,
That mystic tie is still the same!
Though fortune frowns, though friends forsake,
'Twill but add fuel to the flame.

Though you lave the ocean's channel dry,
'Twill burn the same—though life expires,
E'en Jordan's waters, rolling high,
Have not the power to quench its fires.

Transplanted to a fairer clime,
When worlds have set, and time is past,
'Twill bloom as first in Eden's prime,
While eternity itself shall last! E. H. H.

THE KISHONG, (near Geneva,) July, 1841.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Bright Crystal Water.

[Written on the occasion of a Temperance Festival in a neighboring city.]

Air—"*From Greenland's Icy Mountains.*"

Bright crystal water breaking
From mossy rock or hill,
Like spirit whispers waking
The murmurs of the rill;
Thy clouds and dews nurse flowers
Decked like an eastern queen,
And give the woods and bowers
Their robes of smiling green.

Thou mak'st the bloom of roses
Rest on the healthy cheek,
The laughing eye discloses
The joys that need not speak;
Friends thou hast never parted,
Pure product of the sky,
Nor made the broken-hearted
To pine away and die.

Come, sweet as morning breezes,
Refresh the lowly-laid;
Come, cool the heat that seizes
Their lips and fevered head—
Go, banish the distresses
Of wand'rers faint with thirst;
Where Afric's sun oppresses
Let streams and fountains burst.

'Mid Arab deserts weary
The drooping camels stand;
No tents or palm trees cheery
Bespot the burning sand;
O, worse than death by slaughter,
The pilgrim's on the plain—
There is no living water
To bring to life again.

Roll on, thou mighty ocean,
Thy treasure makes us blest—
A thousand ships in motion
Are sailing on thy breast.
Ye lofty rocks and mountains,
Send waters to the plain;
O swell, ye clouds, the fountains,
And rivers to the main.,

The *wine* that tunes the sweetness
Of wild birds in their song,
And gives the deer its fleetness
That bounds the plains along,
We drink, and feel no madness
Steal wildly o'er the brain,
And without pain or sadness
We drink, and drink again. J. W. C.

POWER OF THE GOSPEL.—The people is often heard, and sometimes from good men who have taken but short views on the subject: "What after all can you accomplish? Iniquity abounds, and the wicked seem to multiply, and wax bolder." True, sadly true; but they fail to inquire, what the world would become without restraints, abandoned to its chosen course, and the rein of indulgence thrown on the neck of every passion. The Christian religion is healthy, and whenever it is inculcated it will be to substantial purpose. It is adapted to the temporal, intellectual and moral wants of our race: it harmonizes with the constitution of our physical and moral nature, and if its influences ever become disastrous, it is because, by perverting it we have made them such. There is nothing in all the united universe that can so elevate and refine the soul. There is a power in crucified love, that when it beams on the soul, melts, humbles, and exalts it.

There is but one road to permanent happiness and prosperity, and that is the path of unspotted integrity, of high-souled honor, of the most transparent honesty.

KINGS.—Milton very happily states the danger of irresponsible power, when he says that a king's will is his right hand, and his reason his left.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Aug. 11th, at Grace Church, by Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. MASON A. FISHER, of this city, to Miss MARIA BENSON, of Westmoreland, Eng.

At the same time and place, Mr. HENRY SHEARS, Jr., of this city, to Miss MARY BENSON, of Westmoreland, Eng.

In this city, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. P. C. Church, Mr. Richard Swetman, to Miss Margaret Ray, all of this city.

At Pompey Hill, Onondaga county, on the evening of the 11th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Rand, JOHN W. DWINELL, Esq., counsellor at law, of this city, to Miss CORNELIA BRADLEY, only daughter of Dr. J. Stearns, of the former place.

At Avon, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Segar, Doct. Amos P. Jones, of Mumford, Monroe county, to Miss Emeline S. daughter of Daniel Hurlbut, Esq. of the former place.

In Wilton, Conn., on Monday, the 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. HENRY S. FLOWER, of this city, to Miss MARY H. MIDDLEBROOK, of the former place.

At Syracuse, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. A. Murry, Mr. Lucian Fayette Gager, of Rochester, to Miss Harriet D. Brooks, of Syracuse, formerly of Parma, N. Y.

In South Bristol, Ontario county, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Sanford, Mr. George Benson, to Miss Lany L. Brown, of Naples.

In Gaines, Orleans Co., on Tuesday morning, the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Butolf, Mr. Daniel T. Walbridge, of Clarkson, to Miss Eunice Mather, daughter of James Mather, Esq. of the former place.

At Syracuse, on the 9th inst., by Rev. A. Murray, Mr. Lucien F. Gager, of this city, to Miss Harriet D. Brooks, of that place, formerly of Parma, N. Y.

In Batavia, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. James A. Bolles, Rector of St. James' Church, Batavia, Isaac N. Arnold, Esq. counsellor at law, Chicago, Ill., to Harriet Augusta, daughter of the late Doct. Trumbull Dorrance, of Pittsfield, Mass.

In Penn Yan, on the 5th instant, by Rev. O. Miner, Mr. John C. Babcock, to Miss Celestia Benham, all of that place.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET

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

Vol. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1841. No. 18.

EGYPTIAN BRIDAL DRESS.

Description of the Cut.

Costume of an Egyptian Bride.

The above engraving is intended to represent an ancient Egyptian bride—one of the royal family—with her attendant. The picture of which this is a copy, was made up from facts concerning the state dresses of ancient Egypt, as put forth in various works on the antiquities of that country, and may be relied on as a correct representation of the general appearance of an Egyptian princess arrayed in her bridal robes. On her head is a cap of a reticulated appearance, from beneath which her hair hangs loosely over her shoulders, and profusely studded with gold and precious stones, giving the whole an appearance similar to the *sefa* or *caul*, worn by modern Egyptian females. Over her under-robe, which was made of the finest white linen, was a shorter garment, extending from the waist to the knees, and made of the most costly material. Around the waist was a zone of gold and gems, and extending downwards therefrom about twelve inches was a sort of a mailed work, the scales of which were formed of golden threads, interwoven with colored silk. The lower part of this robe was covered with the feathers of birds of splendid and various plumage, and around the bottom was a row of small bells, similar to those upon the pontifical robe of the Jewish high-priest. Her shoulders and breast were covered with a cape, formed also of the same costly material, and pending from the right side, was a half-mantle of scarlet cloth. On her feet were jeweled sandals, around her wrists bracelets of precious metals and stones, and pendant jewels graced her ears. Such was the appearance of the "Spouse," of whom Solomon, in his "Song" says, "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, (sandals) oh, prince's daughter!"

Original Critical Notices.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

JOHN HORNE TOOKE:

NUMBER II.

"Farce, Comedy and Tragedy,—Wilkes, Foote and Junius united at the same time against one parson, are fearful odds." Such is the bold and characteristic style in which HORNE TOOKE, (then Rev. Mr. Horne,) opens his rejoinder to the attack of JUNIUS. That vindictive political essayist had attempted to fix upon him the stigma of deserting the popular cause and betraying his principles to gratify a petty resentment against Mr. WILKES, of whom he had previously been an ardent supporter. He had been unwilling, however, to follow this celebrated but profligate partizan in all his vagaries, nor was he disposed to appropriate funds collected for the benefit of the common cause, to defray the private debts of his coadjutor. To the sneers of Junius he replies in the lofty language of a patriot, conscious of having deserved well of his country. Having successfully refuted his slanders, he concludes in the expression of a lot, the sad reality of which many a statesman has experienced, but which few have borne with equal equanimity.

"Health, fortune and private connexions I have sacrificed upon the altar of the public, and the only return I have received, because I will not concur to dupe and mislead a senseless multitude, is, barely, that they have not yet torn me in pieces. That this has been my only return, is my pride, and a source of more real satisfaction than honors or prosperity. I can practice before I am old the lessons that I have learned in my youth; nor shall I forget the words of my ancient monitor:

> 'Tis the last key-stone
> That forms the arch; the rest that were put
> Are nothing till that comes to bind and shut.
> Then stands it a triumphal mark! Then men
> Observe the strength, the height, the why and when
> It was erected; and still walking under
> Meet some new matter to look up and wonder.'"

Junius, smarting under the lash of this rival Hercules, ventured an evasive reply, addressed privately to Mr. Horne, which he commences by the remark "I cannot descend to an altercation with you in the newspapers," and concludes with the assurance that if the letter will do him any service, his antagonist is "at liberty to publish it." Now was the moment of our hero's triumph.—With an alternate mirthfulness and severity which he knew well how to intermingle, now aiming at his opponent the most galling though playful sarcasm, and anon heaping his pillow with the burning coals of an invective which none was better able to wield, he left not an absurdity untouched, an evasion unexposed, or a defenceless position unnoticed. Junius was completely vanquished. His own weapons had been turned upon him, and he found, too late, that his opponent could manage with equal dexterity and effect, the same searching analysis, exposing every latent contradiction; the same pungency of retort, the same bold denunciation, which had made Junius the first political writer of his time. The following is a part of Mr. Horne's reply:

"But Junius 'begs me to believe that he measures the integrity of men by their conduct, not by their professions.' Sure, this Junius must believe his readers as void of understanding as he is of modesty! Where shall we find the standard of *his* integrity? By what are we to measure the conduct of this lurking assassin? And he says this to me, whose conduct, wherever I could personally appear, has been as direct, and open, and public as my words. I have not, like him, concealed myself in my chamber, to shoot my arrows out of the window; nor contented myself to view the battle from afar, but publicly mixed in the engagement, and shared the danger. To whom have I, like him, refused my name, upon complaint of injury? What printer have I desired to conceal me? In the infinite variety of business in which I have been concerned, where it is not so easy to be faultless, which of my actions can he arraign? To what danger has any man been exposed which I have not faced? *Information, action, imprisonment, or death?* What labor have I refused?—What expense have I declined? What pleasure have I not renounced? But Junius, to whom no conduct belongs, 'measures the integrity of men

by their conduct, not by their professions;' himself all the while being *nothing but professions, and those, too, anonymous.*"

To this earnest enumeration of the sacrifices he had undergone, in the cause of popular rights, he adds another evidence of his liberal principles, in the following fearless remarks. In order to appreciate them aright, it should be borne in mind that they were published in the reign of George III, and at a time when the advocates of prerogative were loudest and most presumptuous in their assertions of kingly supremacy:

"It was thought a daring expression of Oliver Cromwell, in the time of Charles the First, that if he found himself placed opposite to the King in battle, he would discharge his piece into his bosom as soon as into any other man's. I go farther. Had I lived in those days, I would not have waited for chance to give me an opportunity of doing my duty; I would have sought him through the ranks, and without the least personal enmity, have discharged my piece into his bosom, *rather* than into any other man's. The King whose actions justify rebellion to his government, deserves death from the hands of every subject."

To a third letter from Junius, feebly reasserting some of his charges and dropping others, he thus replies:

"I congratulate you, sir, on the recovery of your usual style, though it has cost you a fortnight. I compassionate your labor in the composition of your letters, and will communicate to you the secret of my fluency. *Truth needs no ornament;* and, in my opinion, *what she borrows of the pencil is deformity.*

You brought a positive charge against me of corruption. I denied the charge and called for your proofs. You replied with abuse, and reasserted your charge. I called again for proofs.—You reply again with abuse and drop your accusation. In your fortnight's letter, there is not one word upon the subject of my corruption, &c."

This correspondence took place in 1771, some years before the date of Mr. Tooke's greatest distinction. At a subsequent period he was so fortunate as to recover the public favor, the loss of which he enumerates among the rewards of his honest exertions; and, for his effective championship of the dearest rights of Englishmen, earned the merited distinction of the *most popular man out of Parliament.* His denunciation of the American war, his activity in behalf of the widows and children of Americans who fell in the battle of Lexington, which was rewarded with fine and imprisonment; his trial for high treason and triumphant acquittal, are among the most prominent incidents of his after history. They may, perhaps, form the subject of another article.

PUBLIUS.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER I.

A few years since there stood within the neighborhood of the City Hall a huge wooden building, whose great height and delapidation gave it rather a menacing appearance to passers-by. Its exterior was faded and bleached by time and storm; and from neglect and decay, the upper stories had settled and projected forward; so that in the dim nights, when its tall outline stood relieved against the sky, it looked like a gaunt giant, bent with age and decrepitude. High, narrow windows, in many places broken or begrimmed with the dust of years, admitted a faint uncertain light into the unfurnished rooms, the walls of which were in many places dark and discolored, and hung with cobwebs. Occupants it once had; and the time had been when this old house had held up its head and lorded it over its more humble neighbors; but that time had gone by; and now it was the home only of the spider and the rat. There was however one exception. This was an attorney, who had a suite of offices at the end of a long dark passage on the second floor. He was the only human tenant of the house, and even he confined himself to his own portion of it. He never ventured to the upper stories; and except for the purpose of going in or coming out, visited no other part than his own rooms. There were dark rumors concerning him, and many shunned him as they did his house. It is with him however that we have to do; and the opening scene of our tale is in the two dim apartments in which he then sat.

His age must have been forty, though the deep furrows which ploughed his high, narrow forehead, and the haggard and wasted look of his face, might have added ten years to his appearance. His eyes were deep-set and glittering, of that jetty, opaque character which seems to omit their brilliancy from the surface; and appeared to peer into the secrets of every one, without reflecting any of their own. He was rather under the middle size, and of that disjointed, wiry make, which indicates great powers of endurance rather than positive bodily strength. Piles of loose papers were scattered carelessly on a table at his side, and several open law books, which appeared to have been in recent use, were lying on different chairs about him. In the recesses of the office were huge cases of pigeon holes, filled with the dust-covered papers of ancient, hopeless, and perhaps long-forgotten law suits. Book-cases of dingy volumes arranged against the walls, and several massive folios were piled in corners of the room. A profusion of torn papers were scattered over the carpet, and added not a little to the disorder which was already sufficiently apparent. Upon the table stood a solitary candle, whose faint light scarcely dispelled the gloom in its immediate vicinity, and gave a murky, spectral appearance to the tall book-cases and furniture, which were indistinctly visible beyond.

For some time the attorney sat with his thin fingers resting upon his knees, and his eyes fixed upon the fire. As he continued thus, his brow grew anxious, and he compressed his lips tightly, occasionally moving his head from side to side and muttering to himself. At length he rose from his seat, and stepping cautiously to the door, locked it, trying the knob to see if it was secure. He then shaded the windows so as to prevent the light from being visible from without. This done, he took from a drawer a large brass key, and drew from an iron safe in the wall a bundle of papers, from which he selected one, and replacing the others, seated himself at the table. He then unfolded the paper, and held it up to the light, narrowly examining the hand-writing, and particularly the signature attached to it. Apparently not satisfied with this, he got up and searched among some other papers, until he found one bearing the same signature.

"Tis very like!" said he, after a careful comparison of the two; "he'd swear to it himself; and if I could but find some fool whose conscience is not over dainty, this would *make* me! I must find that man—I *must* find him; ay, though the devil himself bring him to me!"

A single sharp knock at the door, so suddenly upon the heels of his speech that it seemed a response to it, so startled him that he almost let the paper fall from his hands. The next moment he folded it hastily up, without attending to the summons, until he had replaced it in the safe, locked the door, and restored the key to its former place. The knock was repeated.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"One who wants a lesson in deviltry," replied a harsh voice from without; and the knocking was renewed with an energy that said but little for the patience of the person on the outside, and threatened soon to leave no obstacle to his entrance.

"It's *you*, Wilkins, is it?" said he, in an altered tone. At the same time he unlocked the door, and admitted a tall, powerful man, clad in an overcoat of coarse, shaggy cloth, and with his hat slouched low down over his eyes. His face was pale and haggard, his jaws large and prominent, and his eyes flashed from their dark caverns with sullen ferocity, like those of a hyena.

"You are the very man I wanted," said the attorney, as he came in, at the same time shutting and locking the door.

His visitor, without paying the least regard to him, strode up to the fire, and drawing his coat, with a slight shiver, more tightly over his shoulders, extended his hands toward the flame.

"Put on more coal," said he; "such a night might freeze one's soul; and whatever I am now, you have made enough out of me, to keep me from dying of cold."

The attorney was evidently accustomed to such language from his visiter; for he made no other reply to it than to request him to be seated, while he replenished the grate. Then, seating himself, and turning to him, he said:

"What's on foot now? Whenever you darken this door, I know there's something to be done.—What is it?"

"The same that I spoke to you about before—that girl," replied Wilkins, fixing his dark, scowling eyes on the pale, care-furrowed face of the other. "Am I to live forever like a coupled hound; or can the chain be broken? Have you no remedy—no plan? Cannot the devil, who is always at your right hand, help you to *something?*"

The attorney slightly elevated his eye-brows, and muttered something about "patience," though he watched the countenance of the other like a cat.

"Patience!" exclaimed Wilkins, rising, and speaking through his clenched teeth; "I *have* had patience; and what has it brought? It has reduced me from competence to what I am—a starving, wretched, and almost houseless beggar. It has worn me to the bone. It has destroyed my hopes, and now it is gnawing into my very soul. 'Patience!' Hark ye, Bolton, no more of patience; if you cannot help me, I can help myself—and I *will.* But it is hard to—to——— You know what."

"To what?" asked the attorney, looking at him as if in doubt of his meaning.

"*That,*" said Wilkins, slightly opening his vest and touching the handle of a concealed dirk.

"That!"

"Yes, THAT!" returned the visiter, savagely, setting his teeth, "or shall I speak more plainly? To cut her throat. Do you understand me *now?*"

"Hush!" said Bolton, glancing suspiciously about the room, his thin features turning as rigid as if they had been cut from marble. "Don't speak so loud. No, no, you must not do *that.* That's murder in the first degree; the punishment is death. Do you hear that?—*death!* I'll have no hand in it."

The brow of the bolder villain darkened, and his eyes flashed fire, as he half rose from his seat. Leaning forward and spreading out his fingers in the very face of the attorney, until they resembled the talons of a hawk, he slowly clenched them together, till they seemed buried in each other, and said in a voice which though but a whisper, was distinctly audible: "If you dare to fail me *now,* Bolton, or betray me, or show by word or whisper, or even by look, I'll place you where you'll rot—ay, rot! I'll ——"

"Hist, George!" said the attorney, starting up and seizing him by the arm; "did you hear nothing?"

Both listened attentively.

"Nothing but the wind howling thro' this old rookery," said Wilkins: "did you hear what I said when you interrupted me?"

"Yes, I heard, and I'll not fail you. Why, George," continued he, assuming an air of frankness that sat indifferently on him, "are we not old friends—tried friends? Have I not stood by you when none other would? You have not forgotten the last time—the note for a thousand dollars."

"No more of that," interrupted the other, impatiently. "We know each other *too well,*" continued he, laying an emphasis on the last words, which seemed to say that the acquaintance, tho' intimate, had not increased his confidence. "But I did not come here to be reminded of old grievances; I come to get a remedy for new ones. The only question is, will you help me or not? This girl to whom I am married is in my way. I must be rid of her, and I have come to you for counsel. Will you give it?"

Before Wilkins finished speaking, the attorney had recovered the habitual sneer that played about his thin lip, and replied quietly and with an appearance of decision that he felt sure would influence his companion:

"If you mean to murder, I will not. I have already risked much to hold you, and will risk more, but I'll not risk my life. Besides, there are other means fully as good, and which do not lead to a halter."

"Well! what *are* they? The safer the better. But listen to me. I *will* be rid of that girl! by G—d I will!—even though ——" He paused; but the expression of demoniac hate and malice

which shone in every feature, and from which the attorney, stooped as he was in wickedness, quailed as from the glance of an evil spirit, and the quick motion of his arm, as if in the act of stabbing, explained his purpose.

"It must not be—it *must not!*" was the reply, in a tone which had lost much of its former confidence. "There are other ways, and they must be thought of. A divorce will leave you as free as you desire. Do you wish to be rid only of *her*, or of the *knot?*"

"Of both! of both! If ever man loathed woman, I loathe her. There is but one thought in life; there is but one dream when my eyes are closed, and that is of hatred; and there is but one person in that thought and dream, and that is *her!*"

"This is a sad affair indeed," said the attorney.

"Sad!" said Wilkins, drawing his chair more closely to that of the lawyer, and speaking in a whisper; "*sad?*—it's dreadful; it's wearing away my life. Bolton, if you could but look into this bosom and see its bitterness, hard, callous as you are, even *you* would shudder. There are moments when it seems as if all the devils in hell had taken possession of me. Yet I have strange fits of weakness too. I'll tell you what I did the other night. I had thought and thought on this one subject; and it *would* keep running in my head, that if *she* were out of the way, how well I could get on. It was in my own room at midnight, and there she lay, in a deep sleep, the bed-clothes thrown partly down, and her throat bare. I know not how it was, but I found myself stealing to the bed with this dirk in my hand, and I held the point within an inch of her bosom. At that moment she turned in her sleep and said, 'Dear George, God bless you!' Curse me if I could strike! I slunk back from the bed and blubbered like a boy, for I felt strange feelings at work, which I have not had for many a day. I'd rather not spill blood if any thing else can be done. Can't we send her abroad? You know if she is out of the way there's nothing between me and the widow.—Once let me get her fortune, and you shall not be the loser by it."

"Can she prove the marriage?"

"Beyond a doubt."

"How long have you been married?" inquired Bolton.

"Two years."

"And is she true to you?—true beyond suspicion?" asked the lawyer, looking at him significantly.

"True as steel. Why, man will you believe it?—in spite of all, she loves me!"

"Ah!" said the attorney, in a dissatisfied tone, that's bad. If it were not so, and she had another lover, *and it could be proved*—— (he spoke slowly, and with great meaning in his looks,) the court of chancery would grant a divorce, and you would be free."

"Free! free!" exclaimed Wilkins, springing from his seat, as one from whom a great weight had just been lifted; "Free! Great God! let me be free once again, and I'll be a different man—an honest one."

The attorney smiled, and although he said nothing, there was something in the calm, sarcastic curl of the lip, that stung Wilkins to the soul, and he turned fiercely upon him.

"Ay, I repeat it—'an honest man.' What have you to say against it?"

"Nothing," said Bolton, drawing towards him a piece of paper, and writing something on it;—"there's what I must have before I meddle in the matter."

Wilkins took it and read: "Two thousand dollars down, and five thousand more when you get the widow."

"Bolton!" said he, in a choked voice, "this is too bad. Two thousand dollars! I have not ten dollars in the world. I don't know what your drift is," said he, suddenly stopping and looking steadily in the face of the lawyer, "but you have a d—d suspicious look to-night; and there's something in the wind more than you let out: beware how you trifle with me! You should know me too well for *that.*"

Bolton attempted to smile, but only succeeded in producing a nervous contraction of the lip, at the same time turning deadly pale: at length he replied with some effort: "You are right, I *have* something. Wait! I hear a noise in the passage." Taking the light, he hastily unlocked the door, and traversed for some distance the dark entry which led to the lower floor. Nothing whatever was visible in the dim light, except the time-stained walls, and the broad chinks between the dilapidated planks. On re-entering the room, he went to each room and drew the shutters carefully together; after which he made a total and general survey of the office.

"There's nobody; it was all fancy," said he, replacing the light on the table. "Now," he added, "I will speak plainly with you. I have that in my mind which you have on yours; a plan to mend my fortune. Assist me, and I will assist you, without fee or reward. Swear to keep my secret, and I will swear to keep yours."

"What mischief's hatching now?" asked Wilkins, suspiciously.

"Swear first to keep the secret."

"Well; here I swear ——"

"That will not do; I must have something more solemn."

"Well, what do you want?" asked Wilkins, impatiently.

"Get on your knees, and with your hands raised to heaven, call down imprecations on your head, blight on your prospects and perdition to your soul, if you betray me. *Then* I'll believe."

Without remark, and with a solemnity that struck awe even to the hardened heart of the man who incited him, Wilkins knelt down, and with uplifted hands, and eyes turned toward the throne of the great Omnipotent, called down upon himself maledictions that made the blood of the listener curdle, if he betrayed the confidence then to be reposed in him.

"Enough!" said Bolton, relieved by the conclusion of a ceremony so fearful. Drawing the key from the drawer, and once more unlocking the iron safe, he took from it the paper which had been so hastily deposited there, and spread it on the table.

"Here," said he, hurriedly putting a pen in the hand of the other, as if afraid of his resolution giving way, "just sign that; put your name there. I'll explain afterward.."

"What is it?" asked Wilkins, holding the pen exactly as it was placed in his hand, and looking at the attorney instead of the paper. "Before a man puts his name to a thing like this, he likes to know what it is."

"Merely a will," said Bolton, nervously; "only a will."

"A will! Whose?—mine?"

"No; of an old friend of mine, John Crawford. I want you to put your name as a witness to its execution."

"Ah! I see; you are helping him to take care of his property, and you want me to witness it before he has even put his own name to it. I suppose I may read it to make sure it isn't my own," said he, running his eye over the paper: "Natural daughter, Ellen Crawford—five thousand—all the rest, residue, and remainder;" umph! "both real and personal—my valued friend Reuben Bolton—sole executor—subscribed, signed, sealed, declared and published—— Bolton," said he, quietly lowering the paper, "you *are* a d——d scoundrel!"

"Perhaps so," replied the attorney, shrugging his shoulders, "but what are *you?*"

"What want and suffering have made me.—You have not even that excuse."

"Perhaps not. You know the terms on which I will assist you. John Crawford was seized with apoplexy this morning; before to-morrow he will be in his coffin; and this must be made and witnessed before then. I can imitate his signature so that he would swear to it himself. I will put it at the end of this, and you must witness it."

"Well, what then?" demanded Wilkins, suspiciously; "suppose the old man dies: what is to be done next?"

"Little or nothing; merely swear that you saw him sign it—a few other trifling matters; few or no questions will be asked; a mere form. It will be completed in five minutes, and you will get the widow for nothing."

"Nothing! Only a false oath, and risk of being entertained at public expense. Do you call that *nothing?* However, I'll do it," said he, speaking in a clear, decided tone. "But the girl—will she be quiet?"

"What can she do? Will she not be penniless."

"Not exactly. There's a small legacy of five thousand, which will keep the life in a pretty long law-suit; and if she should happen to be litigous"

"Curse it! I never thought of that!" exclaimed Bolton, striking his hand forward with an air of vexed impatience, and taking one or two hasty steps.

"Perhaps," suggested Wilkins, "the old gentleman intended to make a later will without the legacy."

"Yes, yes, so he did," said Bolton, laughing, catching eagerly at the suggestion. "We'll do it for him, and you'll witness it?"

"Ay, if you'll unfetter me," replied Wilkins.

"Its a bargain," said the attorney, striking his hand into the open palm of the other; and thus was their iniquitous compact sealed.

As if by consent, both now seemed to think the conference concluded.

"Be here to-morrow evening at ten; and in the mean time gather up all that will throw suspicion on your wife. By-the-bye, the will requires two witnesses. Can you find another equally trusty with yourself? I have a clerk who will excel one of these days, but he is too young yet, and would be nervous."

Wilkins pondered a moment; at length he said: "I know the very man; sharp, shrewd, without conscience, and with nerves like iron. But he is poor, and has no widow in his eye. You must pay *him* in ready money."

"Leave that to me. And now I must spend the rest of the night in helping my old friend dispose of his property. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! you are a deep one!" said Wilkins, taking up his hat. "To-morrow night at ten.—Good night!"

The attorney listened to his steps as they echoed along the passage, until they died away; then carefully locking the door, he lighted another candle, and seated himself to his work.

CHAPTER II.

It was a cold night, and as Wilkins emerged from the building into the open street, he drew a long breath of pure air, as if it were refreshing once more to be free from the murky, stagnant atmosphere of that old house, and under the blue vault of the sky. Thoughts and plans came crowding thickly upon him as he strode on, and hopes and fears, and with them was mingled a lurking dread of the poor girl against whom he was plotting; a half-acknowledged fear of what she might do if driven to extremity; and above all, the whispering of his own conscience, which made a coward of him as he slunk through the dark streets. Skulking along like a felon, he made for one of the great thoroughfares, for he felt as if the crowd there would keep off his own thoughts.

It was still early in the evening, and the streets were thronged with that tide of population which during the first hours after twilight sets from the lower to the upper part of the town. None loitered, except the sick, the weary, and the homeless. Hundreds of those poor girls who spend the hours of daylight in the lower parts of the city in earning a pittance by tedious toil, were speeding like so many loosened birds to the homes where there were glad faces to welcome them, and kind hands to smooth a pillow beneath their aching heads; or perhaps not a few craved but a place to cast down their work-worn frames to rest before another day of toil. Many a pale face and blighted form was among that crowd, and many a tottering limb and trembling hand; eyes that should have been bright, were dimmed with premature suffering, and features that should have worn the hue of health, and been radiant with gladness, were now wan and sunken, or illumined only by a sickly smile which flickers over the face of the invalid. Day after day they toiled on, but they felt that there was nothing in store for them; their childhood had no joy, their youth no promise.—Even hope was gone; and weary and heart-sick, they looked forward to but one place, where there was a calm and holy peace; where their toils would be ended forever—and that was the grave.

Mechanics and boys with their tin kettles, now that the labor of the day was past, in squads of five or six, were hurrying on, some in silence, others with loud merriment, but all bound to that single sacred spot—home.

Wilkins mingled with the throng, and made his way among them, sometimes pausing to listen to the remarks of the passers-by, and sometimes brooding over his own plans.

The street through which he was passing was that great artery of the city called the Bowery; and just above where it empties itself into the triangular opening known as Chatham square, he struck off into a by-street on the eastern side of it.

The dwellings in this nighborhood were of the meaner kind, built chiefly of wood, with patched and broken windows, here and there repaired by paper or by the introduction of an old hat or a pair of tattered inexpressibles. Throughout the whole there was an odd mixture of comfort and

penury, and occasionally a faint effort at gentility in defiance of poverty; but in most cases, in the bitter struggle between human vanity and human want, stern necessity had got the upper hand.

A front room on a level with the street, in a mean house in the part of the city just described, was Wilkins' home. It was small and scantily furnished. A rag carpet, a small looking-glass, a common deal table, a bed, and a few rush-bottom chairs, were all; but with all its poverty there was an air of cheerfulness about it. A bright fire burnt merrily on the cleanly-swept hearth, and window-shades of painted paper, such as is used for walls, served to shut out the cold, and to impart an air of greater comfort. Every thing bespoke a great degree of poverty, combined with that rarest of all its accomplishments, cleanliness.

The only tenant of this room was a girl of scarcely more than nineteen, who sat at the table repairing some article of man's apparel. There was an expression of hopeful anxiety in the large dark eye, and alighting-up of features which had once been beautiful, but were now rather thin and sharp in outline, with a nervous, restless motion of the body, and a hasty glance at the door, as each successive step approached, and a corresponding expression of disappointment as it receded.

How sure, yet how indefinable is the certainty with which we recognize a familiar footstep! For half an hour at least the girl had feverishly watched and listened. At last came a quick, firm step. She started to her feet, and had scarcely time to exclaim, "That's him!" when the door opened, and admitted the tall form of Wilkins.

"I knew it was you!" exclaimed the girl, joyously, running up to him, and offering to take his hat.

"Well, what if you did?" replied he, jerking the hat from her hand and throwing it on a chair. "Let my coat alone will you? I am able to take it off without help. Do you think I am as helpless as yourself, who can do nothing without being waited upon? Get me some supper, if you are not too lazy for that, and don't trouble me; I'm not in the humor."

"I did not mean to offend you, George," said she, shrinking from the angry yet irresolute glance that met hers; "indeed, I did not. Are you ill, George?"

"Get me some supper. Am I to stand starving here while you, who take care never to feel hungry yourself, pour your clatter in my ears?"

The poor girl, who had not eaten since morning, lest there should not be sufficient left in the scanty larder to furnish a meal for her husband, for such was the relationship between them, shrank back and set about preparing the meal.

"Who's been here since morning?" demanded Wilkins, seating himself in front of the fire, and thrusting his feet in close proximity to the flame, that showed more desire of heat than consideration for shoe-leather. "I suppose that Jack Phillips; he's here for ever."

"No, only your friend Higgs; he stopped but for a moment to inquire when I expected you, and did not even come in," replied the girl, busying herself in arranging the table.

With a sulky growl, the import of which was lost in a contest between his voice and teeth, he sank back in his chair, and fixed his gaze in the fire, occasionally casting stealthy looks at his wife, eyeing her with a discontented yet irresolute glance. Several times he seemed on the point of saying something; but just as it was crossing the threshhold of his lips, the words shrank back, and he contented himself with poking the fire, and giving vent to a few indistinct mutterings.

"Curse it, Lucy!" he exclaimed at last, with a strong effort, as if anxious to break the silence; "have you nothing to tell me? When did Higgs call here?"

"About an hour ago."

"Well, why couldn't you say that at first? If it had been that fellow Jack Phillips, I should have heard it soon enough. He's here too much."

"Well, George," said she, mildly, "if you wish it, we can refuse to let him in. I thought he was a friend of yours, and for that reason I—"

"Fell in love with him," interrupted Wilkins, with a sneer; "you see I know all about it."

At this announcement Lucy turned short round, without saying a word, and fixed her dark eyes upon him with a look of surprise and incredulity that completely overmastered the dogged gaze it encountered.

"No, George," said she, with a faint laugh, "not *that*; but it's ill jesting on such subjects: don't say it again."

"But I *will* say it, and I *do*! 'Jesting!' By G—! I mean what I say—all of it."

"No, no, George," exclaimed she, with an hysterical laugh, and catching hold of his arm; "you do not mean it—you *cannot*. I know it was only a joke; but you looked so very strange! It was *only* a joke—*wasn't* it?"

"Was it?" muttered he, grinding his teeth, though without raising his eye to hers; "we'll see that! But give me my supper, for I must be out. Don't keep me waiting."

The girl made no reply, but releasing his arm, and turning her back toward him, hastily dashed her hand across her eyes, then went on with her preparations in silence. This lasted about five minutes, Wilkins gazing now at the floor, and now stealing a look at his wife.

"The supper is ready," she said at length.—Wilkins rose hastily, and dragging the chair to the table, seated himself and began to eat voraciously, without noticing his wife, who sat at the opposite side, eyeing him with looks of suspicion and fear. Once or twice their eyes met, and Wilkins' dropped beneath hers.

"What are you staring at?" demanded he, angrily; "can't a man eat without having every mouthful counted?"

The girl rose without reply, and taking a stool from the corner, drew it near the fire, and seated herself with her back to him.

"Did Higgs say what he wanted?" asked Wilkins.

"No; he only asked if you were in, and when I told him you were not, he went off."

"I suppose he wanted money. I must see him. Do you know where he went?"

"He said that he would wait at Rawley's, and that you would know where that was."

Without farther words, Wilkins left the table, and put on his shaggy overcoat, jerking his hat on his head, and taking from the corner a stick, something between a cane and a bludgeon, he sallied out.

"Will you return soon, George?"

Wilkins slammed the door behind him, without any reply, and walked off.

His wife stood until the sound of his footsteps died away, her lip quivering, the large tears in her eyes, with her hand pressed painfully against her breast, and her breath coming short and with difficulty. The struggle was but for a moment. She threw herself in a chair, bent her head down upon the table, and wept long and bitterly.

[Continued in next number.]

Selected Miscellany.

Extracts from Miss Sedgwick's New Work.

First Dinner in England.—We ate with Dalgetty appetites our first English dinner; soup, salmon, mutton-chops, and every thing the best of its kind, and served as in a private gentleman's house, and alas! with an elegance and accuracy found in few gentlemen's houses in our country. We have plenty of gentlemen, but gentlemen's servants are with us rare birds.

American and English Women Contrasted.—Our girl, with her delicate features and nymph-like figure, is far more lovely in her first freshness than the English; but the English woman, in her ripeness and full developement, far surpasses ours. She is superb, from twenty to forty-five.

An American's Feelings on first touching the "Old Country": Scene, Portsmouth.—Every thing looks novel and foreign to us; the quaint forms of the old, sad-colored houses; the arched, antique gateways; the royal busts niched in an old wall; the very dark coloring of the foliage, and the mossy stumps of the trees. We seem to have passed from the fresh, bright youth to the old age of the world. The form and coloring of the people are different from ours. They are stouter, more erect and more sanguine.

Leaving England.—It seems like leaving home a second time. If any thing could make us forget that we are travelers, it would be such unstinted kindness as we have received here. You cannot see the English in their homes without reverencing them and loving them; nor, I think, can an Anglo-American come to this, his ancestral home, without a pride in his relationship to it, and an extended sense of the obligations imposed by his derivation from the English stock. A war between the two countries, in the present state of their relations and intercourse, would be fratricidal, and this sentiment I have heard expressed on all sides.

An English Traveler.—You may know him by the quantity and variety of his luggage, by every ingenious contrivance for comfort, (alas! comfort implies fixture,) impregnable English trunks, traveling bags, dressing cases, cased provisions for all the possible wants that civilization generates, and all in traveling armor. There is no flexibility about an Englishman, no adaptation to circumstances and exigencies. He must stand forth, wherever he goes, the impersonation of his island-home. I said his luggage betrayed him; I am sure his face and demeamor do. His muscles are in a state of tension, his nerves seem to be on the outside of his coat, his eyebrows are in motion; he looks, as my friend says she felt when she came to such a place as this, "as if all the people about her were *rats*;" his voice is quick and harsh, and his words none of the sweetest, so that you do not wonder that the Continental people have fastened on him the descriptive soubriquet of "Monsieur God-d—n."

Fashionable Single Women.—A feature that in society here must be striking to Americans is the great number of single women. With us, you know, few women live beyond their minority unmated, and those few sink into the obscurity of some friendly fireside. But here they have an independent existence, pursuits, and influence, and they are much happier for it:—mind, I do not say happier than fortunate wives and good mothers, but those who, not having drawn a husband in the lottery of life, resign themselves to a mere passive existence. English women married and single, have more leisure, and far more opportunity for intellectual cultivation, than with us. The objects of art are on every side of them, exciting their minds through their sensations, and filling them with images of beauty. There is, with us, far more necessity, and of course opportunity, for the developement of a woman's faculties for domestic life, than here; but this, I think, is counterbalanced by woman's necessary independence of the other sex here. On the whole, it seems to me there is not a more loveable or lovely woman than the American matron, steadfast in her conjugal duties, devoted to the progress of her children and the happiness of her household, nor a more powerful creature than an English woman in the full strength and developement of her character.

Now, my dear C., a word as to dress for the womankind of your family. I do not comprehend what our English friends, who come among us, mean by their comments on the extravagance of dress in America. I have seen more velvet and costly lace, in one hour in Kensington Gardens than I ever saw in New York; and it would take all the diamonds in the United States to dress a duchess for an evening at L—— house. You may say that lace and diamonds are transmitted luxuries, heir-looms (a species of inheritance we know little about;) still you must take into the account the immense excess of their wealth over ours, before you can have a notion of the disparity between us. The women here up to five-and-forty (and splendid women many of them are up to that age) dress with taste—fitness; after that, abominably. Women to seventy, and Heaven knows how much longer, leave their necks and arms bare; not here and there one, 'blinded, deluded and misguided;' but whole assemblies of fat women—and *O tempora! O mores!*—and lean. Such parchment necks as I have seen bedizened with diamonds, and arms bared, that seemed only fit to hold the scissors of destiny, or to stir the cauldron of Macbeth's witches. ——— dresses in azure satins and rose-colored silks, and bares her arms, as if they were as round and dimpled as a cherub's, though they are mere bunches of sinews, that seem only kept together by that nice anatomical contrivance of the wristband, on which Paley expatiates. This *post mortem* demonstration is, perhaps, after all, an act of penance for past vanities; or, perhaps, it is a benevolent admonition to the young and fair, that to this favor they must come at last! Who knows?

Cathedral Services in England.—This was the third time we had been present, since we came to England, at worship in the temples to which art had breathed its soul. First in Winchester Cathedral, then at Westminster Abbey, and now at this old Royal chapel. The daily service appointed by the church was performed with one careless and heartless air of prescription. The clergyman and clerk hurried sing-song through the form of prayers, that, perfect as they are, will only rise on the soul's wings. I felt the puritan struggling at my heart, and could have broken out with old Mause's fervor, if not her eloquence. I thought of our summer Sunday service in dear

J.'s 'long parlor.' Not a vacant place there.—The door open into the garden, the children strewed round the door-steps, their young faces touched with an expression of devotion and love, such as glows in the faces of the cherubs of the old pictures; and for vaulted roofs, columns, and storied glass, we had the blue sky, the everlasting hills, and lights and shadows playing over them, all suggestive of devotion, and in harmony with the pure and simple doctrine our friend Dr. Follen taught us. To me, there was more true worship in these all embracing words, "*Our Father!*" as he uttered them, than in all the task-prayers I have heard in these mighty cathedrals. Here it *is* the temple that is greatest. Your mind is pre-occupied, filled with the outward. The monuments of past ages and the memorial of individual greatness are before you. Your existence is amplified; the 'inexorable past' does not give up its dead. Wherever your eyes fall, you see the work of a power new to you, the creative power of art. You see forms of beauty which never entered into your 'forge of thought.' You are filled with new and delightful emotions; but they spring from new impressions of the genius of man, of his destiny and history. No; these cathedrals are not, like the arches of our forests, the temples for inevitable worship; but they are the fitting place for the apotheosis of genius.

GERMAN ACTORS.—We were fortunate in seeing one of the greatest dramatic performers of Germany, Emile Davrient. The play was one of the Princess Amelia's: a tale of domestic sorrow, as I ascertained by my interpreters. There was no scenic effect, no dramatic contrivance to aid it. The scene was to me, as far as I could judge merely from his action, expression and voice, to deserve the applause showered on him. The playing was all natural, and the voices of the women naturally sweet. Have I never yet remarked to you the sweet, low tone of the German woman's voice? From the cultivated actress to your chambermaid, it is a musical pleasure to hear them speak. Is it an atmospheric effect, or the breath of a placid temper? The latter, I thought, when, a moment since, my inkstand was overset, and the girl summoned to replace the mischief held up her hands, smiled, and uttered, in a lute-like tone, a prolonged g-u-t! (good!)

CURIOUS AND CHARACTERISTIC CONTRAST.—I stopped at a little cottage this morning, half smothered with roses, geraniums, &c., and on the pretext of looking at a baby, made good my entrance. The little bit of an apartment, not more than six feet by ten, was as neat as possible. Not an article of its scanty furniture looked as if it had been bought by this generation; every thing appeared cared for, and well preserved; so unlike corresponding dwellings with us. The woman had had nine children; six at home, and all tidily dressed. I have not seen in England a slovenly looking person. Even the three or four beggars who stealthily asked charity of us at Portsmouth, were *neatly* dressed. I greeted, *en passant*, a woman sitting at her cottage window. She told me she paid for half a little tenement and a bit of garden ten pounds (fifty dollars) rent. And when I congratulated her on the pleasant country, 'Ah,' said she, 'we can't live on a pleasant country!' I have not addressed one of these people who has not complained of poverty, said something of the difficulty of getting work, or the *struggling* for bread, which is the condition of existence among the lower classes here. Strange sounds these to our ears.

GERMAN MANNERS.—The English race, root and branch, are, what with their natural shyness, their conventional reserves, and their radical uncourteousness, cold and repelling. The politeness of the French is conventional. It seems in part the result of their personal grace, and in part of a selfish calculation in making the most of what costs nothing; and partly, no doubt, it is the spontaneous effect of a vivacious nature. There is a deep-seated humanity in the courtesy of the Germans. They always seem to feel a gentle pressure from a cord that interlaces them with their species. They do not wait, as Schiller says, till you 'freely invite' to 'friendly stretch you a hand,' but the hand is instinctively stretched out and the kind deed ready to follow it. This suavity is not limited to any rank or condition. It extends all the way down from the Prince to the poorest peasant. Some of our party driving out in a hackney coach yesterday met some German ladies in a coach with four horses, postilions, footmen in livery, and other marks of rank and wealth. What would Americans have done in a similar position? Probably looked away and seemed unconscious. And English ladies would have done the same, or as I have seen them in Hyde Park, have leaned back in their carriages, and stared with an air of mingled indifference and insolence through their eye-glasses, as if their inferiors in condition could bear to be stared at. The German ladies bowed most courteously to the humble strangers in the hackney-coach.

AN AMERICAN LADY'S OPINION OF THE OPERA: THE QUEEN.—We had the ballet 'La Gitana,' after the singing and Taglioni. No praise of her grace is exaggeratee. There is music in every movement of her arms; and if she would restrict herself within the limits of decency, there could not be a more exquisite spectacle of its kind than her dancing. I would give in to the ravings of her admirers and allow that her grace is God's beautiful gift, and that fitting it is it should be so used. But could not this grace be equally demonstrated with a skirt a few inches longer and rather less transparent? To my crude notions her positions are often disgusting; and when she raised her leg to a right angle with her body, I could have exclaimed, as Carlyle did, 'Merciful heaven! where will it end?' Familiarity must dull the sense to these bad parts of the exhibition; for Mrs. ——— quoted a French woman, who said, on seeing Taglioni, 'Il faut etre sage pour danser comme ca,' (one must be virtuous to dance like that.) I should rather have said 'Il ne faut pas etre *femme* pour danser comme ca.' And I would divide the world, not as our witty friend —— does, into men, women, and Mary Wolstoncrafts, but into men, women and ballet-dancers. For surely a woman must have forgotten the instincts of her sex before she can dance even as Taglioni does. I am not apt as you know my dear C., to run a tilt against public amusements; but I hold this to be an execrable one; and, if my voice could have any influence, I would pray every modest woman and modest man,—for why should this virtue be graduated by a different scale for the different sexes?—every modest man and woman, then, in our land to discountenance its advancement there. If we have not yet the perfection of a matured civilization, God save us from the corruptions that preclude and intimate its decline! * * * The little Queen (i. e. Victoria the First!!) was in her box behind a curtain, as carefully hidden from the people as an Oriental monarch; not from any Oriental ideas of the sacredness of her person, but that she may cast off her royal dignity, and have the privilege of enjoying unobserved, as we humble people do. No chariness of her countenance could make her 'like the robe pontifical, ne'er seen but wondered at.' She is a plain little body enough, as we saw when she protruded her head to bow to the high people in the box next to her; the Queen Dowager, the Princess Esterhazy, and so on. Ordinary is the word for her; you would not notice her among a hundred others in our village church. Just now she is suffering for the tragedy of Lady Flora, and fears are entertained, whenever she appears, that there will be voices to cry out, 'Where is Lady Flora?' a sound that must pierce the poor young thing's heart.—Ah! she has come to the throne when royalty pays quite too dear for its whistle!

PROGRESS OF SLANDER.—Mrs. Tompkins told me that she heard Sam Gibbs' wife say that John Harris' wife told her Granny Smith heard that it was no doubt the widow Baker said that Captain Wood's wife thought that Col. Lane's wife believed that old Mrs. Lamb reckoned positively that Peter Dunham's wife had told Nell Bussenden that her aunt had declared to the world that it was generally believed that old Uncle Trimbletoe had said in plain terms that he heard Betsey Cook say that her sister Polly had said that it was well known in the neighborhood that old Mr. Slouch made no bones of saying that in her opinion it was a matter of fact that Dolly Lightfinger would soon be obliged to—*get her a new apron string.*—*Exchange Paper.*

NICKNAMES.—*Suckers*—the citizens of Illinois! *Pukes*—citizens of Missouri; *Corncrackers*—citizens of Tennessee; *Tuckahoes*—citizens of Virginia; *Buckeyes*—citizenes of ohio; *Wolverines*—citizens of Michigan; *Badgers*—citizens of Wisconsin; *Hoosiers*—citizens of Indiana. The citizens of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are called *Blur Noses.*

"Sir," said Lord C——— to the Rev. Sidney Smith, "do you think Parliament will be dissolved?" "*Dissolved*, my Lord! it must be if this weather continues much longer."

A MODERN FAUST.

Among those individuals who should have been seen some where else yesterday morning, might have been seen at Mr. Recorder Baldwin's office of business, a professional follower of the great Faust, vulgarly known as a "jour printer." He was a *case*—all *sorts* of a *case*—a walking edition of the striped pig, or in other words an *uncorrected copy* of the works of temperance, *sewed up and bound* by no tee total rule of entire abstinence. He looked *blurred*, or like a bad *impression* of worn out wood cuts of our American eagle, or of a runaway negro.

"You were found sleeping out last night," said the Recorder. "Who and what are you?" addressing the badly set up bill of humanity in the dock.

"Me, I'm a poor specimen of the art preservative of all arts, vulgarly called a "jour printer," or "typo," said the prisoner.

"And need *correction*," said the affable Recorder. "I thought you were a *foul case.* Why were you not at your lodging last night?"

"Because I lost my place—got out of *sorts*—had no *quoins* (coins) to get *locked up* any where else; in fact I got out of cash, which is the *copy* of our existence. Ah! sir, I've felt the pressure of the times as well as other folks—have had *bad impressions*, and a heavy one of the difficulty of *justifying* my actions by the right *measure.*"

"But a correct man of your profession," said the Recorder, "would have been at his *case setting up*, at the time the watchman found you *sitting down.*"

"Yes but I'm a gone *case*; and even if I were *setting down* instead of *setting up*, I dont see what alteration you should make in the *copy* of the verdict."

"You were lying down sir."

"Yes I had come to a *period*, that is a fact, and the watchman made a *parenthesis* of his arm to raise me up, and a *note of admiration* of my body, head downward, while bringing me to this *newfangled press* to have a *proof* taken," replied the jour.

"The watchman charges you with being tipsy, sir."

"I *wet my matter* too much last night that's a fact."

"When the watchman placed you on your feet you did not stand straight—leaned in every direction, and staggered about as though you were working off the first sheet of a new grand lottery on the sidewalk."

"I thought, sir, I was on *rule and figure work*; but Charley soon gave me a rap with something more than a *sheep's foot*, which in a manner straightened me. He will nigh *distributed* the matter of my *upper case*, sir—throwed my brain into *pi.*"

"I shall have to send you to the calaboose, sir, lock you up for thirty days."

"Thirty days! What! *lock up my form* for thirty days! Oh! you don't mean that, sir. You have no *rule* for doing it. Why, sir, you might as well send me to lie in the *gallies* in the swamp at once. Thirty days in the calaboose! That would indeed be laying on the *imposing stone.* Let me go this time, Mr. Recorder; I will see and *correct all errors*, avoid all *outs*, such as the watchman discovered, in future, and present a clear and *revised proof-sheet* of my conduct hereafter. I'll tell your honor; that watchman who handles the book so often don't always *follow copy.* Why he swore against me as if his oath was *stereotyped*—as if he knew me like a book."

The Recorder told this modern Faust that he was impressed with the sincerity of his determination to reform, but that unless he got some person other than himself to vouch for it, he must give a short situation, say thirty days, in the calaboose.—*Picayune.*

The good people of Woodstock—the scene of one of Sir Walter Scott's best novels—were all up in arms about a most marvellous occurrence which is said to have been witnessed within the previous few days, by two old women, one of whom fainted away at the awful sight, and the other was so frightened that she has not been well since. The story is, that a large tree which had been cut down in the neighborhood, and which, without its branches, would have required six or eight horses to draw it from the place where it lay, was suddenly seen, as if by magic, to roll up a hill! So much for the mareh of intellect in the 19th century.

A Spanish poet carries the "poetry of Heaven" to its highest sublimity, when he calls a star "a burning doubloon of the celestial bank."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1841.

Honors to the Soldiers of the Revolution.

During the sanguinary struggle which gave birth to our nation, the Valley of the Genesee was more than two hundred miles from the abode of civilized man, and so remote that but few incidents occurred within its limits to connect its history with that of those perilous times. Here the savage roamed fearless and unmolested, and here the more barbarous myrmidons of England plotted stratagems and instigated their savage allies to deeds of cruelty, even more revolting to humanity than savages were wont to inflict. The execution of these schemes upon the defenceless frontier settlements, at length prompted the Government to inflict merited chastisement upon the ruthless foe, and put a stop as far as possible, to their aggressions. To effect this, Gen. SULLIVAN'S campaign was planned and executed, and happily resulted in the destruction of the Indian villages and corn fields along the borders of the Genesee River.

In that expedition, a small reconnoitering party under Lieut. THOMAS BOYD, the third son of a more than Spartan widowed mother, who had devoted all her sons to the service of her country, was cut off from the main army, and fell near the head of Conesus Lake, in Livingston County, while BOYD and Sergeant PARKER were taken captive, carried to one of the villages, and tortured to death for bravely refusing to divulge to the enemy the true condition of the army to which they belonged. The Indians fled, and a part of the army, while accomplishing the work of destruction, found the headless trunk of Boyd and the butchered body of his comrade in the tall grass, and hastily buried them in a shallow grave, where they have lain for sixty-two years. The spot was distinctly marked, by being near the confluence of a run of water with a creek, and directly under a clump of thorn trees, and afterwards easily recognized by several of the men belonging to the expedition who assisted in the burial, and were pioneers in the settlement of the valley, as well as by the Indians who returned immediately to their former abode.

To snatch from oblivion the history of an event of so much interest to the citizens of Western New York and our country at large, and inscribe afresh upon the roll of fame the names of those martyrs to Liberty, several individuals in connection with the Volunteer Military Companies of this city, recently appointed a Committee to confer with Col. CUYLER, of Cuylerville, the owner of the ground, to obtain permission to search for the remains of the deceased, and if successful remove them to a beautiful mound in Mount Hope Cemetry in this city, devoted to the interment of the remains of our revolutionary fathers who have died in this vicinity, with the intention of erecting a suitable monument to their memory. This permission was not only obtained, but every facility and aid rendered that could have been expected, until the remains were discovered—and discovered too under circumstances to remove all doubts as to their identity.

In deference to the enlightened patriotism and well known spirit of the inhabitants of Livingston county, measures were taken to enlist their feelings and co-operation. They readily called a public meeting, and the result was that the bones of those who fell at the head of the Conesus were also disinterred, and Committees appointed to deposit them in the same urn with those of their former leader, to rest under the same monument. Beautiful mounds were also thrown up to mark the spot where they fell and that where he suffered. The most hospitable provision was also made by these Committees for the refreshment and comfort of those who might visit them, to participate in the public ceremonies suitable to the occasion and to receive and escort the sacred trust to this city. The most generous invitations were also sent to as many in this county as felt disposed to attend.

On Thursday eve. Aug. 19, in pursuance of previous arrangements, the Mayor and Common Council of Rochester, Maj. Gen. H. L. Stevens and his Staff, Maj. Williams' Brigade of Light Infantry, the German Grenadiers, the Rochester City Cadets, the Rochester Artillery, Maj. Swan's Union Greys, the two Bands of music, and the Committee with several guests, (among whom was Capt. EATON, of the Army, recently from Florida,) left here for the purpose of uniting with the Committees from Geneseo and Mount Morris the following morning: the military were generally present, and occupied five boats fitted up for the occasion, the military under command of Col. SAWYER. A packet boat was also in company. To the politeness of Maj. SWAN, and Mr. O'REILLY the Chairman of the Committee, we are indebted for an opportunity to participate in the solemn and yet interesting and pleasing scenes of this memorable occasion.

As we progressed up the Genesee Valley Canal, we saw evident tokens of a laudable public feeling, in the bonfires which were kindled at the principal villages, and the countless groups assembled to bear testimony to their reverence for the heroes of the revolution, as well as approbation of the patriotism which had prompted this enterprise. At Scottsville, Capt. ELNATHAN PERRY, of West Rush, one of Sullivan's men, in the 81st year of his age, joined our party, and bore his proportion of the fatigues of the next day, apparently with as little inconvenience as any of us. In the morning, passing through Cuylerville, which was already alive with spectators, we went to Mount Morris, to breakfast.—Here every thing was in readiness, prepared by the liberality of its citizens, and after the repast, and a march by the troops through the several treets, we returned to Cuylerville, where we found such masses of people as seldom congregate on any occasion; proving satisfactorily that whatever anonymous letters might say to the contrary, the people of Livingston county did not consider the attempt to commemorate the heroism and virtues of those who achieved our liberties an unmeaning ceremony or unworthy of their countenance and co-operation.

The military companies, and many of the citizens dined under a bower, while the Committees, the Survivors of the revolution, the Mayor and Common Council, Maj. Gen. STEVENS and Staff, and other guests, were very hospitably entertained by Col. CUYLER, at his beautiful residence in the grove on the hil.

The procession was then formed and proceeded to the mound, some three quarters of a mile east of the canal. The bones had been deposited in an urn, and after a dirge played with much effect by the band, on the very spot where sixty-two years ago the savage yells of Little Beard and his bloodthirsty Rangers had been the only requiem of the two dying patriots, they were slowly borne away, followed by the thousands who had there collected from Geneseo and the eastern extremes of the county. On reaching the thick grove of stately oaks near Col. Cuyler's house, where a platform and seats had been erected, the vast concourse, (the lowest estimate of which, that we heard, was five thousand,) was called to order, a dirge was played by the band, and the throne of grace addressed by Rev. Mr. GILLETT, of Moscow. Maj. MOSES VAN CAMPEN, aged 83, and Mr. SANBURN aged 79, sat on the platform by the side of Capt. PERRY, all of whom had been actively employed in Sullivan's expedition. Mr. S. was the man who first discovered the mangled bodies of BOYD and PARKER in the grass. There were also several other time honored soldiers of the Revolution present. After another dirge, Mr. SAMUEL TREAT, Principal of the Seminary at Geneseo, addressed the audience in a strain of eloquence and manly feeling, highly honorable to him as a historian, and scholar, giving in the introduction a detail of the massacres at Cherry Valley, Wyoming, &c. which led to the destruction of the wigwams and corn patches that once covered the now prolific valley which lay spread out before us. As the address is to be published, and should be in every family in Livingston, Genesee and Monroe, we shall attempt no outline of it. Maj. VAN CAMPEN, as President of the day, then addressed those to whom the remains were committed in a concise and appropriate address, which was replied to by the Mayor—all of which are to be published with the other address.

After reciprocal interchanges between the Committees, the Military took their departure an hour before sunset, highly gratified with the courtesies which had been extended to them by the citizens of Livingston county.

Soon after leaving Cuylerville, stretching the eye across the valley, we had a fine view of the pleasant village of Geneseo, with its neatly painted dwellings, churches, and county buildings; and such was the brilliancy of the 'sky-lit west,' that the reflected rays from the windows had all the effect upon our vision of a general and most superb illumination—an illusion which was much in keeping with the enthusiasm its citizens had manifested during the day.

Our military companies never looked better on any occasion, and we trust the beneficial tendency of their excursions, will ever be to assimilate us in feeling with the neighboring villages as our interests are identical.

The arrival of the flotilla at this city was announced at sunrise by firing the national salute. At 10 o'clock the troops, upon the tolling of the bells, assembled in front of the place where the boats were moored; and after going through various evolutions, formed into procession and moved towards Mount Hope in the following order:

PROCESSION.

Rochester Union Greys;
Rochester Artillery;
Rochester City Cadets;
German Grenadiers;
Williams' Light Infantry;
THE CLERGY;
THE URN, drawn by four cream-colored horses;
Military Officers—consisting of Gen. GRANGER and Col. BEMIS of Canandaigua, and Staff—and Generals STEVENS and LATHROP of this city and Staff;
Rochester Fire Companies—numbers Four and Six;
The Mayor and Common Council in carriages;
The GOVERNOR of the State of New York, and suite;
The ADJUTANT GENERAL and Staff;
The Committee of Arrangements from Livingston county;
Citizens in carriages.

When the immense cavalcade got in motion, it presented a scene highly interesting and imposing. The procession extended as far as the eye could reach—consisting of double, and sometimes treble rows of carriages, besides large numbers on horseback. Thousands of spectators lined the sides of the streets, or appeared at the windows, in the numerous balconies, and on the tops of houses.

Every eminence and elevated place was crowded with people. Along the whole line of march from the city to Mount Hope, the road-sides were thronged with foot-passengers wending their way to the scene of the final ceremonies.

Upon arriving at Mount Hope, where a vast assemblage of people were awaiting the arrival o the procession, the Military Companies formed a line around the Hill designated as the burial place of the Revolutionary patriots; where the Sarcophagus and Urn were deposited in their final resting place. A short and impressive address, dedicating the ground to its peculiar purpose, was delivered by the Rev. ELISHA TUCKER, of this city, and who also, in the absence of Dr. WHITEHOUSE, read the Funeral Service of the Church of England, over the grave. He was followed by Gov. SEWARD, (who was introduced by Chancellor WHITTLESEY,) in an address appropriate to the occasion; after which the usual military salute—consisting of three volleys of musketry—were fired over the grave. The Military Companies were then dismissed, and returned home to prepare for the Review, which took place in the afternoon.

Thus closed a scene highly interesting, and highly creditable to the people of the Genesee Valley, who have done themselves lasting honor in the spontaneous movement to do honor to the brave and illustrious dead!

Literary Notices.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD, TO KINDRED AT HOME, BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOPE LESSLIE,' &c.—We had intended to give an extended notice of these agreeable volumes, accompanied with extracts; but the press of other matter upon our columns, obliges us to defer giving any thing but a short notice at this time.

Although Miss SEDGWICK in her tour through Europe, pursued the same route so often described by travellers, yet she has managed to glean much from a field already pretty well reaped. Her journeying embraced England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. The letters comprising the volumes before us, are simple and unpretending—giving with freshness and vividness the real impressions made upon the mind of the writer by the different scenes and objects of her journey. The reader is not wearied with long and tedious descriptions. The cities, buildings, statutes, pictures, &c., instead of being drawn with technical and mathematical precision, are sketched in simple and unaffected language. The writer abounds in anecdote and incident, and the work is interspersed with many little occurrences which would have escaped the notice of a less keen observer. The observations upon men and manners, are characterized by good taste and entirely free from prejudice. Miss SEDGWICK while in London, enjoyed the society of her distinguished countryman, Mr. WEBSTER, and she also had access to the houses of the most celebrated literary personages of the day. Her descriptions of Miss Mitford and Joanna Baillie, and her visit to their residences, are among the most agreeable features of the work. These volumes will doubtless meet with a ready sale. Published in New York by the HARPERS. For sale in this city by WM. ALLING, No. 12, Exchange street.

"THE ANCIENT REGIME—a Tale in two volumes, by G. P. R. JAMES"—It may perhaps startle our readers upon learning that the scenery of this tale is laid in the latter part of the reign of Louis XV—the insane debaucheries of whose Court are unparalleled in the annals of history. But we can assure them that, passing through the hand of Mr. JAMES, they will find nothing that can offend the most delicate mind. Vice and crime never receive from his pen that splendid gilding that they do from the pen of BULWER.—Mr. JAMES is the most prolific writer of the day, and his works are always welcomed by the reading public. If they are not sought after with that avidity that Bulwer's are, they are at least read and cherished with interest. In the volumes before us, the true state of French society before its foundations were broken by the Revolution, is depicted with historical accuracy. Many prominent persons who flourished in the reign of Louis XV, together with their various deeds both good and evil, are interwoven in the tale in a style combining the faithfulness of the historian with the imagination of the romance writer. We bespeak for the lovers of fiction, not an exciting and stimulating feast, but a healthy, judicious and well-seasoned repast.

Published by the HARPERS, New York. Just received in this city, and for sale by H. STANWOOD & Co., corner of Buffalo and State streets.

"THE SIEGE OF DERRY, OR THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PROTESTANTS, BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH." This work, which has in England reached the seventh edition, is now for the first time published in this country. It is a historical work of fiction, of a strong religious cast, founded upon the incidents connected with the famous siege of Derry or Londonderry as it is now called, in the revolution of 1688, which resulted in the expulsion of the STUARTS from the throne of England. The principal characters who took part in that celebrated seige and defence, are portrayed in the book with historical faithfulness. The work is well written, but has a strong leaning against Popery. J. S. TAYLOR, Publisher, New York. For sale in this city at FISHER's, No. 6, Exchange street.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The current volume of this monthly, promises to excel, if possible, any of its predecessors. Many of the papers now in course of publication, possess distinguished merit. We commence the publication of one of them—"The Lawyer," in the present number of the Gem. It will be found of thrilling interest.

BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS.—The Travels of J. S. Buckingham, the greatest humbug of the day, have been published by the Harpers in New York. They are represented as being vain, pedantee, blundering, and egotistical, but possessing considerable information valuable to Englishmen, tho' not of much service to the American public.

☞ The engraving in the present number of the Gem, was cut by Mr. GREGG of this city, a young artist of much promise.

Sunday Reading.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Death in our Village again.

CANAL SIDE, Aug. 23, 1841.

This has been a sad day in our village. You may walk through all its streets, from one end to the other, and not meet a cheerful countenance.—There is not a sound of hilarity to be heard, and scarce a sound of business. Even our boisterous boys, and our boys are notoriously boisterous, have given up their play, and there is no ball or hoop to be seen. Friends meeting, grasp each other strongly by the hand, but do not speak, and as their eyes meet, tears are ready to fall from them. It is plain that death has been among us again.—He has often been among us lately, taking one and another from us, and filling with sorrow and consternation a circle more or less nearly connected with his victim.

But in no case has grief and dismay been so wide spread and so deep, as is now felt for the untimely fall of one of our brightest, our most beautiful. We can scarcely yet believe it true, that JANE B——, whom we have so lately seen, the perfect ideal of blooming health and maidenly beauty, is no more. We cannot realize that she, who was the most sprightly, the gayest and the strongest of all our village girls; the life and soul of all their little assemblings, is numbered with the dead. We go to convince ourselves by our own observations, to the chamber where she lies. We are shown a beautiful marble statue of the most exquisite material and design. Features of the most perfect symmetry and the noblest cast. There are penciled brows of light brown, and soft hair of the same colour, accurately parted as Jane's was wont to be, and some loving hand has laid around the classic head, a wreath of late blown flowers, fragrant verbenas, candy tuft, myrtles and campanulas. Beautiful it is—most beautiful; but it is not our Jane. The brow and hair are like hers, but not another feature. It is but the place where she lay, we feel too surely the loved one is departed.

Never have I seen a face so changed by death. We know we often talked of its expression, but never till the soul was gone, did we guess how much there was of soul illumination in it. I am irresistibly impressed with the feeling that the sweet spirit was wanted to fill some important place in a higher world, and has taken away with it the beauty of its earthly embodiment, the light and the grace. It is easy to talk of eyes, of hair and complexion, but never in my life have I seen any thing to match the living purity of my young friend's forehead and neck; nothing to which to liken the delicacy of her bloom, but the inner foldings of the pale pink balsams. How much I loved her. Often did she fill a place by my fireside and my table, by the sweetness of her manners and the remarkable brilliancy of her wit, giving a pleasure we can ill afford to spare.

Any case of severe sickness in our village, always elicits much sympathy, and the most liberal offers of assistance, both by day and by night; but I have never known a case where so much anxiety was evinced as in this. Some of our matronly nurses have been constantly with her since her disorder took its most alarming turn, intently watching to take advantage of the first symptom of a favorable change, to exert themselves for her restoration. Numbers of her young companions have stood, with tearful eyes and pale faces, around the more distant parts of her room, and the entry has been literally filled with those who came to inquire, but were not privileged to enter. In passing to and fro to visit her, I have been accosted by all descriptions of people, to know what I thought of her case. The blacksmith has come out of his shop, hammer in hand, to inquire; the tavern keeper has come down from his steps to ask if there was no hope; men who have been driving in wagons from the country, and whom I had never seen before, have stopped to ask if it were true that she was dying; and little boys and girls have besieged me to know if I thought that Jane would never get well.

There she has lain through it all, the only insensible one. From Monday morning till Thursday, there has she lain; her face alternately flushed and pale, her beautiful hands sometimes slightly convulsed, and sometimes still, her soft blue eyes now shut, now open, and turning from side to side, but without the least show of consciousness. And now the scene is closed; and she is carried away to her long resting place. Young men are bearing her along, more than one of them not ashamed of their manly tears; young girls of her own age are walking beside her as pall bearers, sobbing as they go; the bell is tolling slowly, and I—I am blinded with my tears.

A FRIEND.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet]

The Condemned at Sunset, in his Dungeon.

Forewell, thou bright sun that has shown on life's gladness,
But once more thy rising can I ever behold,
All hushed are youth's day-dreams and fled from my sadness,
The lures that beckoned, and pleasure foretold.

Yes, pleasure, but ah! its reality perished,
Like the last flush of health from the last trembling breath,
Yet how have I loved it, and how have I cherished
Its prospects, deceitful and blasting as death.

Thou glorious bright sun, from thy pathway's meander,
That traces the heavens afar from our ken,
From this let me ask thee, did'st thou ever wander?
Then, then may'st thou feel for the frailties of men.

But, no, on the glimmering page of thy splendor,
I read of a greatness that never didst err,
For an error or fault, no account need'st thou render,
And no human doom can arrest thy bright car.

Roll on then, roll on, and forever farewell!
Already gray twilight is gathering around;
Your last setting ray has flown from my cell,
No longer it gleams on the chains that surround.

* * * * * * * * *

Welcome, ye gleaming emerald stars,
That cast your brightness even here,
And 'midst my gloom the darkness mars,
To teach the victim not to fear.

Ye bright and shining isles of heaven,
Once I was free as your own beams,
But now this heart is doubly riven—
Your brightness on misfortune gleams.

But list! it is the midnight bell,
That drear and dark proclaims the hour;
To me it is the sounding knell,
That tells of death, the coming power.

How awful sounds that knolling tone,
The voice that preaches my decay!
Its sad vibrations, deep and lone,
Will welcome in my dying day.

But soft! what light is breaking now,
And through my dungeon sends a gleam—
That trembles on my pallid brow,
Like struggles in a fevered dream?

O! 'tis once more the silvery moon,
Who sends her laughing, liquid ray,
To gild the morning of my doom,
The evening of my closing day!

Her light shall not be useless all;
I have a friend if yet he live,
Would pity in my guilty fall,
And shed the tear I cannot give.

A gift from me he'll prize, I know;
Then by this light this ring I'll send,
He gave it first to me, and O!
In sorrow back the gift I tend.

He said, and from his bosom drew
A packet soiled with tears unrolled,
That gift of friendship firm and true
He placed within its closest fold.

Then drew a corselet from his breast—
Its brightness made him grimly smile,
And with the point in blood, he traced
The name of him who could beguile.

In that dark hour, a thought from death,
He finished, and the morning bell,
Proclaimed Aurora's fragrant breath,
He sprung as with a frantic spell.

He gazed upon the rising sun—
He gazed upon his bright worn chains—
He grasped his dagger—all was done,
And o'er e'en death's most cruel pains! A.

Rochester, July, 1841.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Omnipresence of God.

As in the twilight's lonesome hour,
We stray to some sequestered bower,
There let our thoughts run wild and free
And cheer us with their revelry;
Thou watchest with us there;
When in the congregated host
Our consciousness of being's lost,
As upward to thy throne we raise
And humbly pour our silent praise;
Thy spirit hovers near.

When morning breaks the needy gloom,
And busy care its plans resume
As through the day we plodding go,
In fortune's stream, our angles throw;
Thou knowest every thought;
Having once filled our coffers full
The avaricious pains grow dull,
We toss the head, and stride the soil,
And praise not him who gave us all;
Thou settest pride at nought.

Where murmuring breezes roll along,
And balmy gales upon us throng,
Down by a clear meandering stream,
We sink to some felicit dream;
We feel thy kind embrace:
We view the spangled vault on high,
Where Iris sets, his gorgeous dye,
The universal matter through,
In things above, in things below;
Thine omnipresence trace.

Chesterville, Ohio. F. P. G.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Stanzas,

Written near the ground where the remains of Boyd and his comrades were disinterred.

The heroic spirit of the past,
Here lingers on the martyrs' grave—
Each wild flower on the green turf cast
Drooping in sadness o'er the brave,—
Each streamlet, hill and vale, around,
Mournfully, wildly seems to tell
Once, long-ago, was this fair ground
Crimson'd with life-blood—here Boyd fell.

Remains of Heroes! tho' the blight
And dust of time obscure each name,
Their mem'ries, ever pure and bright,
Illume th' historic page of fame.
Serenely as the setting day,
A glory beams around their tomb;
Surviving nature's dark decay
Triumphant o'er the spoilers' doom.

Unveil the Heroes' sacred dust!
Proudly, Mount Hope, these relics keep
In glorious, melancholy trust,
Deep in each heart their mem'ries sleep.
Place on their monumental urn
Amaranth laurels, flags and flowers,
Proud emblems of th' heroic scenes
Enacted in departed hours.
Rest, warriors! in your mountain bowers!

ZANGA.

Rochester, August, 1841.

The Green Mountain Boy.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

Ho! give me my father's silent gun
Baptized in the blood of Lexington;
And over my youthful bosom fling
His powder-horn with its crimson string—
And spread around me his blanket warm,
That I may battle the winter's storm:
So bless me, mother, with tears of joy,
For I am a wild Green Mountain boy.

The hills that smile in the morning beam,
And echo the eagle's matin scream,
The shady rivers that bowl along
Like the gusty tide of a drinking song;
The pensive vale, and the laughing lea,
That came through the Revolution free;
They wait to echo my shout of joy,
For I am a wild Green Mountain boy.

Oh tell me not that the South forget
The breast that leaped to the bayonet,
When Eutaw mingled her fountain's flood
With the crimson tide of New England blood,
And the soldier dropped 'mid the tangled vines,
And found a grave in the Carolines;
Oh, she'll receive me with shouts of joy,
For I am a wild Green Mountain boy.

My grandsire stood, with his mountaineers,
By the sunny vales of the cavaliers,
And gather'd amid the sylvan glen,
To the wild halloo of Marion's men,
And listen'd to Sumpter's rifles' ring,
And bath'd his temples in Jasper's spring;
The rattling bullets he heard with joy,
For he was a wild Green Mountain boy.

Ho! ye that boast 'neath a southern sun,
Have ye a greater than Bennington?
Or sleep your fathers in glory now
Above the dead upon Bunker's brow?
Your martial spirits, in days gone by,
Knew how the men of the north could die;
And the haughtiest sneer cannot destroy
The fame of the wild Green Mountain boy.

My heart in its morning dream aspires
To reach the fame of my mountain sires,
To spring to the battle's signal note,
And bid the flag of their glory float;
And I would haste from the mountain glen
To join the children of Marion's men;
And loud the valley's should peal my joy,
For I am a wild Green Mountain boy.

Health.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I never sigh when courtly pride
Rolls on in splendor by my side;
I care not that the "form divine"
Or face of beauty be not mine;
I covet not the noble home,
The rich broad lands nor lofty dome;
Rare gems on haughty brows may rest,
Bright gold may fill the miser's chest;
I ask not these—but when I see
The sun shine out on bird and tree,
When summer light and summer mirth
Yield all of Eden left on Earth;
When my young mates go flitting by,
With laughing tone and beaming eye;
When, trimly decked for festive hours,
Their spirits radiant as their flowers,
They all depart with joyous glance—
Mine the lone couch, there's the gay dance—
Then, then, perchance, the murmuring word
Within my sighing breath is heard.

I bow my head and fondly dream
Of the green wood and rushing stream;
But, ah! I cannot wander there,
To drink the fresh and balmy air;
To root the trailing wild vine up,
And wreath it with the blue bell's cup;
To hear the waters ripple by,
And pluck the bullrush waving high.
Oh, no! there's paleness on my brow,
My languid steps are few and slow;
The panting frame and labored breath
Have darkened life and sweetened death;
The quickened pulse and wearied brain,
The sweat drops wrung by choaking pain;
The hot and nerveless hands that lay
Too weak to wipe those drops away;
These, these have taught my lips to cry,
"Mercy, oh God! or let me die."

I long to walk the rich green sward,
Where showers of light and bloom are poured,
I pine to ramble free and far,
To meet the wind and watch the star;
My soul springs forth with eager zest,
And fondly yearns for Nature's breast.
'Tis vain—'tis vain—it must not be,
The fair wide world is not for me;
And this strong spirit-flame must burn
Like incense in a charnel urn.

Oh! ye whose eyelids ever close
In wearied Nature's sound repose;
Who sleep till glory lights the day,
And wake as fresh as morning's ray—
Be wisely grateful—kneel, and own
The great and princeless mercy shown.

Almighty! let the hands that clasp
In fearful silence when the gasp
Of pain's convulsion will not bear
The sacred *language* of a prayer—
Oh! let these hands be raised once more
To bless, to worship and adore;
To thank Thee for the richest wealth
That Thou can'st grant us—sleep and health.

MARRIAGES.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Erasmus Baker, to Miss Sarah French, both of this city.

In the Presbyterian Church, at Holly, August 24, by the Rev. R. S. Crampton, Squire P. Coon, of Alexander, to Sarah V. James, daughter of the late Judge James, of Holley.

On the 21st inst., by the same, Jacob Duquett, to Allice Jewell, both of Murray.

On the 20th July, by the Rev. Mr. Thibou, Mr. George B. North, to Mrs. Jane Cutter, all of Angelica.

At Rome, Oneida county, New York, August 23rd, by Rev. Mr. Haynes, of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Wm. Carey Crane, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Montgomery, Ala., to Miss Jane Louisa Wright, daughter of William Wright, Esq., of the former place.

In Geneseo, on the 9th instant, by Elder Hail Whiting, Mr. Johnson M. Alvord, Printer, to Miss Elizabeth C. Sherwood, both of that place.

In Mt. Morris, on the 12th instant., by Elder Stone, Mr. John W. Tobey, to Miss Lelia H. Childs, daughter of Doctor Ebenezer Childs.

In Alexander, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Wright, Mr. Chauncey G. Rykerd, of Attica, to Miss Eliza Ann Jewett, of the former place.

In Albion, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. G. Crawford, Mr. Archibald H. McCollister, to Miss Abigail Ann Hazard.

ELECTION NOTICE—Sheriff's Office—Monroe county, Rochester, 31st August, 1841.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the first, second, and third 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.

CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff
of the county of Monroe.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Secretary's Office.

ALBANY, August 25, 1841.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe:

Sir—Notice is hereby given you, that the term of service of William A. Moseley, a Senator for the eighth senate district of this state, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of Monroe belongs, at the general election to be held on the first, second and third days of November next, at the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three Members of Assembly, for the said county.

JOHN C. SPENCER,
sep1 Secretary of State.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1841. No. 19.

Poetry

Poem by John Q. Adams.

Correspondence of the Albany Evening Journal.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31, 1841.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS is one of the intellectual prodigies whose characters distinguish ERAS of time. An hundred years hence I doubt whether the American annals will show more than two names—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN and GEORGE WASHINGTON—brighter than that of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Mr. ADAMS is now 74 years old. But years have made no impression upon his intellect. That is still fresh and vigorous. He is, as has been so frequently stated, always in his seat; always watching the course of business, and always ready to shed light upon the question before the House.

The Hon. Mr. MORGAN, whose seat is next to that of Mr. ADAMS, has obtained for me, with permission to publish in the Journal, a copy of the Poem which I enclose. It was written in July, 1840, under these circumstances. Gen. OGLE informed Mr. ADAMS that several young Ladies in his District had requested him to obtain Mr. A.'s AUTOGRAPH for them. In accordance with this request Mr. ADAMS wrote the following beautiful Poem upon "*The Wants of Man,*" each stanza upon a sheet of Note Paper. What American young Lady would not set a precious value upon such an AUTOGRAPH from this illustrious Statesman?

The Wants of Man.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
Goldsmith's Hermit.

I.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long." *
'Tis not with *me* exactly so—
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

II.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvas backs and wine;
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

III.

What next I want at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire;
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck—
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

IV.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling house, in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air,
A massive marble pile:
With halls for banquets and for balls,
All furnished rich and fine;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

V.

I want a garden and a park
My dwelling to surround,
A thousand acres, (bless the mark,)
With walls encompass'd round,
Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambkins play—
And flowers and fruits commingled grow
All Eden to display.

VI.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house, within the city's walls
For comfort and for ease—
But here as space is somewhat scant
And acres rather rare,
My house in Town I only want
To occupy——a Square.

VII.

I want a Steward, Butler, Cooks,
A Coachman, Footman, Grooms;
A library of well bound books,
And picture garnished rooms,
Correggios, Magdalen and Night
The Matron of the chair,
Guido's fleet coursers in their flight,
And Claudes at least a pair.

VIII.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins and gems;
A printing press for private use
Of fifty thousand *ems;*
And plants, and minerals, and shells,
Worms, insects, fishes, birds,
And every beast on earth that dwells,
In solitude or herds.

IX.

I want a board of burnish'd plate,
Of silver and of gold,
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight
With sculpture's richest mould;
Plateaus with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes all the same:
And Porcelain vases with the stamps
Of Sevres, Angouleme.

X.

And maples of fair glossy stain
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors,
My walls with Tapestry bedeck'd
Must never be outdone,
And damask curtains must protect
Their colors from the sun.

XI.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought,
And sandal wood and bamboo-cane
For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantel pieces, clocks
Of thrice gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

XII.

I want—(who does not want?)—a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share:
Of temper sweet—of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind;
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refin'd.

XIII.

And as Time's car incessant runs
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want, (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss, on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys all wise and brave.

XIV.

And when my bosom's darling sings
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings,
Must with her voice combine.
A Piano, exquisitely wrought,
Must open stand, apart;
That all my daughters may be taught,
To win the stranger's heart.

XV.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require
And artificial blooms.
The Civet, fragrance shall dispense
And treasur'd sweets return;
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

XVI.

And when, at night, my weary head
Begins to droop and dose,
A southern chamber holds my bed
For nature's soft repose;
With blankets, counterpanes and sheet,
Mattrass and bed of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

XVII.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend
Nor bend the knee to power:
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him, as his for me.

XVIII.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For others' wants to feel;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
And bosom arm'd with steel;
To bear divine chastisement's rod
And mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God
With charity to Man.

XIX.

I want a keen, observing eye,
An ever listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue to speak at virtue's need
In Heaven's sublimest strain;
And lips, the cause of man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

XX.

I want uninterrupted health
Throughout my long career,
And streams of never failing wealth
To scatter far and near,
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow,
Supply the helpless orphan's need,
And sooth the widow's wo.

XXI.

I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold
Designs, the vicious to retrieve,
The virtuous to uphold;
Inventive power, combining skill,
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mould the will
And reach from Pole to Pole.

XXII.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the People's unbought grace,
To rule my native Land—
Nor crown, nor sceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

XXIII.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind,
That after ages as they rise
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

XXIV.

These are the wants of mortal man,
I cannot want them long—
For life itself is but a span
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want absorbing all
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summon'd to my final call,
The *mercy of my God.*

XXV.

And oh! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream;
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream;
My soul, in humble hope unscar'd
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy *want* may be prepared
To meet the Judgment day.

WASHINGTON, 14th June, 1840.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER III.

On leaving the house, Wilkins directed his steps down the Bowery to Chatham street, crossing which, he struck through that portion of the town lying between Chatham and Centre streets, and notorious as the abode of crime and infamy.—Every thing about him bore the mark of corruption and decay. Houses with unglazed sashes, unhinged doors, roofless and crumbling away beneath the hand of time, were leaning against each other to support themselves amid the universal ruin. Unlike the rest of the city, there was no life, no bustle; all was stagnant: its inhabitants seemed buried in a living grave. Crowds of miserable objects, the wreck of human beings, were loitering about the dismal holes which they called their homes; some shivering on the side-walks, nestling together to steal warmth from each other's carcasses; some, bloated and half stupid with hard drinking, went muttering along or stopped to brawl with others like themselves. Young females, too, with hollow cheeks and hungry eyes, were loitering among the herd. Many of them had been born to nothing better; but there were those among them who once had friends who loved them, and had looked forward to the future without a shadow; but they had come to this; they had broken the hearts of those who would have cherished them, and had drunk of crime and wo to the dregs.

Hardened as Wilkins was, he shuddered and

grasped his bludgeon more tightly, as he hurried through this gloomy spot. Stifled screams and groans, and sounds of anger and blasphemy, burst upon his ear, mingled with shouts of mirth; and he observed figures shrinking in the obscure corners of the buildings as he passed, and watching him with the cautious yet savage eye of mingled suspicion and fear; for he was in the very heart of the region where thieves and cut-throats were skulking to avoid the vigilance of the police, and had common lot with the penniless and homeless who came there only to die. With a feeling of relief he emerged from this doomed spot, and came to a quiet street. It was growing late in the night, and it was nearly deserted, and so silent that his footsteps echoed on the pavement as he walked along. As he turned a corner, a solitary female, squalid and in rags, endeavored to stop him, and spoke a few words, half in jest, half in supplication. Utter destitution had driven her forth, to seek in sin the means of satisfying her craving hunger. Wilkins shook her off with a curse, and walked steadily on. The girl uttered a faint laugh, and looked after him until he turned a corner. "He does not know what hunger is," muttered she. Drawing her scanty clothing more closely about her, and crouching on the stone step of a large house, she leaned her head against a door-post, and wept.

Traversing several narrow alleys, and turning at one time to the right and at another to the left, Wilkins at last come to a mean looking house, having a small sign over the door, indicating that it was a tavern, and with a number of illuminated placards in the windows, intimating that lodgings were to be had, and that various liquors might be purchased at the moderate sum of three cents a glass. In addition to these, a number of more modest notices were placed in the same window, for the benefit of the smoking community as well as for the drinking.

Wilkins pushed roughly past two or three persons, and entered a dingy room, strongly impregnated with the fumes of tobacco and spirits, and enveloped in a cloud of smoke. It was filled with persons who looked as if they would not hesitate to ease a pocket, or if it were necessary, to extend their civility as far as cutting your throat. Some were savage, silent and sullen; others under the influence of what they had drank, were humorous and loquacious: some, steeped in intoxication, were lying at full length upon wooden benches, others were leaning back in their chairs against the wall, saying nothing, but blowing out clouds of tobacco smoke. The only one in the whole group who aspired to any thing like sobriety, was a small man in a shabby suit of black, who sat in a corner endeavoring to expound some knotty point of politics to a gentleman near him, who was blinking at him with an air of deep conviction, arising either from his being thoroughly impressed by the force of the argument, or profoundly involved in liquor.

In the midst of this disorderly throng, sat Mr. Rawley, keeping guard over a row of shelves, occupied by a small congregation of glass decanters, each one being decorated with a small medal, which silently hinted to the by-standers the kind of liquor to be found in the bowels of the vessel. Mr. Rawley looked gravely round on his set of "reg'lars," as he termed his steady customers, and smiled approvingly at each successive drain upon the vitals of his bottles. He showed in his own person that he approved of enjoying the blessings of life, for he was a stout man, with a face wide at the bottom, and tapering up like an extinguisher, and in the midst of it was a solemn bulbous nose, somewhat red at the end, owing to Mr. Rawley's being afflicted with a propensity of smelling at the stoppers of his own decanters. At his right hand stood a large white bull-dog, who seemed to have been squeezed into a skin which was too small for his body, by reason of which his eyes were forced out like those of a lobster. He had the squre head and chest of a dog of the first magnitude; but probably to accommodate the rest of his body to the scanty dimensions of his skin, he suddenly tapered off from thence to the other extremity, which terminated in a tail not much thicker than a stout wire. He was, as Mr. Rawley observed, a "reg'lar thorough-bred bull," and acted as under bar-kerper to his master; and when Wilkins entered, was standing with his eyes fixed in the corner occupied by the argumentative gentleman before mentioned, as if he felt that he could take a very effective part in the discussion, but had some doubtsas to the propriety of the step.

As soon as Wilkins entered, the dog walked up to him, and very deliberately applying his nose to his knee, smelt from thence downward to the instep, around the ankle, and up the calf to the place of beginning.

"Come away, Wommut!" exclaimed Rawley; "let the gentleman alone—will you?"

Wommut looked up at Wilkins, to satisfy himself that there was no mistake as to his character, and then walked back as stiffly as an old gentleman in tight small clothes—but made no remark.

Wilkins took no notice either of the dog or his master, but looked around the room.

"I don't see Higgs. Is he *there?*" asked he, abruptly, nodding his head toward an inner chamber.

"No; he's up stairs," said Mr. Rawley.

"Alone?"

"I believe so. He wanted paper, and took that and a candle, and went off."

"Does he stop here to-night?"

"If he *forks* first; but," continued he, tapping his pocket, "I think his disease *here* is of an aggravated natur'."

Wilkins left the room, and ascending a narrow staircase, which creaked under his weight, came to a dark passage. A light shining from beneath a door at the farther end of it, guided him to the room he sought, which he entered without ceremony. Seated at a table, engaged in writing, was a man of about forty, dressed in a shabby suit, buttoned closely up to the throat, to conceal either the want of a shirt, or the want of cleanliness in that article of apparel; and a high stock encasing his neck, probably for the same purpose. He was rather below the middle height, with a full, broad forehead, sharp gray eyes, and features rather delicate than the reverse, with the exception of the jaw, which was closed and compressed with a force as if the jaw of it were made of iron. The face altogether was sly and common place; but the jaw bespoke nerve, resolution and energy, yet all concealed under a careless exterior, and an affectation of extreme levity. On the table near him stood his hat, in which was a dirty cotton handkerchief, a newspaper, two cigars, and part of a hard apple, with which last article he occasionally regaled himself, to fill up those intervals of time when his writing had got the start of his ideas.

As Wilkins entered, he looked up for an instant, then pushing back his chair, and dropping his pen, with some show of alacrity, came forward and extended his hand.

"How are you, my old fun?"

"Well," replied Wilkins, laconically; "what brings you here? What are you writing?"

"A billy-dux," said Higgs, gravely, "to one as wirtuous as fair. But it's a secret which I can't reveal."

"I don't want you to. I came to see you about a matter of business: one of importance to—to many persons, and one in which you must take a part."

"Ah! what is it?"

"Who's in the next room?"

"I don't know. It's empty, I believe."

"Go and see; and look in all the rooms, and be quiet as you do so."

Higgs, taking the light, went out, and Wilkins took occasion to open a long closet and look in, to see that no listeners were there, and then seated himself at the table.

"All empty except the farthest one. Tipps is there dead drunk," said Higgs, re-entering the room, and closing and locking the door after him. He then drew a chair directly in front of Wilkins, and placing a hand on each knee, looked up in his face.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked, after a close scrutiny of his features, and looking full into two eyes that never blenched.

"Can't you tell? You ought to be able to."

"Will you swear?"

"What's the use? It don't bind any stronger than a promise. Out with it. I'll keep a close mouth."

"Well, then," continued Wilkins, watching him sharply, to see the effect produced by his communication, and at the same time drawing his chair closer, and speaking in a whisper, "suppose you knew of a murder, and there was a reward of a thousand dollars offered, and you knew the man who did it, and could give him up, and could get the money, all without risk to yourself? Would you do it?"

"No. I'll have no man's blood on my head," replied the other; and pushing back his chair, he took up the light and held it full in Wilkins' face. "Is that so?"

"No," returned Wilkins, apparently relieved.

"Well, what have you got to tell?"

"Suppose," continued the other, "the crime was a forgery, and the reward the same; what would you do?"

"That's only imprisonment. I'd give him up."

"But what if you were paid *not* to do so?" said Wilkins, eagerly.

"Then I wouldn't," said Higgs, quietly.

"What if you were paid for having a hand in it? Would you do it?"

"What is the pay?" demanded the other, instantly catching his meaning.

"A thousand dollars."

"I'll do it."

"And will not let it out?"

"No."

"Nor turn state's evidence?"

"No."

"But suppose the person to be wronged, is a girl, young, handsome and unprotected?"

"Mr. Wilkins," said Higgs, assuming an air of decision, and thrusting one hand in his breeches pocket, while he extended the other toward him, "I'd cheat her all the same. For a thousand dollars I'd cheat my own mother!"

"Enough! that's settled; you're engaged.—And now for another. Suppose you had a friend who is in trouble, and wants your assistance?"

"Well ——"

"And relies on you, and must go to hell without you?" Wilkins paused, and scrutinized the hard, stony face that almost touched his own.—"And suppose that friend," continued he, slowly, and with apparent effort, "had a wife who stood in his way, who prevented him from rising in the world, and who took advantage of his absence from home to welcome another; and suppose, if that could be proved, he could get a divorce, and marry a fortune, and make you a present of a thousand or two?—do you think you could prove that first wife's crime?"

"Lucy?" said Higgs, inquiringly.

Wilkins nodded.

"I suppose so. It's been a long time coming to a head. I expected it, months ago."

"You will prove what I told you?"

"It arn't true, though?" asked Higgs, peering very anxiously in the face of his friend.

"No. But what of that?"

"Nothing—only I wanted to know."

"Then you will prove it?" reiterated Wilkins.

"Of course I will. But George," said Higgs, slowly, "I always liked Lucy; there's not her like on earth."

"Hell and furies!" exclaimed Wilkins, starting to his feet, and clenching his fists, "if I do not get the divorce, if I cannot shake her off by the law, I will—by something else!" As he spoke, he dashed his heavy hand against the table, as if it clutched a knife. "Will you help me?"

"I will. Better *that* than murder; but you'll be the loser. Mark my words."

"I'll risk it," said Wilkins; "and now my business is ended; so good night, and do not fail to be at my house to-morrow morning at sunrise, and I'll tell you more."

"I will," was the reply, and Wilkins slammed the door after him.

When Mr. Higgs heard him fairly descending the stairs, he took the apple from his hat and carefully wiped it with the sleeve of his coat, and after turning it round several times, with his eyes fixed on it as if searching for a spot to begin, he took a large bite, and resumed his pen and his labors.—Wilkins left the room, and strode rapidly down stairs into the bar-room, and was quitting the house, when he found his path obstructed by Wommut, who, being in doubt whether he had settled his reckoning, with an amiable smile, which displayed a row of remarkably strong teeth, evinced an inclination to remonstrate against his leaving the premises.

"Call off your dog, Rawley," said Wilkins, angrily, "or I'll dash his brains out." As he spoke, he raised his heavy bludgeon. The eyes of the dog glowed like living coals, as the club rose in the air; but farther hostilities were arrested by the voice of the bar-keeper, who called the animal away. After giving Wilkins a look, such as champions in the days of yore were in the habit of bestowing on each other, when they pleasantly intimated the hope that they might meet at some future day, where there would be none to interfere with their pastime, Wommut walked stiffly off, as if laboring under a severe attack of the rheumatism.

Wilkins paused no longer than to allow the dog to get out of his path, and then hurried off toward his own home.

CHAPTER IV.

Tears to many bring relief, but to the broken heart they only widen the wound: and when Lucy, after the departure of her husband, gave full vent to the bitter gush of grief, her tears did not lessen it. She thought of times past, never to return; of the happy hours of her childhood, and of those who had loved her then; of the mild face of her mother, who had watched her in sickness; of her little brothers, who had clustered about her; of the bright fireside, and of the light-hearted group that had assembled around it in the cold winter evenings. Yet she had quitted them all. She looked round the dimly-lighted room, with its scanty furniture, and the still more scanty repast, which remained as Wilkins had left it. She quitted all that her young heart had loved, to follow *him*, to live thus—and to have that heart trampled on. "Well, no matter," thought she, "perhaps he was ill, and when he returns, a few kind words will make up for all." Even this thought brought a ray of comfort with it; and dashing the tears from her eyes, she rose to remove the things from the table, when a step, which she at once recognized as her husband's, sounded in the passage, and he entered the room.

His greeting was a rough one. Dashing his hat to the floor, and muttering something, the import of which was lost between his clenched teeth, he dragged a chair to the centre of the room, stamped it heavily on the floor, and sat down opposite Lucy.

"Has any one been here? Holla! what are you snivelling about?" said he, taking her by the arm, and holding the candle full in her face.

"I am not well, George, indeed I am not," said she, bending down, and resting her head on his shoulder, to conceal the tears that would gush out in spite of her.

"Thunder!" exclaimed he, starting to his feet with a violence that nearly threw her down; "am I never to come home without being greeted in this way? You women must think red eyes are very attractive. Will you have done with this, I say?"

"There, there, George," said she, in a choked voice, "it's all over now. I'll not do so again." There was a slight quivering of the lip, to conceal which she busied herself with the table: and Wilkins threw himself back in his chair, and watched her with moody looks, as she removed the things, and placed them in a cupboard in a corner of the room: then throwing a knot of wood on the fire, she drew a chair beside her husband, and seating herself in it, took his hand.

I verily believe that the devil sometimes takes up his abode in the heart of man; and that night he had made his quarters in that of Wilkins, or else the gentle, half timid, half confiding glance with which his wife looked up in his face, and the affectionate manner in which she wound her soft fingers around his hard, bony hand, would have softened his mood; but it did not. Griping the hand that rested in his, until the girl cried out from pain, he flung it from him.

"Damnation! Can't a man sit a moment in peace, without being whimpered or worried to death? I wish to God you were where I got you from!"

The girl made no reply, but drew off to a far corner of the room, and seated herself; but the evil spirit of Wilkins was now fully roused, and he followed her up.

"I repeat it," said he, shaking his clenched fist over her head; "I wish to God you were where I got you from!"

His wife cowered down in her seat, and kept her eyes fixed on the floor, without making any reply.

"Are you dumb?" shouted the miscreant, shaking her violently, "or are you deaf? Do you hear what I say?"

"Yes, George," was the inarticulate reply.

"Havn't you got an answer?" demanded he, in a hoarse voice.

Lucy shook her head, and buried her face in her hands; but Wilkins caught her by both wrists, and by main strength held her up in front of him, face to face.

"What answer have you to make?" demanded he, fiercely; answer me, I say."

"Indeed, George, I have none," replied his wife, trembling so that she shook in his grasp; for in all his paroxysms he had never been like this; "indeed, I don't know what answer to make. I am sorry you want to be rid of me; my mother is in her grave; and I have now only you. I have few friends, and none to love me but you. The others are far off."

"Does Jack Phillips live so *very* far off?" said Wilkins, with a sneer.

"What do you mean?" demanded his wife, extricating her wrists from his gripe, and standing erect, and confronting him; "what do you mean?"

"Oh! you don't *know*, don't you?"

"No, I do *not* know; but I suspect much—*all!*" said she, with an energy that surprised though it did not shake the purpose of her husband; "and this I will say, that whoever attacks my name, be he foe or friend, or even husband, or dares to cast, by word or sign, a shade upon me, is a foul slanderer! A woman's fame is a thing that will not bear tampering with; and he is a villain who would throw the weight of a feather against it, and doubly so, if he be one who should protect it!"

Wilkins' features fairly writhed with wrath.—Seizing the girl by the arm, he dragged her to the table, and striking his fist upon it with a force that made the candlesticks rattle, he asked: "Do you dare deny it?—that you have met *him* in my absence—false-heated as you are!—that you have seized occasions when I was away, to dishonor me—to make yourself—I will not say what. Speak! speak, I say; do you dare deny it?"

"I *do!*" replied the girl, confronting him, and returning his look without blenching; "I *dare* deny it, and I *do*; and whoever invented this tale, is a false-hearted liar, be it man or woman—*I* say so. Who is it? Bring me to him; place me face to face with him, and then let him dare to speak it. Who is it?"

"You'll find out soon enough," said Wilkins, savagely; and he jerked her arm from him; "sooner than you want to."

"No! not sooner than *that*," replied Lucy, again approaching him; "it never can be too soon. Now—here! I am ready."

"Keep off! she-devil!" exclaimed Wilkins, in turn terrified by her wild eye and phrenzied actions: "keep off; you had better."

"I *will not*, until you tell me the name of the slanderer. Tell me, will you?"

"Keep off, I say," said Wilkins, retreating.

"I will not! Tell me! tell me!" repeated she, looking up in his face in supplication. Wilkins clenched his fist and struck her to the floor.

If ever there was a felon stroke it was *that*: and he felt it so; for his arms fell paralysed to his side, and he trembled at the outburst which he thought would follow; but it did not. Without cry or word, Lucy rose from the floor, and holding her hair from her temples, looked him full in the eyes. Every drop of blood had deserted her face and was gathered about her heart. Her breath came thick and hard, like the struggle of the dying, and there was something terrible about the dark dilating eye, as she paused for an instant and fixed it on upon the wretched man who now stood before her, cowering and conscience-smitten.—She walked across the room and took her bonnet and shawl from a peg on which they were hanging.

"Where are you going?" at length asked her husband. Lucy made no reply, but proceeded to tie the strings of her bonnet, and turned toward the door.

"Where are you going at this hour?" again asked Wilkins, walking toward her; but she waved him back.

"God only knows!—but this is no longer a home for me." As she spoke she rushed out. With disordered steps she ran along the dark streets.—she did not heed the direction she took, nor did she notice that persons, attracted by her appearance and excited manner, turned to gaze at her. There was that in her heart that deadened all external sense. Several times she was spoken to by those who, attracted by her beauty, argued ill of her character, by seeing her alone and unprotected at such an hour of the night; but she heeded them not; she rushed on until they left her, guided only by the fierce impulses of a broken heart. She traversed the damp streets until they grew more and more lonely: the busy stir of evening had gradually subsided; the weary and the wicked, the happy and the wretched, had long since gone to their beds, and the only sound that broke thro' the night-stillness, was the melancholy clink of the watchman's club upon the pavement, or the drowsy song of some midnight bacchanal, as he staggered home to sleep off his potations in nightmare dreams. To the poor girl there was no home; and after wandering about nearly the whole night, nature gave way; and leaning on the steps of a large house, she fell into a swoon.

[To be continued.]

Selected Miscellany.

THE WAKULLA.

This remarkable curiosity of Middle Florida is described by a writer in the Knickerbocker. After passing through marshes and wet hammocks, the visiting party at length reached the river and embarked in a boat upon its waters. He then goes on to say:

Picture to yourself a river leaping out of the earth at a single bound, and running off like mad in a current a quarter of a mile wide, and at the rate of four knots an hour. And although your imaginary painting will come far short of the real scene, yet it will excite in you something of the wonder with which one actually beholds the Wakulla.

Our first sensation, when we shot out from the reeds and bushes which skirt the margin, were those of great dizziness. The water is so pure and clear that we felt suspended in the air, and clung to the boat very much as we may suppose an æronaut finds himself clinging when in his sublimest flights. The air above you is scarcely more transparent than the water below; the thin shadows of the clouds are thrown a hundred feet below you, and spread out at the bottom of the spring; and the image of your boat is carried down with perfect fidelity, and with its oars and rudder looks like some huge animal crawling with outstretched legs along the ground. The modest fishes have no sort of privacy; and what is worse for them, though better for the fishermen, they have no safety. You can watch the hook as it sinks, and can accurately place the tempting bait within an inch of the abstracted and innocent nose. The smallest silver coin is perceptible at the very bottom, and some say that the date of the coin is discernible—but that I did not see!

The aperture through which the river rises is about fifty feet in diameter, the sides being formed of rough and jagged edges of limestone. It is supposed that the water comes in under these rocks from the north, and some think that it is the outlet of Lake Jackson, a large body of water that lies about twenty miles to the north. Nothing was certainly to be determined by an examination as superficial as was ours. The shadows cast by the rocks were too deep to be pierced by the eye, and all that we could make of it was a well about fifty feet in diameter and a hundred and twenty in depth, pouring forth a flood of the purest water that ever blessed my eyes.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

We extract the following interesting sketch from a London correspondent of the Trenton Emporium:

But what of the Queen, you will say, and how does she look? So natural is curiosity about one so young, and the accidental heir to such a fortune. A lady too! Well, I will first tell you how she does *not* look. She does not look like any one of the thousand portraits I have seen of her. Painters may call them resemblances but they are not *like* her. Sully's is a fine picture, but too magnificent. The London artists have made numberless attempts—the windows are full of prints—studios of busts, and the museums and bazaars of wax figures; but if any are curious enough to know how she *does* look, they must come to London, as I have done, and take a good long look at her.—She was 22 last May—but does not appear so old. She is a little, delicate, fair-faced girl, with very light blue eyes, and glossy hair smoothly dressed off her forehead—her teeth do nor show as in her portraits, though I suppose they do a little when her face is at rest. I should call her rather pretty—there is a decided expression of gentle, innocent, girlish sweetness in her countenance—just such a face as one who looks on it may well remember for a day, and pray that it may never be clouded with the cares and splendid misery of a station such as hers. I do not know that hers is a crown of thorns; but I thought, and perhaps she thought, as she looked anxiously about her on the crowd, of the mad and wicked attempt, not long since made on that very spot, to assassinate her and her husband, by a boy of eighteen.

Prince Albert is decidedly a handsome young man, and though he wears the abominable mustachois, which almost brutalize the faces of three-fourths of the fashionables here, he appears to be a modest, unassuming, quiet, family kind of a personage. He keeps himself entirely clear of the politics of the day, and is never spoken of by any one except as the Queen's husband.

THE FIFTH AT WHIST.

We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stakes had been gold mohur points, and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who is always lucky, had won the consecutive numbers, which left a well-satisfied air on his countenance, and made us, the losers, look any thing but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance and hesitated to play; this the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

'Play away, Maxey; what are you about?' impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body-guard.

'Hush!' responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

'Are you unwell?' said another, about to rise up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill.

'For the love of peace, sit quiet!' rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards. 'If you value my life, move not.'

'What can he mean? has he taken leave of his senses?' demanded Churchill, appealing to myself.

'Don't start!—don't move, I tell you!' in a sort of whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey. 'If you make any sudden motion I am a dead man!'

We exchanged looks. He continued—

'Remain quiet, and all may yet be well. I have a cobra capella round my leg.'

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs; but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware, that should the reptile but transfer one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that dreadful monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India—namely, in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore felt more plainly every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without that feature altering its position; so rigid was his look—so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent and hasten his fatal bite.

We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

'He's coiling round!' murmured Maxey, I feel him cold—cold to my limb; and now he tightens!—for the love of heaven call for some milk—I dare not speak loud; let it be placed on the floor near me; let some be spilt on the floor.'

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant shot out of the room.

'Don't stir, Northcote, you moved your head. By every thing sacred, I conjure you do not so again! It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them that I died blessing them—that my last prayers were for them—the snake is winding itself round my calf; I leave them all I possess. I can almost fancy I feel his breath; Great Heaven! to die in such a manner!'

The milk was brought and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servants drew back.

Again Maxey spoke; 'No—no! it has no effect! on the contrary, he has clasped himself tighter—he has uncurled his upper fold! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Again he pauses. I die firm, but this is past endurance—ah! he has undone another fold and loosens himself. Can he be going to some one else?' We involuntarily started; 'For the love of heaven, stir not! I am a dead man, but bear with me. He still loosens—he is about to dart! Move not, but beware! Churchill, he falls off that way. Oh! this agony is too hard to bear.—Another pressure and I am dead. No!—he relaxes!' At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had unwound himself; the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

'I am saved! saved!' and Maxey bounded from his chair and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants; the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

That scene I never can forget; it dwells on my memory still, strengthened by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in hopeless imbecility and sunk into an early grave.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

A late London letter in the Boston Times gives the following description of a portion of Windsor Castle:

The Queen's private apartments, so called, and those of the royal household, I next visited. They are situated on the east and south of the castle.—The State apartments are on the north side, and the Round Tower is on the west side. The Queen's private entrance to the Castle is under a structure projecting about thirty feet from the main building into the court yard. Directly over the portico is the Queen's breakfast room, which contains three very large windows, looking into the court yard; the Queen is frequently seen standing at one of these windows, while a large number of persons stop in the passage leading by the bronze statue of Charles II. to obtain a glimpse of her. Her Majesty and the Court had left the Castle for London but a short time before I passed through the private apartments, otherwise it would have been impossible for me to have seen them—as it was, I merely passed rapidly through one room after another, but I was struck with amazement at the air of stately magnificence which reigned throughout. The walls were adorned with splendid paintings by the most eminent masters—the furniture was all of the most sumptuous and elegant kind, and a thousand beautiful and really splendid articles of one kind and another were scattered about in different rooms, some remaining precisely as her Majesty had left them only a moment, as it were, before I saw them. I took a rapid glance at the drawing-room, dining-room, breakfast-room, library, and various other apartments.

The rooms are all of the most sumptuous elegance, and contain every thing appropriate for the favorite residence of England's Queen. I saw the Queen in the breakfast room, from one of the windows in the state apartments, while passing through these rooms, and she and the court were at luncheon: I afterwards stood in the same room while the servants in their glittering coats were removing the cloth from the table; in the other rooms the servants were busily engaged in covering the rich furniture and 'putting things to rights,' as Sam Slick says, in order to lock up all the private apartments; so that if I had been a day sooner or later, in making my visit to Windsor, I could not have seen these splendid rooms.

I left the castle highly delighted with my visit, and I will here remark, that I seldom before visited a public place in England without being obliged to give a fee to some person connected with it; but although I was willing to give the gentleman in the gold plate room a small sum for his politeness, to his credit be it said, he refused to accept any thing, as did also several other persons connected with the castle.

The Queen's private terrace and the beautiful flower garden on the east side of the castle, are only open to the public on Saturdays and Sundays of each week. Then fashionably dressed persons improve the opportunity of walking on this terrace and in the garden; and not unfrequently the Queen and Prince Albert walk with the crowd as familiar as if they belonged to the ordinary class of society; chatting and laughing the while to the great delight of every one.

The flower garden is laid out under the direction of George the Fourth, who was constantly improving the Castle and grounds, at a very great expenditure of John Bull's money. The garden contains several bronze and marble statues, two finely carved vases, and in the centre is a beautiful fountain. A very large orangery has been constructed beneath part of the private terrace. The total length of the terrace walk from the entrance gate of the south terrace to the west one of the north terrace, is said to be a little less than one thousand yards, and it forms one of the finest promenades I have ever seen when thrown entirely open, and commands one of the most extensive, interesting and charming prospects in the world.

The parks and lodges near the castle are very beautiful, and deserve a lengthened description.

Eton College is situated in the town of Eton, but a short walk from Windsor Castle. The Thames divides Eton from Windsor, and here it is very lovely, as it winds onward, bearing on its surface many a beautiful swan. The total number of scholars now at Eton is said to be about six hundred.

The several rooms of Eton College are in a worse state than any country school-house I ever saw. The sleeping rooms are very filthy and contain very little furniture, and that is of the meanest character. The bedsteads are chiefly square troughs, with the coarsest kind of bedding. The common pine tables are defaced by the knives of the mischievous Etonians, and the few chairs are mostly broken and unfit to use. The school rooms are very plain, containing ordinary pine forms, and these have been hacked in every possible manner by the scholars, from the foundation of the college. Initials have been cut upon them in every part, and many probably carved by boys half a century ago, who are now distinguished men and who would doubtless be ashamed of these actions of their youthful days. Every pillar in the yard is disfigured in the same manner, and upon one I was shown some letters which the most illustrious Wellington cut!

Had the noble Duke been aware that Time would have cut in every part of the world his name and brilliant deeds, on stone columns and on every page of England's history, in countless volumes, he probably would not have taken so much trouble to carve his simple initials himself! The ambition of the boy, grows stronger in the man, and if ever human ambition were fully gratified, then the Duke of Wellington's has certainly been so gratified.

From the Baltimore American.

THOUGHTS ON ORATORY.

In one of the Grecian States it was a law that when a speaker rose to harangue the people in favor of any measure, he should do so with a rope around his neck. If his proposition received the public sanction—well and good; but if not, his oratory was stopped for all coming time by the process of strangulation. The effect of the law was to render orators somewhat scarce in the republic.

When Phocion on a certain occasion was about to address the people of Athens, he was observed to be in deep meditation, and being asked the subject of his thoughts, he said he was studying to see what he could *leave out* in his intended speech. This branch of study is not much in vogue among the orators of this our day.

An orator sometimes speaks to set forth his subject—more frequently, however, to set forth *himself*. It is astonishing what a difference is caused by this slight diversity of motive. To know when he is *done*, is one of the most difficult attainments of a public speaker.

It is one of Cicero's precepts in his book *De Oratore*, that a truly eloquent speaker must be a *good man*. The idea is, that unless people have confidence in his integrity and goodness, his words, however plausible, will have no lasting effect.—Public spirit, patriotic feeling, generous disinterestedness, and magnanimity, united with a sound understanding, may be expressed in simple words without parade—yet will they outweigh whole cataracts of declamation. If to these qualities nature has added the gifts of a commanding voice, a fluent utterance and a strong power of imagination, it may be said of such an orator as it was said of Pericles, that "he thunders and lightens when he speaks."

It seems to be the opinion of some that eloquence is best displayed when a bad cause is made to triumph—that is, when a speaker gains his point, though justice and evidence be both against him. Milton has deseribed it as the characteristic of a certain personage, that he could make "the worse appear the better reason." But the individual thus designated is hardly a proper model for imitation.

Louis Phillippe is among the remarkable men of the age. His greatness is the result both of circumstances and native talent. He left his native country, September, 1796, and in twenty-seven days arrived in this city, an unfortunate and destitute exile. While here, he occupied the corner part of a house belonging to the Rev. Mr. Marshall, in Walnut, above Fourth street. Congress was then in session, and the Prince had an opportunity of seeing some of the conspicuous actors in the Revolntion. Subsequently he travelled through much of the western country, then a wilderness. He returned to the sea-board through New York. When he reached Canandaigua, his pecuniary means were exhausted, and his feet nearly destitute of covering. An elderly gentleman, now residing there, presented Louis Phillippe with a pair of boots, and the old ones, so we have been told, are now in the possession of a resident of that sweet village. Fortune has been capricious with him. Sometimes her frowns have been withering and cold, and then again her smiles have been sunny and beautiful. He is now the "Citizen King."—*Phil. North American.*

THE CHINESE.

CHINESE NOTION OF ENGLAND.—A Chinese treatise on geography contains the following description of England:—"The kingdom of *Yingkrikle* (England) is a dependent or tributary state of *Holan* (Holland.) Their garments, and manners in eating and drinking, are the same. The males use much cloth and like to drink wine.—The females, before marriage bind the waist, being desirous to look slender. Their hair hangs in curls over their necks; they use a short garment and petticoats, but dress in a larger cloth when they go out. They take snuff out of boxes made of gold and threads." This is a fit parallel to the account given of our country by the Greek monk, Malalus, in the *Pashal Chronicle*:—"Britain is a city built by Claudius Cæsar, on the borders of the ocean."—*The English Journal.*

We have no doubt that the above is a correct representation of the Chinese notions of England—for we have, suspended in our office, a *map of the world*, as laid out and published by the Chinese, and it shows their ideas of China as compared with other countries to be of the "tallest kind." The map measures eight by four and a half feet, is executed on blue ground, the rivers, mountains and towns being drawn in white. The American continent appears to have been altogether too small a spot of ground to be worthy of notice on the same map with China; hence there is no reference to it whatever! Holland is set down as an island in the Mediteranean, and occupies, on the map, 3½ inches by 1½, while England, which also appears as an island in the same sea, is but an inch square, and appears to be almost directly north of Holland! France is put down so as to occupy but half an inch of space each way. We are not therefore surprised that his Celestial Majesty should threaten to go with a grand army of his terribles to England and destroy every thing before him.—*N. Haven Palladium.*

GOOD ADVICE.—To get on in this world, you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance, you must be stationary—to get up, you must keep down; following riches is like following wild geese, and you must crawl after both on your belly; the minute you pop up your head, off they go whistling down the wind, and you see no more of them. If you havn't the art of *sticking* by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of birds' lime upon your office stool and sit down on it; get a chain round your leg, and tie yourself to your counter like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business like a weasel on a barn door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or what will do best of all, marry an honest poor girl without a penny, and my life for yours if you don't do business! Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent, learning, pushing, enterprise, and such stuff; when they come advising you for your good, stick up to them for the loan of a sovereign, and if ever you see them on your side of the street again, skiver me and welcome; but to do any good, I tell you over and over again you *must be a stickler*. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it.—*Blackwood.*

EXERCISE.—Exercise is generally considered too omnipotent: and relying on its restoring power, people run into every kind of extravagance in living, apparently in the firm faith that an evening or a morning ride will fully indemnify them against any deleterious results from such excesses. They seem to think that late hours, excessive drink, and gluttonous eating, may all be indulged in with impunity, if they will but occasionally submit themselves to a gentle jolting in a carriage, or the almost imperceptible motion of an ambling nag. Exercise is indisputably a capital assistant in the preservation of health; but, without the concurrent aid of a temperate and prudent course of life, it is but a broken reed to lean upon for the promotion of a healthful state of either body or mind.

QUAKER MEETING.—A young man from the country lately on a visit to a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to meeting. It happened to be a silent one. When he left the meeting house with his young friend, he asked him "How he liked the meeting?" to which he pettishly replied, "Like it! why I can see no sense in it to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word. It is enough to kill the devil!"—"Yea, my friend," replied the Quaker, "that's just what we w[illegible]

From the Sussex Co. Republican.

A YANKEE INCIDENT.—Not long since, but before Judge Cowen decided that people must be tried in this country for crimes committed, there happend to be in one of the principal hotels in Montreal, a pompous discussion among a quorum of British officers, upon the subject of the imprisonment of McLeod. And after turning the subject over and over, and bringing to bear upon it all light, evidence and sound reasoning that the subject demanded, the gallant officers and other good and loyal subjects, concluded it expedient and right to call out a regiment of her Britannic Majesty's soldiers, march down to New York, liberate the insulted prisoner, McLeod, and bear him in triumph to his home, as becomes the dignity of so great and powerful a nation as England.

"Gentlemen," and in a moment all eyes were turned to a remote corner of the room where sat, before unobserved, a very comfortable looking stranger, in whom, however, at one glance could be discovered the true Yankee; for indeed, he stood, (as we say) or rather leaned, six feet six and a half—a perfect giant; and there he sat, seeming only to admire the beauty of the ascending volumes of smoke, drawn from the end of his huge cigar, the like of which, together with whips and loco foco matches, he had peddled for years from Quebec to New Orleans. "Gentlemen," said he, "I hope before you undertake to carry your deliberations into effect, that you will use a consideration. What, talk about taking McLeod out of prison with a regiment of soldiers! Why, gentlemen, you talk like children.

"Why, all the forces that you can drum up between here and so fur north that the Thermometer wont rise at all, can't march down to the city of Albany and back again, no way you can contrive it. Now I am a little, small, delicate specimen of Vermont, and would like to tell you what the vermonters have done for your case. They have made a proposition, through their legislature to the General Government, that they will whip out, clean and smooth, the Canadas, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, for the sum of Sixty-five dollars.

"The General Government approved the plan, but thought the price too high. The Legislature reconsidered the vote and made a second proposition, and agreed to do the work for thirty-six dollars and fifty cents. This, the General Government accepted; and now the only remaining question to be settled is, who finds the ammunition.—As soon as that is settled, we shall be over here.

"The boys are all headed this way, and it is all the government can do to hold on by their coat skirts to keep the devils off you; and mark my word, in three days from the time the government lets go, there wont be British Government enough left for a by-word. But, gentlemen, if you persist in going for McLeod, arrange your affairs for a long absence; and for Heaven's sake, and more particularly for your own, don't go by way of Plattsburgh!"

The conclusion of the matter was, that if Vermont had actually got started, and if the Yankee then with them, was, as he said, a small, but delicate specimen of what was to come, they had better abandon the idea at once, the idea of sending for McLeod, and arrange their affairs at home for such unwelcome visitors.

NEW MODE OF EXTINGUISHING FIRES.—A gentleman in Phellenham, England, has invented two plans for speedily extinguishing fires. It is well known that combustion cannot be supported without a supply of oxygen, and his first plan is, in case of fire, to shut out the supply, by erecting against the doors and windows iron plates with a wet incombustible compressible substance projecting from the edges. The oxygen in the interior of the house, being only one-fifth of the whole air, would be immediately absorbed, and no more being admitted, the combustion would inevitably cease.

The second plan is to suffocate the flames with carbonic acid gas. The inventor recommends the construction of a large machine, capable of containing one ton of carbonate of lime, a proper proportion of water, and about half a ton of sulphuric acid; the contact of these materials being regulated by valves and tubes, an immense quantity of carbonic acid gas could be generated and conveyed by its own pressure to the interior of the house; combustion could not then for a moment exist.—*Express.*

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—In the Picayune it is stated that the government is in treaty with Dr. Truman Stilman, for a large supply of his Sarsaparilla and Pills to *clear out* Red river raft.

DULL BOYS.—We are not to conclude that those who are at first exceedingly dull, will never make great proficiency in learning. Examples are numerous of persons who were unpromising in childhood, but were distinguished in manhood for their great acquirements.

Adam Clarke, D. D., was taught the alphabet with great difficulty. He was often chastised for his dullness, and was seriously feared by his parents that he would never learn, as he was 8 years old before he could spell words of three letters. He was distinguished for nothing but rolling large stones. At the age of eight, he was placed under a new teacher, who, by his kindness and suitable encouragement, aroused the slumbering energies of his mind, and elicited a desire for improvement. It is well known that he became even more distinguished for his various and extensive acquirements, than he ever had been for rolling stones.

Isaac Barrow, D. D., for two or three years after he commenced going to school, was distinguished only for quarrelling and rude sports.—This seemed to be his ruling passion. His father considered his prospects for either usefulness or respectability so dark, that he often said that if either child was to die, he hoped it would be Isaac. But Isaac afterwards became the pride of his father's family, and an honor to his country. He was appointed master of Trinity College, at which time the king said, 'he had given the office to the best scholar in England.'

The Rev. Thomas Halyburton, formerly Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews, had, until he was twelve years old, a great aversion to learning.

I might mention many other examples to illustrate the same truth.—*Davis' Teacher.*

Those New Orleans chaps, tell very extensive stories. The Cresent City says he saw a cockroach the other day with a crowbar under his wings, waiting to knock a man down who had kicked him out of his bedroom. The *Picayune* says that he has a watermelon that weighs forty-five pounds; 2d, that a painter in that city adorned a pine shingle in imitation of marble, which was so accurately done that when thrown into the water it instantly sank to the bottom: 3d, the same artist painted a winter scene in the White Mountains of New Hampshire so correctly that a thermometer fell from one hundred above, to seven degeees below zero, on being placed beside it.

YANKEE ENTERPRIZE.—Some New Yorkers have established lines of stages between Champeachy in Yucatan and the interior. Messrs. Hoe of New York, Press manufacturers, are about shipping an entire Printing office to Merida, in the same Province. Some Yankee is about starting a public journal in the new Republic. More than ten years since, a young man from New Hampshire established a newspaper in Valparaiso. He was diligent and industrious, and after years of success, he returned to the Granite State to enjoy his fortune with a healthy and blooming mate in that hardy region of country.—*Phil. North Am.*

A popular writer says if he had the most valuable things in the world to will away, among the legacies, he would give to old women short tongues and legs: to young women common sense, large waists and natural feet; to young sprouts or dandies, good sense, little cash and hard work—to old maids, good tempers, little talk and suitable husbands—to old bachelors, a love for virtue, children and wives.

The forward young lady of fifteen who will meet a lover more than half way is not much to my taste. I would go a mile or two out of my way rather than meet her. But that blue-eyed girl with bright hair, who at nineteen feels herself too young to listen to a lover's vows, is—is what? No matter what—but she is not for you, sir, if I can prevent it.

A dandy in New Orleans, wishing for an excuse to speak to a beautiful lady in the street with whom he was unacquainted, drew his nice white cambric handkerchief from his pocket as he approached her, and inquired if she hadn't dropt it. The lady glanced at the handkerchief, nodded assent, took it, and marched on, leaving the exquisite to be laughed at by his companions.

NOT BAD.—A lady's dress accidentally caught fire in one of the Philadelphia Railway cars the other day, and on being told of it by one of the conductors, she very coolly replied, that "she was quite delighted at the idea of catching a *spark*."

A Tough Duck.—The editor of the Boston Mercantile Journal gives the following, as related by an old shipmaster "whose veracity was never questioned:"

During a passage across the Atlantic, a fine large duck, in one of the coops, was found to be in a declining state of health—and the steward was ordered to cut off its head and throw it overboard. But being a bungler at such business, and not performing his work adroitly, the Captain seized the duck by the legs while the steward held on to the bill; the neck was placed on a log of wood; the fatal axe descended, and the process of decapitation was complete. The Captain threw the body of the duck into the water alongside, and the steward retained possession of the head.

The Captain immediately looked over the side to take a last view of his poor shipmate—and much to his astonishment, saw the duck, immediately after it fell into the water with its stern towards the ship, turn itself round, until its bleeding neck was pointed towards the vessel from which it had just been so cruelly discharged. By this time the duck was in the ship's wake, and immediately *commenced paddling towards the ship*, with a degree of activity, skill and perseverance which would have reflected honor on its character in its palmiest days. The mate was called to witness the phenomenon—and all hands rushed aft to witness the strange sight; but as there was a good breeze and the ship was moving fast through the water, the headless duck, although evidently exerting a wonderful degree of physical power, rapidly fell astern—but when last seen, it was still paddling toward the ship with unabated energy!

An old tar, whose imagination was sometimes apt to deceive him, and who gazed with wonder, not unmixed with fear, at the strange proceeding, declared, and his lip quivered as he spoke, that, when he first looked over the stern, he distinctly heard the poor headless animal utter, in a tone of sorrow and disappointment, "quack! *quack!* QUACK!" three times!! But this wants confirmation.

Audubon.—We availed ourselves of an opportunity, presented a few days since by a visit to New York, to call upon our friend Audubon, the justly celebrated American Ornithologist. We found him hard at work upon a new undertaking, which, judging from the portion we were so fortunate as to see, cannot fail to raise, even higher than ever, his reputation as an accomplished naturalist. In conjunction with the Rev. John Buckman, D. D., of Charleston, S. C., who, by the way, is also one of the best Zoologists in the country, Mr. Audubon intends shortly to commence the publication of a new work on the natural history of the Quadrupes of North America. It is to be published on the same magnificent scale as the work on Ornithology, and from the drawings we were shown by the accomplished artist, will be, without exception, the most magnificent work of the kind ever published in the United States; while from the known proficiency of the gentleman who have undertaken the task, no one can doubt the text will furnish, what at present is very much needed, a complete and accurate scientific work upon the subject. Such an undertaking will not, of course, be unattended by an enormous expense; but we trust that the liberality of his countrymen, as well as the growing taste for natural history in this country, will not permit it to be attended with any loss to the public spirited Naturalists who are about to commence the undertaking.—*Boston Atlas.*

Extreme Delicacy.—The disposition to be agonizingly delicate, is well ridiculed in the following: 'Is there any thing the matter?' 'There is, sir,' was the host's reply. 'Have I given any offence?' 'You have, sir.' 'Really, I am ignorant of it.' 'Such language won't suit here, sir.' 'My dear sir, what language?' 'We were talking of soup.' 'We were.' 'You mentioned *ox-tail!*' 'I did.' 'That's it, that's it, sir; that sent the ladies blushing out of the room, that highly improper language, which I never heard at any board before, and should not have expected from you.' 'Why, sir, I but called it by its proper name. You asked me a question and I replied. I am, however, sorry that it has given offence, but I really do not know how I could have avoided it.' 'Then, sir, I advise you, when you have an occasion another time to speak of that particular soup, do not call it ox-tail.' 'No. But what shall I call it?' '*Fly Disperser.*' 'I shall remember the fly disperser soup, sir, rest assured.'

Electro-Magnetic Locomotive.—Mr. Stohrer, a mechanician of Leipsic, is making an electro-magnetic engine, which, if Mr. Wagner, the inventor, be correct in his calculation, is to serve as the locomotive for three ordinary wagons on the railway from Leipsic to Dresden. The cost of one of these locomotixes is only one seventh of those now in use, and the daily cost of working an electro-magnetic engine will not, it is said, exceed four francs per day.—*Bost. Post.*

The Richmond Star says: "The secret of Dr. Collyer's putting folks to sleep, has been discovered at last. He has a piece of the Boston Mail in his hands, and *rubs it over the subject.*"

The Mail answers by saying—"The secret of his awakening folks out of the magnetic sleep has also been discovered. He takes a piece of the Richmond Star and *holds it to the nose of the subject.*"

Sunday Reading.

The Bible.—We do not knowwhere there is so good a description of the Bible in so small a compass as in the article below:

A nation must be truly blest if it were governed by no other laws than those of the Bible; it is so complete a system that nothing can be added or taken away from it; it affords a copy for a king and a rule for a subject; it gives instruction and counsel to a senate, and authority and direction to a magistrate; it cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury and furnishes a judge with his sentence; it directs the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table; it prescribes and limits the sway of sovereigns, the rule of rulers, and the authority of masters commands the subjects to honor and servants to obey, and promises the protection of its author to all who walk in the rulesr. It gives directions for weddings and burials; it promises food and raiment; it points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departed husband and father, tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust; and promises a father to the former and a husband to the latter.—It teaches a man how he ought to set his house in order, and how to make his will; and appoints a dowry for his wife. It defends the rights of all, and reveals vengence to the defrauder, overreacher and oppresssor. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in the worldr It contains the choicest matter, gives the best intruction, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that were ever revealed.

A Wife's Influence.—Col. V., of the United States Army, was stationed for some years at Little Rock, while his family resided still in their native home in New England. Mrs. V. was a religious professor; the Colonel was not. As means of beguiling the tedium of his often lonely hours, he once sent to his wife in B. for a quantity of novels. Mrs. V. was pained that the works specified should be those of her husband's exclusive choice. She hesitated as to her duty in the case; but, after prayerful deliberation, concluded to send the books desired, with an accompaniment of religious tracts, and the following message, in a postscript to her letter: "As an *obedient wife* I send the books for which you wrote, as an *affectionate friend*, I send, also, the accompanying tracts, begging your perusal of them."

The delicate and judicious expedient touched the Colonel's heart. The tracts *were* perused.—The result was the reader's conversion to God.—He has since become an ornament to the church, as he still is to the military profession.

A Beautiful Sentiment.—The late eminent Judge, Sir Allen Park, once said to a public meeting in the city: "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from which they flow.—We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share of all is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws have been, what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a mark, not a being or a thing which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of christian hope is on it; not a law which does not own its truth and greatness to Christianity, not a custom which connot be traced in all its holy and healthful parts to the gospel."—*London Paper.*

Odds and Ends.

Musical Instruments.—Organs are of great antiquity, but violins are not. The former were first brought to Europe from the Greek empire in 758, and violins were first invented about 1477, and introduced by Charles II. The gamut in music was first invented by Guy L'Aretin, 1025.—Musical glasses are of German origin, but revived by Dr. Franklin, 1760.

It is related of a distinguished clergyman—now a more distinguished statesman—who married a daughter of Peter C. Brooks, that the Sabbath before his marriage, he took the following passage for his text: "As the heart panteth after the water-*Brooks*, so panteth my soul after thee, oh my God."—*Claremont Eagle.*

"Talking of law," says Pompey, "makes me think of what de mortal Cato, who lib more den a tousand year ago, say. Him say, de law is like a green glass window dat give light nough to light us poor errin mortals in de dark passages of dis life; but it would puzzle de debil himself to see troo it."

The Days of Yore.—Forty years ago, young ladies of the first respectability learned music, but it was the humming of the spinning-wheel, and learned the necessary steps of dancing following it. Their piano-forte was a loom, their parasol a broom, and their novels a bible.

Magisterial Pun.—A damsel in a certain condition was brought before a city functionary.—"What does the young woman want," asked the civic chief. "It's a filiating case," said the officer. "Oh," said his worship, "I see! her object is *a-parent.* Let her be sworn."

Good old Deacon Jarvis sent a peck of wheat to his neighbor, asking its worth in bread in return, whereupon the neighbor remarked that it was the first time he ever saw or heard of the "seed of the righteous man begging bread"

Bar Wit.—"I'll handle your witnesses without gloves," said one lawyer to another.

"That you may do with safety, but it is more than I would venture to do with yours," was the reply.

In all parts of the world, the female of pure morals, good habits and sound constitution—females in short, fit to become the mothers of *men*, such men as are to control the destinies of our republic, have been found in the domestic sanctuaries of rural life.

"Speaking of vegetable wonders, we heard the other day of a young lady whose lips were so sweet that she dare not go into the garden for fear of the bees."

A gentleman has made application to the Abolition Society, with some hopes of success, for a patent that he has invented for straightening negros' wool.

Clerical Wit.—We once heard a clergyman speak of a brother clergyman who happened to be both lame and cross-eyed, as he of the uplifted eye and bended knee.—*Claremont Eagle.*

The air was so close and suffocating in Albany the other day, that the editor of the Microscope was compelled to draw his breath with a corkscrew.

An inviolable fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper, outlive the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.

Of what small moment to our real happiness are many of those injuries which draw forth our resentment.

"Ned has run away with your wife," said one friend to another. "Poor fellow, I pity him," was the reply.

The Boston Post says: "Whiskered dandies are like cats—cut off their smellers and they are useless."

"I'm most roasted," as the turkey said after being in the tin kitchen half an hour.

"Do you give in?" as the Deacon asked when he was carrying round the contribution box.

Minds ashamed of poverty would be proud and haughty in affluence.

Do not choose a swine for a husband, because he has a golden trough.

To correct a spirit of discontent, let us consider how little we deserve and how much we enjoy.

"Quite a moon to-night, Fanny." "Yes, very."

True politeness has its seat in the heart.

A passion for revenge betrays a weak mind.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1841.

☞ We have a number of communications on hand, some of which will be given in our next.

BOAT BUILDING IN ROCHESTER.—A person needs to become intimately acquainted with the city of Rochester to form a just conception of the immense amount of business done here. Our city is justly celebrated for its large and numerous flour mills and for the immense quantity of flour manufactured here in the course of the year. There are, however, other branches of business carried on on an equally large scale, of which comparatively little is known. We refer to the manufacture of iron ware and boat building. It is of the latter of which we shall speak particularly to-day.

We were not aware, though we have resided several years in this city, of the extensive operations in the business of boat building. From a few hasty inquiries made at the different yards, we are enabled to make a rough estimate of the extent of this branch of industry, though our information is not as complete as we could wish. We design, at the close of the year, to present the public with full statistical tables if they can be procured.—We present to-day sufficient to form a general idea of the business.

There are are in this city in all eight yards in which boat building is carried on. In these there have been built within a year, about *one hundred and fifteen boats*—most of which are of the first class. The average value may be estimated at $1,600 each, making an aggregate of *one hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars*. Add to this the sum paid for repairs upon old boats, which, in some yards, go as high as from $6,000 to $8,000 and the sum total will be more than TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! In these different yards there are employed more than *six hundred* hands, engaged in building, preparing the lumber, &c. We have not been able to procure the amount of capital invested in the business except from one or two yards, but we shall present a full statement at the close of the year. From the above estimate, which is probably a low one, it will be readily perceived that this branch of industry is one of the most important carried on in this city. It ought to be borne in mind that these extensive operations have been maintained during a period of unexampled distress in the business relations of the country. This has of course suffered with the rest. The constantly augmenting trade of the Erie Canal, and the increased demand for boats when the new canals shall have been finished and the enlargement completed, will in a few years more than quadruple the boat building operations of this city. This place must become the seat of the business, as there is every facility for procuring lumber through the Genesee Valley Canal and from Canada.

We intend in a few days to present some facts relative to the iron works in this city. No small portion of the Canada trade, which will this year amount to nearly half a million of dollars, consists of articles pertaining to machinery, manufactured of iron.

A CURIOSITY.—One day this week, in working a burr block at the Burr Mill Stone Factory in this city, two honey bees were found in a cavity opened by breaking off a piece of the stone. They were torpid, but soon showed signs of life and flew away. As they were enclosed in a perfectly air tight part of the stone, they must have come from France; but how or when they were thus enclosed, we leave for the solution of naturalists. As to the fact, there can be no doubt.

Literary Notices.

"NEW YORK HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS."—The above is the title of a work upon the State of New York, containing a general collection of the most interesting facts, traditions, biographical sketches, and anecdotes, relating to the history and antiquities of this State. The design of the work is to give an account of the most important and interesting events of the State of New York, from its first settlement to the present time. A work upon local history cannot fail at all times to be interesting; but the chief merit of this collection is, that it is a most valuable book of reference not only to the general reader, but to the man of business. It contains an alphbetical list accompanied by geographical descriptions of all the counties, towns and villages in the State whose situations, scenery and public buildings, are illustrated by 230 engravings. It is also accompanied by a map upon which all the new counties and towns are delineated. The engravings are all in the best style. The Fronticepiece contains the heads of Peter Stuyvesant, George Clinton, Philip Schuyler, John Jay and De Witt Clinton, handsomely done on steel. We notice also among the numerous cuts, a very good view of Buffalo street, from the National Hotel to the Bridge; and a short sketch of the Falls. We shall not attempt to particularize the contents. The work contains a great variety of matter, and is well worthy a place in every office and library.

"THE DEERSLAYER, or the First War Path"—by S. FENNIMORE COOPER.—We may perhaps be accused of bad taste in speaking approvingly of an author *personally* so unpopular as Mr. Cooper. His foolish and injudicious crusade against the press and his libels upon his countrymen in some of his works, together with his haughty, vain and egotistical manners, have contributed to render him as a *man* and a *citizen* deservedly odious.—As a writer he has long been considered by some as a "splendid failure," from which opinion we must beg leave to dissent in part. No man has been more successful as a writer of fiction when *he has confined himself to his proper sphere*, which is among the lakes, rivers and forests of his own country. Every attempt on his part to portray the characters and incidents of civilized life, has always been attended with disastrous consequences to his literary reputation. We are therefore happy to see him again in his appropriate place. "Once more upon his own hearth again, and his name is McGregor." The Deerslayer is one of his best Indian Tales. The celebrated "Leather Stocking"—one of his most successfully drawn characters—is here again introduced in his youth—being the fifth of Mr. Cooper's works in which this personage acts a conspicuous part. The admirers of this famous chief will now find his life complete. For sale at HOYT'S, No. 6 State-st.

THE METROPOLITAN for August has just been received. It contains its usual quantity and variety of interesting matter. The "Blue Belles of England" and "Spencer Middleton" are continued in this number. There is also a very good German story called "Het Kruys," and a thrilling tale in the "Recollections of a Student." Reprinted in New York by Mrs. MASON. C. MORSE Agent in this city.

"THE POPLAR GROVE, or Little Harry and his Uncle Benjamin." This is a tale for youth of all classes, which we think will be read with profit, showing how good sense, combined with honest principles and industry, enable the possessor not only to advance himself in life, but become useful to others. For sale at ALLING'S, 12 Exchange street.

NEW BOOK OF GEOGRAPHY.—Working men and all classes who have but little time to spend in research, will find *Mitchell's General View of the World* just the thing for their use. "What his book contains," says Rev. NATHAN PERKINS, of Amherst, Mass., "years of reading would scarcely furnish. His style is flowing, terse, and adapted to narrative and description. No man can read the work without interest and profit. Such an amount of useful knowledge is rarely ever brought into so small a compass. It should be possessed by every family where there are young persons to be educated." An additional attraction will be found in the fronticepiece—which will contain a colored view of the flags of the principal nations, in the form of a map.

We have seen specimens of the work, and from our acquaintance with the principal Agent for this part of the State, we have confidence that it will meet the expectations of those who subscribe for it.

"HAPPINESS; its Nature and Sources described and Mistakes concerning it corrected." This little treaties endeavors to prove that virtue is something more than a "name," and that *true* happiness is to be found only in a consistent religious course of life. At ALLING'S.

CULTURE OF SILK.—Considerable attention has been paid in this country to the culture of silk since it has been satisfactorily ascertained that the mulberry could be successfully cultivated. The ardor of those who have engaged in the enterprise, has been somewhat damped by the failure of the "Multicaulis" speculation, into which so many individuals so heedlessly rushed.—The American Institute have taken the subject into consideration. The managers have resolved in order to encourage the growth of silk to bestow a premium of FIFTY DOLLARS, and a GOLD MEDAL for the best treatise of Silk. It is intended as a guide for the young silk culturist, from the planting of the mulberry to the completion of the reeling of cocoons. A plain, practical work of this kind, that can be depended upon, is much wanted on account of the extraneous matter which constitutes a part of most of the treasures that have appeared, and the conflicting opinions they contain. It should be handed to the managers as early as Oct. 15. The object of the managers is to obtain and cause to be published, a comprehensive and concise practical treatise, that shall contain all, but no more than is necessary for the young silk grower, and to have a cheap edition of the same published under the superintendence of the Institute.

TALL SHOOTING.—The N. Y. Star cites an instance of tall shooting by the German Horse Guards of that city. Their target was placed at the base of a hill two hundred feet high, and they not only shot at it, but actually over the hill, sending no less than 60 six pound balls into the village two miles beyond, to the no small dismay of the peaceable inhabitants there assembled and congregated.

Man should never allow despair to take the place of hope under any circumstances. Had the poor suicide, who flung away his life with his confidence, but waited a day longer, relief might have come to his burdened heart, and a bright sun have shone through the dark clouds that had long hung over his life's horizon.

BORROWING PAPERS.—"Mrs. Squibbs, Mrs. Snipp wants to borrow your Gem, for Mr. Sneak to read to neighbor Snob." "Respects to Mrs. Snipp—Mr. Knabb took it before I had a chance to see it myself."

The first mark of a gentleman is a proper regard for the feelings of others. A most trite saying this, and one which all would do well to remember.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Lines on Visiting Mr. Bradish's Portrait Rooms.

BY MISS S. J. CLARKE.

How well known faces greet me at the door,
Thronging around as by a magic call!
How many eyes their startling brightness pour,
How many lips smile on me from the wall!
And hands there are mine own would warmly press,
And brows that seem as bent in thought's deep earnestness.

The babe, and aged matron, side by side,
The hoary-headed sire and joyous youth,
And lovelier than all, the blooming bride
Blest in the conciousness of guileless truth,
And fascinating in the grace that flows
Around her fairy form, the moss around the rose.

Joy, artist, in thy gift of priceless worth!
Joy as thou count'st the jewels of thy heart,
The loved and lovely forms around thy hearth; *
Though time may change, though death with fatal dart
May strike, their images thine art shall save
And mock at time and change, and cheat the yawning grave.

The sharer of thy home and hopes, thy wife,
Thy fair young sister, and thy rosy child,
The lovely counterfeits of breathing life,
From thy rich, glowing canvass all have smiled.
How sprang beneath the magic of thy brush
The woman's thoughtful brow, the child's swift mantling blush!

And *glory* in thy gift! can'st ask for more?
Thou art a Painter—and 'tis nobler far
To toil as "the old masters" toiled of yore,
Whose every name shines forth a burning star
Through the dim ages of succeeding time,
Then reign a crowned king o'er Europe's trophied clime.

And oh! believe not them who laugh at fame;
Though cynics hold it but an idle dream,
Heed not their sneers; 'tis *not* an empty name,
Nor yet the meteor's wild and transient gleam;
'Tis an unsetting sun to cheer life's gloom,
And bathe with living light the verdure of the tomb.

Such fame may yet be thine, and ocean's foam
Bear thy familiar name to Europe's shore;
Columbia yet may rival proud, old Rome,
That empress of the classic world of yore,
And art who found in her a birth and grave,
May spring to second life beyond the western wave.

Then onward press—with Nature still thy guide,
Still picture forth sweet childhood's artless glee
And girlhood's loveliness and woman's pride
And youth's wild fire and manhood's majesty
And age's grave and venerable form
Bowed by the weight of years and sorrow's frequent storm.

And bowing still to Art's divine control,
Still wander oft' in Fancy's realms of light;
And as the harmonies that round him roll,
Lure the rapt poet on his pathway bright,
Let Art and Fancy still thy homage claim
And lure *thee* on to win th' unfading wreath of fame.

* Amongst Mr. B's pieces is a beautiful representation of the members of his own family.

Rochester, September 2, 1841.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Fall of Tecumseh.

I.

The war-song dread of gathered kings
Of forest domain, wildly rings
O'er plain and woodland wilds;
And chieftains decked for gory strife,
With quiver, bow, and scalping knife,
Their heads the wild plume gilds.

II.

With visage stern and angry brow,
The Chieftain cheers his warriors now,
His words each heart consumes;
As wind the yellow harvest shakes,
As roll white waves o'er silver lakes,
So wave their nodding plumes.

III.

And as they saw Columbia's son
His warlike forces leading on,
With quick and measured tread,
Loudly they pealed their war-whoop fell,
And woodland, glade and rocky dell
Prolonged the echo dread.

IV.

With scream, and shout, and wild halloo,
The yelling pack rushed on their foe,
Like fiends by furies driven;
And loud o'er dying groans, they lend
Their fiendish cries, and yells to rend
The canopy of heaven.

V.

High o'er the clang of knife and sword
And shrieks of dying men, were heard
Tecumseh's awful voice;
And e'er where fiercest raged the fight,
There greets the admiring warrior's sight,
The Chieftain of his choice.

VI.

Not long waged he the dreadful fight,
Nor cheered his plume his brethren's sight,
Nor long was heard his cry;
Fierce wounds his body covered o'er,
The fatal ball his bosom tore—
He, shrieking, fell to die.

VII.

In wild dismay the warriors round,
With screams and yells of direful sound
Beheld their monarch fall,
And to his bleeding side they bound,
And his pierced wounded body round
They gathered, one and all.

VIII.

"Brethren, leave my gory bed—
Follow on where I have led,
And never, never yield!"
Thus gasped the Chief, and backward laid,
And yielding up his breath, he died
There on the battle field!

A. F. W.

GRAND RAILWAY MATCH AGAINST TIME.

Mr. J. K. Brunel, the engineer on the Great Western Railway, will shortly perform a match from Bristol to London, by the engine which is termed the "Hurricane," within two hours, for £1000, at, as nearly as possible, sixty miles an hour.

The Lay of the Locomotive Engine.

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ENGINES, cui lumem ademptum."

"She seems a fiery dragon sent
Frae some infernal region,
Wha scuds like any fiend dement,
And shrieks like half a legion."—*Hogg.*

See how strangers draw near,
And regard me with fear,
As I glowing, but passively stand;
And their looks seem to say,
I'm more mighty than they,
Though I'm fresh from humanity's hand!
Yes, you are my makers, I know it, mankind!
I was formed by your skill, and conceived by your MIND.

Oh, that wonderful gift,
Like the lightning so swift,
With its reason sublime,
And its power o'er time;
With a strength yet unknown,
And a will of its own!
Man, it *can* control thee
As thy will controls me!
I follow its dictates, acknowledge its sway;
But I scoff at the weak little bodies of clay,
As I take my departure—away, away!
Permit me, my master—
Now, faster and faster
I rush through the yielding air;
Like a monster of thought,
I am not to be caught,
Whilst under the owner's care.
I astonish each child,
And the cattle look wild,
And the grazing steed bounds at my sight;
And the rook hurries by,
With a wondering eye,
As I rival his speed in my flight.
And the roadside resembles a liquid stream,
And the mortals behind me all quail at my scream,
As I shout out "beware!" from my spirit of steam.

My conductor looks grim,
But I care not for him,
For his power rules only my speed!
Should his watchful eye fail,
Or a block cross the rail,
Unlike me, how the creature would bleed!
But I love the black stocker,
With shovel and poker,
Who supplies my consumer with coal;
And it blazes so bright,
As I run in the night—
And it fires my watery soul.

Though so often we've flown,
We're not fully known—
We've as yet but begun our career;
But a time may soon come,
That, while fatal to some,
Shall fill all the country with fear;
You've had a small taste
Of our over wrought haste,
When swift as a comet we've sped,
Till we've sprang from the ground,
With an unearthly sound,
And many lay mangled and dead,
And many shall die with a blow and a crash—
For we have no feeling, and men will be rash.

I've been called from my birth,
"Hell in harness on earth;"
And I think I shall merit the name;
Though I don't get my will,
Yet I many can kill,
If they'll ride in the second-class train.
Last night in the cold,
With the moon one day old,
I dash'd onwards with fiery speed,
And my great eyes so bright
Kill'd an owl with affright,
And I shouted *too-hoot!* at the deed;
And a man the rails cross'd,
Who his hearing had lost
(He was wending his way to his wife,)
In a thought I was past,
But that thought was his last,
And I shrieked at the loss of a life.
And onwards I went,
With a breath never spent,
And a far-sounding voice loud and long;
And they stopp'd me at last,
Ere the barrier I pass'd,
Or I'd battered their bulwarks so strong;
But I'm not to be done,
And may yet have some fun—
If my boiler don't burst, I'll astonish the town,
By the blow that will knock the whole terminus down.

The Old Farm Gate.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Where, where is the Gate that once used to divide
The old shady lane from the grassy road side?
I like not this Gate, so gay and so bright,
With its glittering latch, and its trellis of white,
It is pretty, I own, yet oh! dearer by far,
Was the red rusted hinge, and the weather warped bar;
Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,
But I'd rather have looked on that Old Farm Gate.

'Twas there, where my sisters would gather to play,
In the shadow of twilight, or sunny mid-day,
'Twas there we'd run wild 'mid those hillocks of sand,
Where temptations existed no child could withstand:
But to swing on the gate rails, to clamber, and ride,
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride;
Nor the Car of the Victor, or the Carriage of State,
Ever carried such hearts as that Old Farm Gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,
But it darkens a picture my soul longs to trace—
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,
And the rails that my growing hands scarcely could clasp:
Oh! how strangely the fond spirit grudges to part,
With the commonest relic once linked to the heart,
Nor the brightest of fortune, the kindliest fate,
Would not banish my heart from that Old Farm Gate.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. JEREMIAH HILDRETH, to Miss HARRIET BENJAMIN, all of this city.

In this city, on the 5th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. WILLIAM WILLIAMSON to Miss LUCETTA HOWARD, all of this city.

In this city, on the 5th inst., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. ROSWELL BUSH to Mrs. ELLEN WHITE.

On Wednesday, 1st inst., by the Rev. TRYON EDWARDS, Mr. JOHN D. SAGE to Miss MARY ANN DARROW, daughter of the late Col. PIERCE DARROW.

In Parma, on the 1st instant., by the Rev. Nathaniel Otis, Mr. JAMES GORSLINE, of this city, to Miss LUCY MARY TRIPP, daughter of Joshua Tripp, Esq., of the former place.

On the 15th instant, by I. E. Beecher, Esq., John Beam to Desdemona Wallace, both of Sodus, Wayne co.

In Pultneyville, on the 29th ult., by A. Cornwall, Esq. Mr. MARTIN TERWILLIGER to Miss SYLVIA PRENTISS, both of Ontario. By the same, at the same time, Mr. HORTON FAULKNER to Miss SUSAN PRENTISS, both of Ontario. Also, by the same, on the 5th inst., Mr. DAVID TUBBS, of Macedon, to Miss MARY EVERTS, of Marion.

In Hartland, Mich., on the 30th ult., by Elder Chase, Mr. GEORGE I. GRIFFING, late of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH R. MURRAY, of Parma, N. Y.

In Kendall, by Rev. Mr. Leavenworth, GEO. W. ELLIS, Esq., of Sandwich, Mass., to Miss JULIA A., daughter of Mr. Philip Leonard, formerly of New Bedford.

In Marshall, Mich., on the 22d Aug., by Rev. Mr. Schuyler, Hon. ISAAC E. CRARY to Miss BELLONA PRATT, only daughter of Abner Pratt, Esq.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1841. No. 20.

Musical Department.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

CULTIVATION OF MUSIC.

Mr. Editor—I wish to call the attention of your readers to the subject of the cultivation of music. It is a science with which every one is pleased.—In perusing a neat little paper devoted to that science, called "*The World of Music*," published in a quarto form, semi-monthly, at *One Dollar* a year, at Bellows Falls, Vermont, I noticed that they were wide awake in that region upon the subject, and have formed a State Society and several County Societies for the cultivation of music. They have conventions and concerts very frequently. When shall we wake up here?

How much more pleasant would it be to see our youth engaged in cultivating a taste for music instead of associating together for a frolic, or spending their time in drinking and carousing, as too many do. It has the advantage of most other amusements, in being harmless; and not only so, but profitable. It would greatly improve the standard of music, and heighten the tone of feeling and respect which it is natural for the different sexes to entertain towards each other. It would wonderfully improve and enlighten our minds, and consequently greatly improve society. And who would not lend their influence to improve society? He that would not we would unhesitatingly place upon the list of *misanthropes*, which I fear is already too large.

Now that the great cause of Temperance is progressing so rapidly, we would call upon its friends to lend their influence in support of the masses. Its enemies and its more sceptical friends, tell us that if intemperance is put down, some other evil will supply its place; that mankind must have something *exciting* on which to exercise their *passions*—for man has strong passions which must either govern him or be governed by him? that all men have some leisure time which must be spent in pleasure and amusement, or dissipation; and whereas the most fruitful source of dissipation is likely to be removed by your praiseworthy efforts, it will leave those accustomed to while away their time over the intoxicating cup, without an equivalent or better source of pleasure. And why spend your efforts to cure an evil when another is to take its place? I am myself a little sceptical, and agree with those above, that something must fill up the time now spent in dissipation. And what is better adapted to fill that place than the cultivation of music? It stills our baser passions, charms our senses, wakes up our finer feelings, and gives us pleasure. Reading cannot fully supply it, for it is too monotonous for most of the laboring classes: it is not *exciting* enough.—A passion for music will injure no one, but a passion for alcohol will; and if we destroy alcohol, we must substitute music, or something *attractive* and *exciting*, or our labor is lost.

We, as a people, are foud of music; but we have had too much to do to attend to it as much as the people of the old countries. And *Rum* is its foe. While that ruled, the people were enemies to music. Now, let music rule, and they will be enemies to rum. We hope, then, you will cheerfully lend us your aid.

I said we were fond of music, as a people.—Who can doubt it? Witness the success of Russell and other performers. They draw full houses. See how successful are our own amateur concerts. See how every one listens with delight when a band of music is near. Our citizens consider it a fine treat to hear the band, on pleasant evenings, playing in some public place, as they frequently do. Who does not like to sit down and hear the piano, or any other instrument, when skilfully played? Why so much said about a Paganinni or Braham, (it should be Abraham, for he is the *father* of much excellent music,) when they visit our country? What but the *music* they bring with them? Surely it is not the *man*.—Some tell us that the muses adopt Italy and Switzerland as their home, because of their beautiful scenery, their mountains, waterfalls, and rich landscapes, being more congenial to their spirits. Have we no mountains, no waterfalls, no beautiful landscapes? Yes, bless our stars! we have found one muse *actually seated among the Green Mountains!!* dispensing sweet music to all around. And she receives the most assiduous attentions from the gallant Green Mountain boys; and all, with one voice, praise her and rejoice at her coming. And the girls also, instead of being jealous of her, unite in her praise.

The ladies here must lend us their aid, or we can do nothing. We will attempt nothing without it, for by experience we know how to value their services in such a cause.

A county society might be formed, and subdivided into associations for convenience, and our leisure time spent in the cultivation of our musical talents. The public would approve it and sustain it. Some will say it cannot be done,—we have tried it before, and failed—there is not public spirit enough manifested. To such we have only to say, you have advantages now you never before possessed. It would now be sustained by those who have heretofore spent their time in dissipation, and who will now cling to music as a source of amusement in its stead. And the people are becoming more attached to music; they are becoming more sensible of its charms. Music is getting *fashionable* in the higher circles—why not introduce it in the lower ones in place of intemperance? No one will doubt the propriety of such a course; and all must see its great utility. Then why hesitate? It only wants some who are capable, to step forward and take the lead. We have such here, and they should not hesitate. They would be supported and encouraged by the people *en masse*. It has decidedly the advantage of the other sciences, and also of the cause of temperance and many other reforms which receive such enthusiastic support from the people. It does not need so much urging; for people are more ready to seek a new source of gratification and amusement than to leave off an old one. The passions feed upon excitement, and that is why men, who are governed by their passions, resort to alcohol for producing excitement, and feeding their passions. But since we find alcohol is injurious to our *system* and *morals*, we must seek more agreeable food for our passions—such as will not be at war with our nature. And what better food can there be than music? It has all the qualifications necessary. It is exciting, improves the morals, and is in no way injurious, In fine, it is a source of amusement and infinite pleasure.

The "World of Music," spoken of above, is a valuable paper, and would aid much in forwarding our object wherever it should be circulated. But we need one nearer to us than that is. We ought to have one published here. It would assist greatly in forming an association, and afford an opportunity for those who are possessed of musical talents to display them. But perhaps enough has not been done to interest the people in the subject of the cultivation of music to warrant the commencement of such a publication. Then let us set ourselves about it in earnest, and see what can be done for the advancement of the science of music in this county.

I am of opinion that a large society might be formed and great improvement made during the coming fall and winter. Our young people might spend their time profitably in this way, and those who did not partake of the exercises, would give us their influence by attending our conventions and concerts. Every thing is favorable to its advancement *now*, and any effort cannot but be successful. Who will make that effort?

I herewith send you four numbers of "The World of Music," so that if any one wishes to take it they can see a specimen number at your office and leave their *names*. Its publication is suspended for the present to obtain more subscribers, so that *names* will do until it is resumed. The numbers I send you are soiled from use, and of course cannot be considered as a specimen of typographical appearanee.

In the hope of eliciting the attention of a more able pen, I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c., PHILO MUSA.

Rochester, Sept. 17th, 1841.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER V.

For more than an hour after the departure of his wife, Wilkins sat listening to every step that passed, in the expectation that she would return; but by degrees the tread of the passers-by grew less and less frequent, and presently the deep solemn tones of a neighboring church, tolling the hour of midnight, came sounding in the stillness of the night like a knell. Wilkins sat still in his chair and counted the strokes. "One, two, three, four—five, six, seven, eight—nine, ten, eleven, twelve!—midnight!" said he, drawing a long breath, and looking stealthily around the room, "and not home yet!" He went to the window and raising the paper curtain, looked out in the street. The night, which was clear at first, had become damp and misty, and the pavement was covered with a slimy mud. No one was stirring. The shops were all shut, and the street was pitchy dark, except in the immediate vicinity of a lamp, which diffused a sickly yellow light. He turned from the window, and going to the bed, threw himself upon it and endeavored to sleep; but the last look of his wife haunted him. He thought of *her*, wandering alone, helpless and unprotected, thro' the dark streets; he thought of her first greeting that evening; of the kind and ever bright heart which had cheered him in the early days of his marriage, when his prospects were better, and had

clung to him the more closely when they darkened. When he closed his eyes, the lids seemed to scorch his eye-balls; and after tossing about for hours, he sprang up with a deep curse. He now walked rapidly up and down the room, in the vain hope of ridding himself of the fever of his own thoughts. He attempted to strike up a jovial song; but the sound of his own voice startled him into silence. Now the idea occurred to him that it must be near morning, and he went to the window and looked toward the east, in hopes of seeing the daylight glimmering the sky; but all was dark. He listened for the striking of the clock. Never did time move so sluggishly; but at length it came: "One, two, three—three o'clock! Three good hours to daylight! I can't sleep!" he muttered, looking at the bed: "no, d—n it, I'll not lie there and be haunted by her: *Her!* I wonder where she is?—Where!—what do I care? Have I not got what I wanted? Hasn't she, of her own free will, deserted me? Ha! ha! ha! I'm in luck! How light my heart feels at its riddance?"

He paused, for he knew that he lied. He felt that he was a villain. He took up the light, went to a small glass, and perused his face to see if it were not branded there. He gazed and gazed until he fancied that he could trace the impress of every evil passion, stamped as with a fiery seal, in characters which none could mistake. In a savage humor with himself and all the world, he clenched his teeth, and muttered: "Well, it is written there; my every look says it; and by G—d I'll not belie my own face! And now," said he, tossing himself on the bed, "I'll try to sleep once more."

This time he was more successful, for soon his deep, heavy breathing, and his motionless position, showed that his feverish frame for a time at least was at rest.

The repose of the guilty is ever broken; and when the glad light of morning stole in his chamber, Wilkins rose unrefreshed. His eyes were bloodshot, his mouth parched, and his head throbbed violently. He stood for a while staring about the room, before he could collect himself sufficiently to recall what had happened; then dragging a chair to the black chimney-place, he seated himself with his elbows resting on his knees, his head between his hands, and twisting his fingers in his matted hair. He sat thus, neither moving nor speaking, until aroused by a knocking at the door. "Come in," said he, without altering his position. The door opened gently and but partially.—"Come in, I say!" repeated he, looking over his shoulder; "no one will bite you."

The person thus addressed opened the door widely, walked in, stared around inquiringly, then stopped short, and looked at Wilkins as if to seek an explanation.

"You see, Higgs, *she's off!*" said Wilkins, in reply to the look; "cleared out last night. I expected it long ago."

"Humph!" replied Higgs, clearing his throat, and remaining exactly in the same position; "I expected it myself. I thought you'd drive her to it at last. Women arn't iron, nor brutes."

"I know *all* women are not," replied Wilkins, averting his face with a feeling of shame which he could not shake off; "but *some* are."

"And so are some *men*," replied Higgs, with the same imperturbable composure.

"Holla, there!" exclaimed Wilkins, turning his chair about so that he faced his friend, and sitting bolt upright, while he stared with all his eyes; "what's in the wind now? Was it a sermon you were writing last night, and have you come here to preach it?"

"George," said Higgs, with some solemnity, "I have not pressed a bed since the night before last; nor, excepting a hard apple, have I tasted any thing but water since then. Under this accumulation of evils, I feel moral."

"The devil you do!" said Wilkins, rising and going to the cupboard, from which he drew a bottle and a tin cup, and handed them to Higgs; "then the sooner you get rid of your morality the better. Drink deep," said he; "it will clear your ideas."

"I think so myself," replied Higgs, tossing off about a gill of pure brandy, and again pouring into the cup the same quantity, which he disposed of with equal alacrity. "That will do for the present," said he, returning the bottle to Wilkins, and carefully wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

Wilkins took it, poured out some of the liquor, drank it off at a swallow, replaced the bottle and cup, and motioned Higgs to draw a chair to the table.

For some moments these two worthies sat face to face, on opposite sides of the table, each intently scrutinizing the countenance of the other.

"Well," said Higgs, wearied with this long examination of lineaments, which, to confess the truth, were not the most prepossessing in the world, and whose natural deficiencies were not at all diminished by the lack of a very recent application of either water or a razor; "I'm a beauty, aint I?"

"What did you mean by your speech to me, when you came in?" demanded Wilkins, distrustfully, without heeding the remark, and without moving his eyes from the face of his visiter.

"I meant poverty and thirst!" replied Higgs, leaning back in his chair, and returning, without quailing, the stern, inquiring glance of his comrade.

"And you will abide the agreement of last night?" demanded Wilkins, without any abatement of the harshness of his voice.

"That's what I came for," replied Higgs, quietly.

"You'll give every aid you can?"

"I will."

"And will never blab?"

"No."

"Higgs," said Wilkins, "I have known you many a long year, and I believe you; but remember this: if we succeed, you shall have your pay in full—down to the very cent; but your mouth must be as close as the grave; for if you let out on us, there will be one man murdered whose name I could mention."

"Well, I'll agree to it. And now about Lucy—your wife."

"You'll swear strong *there?*" said Wilkins, mastering an evident disinclination to speak of her. "Last night's freak, cunningly worked up, will tell strongly against her. If that fails, you must not want other evidence. When we have once commenced, we must not be foiled."

"Trust to me," replied Higgs, with a look of wonderful self-complacency. "If swearing will carry the matter, you may consider it settled. I feel a strong personal interest in the affair."

"Ah! ha!" said Wilkins, assuming a jocular tone; "the thousand touches you nearly."

"No," returned his companion, with a sentimental shake of the head, at the same time pulling up his stock; "it's not that. The cash is not amiss; but *all* my feelings are not mercenary."

Wilkins was touched at the disinterested feeling of his comrade, and extending his hand to him said: "I was wrong, Bill, to doubt you; you *are* a good fellow—you are a *friend*."

"So I am," returned the other; "but it wasn't *that* I meant."

"Well, then," said Wilkins, with some abatement in the fervor of his gratitude, "what *did* you mean?"

"Why," replied his friend, "I have been thinking that when you had obtained this divorce, and you and Lucy were cut adrift, that *I* would marry Lucy myself. I always had a liking for that woman."

Had a bullet pierced Wilkins to the heart, the pang could not have been greater. His arms fell powerless. Every fibre of his sinewy frame relaxed: his face grew wan and ghastly; and he sank back in his chair as if smitten with death; his jaw hanging down, and his eyes staring with a hideous glare upon Higgs.

"God! George! what's the matter?" exclaimed that gentleman, springing up, and instinctively rushing to the cupboard for the liquor; "here, swallow this," said he, extending a cup-full; "here, it will do you good. What ails you?"

"Nothing, nothing," returned Wilkins, putting aside the cup; "'tis past now. I have these turns sometimes. But Higgs, I think you had better not marry Lucy. You don't know her, you'll repent it."

"I'll risk it," replied the other, replacing the bottle. "As soon as the divorce is granted, I'll make the attempt."

Again Wilkins felt that sensation of deadly sickness; but he bore up against it.

"I'm not too well-to-do in the world at present," continued Higgs; "but when I've touched the thousand you promised, we'll go the country and be quite snug and comfortable."

Never, since the early days of their marriage, had the love of Lucy appeared so enviable as when he heard the coarse-minded man at his side speaking of her as his own. "A thousand!" If he but had it, he would give up the widow, *all*, to have *her* with with him; to see her happy face looking up in his, and to know that there was one who would cling to him to the last. In the midst of these thoughts, the recollection of the preceding night came gloomily over him. Fearful, however, of exhibiting his emotions, he turned to Higgs, and said with a sneer: "Well, success to your suit! I wish you joy of your wife with a tainted fame."

"But wo'n't I know how little she deserves it?" exclaimed Higgs, with more animation than was usual in him; "wo'n't *I* know that her like doesn't live, and that all attacks upon her are false? I ought to!"

Wilkins felt that he was caught in his own snare. Now was the time for his fate to be decided; to go on, or stop at the threshhold of crime. For a moment, he hesitated. The struggle was short, but it was fearful. The decision was made, and by it he marked out for himself a course of crime and misery that, had he known its full bitterness, would have sickened his very soul. He was in no mood to continue his conference; and making a plea of not feeling well, he proposed that they should walk out, and defer the discussion of their plans to some more convenient occasion.

"Just as you like," replied Mr. Higgs, making the only change that his means afforded him, preparatory to going into the cold air, by buttoning the lower buttons of his coat and thrusting his hands in his breeches pockets.

Wilkins dragged rather than put on his shaggy overcoat, and shutting the door after them, and depositing the key in his pocket, the two sallied out into the street.

CHAPTER VI.

In a by-street which staggered to its destination with all the devious windings of a drunken man, was a small eating-shop, down six steps in a cellar, and with glass doors shaded by scanty curtains of red moreen. From time immemorial it had been an eating-house, and had been distinguished by a sign over the entrance, representing an elderly gentleman with a large stomach, a fat face, and a fiery nose, who was seated at a table, griping in his hand a fork stuck to the handle in a surloin of beef, and looking venomously at a lean little fellow with mazarine blue eyes and dimity small-clothes, who occupied a small corner of the same picture. The old gentleman was typical of the larder below, and was meant to be illustrative of the state to which hard eating and hard drinking, backed by a good digestion, would bring a man; but if he was intended as a bait to the passers-by, he was certainly a most untempting one; for a more uncomfortable, ill-looking, irrasible, red-nosed old gentleman one would scarcely wish to see. The thin man was a pale, half-starved devil, with a hungry eye, who looked as if he had sucked his last meal out of the spout of a bellows, and was none the better for it. The whole picture was a fable, and the small eating-house below, with its six steps and red curtains was the moral to it.

But Time had had a word to say in the matter. The sign-board had hung there year in and year out. The school boys who had pelted it with stones and snow-balls had grown into men, and others had taken their places; but there the old sign still hung. Its typical character, however, was changed; for although the old gentleman retained his rotundity of abdomen, he had acquired a thread-bare look; his face had subsided into a pale, unhealthy brick color; his eyes were fixed intently on nothing, which he seemed to see at the far end of the street; and as the penalty of his former high living, he appeared to be going off in a severe dropsy. As for the pale man, he had gradually withdrawn himself from the public gaze; and a pair of sickly blue eyes, looking mournfully out of the sign-board, alone told where he once had been.

Whatever may have taken place in the sign-board, the small eating-house still held its ground. It was none of your new-fangled establishments, which aspire to French cookery and clean table-covers. It was a solemn place; dark, damp and smoky, with dingy table-cloths, broken castors, and the regular number of dead flies reposing at the bottom of the oil-cruet.

In the middle of the room was a small stove, near which a sleepy bar-keeper dozed in his chair, and between his naps kept watch with a restless, uneasy glance over one customer, who sat at a small table, with his hat on, his coat buttoned up to his chin, and his legs resting on a chair. There was something in the calm composure of the man not to be mistaken. It was Mr. Higgs. He had long since finished his meal, as an empty dish and plate testified, and was deeply immersed in a newspaper. Occasionally he raised to his lips a small

mug which had contained beer, but which had been empty more than an hour; and then plunged into the paper more deeply than ever. At every rustle of the paper the bar-keeper opened his eyes heavily, concentrated them with a dull leaden stare on Mr. Higgs; wondered what there could be in that paper to take up so much of his attention; why he did not pay for his dinner and go; and then, in the midst of these reflections, nodded off into another slumber. Still Mr. Higgs read on, up one column and down another; he turned the paper over and over, and over again. It grew dusky, then dark. He ordered the candles which stood in the bar to be lighted, and slowly and deliberately read on. Every thing, editorial, statistical, geographical; shipwrecks, accidents, melancholies; horribles, outrages, marriages and deaths; and then with a coolness that was perfectly astounding, he commenced upon the advertisements. Three mortal hours had he been there! The bar-keeper stood bolt upright and walked three times across the room, coughed violently, and poked the fire. The fire was getting low, which made the dozing uncomfortable; so he went for wood. No sooner was he out of the room than Mr. Higgs rose, sauntered leisurely to the door, sprang up the steps, and scampered off at full speed; forgetting in his hurry to pay his little bill. He darted up one street, down another, across a third, around corners, and altogether showed a knowledge of blind alleys and dark passages that was perfectly wonderful, until he turned into a wide street, at some distance from where he started. Here he subdued his pace to a rapid walk.

He had agreed to meet Wilkins at a particular hour, and as it was near the time, he made directly for the place where he expected to find him.—It was a cold, damp night: the sky was filled with murky clouds, drifting across the black heavens like an army of spectres hurrying forward on some ill-omened errand. The streets were wet and sloppy; the shop windows covered with a dense moisture, which trickled down them like tears; and the lamps inside emitted a glimmering light, just enough to show how dismal the streets were, without cheering them.

Higgs, however, wended his way, impenetrable to cold and damp. He met a few people muffled to the throat, with their heads bent down, to keep the mist out of their faces. In one street he passed a shivering woman, crouching in a dark doorway, and in another an old shed, under which a beggar-boy was sleeping soundly on the damp ground, with a rough, wiry dog keeping watch at his side. He did not stop until he came in front of a small house, in a dark cross-street, with a lamp before it, on which was written in red letters, "QUAGLEY'S RETREAT." Without knocking, he opened the door, and found himself in a room brilliantly lighted with gas, and having a billiard table in the centre of it. One or two rough-looking men were lolling on wooden settees: two others were engaged in playing at the table; and a stunted boy, with a square mouth, officiated as marker and kept the score of the game. In one corner Mr. Quaggley was reposing on a wooden bench, laboring to get through a profound slumber into which he had been forced by the united efforts of six tumblers of water, liberally diluted with gin, and casually imbibed by him in the course of the last hour.

Higgs paused as he entered, took off his hat and knocked it against the wall, to shake off the moisture; unbuttoned his coat, and taking it by the collar shook it violently, stamped on the floor as if he intended to kick a hole through it, then replaced his hat, buttoned his coat, seated himself on a bench near the table, and looked at the stunted marker, who returned his stare without flinching. Higgs nodded to the stunted marker, and the stunted marker nodded back again.

"Holla!" said Higgs, addressing him.

"Holla yerself!" replied the boy, without moving.

"Havn't you got legs?" demanded Mr. Higgs.

"Yes, I have," said the boy, looking complacently down at two slim supporters, which were comforting themselves with the mistaken idea that they filled a large pair of inexpressibles.

"Well, can't you use them?" demanded Mr. Higgs.

"Yes, I can," said the lad, without stirring except to count up the scores of the two players.

"Well, why don't you?"

"I are a-usin' 'em," said he, straightening himself up, to show what a weight those two slim legs were supporting.

"You *are* a nice boy," said Higgs, looking at him with a very supercilious eye.

"I know I are," replied the boy, returning his stare with interest.

"Of course you are. Who's your mother?"

"Who's your'n?" said the stunted marker, giving his square mouth an agonizing twist, by which he was in the habit of deceiving himself into the belief that he was laughing, and concluding the performance by thrusting his tongue in his cheek, pulling down the corner of his eye, applying the end of his thumb to the tip of his nose, and at the same time indulging the rest of his fingers in a few aerial gyrations. Having got through these and several other lucid gesticulations, by which small boys are in the habit of testifying their sense of keen enjoyment, he settled down into a subdued gravity, and went on scoring the game as if nothing had happened.

"Now that you've got through with that pleasant performance," said Mr. Higgs, "perhaps you can answer a plain question."

"Perhaps I can," said the boy, standing bolt upright, and shouldering his stick.

"Has Wilkins been here to-night?"

"No he hasn't," he replied; "nor I don't care if he don't come," he added gratuitously, "that's more." As he said this, he instantly set about repeating the performance which he had just concluded, with corrections and amendations.

"Holla there!" shouted Mr. Quagley, awakening in the midst of the exhibition, and rising from his recumbent position and looking full at the boy, who became grave instantly. "A cussed nice sort of baby you are; a sweet 'un! 'Tend to what you've got to do, will you? None of them shines here—mind that. They won't go down." And Mr. Quagley shook his head at the boy, in a manner which intimated that if what he said did not operate, he might be induced to administer a more powerful medicine, that would.

As he spoke, Mr. Quagley rose, and still keeping an eye on the stunted marker, and giving his head one or two additional shakes, partly to settle his brains in their right place, and partly to let the boy know that he was in earnest, walked across the room and seated himself at the side of Higgs.

"Mr. Higgs," said he, solemnly, "you are a gentleman, and can appreciate a gentleman's feelings." And Mr. Quagley paused for a reply.

"I hope I can," replied the person thus addressed.

"Well then," continued Mr. Quagley, after having settled that point to his satisfaction, "you see that there boy;" and he nodded toward the stunted marker.

Higgs replied that he believed he did.

"Well sir, I keep that boy on his poor mother's account. Now that's honorable, aint it?"

Mr. Higgs replied that it was—very.

"I knew that you could appreciate a gentleman's feelings," said Mr. Quagley. "What'll you drink?"

"Rum cocktail," said Higgs, without an instant's hesitation.

"Gin slings is healthier for the liver," said Mr. Quagley; "shall it be slings?"

"No, a rum cocktail," replied Higgs, resolutely; "it can't hurt *my* liver; I aint got one."

Mr. Quagley pondered for some time as to the possibility of that fact; but after having made several desperate efforts to corner an idea that was running loose in his head, he said it was no matter, and went off to prepare the drinks, with which he soon returned. Seating himself by the side of Mr. Higgs, he pleasantly introduced his elbow between that gentleman's two lowest ribs, and winking at the stunted marker, whose back was toward him, said: "He's one of the tallest kind, that boy."

"He doesn't look so," said Mr. Higgs, removing with the end of his little finger a small speck which was floating in his tumbler.

"I know he don't, but he *is*. I mean in character, you know."

"Oh!" said Mr. Higgs, "that's it."

"Yes, that's it. He's a boy of the tallest kidney."

"I should think he was, and then he has so many pleasant little ways with him," replied Mr. Higgs.

"Do you think so?" said Mr. Quagley, earnestly. "Well, I think so myself; but then you know it wouldn't do to let him *know* it, you know. It 'ud spile him."

"Of course it would," said Mr. Higgs, gently shaking his glass to stir up the sugar in the bottom of it; "of course it would."

"Don't be a-lookin' here!" shouted Mr. Quagley to the boy, in pursuance of his system.—"You'm to look at the table, and you'm to mark the game; and if you don't, you'm to be wollopped."

"That's the way to larn 'em," said Mr. Quagley, in a low tone, in continuation of his observation. "Good evening, Sir; a stormy night."—This last remark was addressed to Wilkins, who had just then entered, and was standing a few feet inside of the door, with his hand shading his eyes from the strong light, and looking about him to see who were in the room.

"Oh! you are here, are you?" said he, coming up to Higgs. "It's time we were on the move.—Come."

Higgs rose, and bidding Mr. Quagley "good night," followed his comrade into the street.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Wilkins, who seemed in one of his most sullen moods.

"I don't know; 'most ten, I s'pose."

Without making any remark, with his teeth set and a scowl on his face, Wilkins led the way until he came to the house in which the attorney had his office.

"There's where he keeps," said he, pointing to the old building, towering far above them in the darkness, and apparently stretching out its arms to beckon them on. "It will tumble down some day, and I wish it was down now, for I never go into it without feeling as if I were entering the gate to hell."

Higgs stood in front of the house, and as well as the darkness would permit, surveyed it from top to bottom. "Quite an elderly mansion. I don't half like it. D—d if I believe a man who lives in such a house can pay; and d—d if I work without it—that's plump!" As he said this, he thrust his hands to the very bottom of his pockets, and planted his feet on the ground, with an expression that seemed to say to them, "Stir at your peril."

"Come along, will you?" said Wilkins, impatiently; "*you* have nothing to fear. You needn't do anything till you're paid. You can hear what he's got to say, and if you don't choose to take a part in it, you needn't. You'd better, though."

"Well, go on," said Higgs, apparently satisfied; "lead the way, for it's bloody dark, and smells as damp and close as a church-yard."

"Here we are," said Wilkins, pausing. "Up that stairs, and we are at his room. Now mind me, Higgs; if the pay's good, no quaking, no qualms; not a muscle must move. He's got an eye like an eagle, and it won't escape him."

Higgs uttered a low, significant laugh, and pulling down his coat and up his cravat, by way of giving additional respectability to his appearance, said: "Pshaw! go on, won't you?"

Wilkins, reassured by the indifferent manner of his comrade, ascended the narrow stairs, and feeling his way along a dark passage, knocked at the door of the office.

To this there was no reply.

"He's not in," said Higgs.

"Yes he is. He's hiding his papers. He's not sure who are standing on this side of the door.—Click, slam; there goes the door of his iron safe; they are under lock and key. Now I'll knock again."

As he spoke, Wilkins again applied the head of his stick to the door. The next moment a cautious step was heard, the key was noiselessly turned, to induce the supposition that the door had not been locked, and a moment afterward they were told to come in.

On entering, they found the attorney sitting at a table strewed with papers, one of which he was apparently engaged in perusing. His hair was disordered; his face pale and wan, as if he had lately undergone much fatigue; and his whole person in disarray. He did not look up until they were nearly at the table, and then quietly, as if he scarcely noticed their entrance. No sooner, however, did he see who they were, than he threw the paper aside, rose and said:

"So you've come. I am glad of it."

"I thought you'd be," said Wilkins. "This is the man I told you about," he added, jerking his head sideways toward Higgs, who stood eyeing the attorney from head to foot. "He knows all about it; so you're saved that trouble."

Without replying, Bolton opened the door and looked down the passage. He then locked it and led his friends into the back office and closed the door. After this, he took one of the lights from the table, and held it up in Higg's face. Never, perhaps, had two pairs of more unflinching eyes met. Every line, every feature, every muscle, was examined and re-examined. At last Bolton replaced the light, and said he was satisfied; to

which Higgs replied that he was glad of it, for he thought he never would be.

Bolton took the reply in good part, and after a few remarks, proposed to proceed at once to business, for which the two worthies expressed themselves perfectly ready.

Opening the iron safe, he took out of it a paper on which was endorsed in large letters, "*The last Will and Testament of John Crawford.*"

"Is this the new one?" asked Wilkins, as he brought the paper to the light.

"That's it."

"And without the legacy?"

"Yes; he has altered his mind since I saw you," said the attorney, laughing, "and I drew the paper to suit him."

"I supposed he would," said Higgs; "how *is* the old fellow."

"He holds out yet, but they say he won't long."

"And the girl, his daughter, his *natural* daughter, as you call her in the paper—but that's a lie, you know—how will she take his death?"

Bolton made no reply to the last part of the remark. "She don't know about it yet. When she finds it out, it will be a perfect hurricane at first, but it will soon blow over."

Wilkins replied that he supposed so; and Higgs, not feeling any particular interest in the conversation, amused himself by smelling at the mouth of a bottle on the mantel-piece. On ascertaining that it contained ink, he comforted himself with a very moderate draught of cold water from the pitcher, and seating himself near the fire, set about heating a poker red hot.

After some farther conversation, Bolton inquired of Higgs if he was ready to witness the paper, to which he replied that he was—almost.

"Are you acquainted with its nature and contents?" asked the attorney.

"I know it's old John Crawford's will; but I don't know what's in it."

"That's not necessary," replied Bolton: "you are to swear that you saw him execute it; that he acknowledged it to you to be his last will and testament, and asked you to become a witness to it; and that you did so in his presence. You must swear to this."

"Hadn't I better read it?"

"No; you are not expected to know the contents. It would be suspicious if you did. He wouldn't read his will to a stranger, although he might use him as a witness."

The force of this remark seemed to strike Mr. Higgs, who made no reply, but returned to the fire, and again introduced the poker between the bars of the grate.

A pen was now carefully nibbed, and handed to Wilkins, who in a rough bold hand wrote his name and place of residence.

"Now, Mr. Higgs," said Bolton, turning to him, "will you sign?"

"I was told," said Higgs, pausing in his occupation at the grate and looking up at the attorney, "that the old gentleman had requested you to hand me over a thousand, when I became witness to his final wind up."

"A check is filled out for half that amount, and ready for you," said Bolton, opening a drawer in the table and producing the check. "The other five hundred will be yours when the will is proved. It will be a fortnight or so after his death."

Higgs looked at the check. Placing it in his pocket, he took up the pen and scrawled his name and place of abode beneath that of Wilkins.

"That will do," said Bolton. He then folded the will up, placed it in the safe, locked it up, and laid the key on the table.

"That's done," said he. "No doubt the old gentleman feels easier, now that his property is cared for."

"I suppose he does; he ought to," replied Higgs. "Every body hasn't such kind friends. What a pity! It would save them *so* much trouble!"

Bolton laughed, and said: "Mr. Higgs, you know the risk of this matter. We sink or swim together. You've got part of your pay. If we succeed, you'll get the rest—you and Wilkins; and we *must* succeed, if you perform your part well, and keep your own counsel. If you *don't*, look out!—that's all."

"I will," said Higgs, quietly. "If I intend to let out on you, I'll murder you first; so you may be certain your secret's safe, unless you should happen to wake up some pleasant morning, and find your throat cut."

Higgs did not alter his voice as he spoke. Its tone was even particularly soft; but the attorney drew back as from a snake; for there was *that* in the sharp grey eye, as it looked in his own, and in the sudden but momentary change of feature, that sent the blood to his heart in torrents. Before he recovered himself, Higgs got up, and taking his hat, said: "I must be off now. When you want me you can let me know, and tell me beforehand what's to be done. Good night."

No sooner was he gone, than Bolton turned to Wilkins and asked: "Do you know this man well? We are both in his power; and if he should prove false, he may put us where neither of us may care to go."

"I have known him for years. I've explained all to him, thoroughly. He knows the risk," was the reply; "and if you perform your part as well as he'll do his, all will end as you wish it."

"If it hadn't been for that last look of his," said Bolton, "I should not have doubted it. D—n it! I didn't half like the expression of his eye when he talked so pleasantly of cutting my throat. Eh? Did you notice that?"

"Don't tempt him to it, then, that's all," said Wilkins.

The attorney paced up and down the office, in deep thought; sometimes stopping short and looking in the fire, and then walking on, as if he never intended to give up. At last he paused.

"That girl you were talking about," said he, addressing Wilkins; "what have you done there?"

Wilkins was crouching rather than sitting in his chair, his hat drawn over his eyes, and his knees gathered up as if for a spring. He did not reply until his companion repeated the question.

"She's gone," he said, at last.

"Left you!" exclaimed Bolton; "you don't mean eloped?"

"She's gone," replied Wilkins, "for good, I suspect. She went last night at ten, and I hav'nt seen her since."

"Has she any relatives, or any female friend to whom she might go at that hour?"

"No."

"Where do you suppose she went to?"

"God only knows!" replied Wilkins; "*I* don't."

"She didn't go for nothing, I suppose?" said Bolton, looking him full in the face. "What was it?"

"Well," said Wilkins, "I'll tell you. When I went home, I was full of what we had talked of. I was half mad; and when I got to the house, I cursed her, and did all I could to get her up to what we wanted."

"Well?"

"And so when I found nothing else would do, I struck her—down to the very floor. There!" said he, starting from his chair, and dashing his hand across his face, "that's all! She couldn't stand *that*, and she went. And now," continued he, beating his hand violently against his forehead, "it sticks here—here! This d—d head of mine is filled with all sorts of strange fancies and images of *her*. Do what I will, there they stick. I have been drinking too, but I can't drink them away. I went to the widow's, but I couldn't make up my mind to go in; and I was afraid to go to my own home; it seemed as if it was no longer a home without *her*: so I have wandered the streets since morning. I have eaten nothing, and am weary and foot-sore."

As he spoke, the wretched man placed his arms on the table, and leaned his head heavily upon them. He remained so but a moment, before he started up and stood erect in front of the lawyer. "Bolton," said he, "you must carry this matter through without flinching: you *must*, by G—d! —for you have made me what I am. I was an honest man till I fell in with you; and you know what came then."

"What?" demanded the attorney sharply.

"What comes to every man that falls in your clutches," said he, speaking thick and fast. "I had money—that went: I had business—that went; I had friends, a fair name, bright hopes and prospects—and *they* went! All—every one of them; nothing left; not one single soul! And you," said he, shaking his clenched fist in his face, "you were the d—d cringing, skulking thief that stole them away, one by one, so that before I knew it I became what I am! You said last night you'd have nothing to do with a murder," exclaimed he, with a wild, fierce laugh, that made the room ring. "I don't know *that*. You might be mistaken there. Do you know," said he, suddenly sinking his voice, and going up to the attorney, and leaning his elbow heavily on his shoulder, while he look over in his face, "do you know I often wonder that I don't cut your throat at once, and have done with it? I swear I *do!* It must come to that at last. What have you got to say to that?"

"That you'd be a fool for your pains," said Bolton, with an appearance of indifference he was far from feeling. "If I got you into difficulties, I'm the only man who can get you out, and you know it. But you are too much excited to-night. Come here some other time, and we'll talk over your matters. You are worn out now."

"So I am," said Wilkins, whose momentary passion was over. "Hand me that pitcher."

The attorney complied, and Wilkins raised it to his lips, and took a long draught.

"This law plays the devil with one's nerves.—I'll talk it over to-morrow. I scarcely slept last night; and to-day every thing has been like a dream. I wonder if I'll sleep to-night. I'll try, any how. Good night." As he spoke, he took his hat, and before the attorney was aware of his intention, had quitted the room.

Bolton listened, as step after step echoed thro' the deserted building; but long after Wilkins had left him and had sought his guilty home, did the lawyer walk up and down that room. The fire went out without his knowing it: one candle burnt to the socket, and at last flickered out; but he did not notice it. It was not till a neighboring clock struck three, with a tone so solemn and clear that it seemed at his very elbow, that he was aware it was far in the night. Extinguishing the remaining light, he locked his office and sought his own abode.

[*To be continued.*]

Sketches of History.

From the Baltimore American.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

RIVER GIRLS—MERMEN AND MERMAIDS—CANTON.

There is nothing that so completely shows the traveler that aquatic character and talents of the Chinese in this Southern Province of the Empire as the approach to Canton. It reminds one of Venice, somewhat, in the watery location of the dwellings, and of Holland, in the mode of which that water is inhabited, and kept alive, as it were, by a swarm of industrious skiffs. It seems the native element of the people; you would be scarce astonished to find them as web-footed as New Foundland dogs.

Beckford, in his sketches, says of the Dutchmen, "I am not greatly astonished at the *fishiness* of their scite, since very slight authority would persuade me there was a period when Holland was all water, and the ancestors of the present inhabitants fish! Oysterishness of eye, and flabbiness of complexion, are almost positive proofs of this aquatic descent; and pray, tell me for what purpose were such galligaskins as the Dutchmen burthen themselves with contrived, but to tuck up a flouncing tail, and thus cloak the deformity of a dolphin-like termination?" Thus with the Chinese there is the same "fishiness of scite"—and as to their galligaskins, from their voluminous size, huge must be the "dolphin-like terminations" they cover and conceal!

Pushed from the shore by the nice economy of land necessary for subsistence, they take at once to the river—build on piles over the stream for miles along the shore, and whenever that slight foothold is not allowed them, pitch their tents of matting and bamboos on rafts brought down from the upper country—hanging on to their timber territory as long as there is a stick left for market.

As in some places one "cannot see the town for the houses," so here you cannot see the city for the vessels. Traders, skiffs, river craft, men of war, Java junks, flower boats, myriads upon myriads, swarm on every side. Forests of masts darken the air with their fanciful flags—and massive sails. The water is literally hidden, and you glide along on an invisible surface, fighting here, pushing there, squirming, crawling, creeping, meandering, any thing but straight-forward or peacefully. Intricate and dangerous in the journey, as through a crowd of London pickpockets.

Much has been said about the watermen of the Thames, but in point of numbers and adroit use of their boats, they cannot compare with the Cantonese; their vessels are part of them as much as a horse is half an Arab or a Pawnee. Long lines of skiffs are permanently moored, stem and stern, in the streets extending from the shore—in courts and avenues, squares and places, as well known and recognised as our highways at home; and in them whole families reside from year to year, rarely landing but for the most pressing necessaries of

life. The women and children are stowed away in the cuddy holes and corners, whilst their husbands and fathers drive their trade ashore, or idle away the day in the bows of their boats, smoking, picking up floating plunder, bargaining for rice, quarreling with their next boat neighbor, or retailing the latest fish-wife scandal. Meanwhile, the industrious woman is cooking dinner, diving for the brat who has fallen overboard, with a gourd or bladder to keep him from sinking, or mending her extensive wardrobe of tunic and trowsers. Born, bred, buried on the water,—their metempsychosis is unquestionably into gudgeons or whales! Many an unfortunate Chinaman is now doubtless swimming about the Atlantic or Indian seas, boiling under a tropic sun, whilst many another poor fellow undergoes the purgatory of the frying pan for a London feast or a Parision supper! Let us not push the idea farther, it may spoil our appetite for the first soft crab of the season.

Personally very neat and cleanly, here you may see the girls at dawn, *Venuses*, (for do they not rise from the wave!) combing, smoothing, plaiting their long, black, glossy hair, and making their toilet with the stream for their looking-glass, quite as coy and coquettish as a fashionable bathing party at Newport or Nahant. A wholesome simplicity of taste is cultivated and enforced among them until they are married, obliging them to avoid all ornaments and jewelry. *Mermen papus* having as much objection to pay extravagant bills for daughters, as other wise parents in our own country; but, alas, for the poor *husbands!* In China, as elsewhere, the game is up when the ring is on. He is responsible for her contract—and of course she does not let that responsibility remain untaxed. Flowers are furbelows among the indigent, and massive crowns of gold and precious stones, silver pins and gaudy ornaments, among the rich, confine and bind up the luxuriant hair, which in her maiden state was left in its native beauty, and the Chinese *mermaid* is at once transformed into a wife and *nursing machine!*

Many a bottle of Bengal "Attar" have we distributed among the poor little things along the river with whom we became well acquainted in our frequent trips from Whampoa to Banton—rowing beside egg-shell skiffs, and always sure to be *chin chin'd* for a present. Much wandering has taught us that woman is always kind when well treated,—always affable, always good, always gentle, except, perhaps, when she has a brute of a husband or a squalling child! We have never met a disobliging female, among christians or savages, but once, and that was at Naples; what her excuse for incivility was, we never had time to inquire. She certainly was too ugly to be married, and too young to be a mother!

At last, safely through this bewildering mass of boats and *beauty*, you find yourself—cutting, cursing, pushing, hooking, rowing, sculling, up to the quay at Canton—the landing place of which, at the time of our visit, delighted in the euphonic name of "*Jackass Point!*" The labor of landing you will readily imagine is no sinecure, but at length accomplished, you draw a very long breath, and leaping ashore, take in at a single glance the whole of your future territory in China. Pretty much is it—this getting from ship to shore at Canton after the fourth months' voyage—like a translation from a jail to a penitentiary.

You are not, to be sure, exactly walled in, or exactly locked up, but the whole space allowed for habitations and exercise (unless you choose like the Chinese to take the water) is comprised, we should judge, in about a dozen acres. It is true that you are permitted in the way of trade, to go over all the suburbs of Canton, outside the walled city, yet the streets are so narrow, dark, intricate and unsavory, so bewildering to a man without the "organ of locality" largely developed, that you keep as much as possible to the *Esplanade* in front of the factories.

We got possession of the only vacant dwelling in this part of the town, as speedily as possible; and, although it was in one of the narrowest courts, not more, probably, than fifteen feet in breadth, with an overtopping wall in front, no windows in the rear, hot as Tophet, and unventilated as the "Black Hole of Calcutta," we were obliged to pay $750 for three months occupation. The whole house was not large enough to accommodate conveniently more than three persons, and afforded but one saloon as parlor and dining room.

Thus safely lodged, and a neat awning stretched across the court to afford us shade, though it kept off the little air that was astir, we set about business. Custom, "old custom," is imperious in China among foreigners as well as natives, and as there is nothing to talk about when "tea and silk" are exhausted, except the little gossip of the hour—which is here as elsewhere, stimulated by "China's fragrant herb," it is well to avoid all personal eccentricities, and to follow in the beaten track of your precursers in that community of wayfarers. The first thing, therefore, with this caution in view, was to adopt the prevailing mode of dress, so, sending for the fashionable tailor of the day, we took measures to obtain the requisite linen vestments, in which dressing after a day's repose, we presented ourselves for exercise in the white regiment of wanderers on the Esplanade at sunset. A week or two of soaking in the hot air and the dew of perspiration, took off our sea-burnt brownness and bleached us to the fashionable fairness.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

AN ITALIAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

We rode up to the Granajola, a village on a mountain north of the Ponte. This scala, or road, is considered by the people as one of the worst in the country, though, in our estimation, that to Giovonia excels it. It is about four feet wide, and goes zigzag up the face of a nearly perpendicular mountain; in some places it is edged by a low hedge of box and briers, in others there was no fence whatever between us and the precipice some hundred feet below. The path is cut sometimes out of the rock, and at others goes over large, smooth, slippery stones, varied occasionally by others loose and rolling. However, the little ponies mounted bravely, and the beauty of each succeding point of view. as we ascended higher and higher, and the lofty heads of the distant mountains appearing over the nearer and inferior range, with the rich valley and wooded knolls in the hollows of the mountains we were climbing, made us insensible to fatigue or difficulty. About halfway up there is a beautiful grove of chestnut trees, with a small chapel; and further on, the first height being surmounted, we arrived at a rich scene of cultivation, vineyards, wheat, lupins, maize, chestnut trees, all in verdant profuseness. These were the grounds belonging to the village or paese of Granajola, which we saw above us; but turning to the right, we passed through another grove of magnificent chestnuts, towards the village of Piave. The path became smooth and good, but very narrow, running along a hedge on one side, and a deep, nearly perpendicular wooded dell on the other—so narrow indeed, that the guide could not walk at the head of the pony.

It is impossible to describe the beauty and richness of this upland valley, embosomed in the higher mountains, and closed in by the long double-peaked ridge of the Prato Fiorito. We passed under vine trellises, through endless varieties of lupins, and other crops, intermixed with vinyards and immense chesnut trees, with groups of contadini in their festal dresses, for it was one of their saint's days, until we arrived at La Piave, a very poor little district, with a narrow winding street and old mean houses. It is difficult to give an idea of those Italian mountain villages, the remains of what were towns in the middle ages, when security was sought in difficulty of access. They are totally unlike any thing out of Italy, and form a peculiar and characteristic feature of the scenery along the whole range of the Appennines. The houses are generally well built of stone and lime, and several stories high, but the walls are blackened with smoke, and there are numerous small windows without a pane of glass. The lower windows have iron bars placed across them, with wooden shutters behind, the upper have only the shutter, and altogether nothing can present a more dreary, prison-like appearance.

The lane, for I cannot say street, is not more than five or six feet wide, and the houses are huddled together in the strangest way imaginable, scarcely two of them on the same level, and connected together by archways, vine trellises, stairs, or in whatever way the owners see fit; but the utmost cleanliness prevails, not only in the principal lane or road, but even the narrowest slits between the houses, were quite free from offence of any kind, and such open doors as we peeped into gave evidence of similar cleanliness within. The inhabitants were sitting in little groups on the outside stairs, and all took off their hats, as we passed, and said something civil. We went on as far as Monte di Villa, another village, higher up the mountain, through some lovely scenery, and enjoying the same enchanting views, till we stopped on the terrace before the church, above a row of cypresses, and from which there is the finest prospect. The mountain of Lubliano, and the Monte de Bagni Caldi, and all that class of hills, lay at our feet, and far and near we looked over a rich carpet of chesnut woods, now glowing under a setting sun.

Selected Miscellany.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

The following is an extract from a paper written by ELIHU BURRITT, the learned blacksmith of Worcester, Mass.:

Influential woman is a being of scarcely two centuries: up to that period, and almost hitherto, her influences have fallen upon character and society, like the feeble rays of rising winter upon polar fields of ice. But her sun is reaching upward, There is a glorious meridian to which she shall as surely come, as to-morrow's rising sun shall reach his in our natural heavens. What man will be, when she shall shine on him then and thence, we are unable to divine; but we can found an anticipation from the influence of her dawning rays. Her morning light has gilded the visions of human hope, and silvered over the night shadows of human misery beyond the reach of her ameliorating influence, nor an height of human happiness which she has not raised still higher.

Whether we trace the lineaments of her character, in the mild twilight of her morning sun, or in the living beams of her rising day, we find that she has touched human society like an angel. It would be irreverent to her worth to say in what walks of life she has walked most like an angel of light and love; in what vicisitudes, in what joys or sorrows, in what situations or circumstances, she has most signally discharged the heavenly ministrations of her mission; what ordeals have best brought out the radiance of her hidden jewels; what fruitions of earthly bliss, or furnaces of affliction, have best declared the finest of her gold. Still there is a scene which has escaped "the vulture's eye," and almost every other eye, where she has cast forth her costliest pearls, and shown such qualities of her native character as almost to merit our adoration. This scene has been allotted to *the drunkard's wife*. How she has filled this most desperate outpost of humanity, will be revealed when the secrets of human life shall be disclosed "to more worlds than this," When the history of hovels and of murky garrets shall be given in; when the career of the enslaved inebriate shall be told, from the first to the lowest degree of his degradation,—there will be a memorial made of woman worthy of being told and heard in heaven.—From the first moment that she gave up her young and hoping heart, and all its treasures into the hand of him she loved, to the luckless hour when the charmer, wine, fastened around that loved one all the serpent spells of its sorcery,—down thro' all the crushings of her young born hopes,—thro' years of estrangement and strange insanity,—when harsh unkindness bit at her heart string with an adder's tooth,—thence down through each successive depth of disgrace and misery, until she bent over the drunkard's grave;—through all these scenes, a halo of divinity has gathered around her and stirred her to angel deeds of love. When the maddened victim tried to cut himself adrift from the sympathy and society of God and man, she clung to him, and held him to her heart with hooks of steel.

And when he was cast out, all defiled by his leprous pollution,—when he was reduced to such a *thing* as the beasts of the field would bellow at,—there was one who kept him throned in her heart of hearts; who could say over the fallen, drivelling creature, "Although you are nothing to the *world*, you are all the world to *me*." When that awful insanity of the drunkard set in upon him, with all the fiendish shapes of torture; while he lay writhing beneath the scorpion stings of the fiery phantasies and furies of *delirium tremens*—there was woman by his side, enslaved with all the attributes of her loveliness. There was a tearful, love beaming eye, that never dimmed but with tears when the black spirits were at him.—There she stood, in lone hours of night, to watch his breathings, with her heart braced up with the omnipotence of her love. No! brute as he was, not a tie which her young heart had thrown around him in his bright days, had ever given away, but had grown stronger as he approached the nadir of his degradation. And if he sank into that dark, hopeless grave, she enswathed him in her

broken heart, and laid it in his coffin; or if some mighty angel's arm or voice brought him up from the grave of drunkenness, deepest ever dug for man, he came forth Lazarus like, bound fast and forever within the cerements of her deathless affection.

Such is her sceptre; such are the cords which she throws around the wayward and wandering, and leads him back to virtue, and to heaven, saying, as she gives him in: "*Here am I and him whom thou gavest me.*"

From the Boston Transcript.

The Legend of the Pirate's Cave.

The following legend has been, for nearly a century and a half a traditionary story, and has now, for the first time, a "local habitation." It was narrated to the writer some fifteen years since, during a short visit to Indian Old Town, by "Aunt Ruth Breed," as she was familiarly called—an old lady who had arrived at the advanced age of nenety-three years, seventy of which she had passed at Squamscot, when she emigrated to Maine, where she ended her days with a great-grandsonly.

Towards the close of the 17th century, as is well known, certain notorious buccaneers, with their fleet, came into the harbor of Boston, and were often seen with respectable citizens, who were accused—perhaps not unjustly—of participating in their trade—so far, at least, as to purchase from them articles known to be of unlawful commerce. Among these vessels was the ship of the celebrated Captain Kidd, which had just returned from the Spanish main, laden with the plunder of the Spanish argosies. The mate of Kidd's vessel was by birth a hardy Norwegian, who, having served his dauntless captain faithfully through a legion of perilous adventures, had become his confidential friend, and being a handsome ingratiating fellow, was introduced by him to the residences of several wealthy and opulent merchants. In the household of William Philips, (afterwards Sir William, and Governor of Massachusetts) one of the families with whom he was most familiar, there was an Indian servant-maid, who had been made captive in her early youth, during Philip's War, and received into the Phillips family, where great pains had been taken first to learn her the English language, and afterwards to initiate her in fine needle work, and to instruct her properly from her Bible and Catechism, together with other branches connected with female education in those times. Notwithstanding these efforts to her moral and mental improvement, the indomitable spirit of the Indian still remained; she was wild and fitful in her temper, uncontrolable and obstinate in her impulse, but loving strongly where she had fixed her affection.

Carl Neixon, the Norwegian mate, having seen this beautiful girl in his domestic intercourse with the family, fell instantly and desperately in love with her, which feeling was as quickly reciprocated by Nahkooyamah, (or the "running vine," thence commonly called "*Viny.*") One day being wanted by some of the family, she was found amongst the missing, and a search was made for her in vain; but after the lapse of two summers she was discovered living with Carl in a hut which he had built contiguous to a rocky cave, (the now renowned cave at Philip's Beach,) which probably had been their first place of refuge. They were secured and taken to Boston. Nahkooyamah was restored to her friends, and Carl was imprisoned in the common jail until a general assembly of magistrates might be had to decide upon the punishment for the abduction.

Before the trial came on, however, that scourge of the Indians and early settlers—the small pox broke out and raged with great virulence. It found its way into the prison and Carl becoming one of its many victims, was carried away and buried as a pirate. The Indian girl became moody and listless; she seemed brooding upon some unsettled thought, and was seldom occupied with her wonted avocations. At this time the grave of Carl was found to have been entered and his remains carried off. Suspicion falling upon Nahkooyamah, she fled; and was found to have carried away and buried the body of Carl in the deep chasm of a rock, which when discovered, she sat weeping over.

At the advance of her pursuers, she ran towards the brink of a steep precipice, admonishing them with wild and frantic gestures not to approach her. They persisted in the pursuit, and she found herself lost, when, giving one loud and heart piercing shriek, she threw herself with the bound of an antelope from the frowning crag, and in an instant, floated a lifeless corpse upon the boisterous billows of the ocean. Her body, however, was recovered, and it was determined to bury her with Carl, in the chasm of the rock, which bore for many years the name of the "Cave of the Pirate's Bride." This is undoubtedly the legend of what is now called "The Pirate's Cave."

PHILOSOPHY.—At the time of Nimrod Hew's celebrated prediction of the dissolution of the world, a pedlar of tin ware, raw hides, &c., who was a firm believer in the prediction, was travelling the road in his wagon with a quart of rum with which he had provided himself, probably with a view of going into the other world as quietly as possible. Having occasion to alight, his equilibrium being somewhat unsettled, he staggered to the fence where he lay ruminating on the prospect before until he fell asleep. A person passing by, who knew his belief in that being his last day on earth, went to the wagon, took some raw hides, placed them over him, piled thereon some straw, applied a match thereto, and with one of his tin horns, awakened the astonished pedlar, who half awake, supposing himself to be an inhabitant of another world, exclaimed without the least surprise, '*Just as I expected—in hell slick enough!*'

P. D., one of the most eminent lawyers in the western country, now deceased, was sadly given to intoxication. On one occasion he entered a Methodist church while a minister was holding forth on the future punishment of the wicked.—Fixing his eye upon Mr. D. who was reeling near the door, he exclaimed, "There stands a sinner against whom I will bear witness in the day of judgment." At this the lawyer folded his arms, planted himself as firmly as he could, and addressing the man in the pulpit, he electrified the whole congregation after this fashion; "Sir," said Mr. D., "I have been practising in the criminal courts for twenty years; and I have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to give State's evidence."

Natural History.

Encounter with a Boa Constrictor.

In the Surrey Zoological Gardens are several serpents, amongst which is an enormous boa, measuring upwards of twenty feet in length and weighing more than two hundred weight. It is usual for the keepers to bathe them occasionally, and by every means to endeavor to tame them, and from time to time it is no uncommon thing for one of the men in the habit of so doing, to go into their room or cage and clean it, while two large constrictors lie coiled up in a corner. Their food—live rabbits—is put into their rooms by a sliding panel, which one of the keepers named Blackburn was in the act of doing, when the enormous boa sprung at him, and seized him by the arm. The man leaped backwards, and drew the serpent partly out of the cage, which immediately spun round him like a windlass, and made one coil. Had he effected another, Blackburn would inevitably have been killed, and perhaps partly swallowed before it was discovered, he being at the time alone, and without any one immediately near him; but by pressing the throat of the powerful creature, and by more than usual strength, he was preserved. Having shut the slide, on reaching the other keepers, from the conflict in which he had been engaged, the poor fellow fainted; and on being taken home, was found to be very much discolored from the powerful pressure of his terrific antagonist. The same constrictor, in full action, would squeeze a buffalo into a shapeless mass and swallow it most easily. The keeper, however, is now doing well.

THE LIVES OF BIRDS.—Eagles attain a great age. One is said to have died in Vienna aged 104. Tacitus states the age of the eagles at 500 years—but the moderns consider a century a great age for this monarch of the air.

Hawks average	30 to 40	Goose	100
Blackbirds	10 to 12	Ravens, Crows and	
Thrush	8 to 10	Parrots, sometimes exceed	100
Nightingale	15		
Redbreast	10 to 12	Peacock	20
Wren	2 to 3	Common Fowl	10
Skylark	10 to 30	Pheasant and Partridge	20
Chaffinch	20 to 24		
Goldfinch	10 to 16	Pigeon	20
Linnet	14 to 23	Heron	60
Pelican	40 to 50	Crane	24
Starling	10 to 12	Swan	100

Sunday Reading.

NATURE OF DEATH.—The idea of the intense suffering immediately preceding dissolution is, and has been so generally, that the term "agony" has been applied to it in many languages. In its origin the word means nothing more than a contest or strife; but it has been extended so as to embrace the pangs of death and every violent pain. The agony of death, however, physiologically speaking, instead of being a state of mental and corporeal turmoil and anguish, is one of insensibility. The hurried and labored breathing, and the peculiar sound instead of being evidences of suffering, are now admitted to be signs of the brain, having lost all, or almost all, sensibility to impressions. Whilst the brain is possesed of consciousness the eye is directed as the will commands by the appropriate right of voluntary musles of the organ; but as soon as the consciousness is lost, and the will no longer acts, the eye-ball is then drawn up involuntarily under the upper eyelid. All the indications, therefore, of mortal strife are in such appearance only; even the convulsive agitations, occasionally perceived, are 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 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 known as the Daughter of Night and the Sister of Sleep. She was the only divinity to whom no sacrifice was ever made, because it was felt that no human interference could arrest her arm; yet her approach was contemplated without any physical apprehension. The representation of death, as a skeleton covered merely with skin, on the tomb of Cannæ, was not the common allegorical picture of the period. It was generally depicted on tombs as a friendly genius, holding a wreath in his hand, with an inverted torch—as a sleeping child, winged, with an inverted torch resting on his wreath; or as love, with a melancholy torch—the inverted torch being a beautiful emblem of the gradual self-extinguishment of the vital flame.

The disgusting representations of death from the contents of the charnel house, were not common until the austerity of the fourteenth century, and are beginning to be abandoned. In more recent times, death seems to have been portrayed as a beautiful youth; and it is under this form that he is represented by Canova, on the monument which George IV, of England, erected in St. Peter's at Rome, in honor of the Stuarts.—*Amer. Jour.*

IMMORTALITY.—The universal impression that there are regions beyond the precincts of time and the limits of terrestrial space, in which all the disorders of the present state of things will be adjusted, and all the wrongs of this world redressed, is one of the wisest and most blessed elements in the constitution of the human mind.—But for the hope of a happy hereafter, there are millions of beings in the world to whom existence would be a burthen too heavy to be borne. That glorious hope alone sustain them under the presure of the troubles, and toils, and trials of life. He, therefore, who could seek to rob his fellow creatures of their faith in immortality, is the greatest enemy of his species, even supposing his own convictions in the non-existence of a future state were as strong as they are in his own present being.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered from a parent's lip, may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

AGAINST WORLDLY ANXIETY.—Enjoy the blessings of this day, says Jeremy Taylor, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly: for this day is only ours; we are dead to yesterday, we are not born to to-morrow.

To 'get through the world' comfortably and to soften the asperities of fortune, the chief requisite is an honest and cheerful heart. An honest heart in these days of counterfeit, spurious and dishonest ones, is worth more than fine gold.

Learn all you can, and you will live to see its value.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1841.

☞ We have received an original tale entitled "Lord Monteith," but have not yet had time to examine it.

Literary Notices.

☞The ARCTURUS for September has just been received. This pleasant periodical is always welcome to our table. Its contents are agreeable, racy and original—occupying a medium between the profundity of the Review and the light and often trashy matter of the magazine. The present number has a favorable notice of Miss SEDGWICK's Travels, and a well written critique upon the poems of EBENEZER ELLIOT, well known in England and in this country, as the Corn-Law Rhymer. Published by B. G. TREVETT, 121, Fulton street, New York.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT.—The Northern Light for September has been received. The articles for the month are choice and well selected, especially in the Political and Scientific departments. There is also a very beautiful tale called The Portrait, from the German. A reply to Mr. E. C. DELEVAN's article upon "High and Low Duties," and "a popular view of Astronomy," are among the most interesting articles. Published in Albany, by an "Association of Gentlemen." Price $1 per annum.

POETS OF AMERICA.—Mr. Samuel Colman, of New York, is, we perceive by some proof sheets sent us, about to publish another volume of the "Poets of America, illustrated by one of her Painters." The first volume published a year or two ago by way of experiment, succeeded beyond all expectations. The present volume contains specimens of nearly all our poets, among which we notice one from W. H. C. HOSMER, of Avon.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The Knickerbocker for September has a variety of short and well written articles, both in poetry and prose. The "Quod Correspondence" increases in interest as it advances. The "Scenes in Holland," by an American, present very curious and interesting views of the manners of the Dutch. There is an unusual quantity of "Literary Notices" and "Editor's Table" matter this month. C. MORSE, Agent.

COOPER'S LIBEL SUIT.—If COOPER's books do not sell well he makes up the deficiency by his character which he sells occasionally for a hundred or two. He has at last obtained a verdict in one of his numerous libel suits against editors. A suit against PARK BENJAMIN, editor of the New World, was tried last week at Cooperstown, and the jury found a verdict for Mr. Cooper of $375 damages and costs. The publication of the offensive matter was admitted in the pleadings, and being considered by the defendant as a mere technical libel that would not justify exemplary damages.

THE SUMMER OF 1841.—The season from the first of April to the 23d of September is, we believe, unparalleled for the small quantity of rain which has fallen and the general drouth in this and several other States. This county has not, perhaps, suffered so much as many other sections of country. We were struck with surprise yesterday, when a friend, extensively engaged in gardening operations, informed us that in settling with one of his men, he found that in 150 working days he had lost only *two* days in consequence of rain or bad weather.

☞ The LORD'S PRAYER in *fifty-three* different languages has been engraved on stone, and is for sale at one of the New York Bookstores.

Editors and their Correspondents.

We thank the Boston Mercantile Journal for the following sensible article. It is just what we wished to say to those who have furnished or who may hereafter furnish articles for publication, and we recommend it to the careful consideration of our readers:

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We sometimes receive communications from anonymous sources, and sometimes from persons for whom we entertain sentiments of respect, which we consider inexpedient to publish—and doubt not that in this way we offend many, whom we would rather please. Our reasons for rejecting certain communications are various—but we trust that they are all good and substantial—although we might find it difficult to convince our neglected correspondents that such is the case. Sometimes we could explain them in an interview of a few minutes, and sometimes we might find it difficult to explain them at all. There are a thousand circumstances, the nature of which would never occur to the mind of a correspondent, but which immediately force themselves on the mind of an editor, why a communication should be rejected. If we were able to explain to a correspondent, in writing, the why and wherefore a communication should not recieve an insertion, we could not find *time* to make such an explanation, without a serious neglect of our other duties. Hence when we receive a communication, we give it a careful perusal, and immediately decide upon the propriety of giving it a place. If, in our judgment, it would be, for any cause, improper to let it appear in our columns, or if we have any doubts on the subject, it is laid aside, without regard to the source from which it may emanate.

We may not always decide correctly in these matters. But in the course of our editorial career, we have sometimes had cause to regret having admitted certain communications into our columns, but we do not recollect a single instance, when we have declined to publish a communication, *that we have afterwards regretted our decision.* It is impossible for a correspondent of a newspaper to see with the eyes of an editor; and if the course of an editor has generally met with his approbation, he ought to have confidence in him sufficient to admit that he may have acted right in refusing to publish a communication, notwithstanding it may have been prepared with much time and labor, and perhaps with the intention of benefiting the paper to which it was offered.

The painter down South, who painted a bar of iron like pine, so naturally that it would float, has got into trouble. The Pic says:

A few days since, when we spoke in complimentary terms of the extraordinary talents of that painter, we did not think that we should so soon be obliged to condemn the exercise of those talents for mischievous and unworthy purposes. But so it is. Some two weeks ago he got into a drunken frolic, went on board a schooner at the New Basin, and painted the anchor in imitation of pine. The schooner put out into the lake the next day. As there were symptoms of a storm, the captain thought it best to anchor. On tumbling the anchor, which had been painted, into the water, they were astonished to find that it floated upon the water as buoyantly as cork. The consequence was, the vessel went ashore, and the underwriters have brought an action for damages against the painter. We sincerely hope they will recover, for when remarkable abilities are prostituted to unworthy purposes, justice demands no impunity.

☞Gentlemen forwarding Magazines, and other publications to us, will enhance the favor by omitting to write upon them any thing more than the direction, as it is decided by the Postmaster General that in future the words "*Pl. notice,*" or "*any writing or memorandum,*" subjects the whole document to LETTER postage.

MAMMOTH CAKES.—A confectioner is preparing a cake for exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair in Boston, in the form of the Bunker Hill Monument. It will be 7 feet high. Another one is to weigh 5000 lbs. and contain $300 worth of jewelry.

Vanity is the great sin of our species.

Odds and Ends.

NOT A MARRYING MAN.—The editor of St. Louis Bulletin, who is an incorrigible bachelor says that he is opposed to "uniting the marrying with the printing interests"—as during these hard times, he finds it as much as he can do to issue a *single sheet* without being bothered with *little extras.*

A princess of Hungary once asked a monk, who was a scholar and a wit, to explain to her the story of Balaam and his ass; adding 'good father, I can hardly believe that an ass should have been so talkative.' 'Madam,' replied the father, your scruples may cease when you are informed that it was a *female.*'

A lad running through the street as though he were shot out of a cannon ball, was stopp'd short by his father: 'Here Bill, stop! where are you going?' 'Nowhere.' 'What after?' 'Noffin.' 'What's your hurry then?' 'Coss I is.'

A man should never marry a widow, however attractive, whose first husband had not been hanged, as that ignominious catastrophe furnishes the only security for her not continually reverting to him.

SPARK-ling WIT.—"I have a spark in my eye," said a lady in the cars. The jade was looking forward at a spruce young gentleman sitting opposite to her.

A cheerful heart paints the world as it finds it, like a sunny landscape: the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, palled with thick vapors, dark as the shadow of death.

A literary friend of ours, mentioning that he was going to publish the "Memoirs of a Dead Jackass," the answer was, "Leave it, my good fellow, for your executors to do."

Rather shabby—to ask a friend to dine with you at a coffee house, and after getting him to settle the bill, borrow a trifle to pay your coach home; of course "remembering to forget" to repay either.

We learn from the Lafayette Chronicle that there is an old toper in Baltimore who actually sold his wife's "bustle" to buy rum! The story is too shocking for belief.

"We are credibly informed that the young unmarried ladies are much opposed to the "Bankrupt Bill," because they say it prevents all *attachments.*

A country lad in Boston has written to his friends in the country that every thing is cheap in Boston, dollar bills being only *ninety-four cents* a piece.

In the conception of Mahomet's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel. Is this a compliment to the women or the angels?

A neighbor of ours informs us that wood *goes further* when left out of doors than when well housed; some of his having gone upwards of a quarter of a mile in one night.

It is a curiosity to find an old maid who does not wonder that she has not long since been married.

A household without ladies is like the year without the spring, or rather, like the spring without flowers.

Lamp oil, properly applied, will cure corns. We got the receipt from Jonah, who found it out while in the whale's belly.

Why is a woman unlike a looking glass? Because the glass reflects without speaking, but the woman speaks without reflecting.

A great rogue wrote home to his anxious parents that he was doing well and was fast rising in the *knave*-al service.

A modern traveller in a late publication, states that the women of Sunds, near Fez, are the best *horsemen* in the world.

There is a man in New York whose arms are so short that he can't put his hands into his pockets without going down cellar.

Stout has his statue of Fanny Elssler nearly ready for exhibition. It is said to be beautiful in design, conception and execution.

The individual who lives a life of temperance and partakes daily of sufficient active exercise, requires no opiate to lull him to repose.

The notion that alcohol is injurious is gaining universal belief.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

Original Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Royal Weepers.

"Josephine had remained unseen, sorrowing in her chamber, until Napoleon's usual hour of retiring to rest. He had just placed himself in bed, silent and melancholy, when suddenly the private door opened, and the Empress appeared, her hair in disorder and her face swollen with weeping. Advancing with a tottering step, she stood as if irresolute, about a pace from the bed, clasped her hands and burst into an agony of tears. Delicacy—a feeling as if she had now no right to be there—seemed at first to have arrested her progress; but forgetting every thing in the fulness of her grief, she threw herself on the bed, clasped her husband's neck, and sobbed as if her heart had been breaking. Napoleon also wept while he endeavored to console her, and they remained for some time locked in each other's arms. After an interview of about an hour, Josephine, the divorced wife, parted forever from the man whom she had so long and so tenderly loved."—*Meme's Life of Josephine.*

Aye, let them weep—that royal pair—
Stay not a tear that's gushing there!
Tears are the price that Love must pay
To sate Ambition's thirst of sway,
And Anguish, the reward of power
Misused in an unholy hour.

There may'st thou see them side by side,
The husband and the injured bride,
The partner of his early youth,
When Life was Love and Love was Truth,
Whose heart-strings his as close have bound,
As Ivy clasps the Oak around;
The Ivy vine whose tendrils grow
But nearer for the winds that blow,
And in their kind and warm embrace,
Half shield it from the Storm-god's trace.

And who to tear that wreath would try,
And hurl it on the ground to die,
While the old oak should proudly stand,
Nor feel the fell desposler's hand?
Nay, rather let them flourish on
In green and leafy unison,
Till Time on both shall fix his seal—
Till both his gnawing tooth shall feel,
Which, while it eats the brave old tree,
May with the Ivy's leaves make free.
So that in Death, as Life, the two,
Shall to the Union still be true.

'Tis well *she* weeps. Her dream of power,
Hath vanished with the parting hour.
And *he* may wail the broken tie,
That linked his name with Destiny!

Rochester, Sept. 1841. DAMON.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Faded Rose.

'Twas silent o'er the flow'ry plains
Where Lucy roamed with me,
Save mellow notes in melting strains
The birds sang off in glee.

The zephyr slumbered on the bough
And calmly on the leaf—
No care oppressed my fair one's brow,
No fear had she, or grief.

We eager plucked the flowers gay
To twine them for a wreath—
And sweetly fled the hours away
In innocence and mirth.

I twined a rose with other flowers—
Its blushing leaves displayed
A genial glow of happy hours,
While in the wreath arrayed.

I placed it on her lily brow—
A lovely diadem;
It shone as gay as on the bough
Of its maternal stem.

I gazed with fondness on her face—
My heart grew wild und warm;
I praised the flower's lovely grace,
That gave her cheek a charm.

I looked, and lo! it wilted lay
And faded on her head;
Its sister buds were blooming gay
When all its beauty fled.

And thus our hopes may bloom a while
To cheer the lonely breast;
But soon a sorrow will beguile
The moments they had blest.

Albion, Aug. 9, 1841. J. N. A.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Lake Ontario,

As seen from Mt. Hope, Rochester.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

I.

From the tall summit of this height,
I gaze upon the country round;
And lo! Ontario's billows bright
In distance heave—but hear no sound!

II.

Proud Lake! hard by thy pebbly shore,
Or on thy broad and silvery breast,
The Indian row'd his bark of yore;
The wild swan sank unscar'd to rest.

III.

Save when the savage nations rose,
And in fierce wars commingling met,
Then troubled they thy wild repose,
And ting'd thy crystal tide with jet!

IV.

When the fierce war-axe crimson'd fell,
And the war-bolt found deadly sheath,
And the Red Chief with hideous yell,
Reeled—bounding, to thy depths beneath!

V.

Ten thousand thoughts rush on my brain,
As here I gaze upon thy surge;
Though distant from thy watery plain,
Methinks I stand upon thy verge.

VI.

All now is o'er!—the withering blast
Of time has passed, and swept them down!
Instead—*there* rocks the creaking mast,
Here spreads around the populous town!

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Two Views of Life.

UNBELIEF SPEAKETH.

Our life is but a night of trouble.
This world a world of misery;
Our joys are but a bursting bubble,
Our hopes an airy fantasy.
In pain we pass our infancy,
In anxious care our older years;
And life's stern, harsh reality,
Enshrouds our age with gloomy fears.
When death relieves our earthly care,
We darkly haste—we know not where!

FAITH SPEAKETH.

Far, far above the brutal throng,
Does man, half-angel, wend his way;
The babe's first accents lisp a song
Of praise for his high destiny.
In youth, with joyous energy,
His soul bespeaks its God-lit fires,
And quenching not in life's last day,
Still brightly burns, and still aspires—
Till, parting from its brother clod,
It soars in brightness to its God!

Rochester, Sept., 1841. J. E. D.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

On the Death of Miss Jane Birdsall,

OF PITTSFORD.

There is a sound of wailing
Upon the summer air:
There is a gloom prevailing,
That meets us every where.
Unwonted tears are stealing
Down many a furrowed cheek;
Unwonted bursts of feeling,
From many a young heart break.

There is no voice of gladness,
No look, no sound of mirth;
A shade of deepest sadness
Is resting on the earth.
The sun, so long unclouded,
The sky, for weeks so bright,
In heavy vapors shrouded,
Withdraw themselves from sight.

Nature, 'tis well thou wearest
A veil of deepest gloom—
Of all thy forms, the fairest
If passing to the tomb,
Upon her low couch lying,
Unmarking our distress,
Our own dear one is dying,
In all her loveliness.

And friends are agonizing,
The parting to delay,
And many a prayer is rising
From hearts unused to pray.
Our prayers are unavailing.
Our efforts and our tears;
How fast her life is failing!
She neither sees nor hears.
In vain the loving hearted
Their watch around her keep;
The spirit is departed—
There's nought to do but weep!

Such was the plaint of sorrow,
Around the dying bed,
But with the coming morrow,
A better light is shed.
New hopes come cheering o'er us,
And to the eye of faith
She has but gone before us
To where there is no death. E. G.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Tuesday evening, 21st Sept., by Rev. A. G. Hall, General JACOB GOULD, to Miss SARAH T. SEWARD, all of this city.

In this city, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. JEREMIAH HILDRETH, to Miss HARRIET BENJAMIN, all of this city.

In this city, at the Rochester House, on the 18th inst., by M. G. Warner, Esq., ASAHEL HOYT, of Walworth, Wayne county, to MARY HOLLOWAY, of Barre, Orleans county.

On Sunday, the 19th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Elijah Withall, to Miss Sarah Osborn, all of this city.

In Royalton, Niagara co., on the 9th ult., by Rev. Mr. Crane, Mr. James B. Raynsford, of Greece, to Miss Arlette Culver, of the former place.

In Castile, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. D. B. Purinton, of Livonia, Rev. George N. Roe, of Junius, Seneca county, to Miss Mazitta M. Pratt, of the former place.

In Parma, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Otis, Mr. DAVID BURT, of Kendall, Orleans co., to Miss ANNA PROSSER, of the latter place.

At Fort Niagara, on the 1st inst., by Rev. Mr. Cressey, Rector of Christ Church, in Lockport, AUGUSTUS A. BOYCE, Esq., Counsellor at Law, &c., of Lockport, to Miss SARAH E., daughter of Col. E. JEWETT, of Fort Niagara.

At Oberlin, Ohio, on the 27th ult., by Rev. Professor Finney, Rev. WILLIAM L. PARSONS, formerly of Lockport, to Miss LAVINA BRADLEY, of Westfield.

In Lockport, on the 2d inst., by Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. HIRAM CELLEYHAM to Miss ELIZABETH ANN FARLEY, all of that place.

In Albion, on the 9th inst., by Rev. Gilbert Crawford, Mr. H. JESSE VAN DUSEN to Miss MARTHA C., daughter of Mr. H. V. Prentice, merchant of that village.

In Barre, on the same day, by the same, Mr. ROMULUS S. BUCKLAND to Miss ADELIA S. BIGELOW, all of Barre.

In Gainesville, on the 1st inst., by Rev. S. Wheat, Mr. ABSALOM AGAR, of Cold Creek, to Miss MARY M. MATTISON, of the former place.

In Castile, on the 12th inst., by Rev. James Reed, Mr. N. W. CADY, of Gainesville, to Miss ABIGAIL REED, of the former place.

In Canandaigua, on the 9th inst., by Rev. Geo. Whitefield Lane, ABIJAH OTIS, Jr., M. D., of Bristol, to Miss MARY P., daughter of Dea. John Carr, of the former place. Also, on the 9th inst., by Rev. M. L. R. P. Thompson, Mr. LYMAN RICE to Miss CLARISSA WILDER.

In Palmyra, on the 8th inst., by Rev. G. R. H. Shumway, Mr. CHAUNCEY C. GILES, of Hamilton, Ohio, to Miss EUNICE LAKEY, daughter of Abner F. Lakey, Esq., of Palmyra. Also, on the 9th inst., by the same, Mr. JAMES M. PALMER, of Linden, Orleans county, to Miss HANNAH LOUISA TICE, of Palmyra.

In Batavia, on the 14th inst., by Rev. S. A. Este, Mr. GEORGE DIMOND to Miss LUCRETIA CLARK.

In Geneseo, on the 8th inst., by Rev. Charles Morgan, Mr. ALBERT H. SIMMONS to Miss GERTRUDE E. HOWE, all of Geneseo.

In Portage, on the 1st inst., by Rev. Mr. Colwell, Mr. ERASTUS TRUESDELL to Miss ROXY D. RICE, both of Warsaw.

In Angelica, on the 8th inst., by Rev. L. Thibou, Mr. MARTIN ADSIT, of Hornellsville, to Miss ESTHER JANE CHARLES, of Angelica.

In Castile, on the 9th inst., by Rev. D. B. Purington, of Livonia, Rev. GEORGE N. ROE, of Junius, to Miss MARTHA M. PRATT, of Castile.

In Geneseo, on the 14th inst., by Rev. Lloyd Windsor, SAMUEL TREAT, Esq. to Miss CAROLINE, daughter of C. H. Bryan, Esq.

In Le Roy, on the 12th inst., by H. H. Carpenter, Esq., Mr. STEPHEN THAYER, of Gainesville, to Miss CATHARINE SPENCER, of Sheldon.

In Caledonia, on the 28d inst., by the Rev. Daniel McLearin, Mr. DANIEL MCNAUGHTON, of Caledonia, Mich., to Miss ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, of the former place.

ELECTION NOTICE—Sheriff's Office—Monroe county, Rochester, 31st August, 1841,—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the first, second, and third 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.

CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff
of the county of Monroe.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Secretary's Office.

ALBANY, August 25, 1841.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe:

Sir—Notice is hereby given you, that the term of service of William A. Moseley, a Senator for the eighth senate district of this state, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of Monroe belongs, at the general election to be held on the first, second and third days of November next, at the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three Members of Assembly, for the said county.

JOHN C. SPENCER,
Secreta.y of State.

sep1

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 16, 1841. No. 21.

Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Lord Monteith—A Tale of Other Days.

BY A MERCHANT'S CLERK.

"She is won, we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow, said young Lochinvar.
* * * * *
There was racing and chasing on Cannoble lea,
But the fast bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of knight like young Lochinvar?"
SCOTT.

Late on a November's night, in the year — but no matter when — a solitary horseman was seen urging his panting steed along one of the highways leading to London. The night was dark and cold — the moon withheld her soft, gentle light, and not a star twinkled in the black vault above, to cheer the way of this midnight traveler; the winds were high and fierce; black, lowering clouds swept over the face of the heavens; ever and anon the roar of the deep-voiced thunder shook the earth; the lightnings glared fearfully amid the darkness, and the rain beat in torrents against him.

Our horseman was mounted on a dark, fleet steed, that bore him on with the speed of the wind. He had ridden long and hard, and although the way was dark and rough, and the animal panting and reeking, still onward he urged the noble beast in his headlong speed — the quick, elastic bound of the horse, the proud toss of [illegible] head, and his bright, flashing eye, evincing [illegible] the noble spirit within him was yet untamed.

The thin dress of the rider was ill-suited to such a wild night as this; it seemed as if he had just issued from some gay circle, or from some pleasant fireside, and had left without thinking of storms. But why this whirlwind speed? Was it to get soon to his journey's end? Or was it because within that breast the wild passions of man were let loose?

Wilfred DeCerons, up to his eighteenth year, had been an inmate of Monteith Castle. William DeCerons, the sire of Wilfred, once saved the life of the Lord of Monteith, and upon the death of DeCerons, which took place shortly afterwards, Monteith promised to take charge of his only son, then a lad of some eight or ten summers. The DeCerons were once Lords and Barons in England, and their domains were as broad and as rich as any in the land; but wars and misfortunes had cut them off, and when William DeCerons became of age, he had no fortune but his good sword, a stout heart, and a determination to bear up under all his adversities. He fought in Palestine under the broad banner of Monteith, and in a reconnoitre saved his life. For this Monteith promised to take charge of his son, and to rear him up as his own.

Nature had done much for Wilfred. At eighteen, although his form had not yet attained its full strength, he was tall, active, and strongly made; his complexion was somewhat embrowned by exposure to the sun; his features were frank, open and handsome. The slight curl of his lip showed firmness and a determined resolution, and with a heart and soul alive to all the nobler passions of man, he bid fair to become what his fathers had been before him. He was early taught those feats of strength and daring which would enable him to mingle in the stirring scenes of the camp, and to become the companion of the hardy warrior. Horsemanship, the wielding of sword and lance, hunger and fatigue were to him pastimes; and all which could exercise his body to feats of daring, strength, and agility, he practised, in order to qualify him for the exploits of war.

Monteith had two children, Clarence and Geraldine. Clarence was a year younger than Wilfred, — both had the same masters, both the same training; but there was a wide difference between them. Clarence was not as bold, active, and as fearless as Wilfred; the one was all gentleness, and seemed more fitted for some gay page, than for the tented field; his form was slight, but graceful, and his features regular and effeminately beautiful. Wilfred loved Clarence [illegible] sweet, kind, amiable disposition; and Cl[illegible]ved Wilfred, for his high and noble princi[illegible] his daring, fearless soul. Thus they grew up, as two brothers, loving and beloved.

Monteith was a fierce, stern, haughty man.— War, scenes of strife and carnage, were his delight. He saw and felt the difference between his heir and the penniless Wilfred, and was vexed;— he liked not the girlish look of Clarence, nor his quiet, peaceful temper,—yet his anger was often poured out upon the head of Wilfred, nevertheless, at heart he could not but admire his noble courage, his daring soul, and his taste for a soldier's life,—still, as he was superior to his own son, in those acquirements which he most respected, he hated him. In fact, he hated him for being precisely what he wished his son to be. As time wore on, he was treated with marked neglect by Monteith; he was cold and haughty, and during the last few months Wilfred remained at the castle, Monteith had scarcely noticed him, and when he did, his looks were black and lowering. Wilfred DeCeron's proud soul could ill brook a haughty glance from any one; and when he saw how changed were the feelings of Lord Monteith toward him, and that a longer stay at the castle would ill suit that haughty lord, he resolved to seek another home, far away from the scenes of his early youth — far away from those scenes, among which he had spent so many happy days. True, he was without friends — without money — but he would trust to his good sword and stout arm for a livelihood. True, it was a cold world for one so young as he to be thrown upon; but he preferred any thing—beggary—death—to living longer under the roof of Lord Monteith, where he was scorned and insulted.

But there would be a pang in leaving his childhood's home; leaving it perhaps forever; and there would be many a sigh in saying farewell to Monteith Castle. Wilfred loved.

* * * * *

Geraldine Monteith had seen the flowers of sixteen summers blossom and decay. England could not boast a fairer form, a sweeter face, nor a mind more richly cultivated. She was the idle of Monteith; he doated upon her,— many were the suitors for her hand from among the noble and wealthy; but she was gentle and retiring, and had no eye for gilded trappings, nor gorgeous palaces.

Monteith often wondered at her refusing some lord of princely halls and broad manors, or of some gay gallant of the court. He had given splendid dinners and costly entertainments, with the hope that Geraldine would meet with some one suited to her taste — still she refused them all. Wearied with these, Lord Monteith finally concluded to let her marriage rest for the present; little thinking that her heart was already in the possession of one of England's nobles. Yes! she loved Wilfred DeCerons. Foolish girl! Would your father accept of *him* for a son? As soon would he marry you to his lowest groom. Yet still Wilfred dared to love her. He had striven against the passion with his might — but who may stay the course of love? And why should he not love her? — and why should she not love him? The blood of the DeCerons was as noble as that which coursed so proudly in the veins of the haughty Monteith. When Wilfred first won the acknowledgement from the sweet, blushing girl, that she loved him, a crowned king was not happier. He thought not of the dark future — Geraldine loved him and he was happy.

* * * * *

Lord Monteith was now making preparations to march with his vassals to join Richard Cœur de Lion in the Holy Land, in his fierce wars against the I[illegible] It was Wilfred's intention to leave with the [illegible]ord, and was making the necessary arrangements for so doing, when "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." It was at the close of a cold November day, that Wilfred and Geraldine stood together within the deep recess of a window. He had taken this opportunity, when Monteith and Clarence were absent from the hall, of informing her of his sudden departure, and of his plans, and that a longer stay at the castle would be impossible for him.

"Oh! why leave us?" said Geraldine, tenderly. "Are not my father's halls large enough for us all? Are not his lands broad and rich? And yet you talk of being a tax upon his bounty! — Fie! Wilfred; you have other reasons for leaving us — you wish to see more of the great world; you are tired of us, perhaps, and wish for other society than Clarence and myself! Oh! Wilfred, Wilfred!"

"Geraldine, on my life you do me wrong," replied Wilfred. "Duty bids me go. I have too long been an unwelcome guest at your father's board. I must go. You know that I love you, and that the separation will be as painful to me as it can be for you. I am going to mingle in scenes of strife and bloodshed, perhaps to lay my bones on the burning plains of the east. But, Geraldine, if I should return with a brow bound with laurels, and a name high in the praises of men — will you, can I hope that you will be mine — that you will remain true to him who loves you, — one who adores you, and lives but for you?" As he spoke, he clasped a small gold locket around her beautiful neck, playfully saying, "And for fear that you may forget me when away, wear this. Wear it for my sake, as a talisman of hope and love."

"I will never part with it," murmured Geraldine; "but, Wilfred, why talk of laurels or of riches? With you, away from all the grandeur of

this earth — in the lowliest spot — away from home, name, kindred, all — I could be happy — to be with you. I ask no more; and when you shall return, if you still think my poor hand worth having, it shall be thine. And I say — "

"'Tis false!" cried Monteith, who had overheard all that had been said; "'tis false!" he cried in a voice of thunder. You never shall be his. What! marry yon beggar, hound, reptile? Never! I swear by all my hopes of heaven, and by the soul of your sainted mother, it shall not be! Girl, away to your chamber — and you — "

"Oh! father," supplicated Geraldine, "forgive! forgive!"

"Get away to your chamber! or I may say that to thee which in my calmer moments I shall repent — go!" cried Monteith.

"And now, Wilfred DeCerons," said Monteith, in a voice husky with rage, as Geraldine left the hall, "this night shalt thou leave my roof, boy! I have nourished thee as a son, and you, — how have you repaid me? Villain! you have tried to steal the pure affections of my daughter — to lure her to your beggarly self. But think not she will ever be thine! Ho! ho!" and he laughed fiercely. "What! Monteith marry his child to a beggar! Get thee out of my sight, hound!" he cried madly, "or I'll strike thee to the dust!"

Wilfred drew himself erect, and replied in a calm, deep voice: "The time may come, my lord, when I may rightly and justly claim the hand of Geraldine Monteith; and the time may come when you will repent of those insulting words. Me a hound! beggar! reptile! By the soul of my father!" cried Wilfred, as his dark, flashing eye was bent fiercely upon Monteith, "were it not for the deep debt I owe you, and Geraldine's dear sake, you should repent them now!"

"Villain! dost dare use such words to me?" cried Monteith, furiously. "What, ho! without, Carl, Denbig, here, I have work for you," he said as two sturdy guards entered the hall. "Conduct this fellow to the outer gate."

"Lord Monteith," said Wilfred, as he left the hall, "as I live, you shall repent this. Farewell, Monteith! when next we meet thou and I shalt have our reckoning." He ordered his horse bro't out — mounted, and rode off, he knew not whither. His blood was on fire; his brain whirled; he was in a delirium of passion; his thoughts were tossed to and fro as if by a whildwind. Maddened by rage, and blinded by the sleet and rain, onward he dashed, regardless alike of the way and of the fearful storm. The cold winds and rain beat upon his fevered brow, and he became more calm. He had been debased and insulted in such a manner that the stain could never be wiped out except by blood! — the blood of whom? His benefactor! Geraldine's father!

* * * * *

Days, months, and seasons held their course — many a bright summer's sun had rose and set: many times had our earth been cold and cheerless, and the storm king reigned triumphant over the dreary waste; and then, green and fresh, with sweet birds, gay, beautiful flowers, and zephyrs, soft and low, as the whispers of love. Years rolled on; and what changes time had wrought!

Richard of the lion heart, with his gallant knights, were not performing those heroic deeds of skill and daring, the renown of which will descend to the latest ages.

It was at the close of a hot, sultry day, that Richard, with his hosts, lay encamped before the walls of the holy city. It was the eve of battle. When the morrow's sun should dawn upon their snow white tents, they were to commence their fierce engagement. The broad banners of the English barons and the gay pennants of the knights were fluttering in the free winds. From the glittering camps, strains of martial music rose high and clear upon the evening breeze; and the song of some jovial knight, the jest and the merry laugh, told that they feared not the rising of tomorrow's sun.

But whose pavilion is that, apart from the rest; that from which no sound issues, no light, and with no pennon to distinguish its occupant? All that is known of him can be told in a few words. He came with the Crusaders from England, under the name of Guy de Leon. Few had seen his visage, as his helmet was always closed; but those said that his countenance, though handsome, was marked with grief and sadness, his eye was dark and piercing, and his clouded brow showed that within was some lurking sorrow, or some deep, strong passion, which preyed fiercely upon him. Be that as it may, he mingled not with the rest, he communed with none; always silent and thoughtful. His dress was always black: his harness, shield, helmet, and plume, were as black as night, without ornament, crest, or motto; and these, with his jet black steed, had won for him the appellation of the Black Knight. He stood high in the estimation of the Crusaders, and for his skill, his bravery and his daring, the King had appointed him Master of His Royal Lancers — a body of knights who were in the immediate presence of the King. This was he whose pavilion was now dark and silent, and who now sat alone, with his face buried in his hands, wrapt in gloom and mystery.

The gorgeous sun rose bright and clear, as if 'twere eager to begin his course: a canopy of the richest blue, unspotted by a single cloud, overhung the earth; the murmuring of the fresh breeze was soft and low as the breath of some spirit being; the birds carolled their sweetest notes, as if in praise to him who made the bright world; and all was tranquility, harmony, peace, — except man — fierce, warring man.

At an early hour, the belligerent forces were astir. The great Saladin had drawn up his fierce Infidels in battle array, in two vast columns which occupied the whole extent of the little valley running beneath the walls of the city. Richard, with his conquering legions, occupied a little rise of ground, distant nearly half a mile from the Saracen hosts. It was a proud sight to behold.— Knights in polished armor glittering and sparkling in the sunbeams, Templars and squires in gay harness, mounted upon richly caparisoned steeds, banners and pennons waving and fluttering to the winds, the notes of warlike music, all combined to make the sight grand and imposing.

And now they charge! The Crusaders, led on by the dauntless Richard, descend upon the foe like an avalanche. The banner men in the advance — protected by a thousand stout knights — were first to the conflict. The broad banners of Monteith, of Rupert, of D'Avergeen, of Buckingham, are in the onset; and gallantly were they met. The Saracen knights rushed like tigers to the charge, shouting and yelling their battle cry of "Allah! Allah!" The earth shook with their fierce encounter. The Black Knight and his lancers were the next to charge. Onward they dash, like the whirlwind, bearing down all before them in their furious onset. The battle cry of the Saracens was drowned in the deep thunderings of the lancers of a "De Leon! De Leon! to the rescue!" The trumpet voice of their leader rang high and loud over that bloody field, striking terror to the souls of all who opposed him. The Infidels stood aghast at his terrific power: they fell beneath his sweeping arm; and well and nobly did he sustain his high character as "the best knight of the order."

Rupert, Monteith, and the Block Knight were fighting side by side. At this moment a tall, powerful Turk threw himself upon Monteith. Fierce was the struggle between the two knights. The Turk was younger and more active than Monteith, who had lost some of his quickness and his strength by years, and it doubtless would have fared ill with him, had not the Black Knight, who saw his peril, thrown his powerful arm between them, and stayed the Saracen in his course. Their blades crossed, and the Turk lay lifeless upon the earth.

* * * * *

The din of the battle is hushed — those fierce warriors are gone. Silence sits enthroned upon the bloody plain: the glorious sun sank quietly to his evening rest; the shades of twilight gathered sweetly and gently around, and all was still as the grave, where but a short space before, the shouts of the battling hosts, the clashing of swords, the shivering of lances and the groans of the fallen mingled in wild and horrible confusion.

It were needless to detail the many gallant deeds performed upon that memorable day; but suffice it to say that the Crusaders were the conquerers; that Richard, by this victory, effected a peace with the Infidels, and that his knights gladly returned to their own "Merry England;" and among the many promotions and titles bestowed upon his brave, true followers, the King gave over to the Black Knight the title, lands and wealth of the Earl of Aberdeen, in token of the high respect he entertained for him, for his noble conduct, and for the valuable services he received from him — who was, as the reader has already imagined, our old friend, Wilfred DeCerons.

Yes, Wilfred had won that for which he had periled his life, that for which he had fought. He had won a name as bright and as dazzling as the sun: wealth and power were his; but was he any nearer the object of his secret thoughts — of his love — than when he was simply Wilfred DeCerons? We shall see.

Return we to Monteith Castle. What lights gleam from the high old windows, while sweet, witching strains of music float voluptuously upon the soft evening air; and within, gay and gallant forms are thronging the richly illuminated halls, hung with gay festoons, and from the beautiful bowers beneath, the choicest perfumes ascend, tending to make the heart joyous and glad. A right goodly festival is this, I ween; and for what are they assembled? To witness the nuptials of Geraldine Monteith and the rich young heir of Glencaster. This profligate young lord had seen Geraldine, and thought he loved. Fool! to think so base a soul as his could love! He asked her in marriage of Lord Monteith, and the Lord having an eye only to the flowing coffers of the ancient and noble house of Glencaster, willingly consented. At an earlier day he would not have done this, but he was getting old and wished to see Geraldine married. It is needless to tell of the many prayers, of the tears and entreaties of the poor girl: her father was firm; she should be the Lady of Glencastle.

She had postponed the marriage from time to time, under various pretences; but the time had now come when she had no excuse for not giving her hand to the heir of Glencastle. She had not heard from Wilfred in a long time: he might be dead for ought she knew of him; and with no friend to guide her, or to tell of her anguish, she gave herself up to her lot. Come what would, she could but die. To her, hope had fled forever. Her bright existence had gone, and her young heart could never know more of happiness. And

now she stood at the altar, by the side of him she loathed, pale, and as cold as the marble floor, trembling like an aspen leaf. The priest proceeded regularly on with the service, until he came to her part in the ceremony, then fixing his eyes intently upon her, saying in a low, deep tone, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinances, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor—" When Geraldine gazed wildly around, and bursting into tears, cried "No, no! I cannot, I cannot!"

"And, by heaven! you shall not!" exclaimed a deep, commanding voice, and a tall stately form, clad in glittering armor, strode into the hall. He seemed not to notice the angry looks bestowed upon him, but proudly walked toward the altar.

"And who is he that says she shall not?" fiercely cried Monteith.

"I, Wilfred DeCerons, Earl of Aberdeen!" replied he, haughtily. "I have come to claim Geraldine as my own. I fear she had been nearly lost to you, cowardly villain! But enough, I am in time to save her from his clutches. And now, Monteith, wilt thou give her to me for my bride? Come, I can give you that which you so much desire,—wealth, power!"

"Never, never!" cried Monteith. "I hated you when poor and unknown, and I hate you now. I tell you, DeCerons, Wilfred Aberdeen, or whatever name you call yourself, that this right hand shall spill her heart's blood, before she shall be thine! Dost understand that?"

"Ah, is it so?" replied DeCerons, steadily; "dost recollect who it was that saved thy life from the powerful Saracen, when thou went nearly to the ground under his strong arm? That one now sues for your daughter's hand."

"Down with the boasting braggart!—down with him!" roared Monteith to his servants, who rushed at DeCerons with drawn swords.

Wilfred was not unprepared for this. With one arm he clasped the fair girl to his side, whispering a word of hope in her ear, and in an instant his bright sword gleamed in the full light. Dashing aside the opposing blades, "Out of my way, hirelings!" he cried, as he drove them back at the point of his weapon.

Monteith, mad with hate, seeing his servants thus quail before him, drew his sword and made a thrust at the breast of DeCerons. The blade glanced from his polished armor without injury, striking William of Glencastle in the side, who, uttering a deep groan, fell dead upon the floor. For the moment, the attention of all was directed toward the fallen man. DeCerons, seeing this, caught Geraldine in his arms and sprang through the door, flying down a flight of stairs leading directly into the court yard; he mounted his fair prize upon his gallant steed, springing at the same moment to the saddle, and giving the animal the spur, he dashed away with the speed of the wind.

"To horse! to horse!" cried Monteith, as soon as he regained his scattered senses. "A thousand pieces to him who brings me back the head of the villain!" and away they went, in fierce pursuit.

The chase was long and doubtful. The horse of DeCerons, though encumbered with the weight of two, kept nobly on, never for an instant lagging; and as if he knew the life of his master depended on his speed, he dashed on like an arrow.

The lovers are safe. Aided by the darkness of the night, and by striking into by-paths, they evaded their pursuers, who, one by one, returned to the castle sullen and fatigued.

The rage of Lord Monteith knew no bounds, on learning that they returned unsuccessful. He stamped the earth with his feet; cursed his daughter, and called upon the lightnings of heaven to destroy them.

Wilfred and Geraldine were united by an obscure clergyman in a small hamlet on the sea shore; from thence they sailed to the south—the bright, happy south—where they lived long in the enjoyment of each other's love, free from the cares and perplexities of this life, living wholly and entirely for each other. A cloud would sometimes pass over the fair brow of Geraldine, as she thought of her father and

"Her home o'er the sea;"

but a kind word from Wilfred would dispel it, leaving it bright and sunny as before.

Monteith never heard any thing of DeCerons or of Geraldine afterwards; but shutting himself up in his castle, lingered out a few years of a miserable existence, and died—unbeloved and unwept.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER VII.

As Wilkins went through the streets, there was that busy within him which made him shun the face of man. For in his mind and heart and soul there was a depth of misery, mingled with hate, fear, and fury, that beggared all that he had ever felt before. Yet his course was onward. He was like the stricken beast that dashes madly on, tracking its path with its own blood, but bearing the arrow in its side. When he left the attorney's office, although it was late at night, and but few were stirring, he shrank from the frequented streets. He sometimes walked rapidly on, and sometimes ran. At one time a solitary man was coming along, and Wilkins darted through a dark alley like a hunted malefactor, to avoid meeting him. Another time he stopped and looked listlessly at the black sky; and then went on muttering and talking to himself, and uttering curses low and deep, which sent a chill to the heart of the few stragglers who happened to brush past, and made them quicken their steps until they were far away from so ill-omened a neighbor.

With all his wretchedness there was no swerving from his course; no shrinking from his task. With a feeling of desolation that was eating into his very heart; with a consciousness of guilt that was truly fearful; with the awful conviction that God himself had raised his hand against him, and had written his malediction upon him in characters that every man could read; with a love for his wife which poverty and suffering for a time had stifled, but which was now kindling into fresh existence; together with remorse acting upon a disposition fierce, wayward, and yet irresolute, had driven him half mad; he still breasted his way on, cursing and cursed; wretched in his own heart, and a source of wretchedness to others. He went on his way blindly, without caring what direction he sought, but instinctively he took the course to his own house.

All was dark. He paused and looked up at the window, where he was in the habit of seeing his wife watching for his arrival. But no one was there. Muttering something between his teeth, he strode through the narrow passage and tried the door. It was locked, and resisted his efforts.—Thrusting his hand in his great-coat pocket, he drew from it a key, unlocked the door, and with the air of one who expected and was resolved to meet something disagreeable, flung it open until it struck the wall and rattled on the hinges. The room was dark, with the exception of the light which struggled in from the dim lamps in the street. Slamming the door behind him, he groped his way to a cup-board, and taking a flint and steel, succeeded in striking a light. Holding it high above his head, he looked wistfully about him, examining every part of the room, and pausing at every sound. All however bore the mark of desertion. The fire-place was filled with ashes, and one or two half-burnt brands of wood were lying on the hearth. The table remained as it was on the night that he had driven his wife from him. The bread, the cold meat, the very chair in which she had sat, and the peg from which she had taken her hat and cloak, were all there.

So she was gone, and there was no chance of her return! He had buoyed himself up with a faint and half acknowledged hope that she would come back, and would humbly beg to be forgiven. He had expected a severe struggle; that when they parted, it would be amid tears, supplications, and protestations on her part; and that he would stand before her in the light of a husband whom deep wrong had rendered stern and inflexible. For this he was prepared. He had expected to choose his own time for the consummation of his purpose.—She had borne so much, so long and so patiently, that he thought there was no limit to her endurance. But he had overtasked her at last. She had deserted one who had broken his vow to love and protect her, and had thrown herself upon the charity of a world—the poor and wretched only know how 'cold and heartless.' He searched, in hopes of finding something to tell where she was; but there was nothing of the kind. Every thing was undisturbed as he had left it; and all so quiet and so sad! And there was something so solemn yet reproachful in the dead silence, that he experienced a strange sensation of fear, and scarcely dared to remain alone in that melancholy room. He opened the closet, looked under the bed, behind the chairs; and yet he could not tell why, he was strangely restless. His foot struck against something on the floor, and he picked it up. It was a small needle-case which he had given to his wife a long time previously. There was nothing either curious or uncommon about it; and he had often seen it; but he held it to the light, and examined it again and again, and then laid it gently on the table, as if he feared the slightest touch might break it. He felt an unusual thickness gathering in his throat. Walking across the room, he flung himself on a chair, and folding his arms, attempted to whistle; but the same feeling of suffocation rose in his throat and stopped him. Muttering a curse upon himself, he sprang up, and pulling his hat over his eyes, paced rapidly up and down the room. Once or twice he paused, as he heard a female voice. But it was only that of some person in the street, and shaking his head, he continued his walk. At length he again went to the cupboard and opened it. A few shillings and some copper coins were lying on the lower shelf.

"She has not even taken that!" muttered he; "gone without a cent to keep her from starving! God!—what will she do! She must die, or——." As the thought of *her*, driven by hunger and distress to something worse, flashed across his mind, his eyes glared; he gasped for breath, and his limbs shook so that he could scarcely support himself. "It must not be. It *shall* not! No, no!—Lucy driven to *that!* No, no!—by G—d! it would make me mad! I'll look for her. Ha! what's this?—a tear! Poh! this is mere weakness. Let her go; yes, *let* her! It's what I *want*, and will save me trouble in what I've got to do."

Mastering the better impulses which were unnerving him, he seated himself, and leaning his head on the table, began to reflect in what manner he might best effect his purpose. It was long before he could sufficiently command his feelings even to think. His mind was filled with strong misgivings; for although his wife had hitherto been almost his slave, yet the resolution displayed by her on the preceding night convinced him that she would not sit quietly under an attack against her fame. Jack Phillips, too, whose name he intended to link in guilt with hers, he feared. He had once been his friend, and professed to be so still, and he knew him to be bold and resolute.—He felt sure that he would resist a charge which was to be made against him to the last, and would hurl back upon him accusations which he dreaded to meet. No alternative however presented itself; for there was no other upon whom he could fix it with a sufficient coloring of truth to justify even suspicion. But how to commence!

The more he reflected on it, the more difficult it seemed. He had just settled in his mind that the next time he met Phillips he would accuse him to his face, and then trust to the tried sagacity of Bolton to pilot him through, when a sharp knock at the door interrupted him. "It might be Lucy!" His face brightened, and he said, "Come in!"

The door opened, and in walked a young man of about four-and-twenty. If ever a face bore the stamp of frank and open honesty, his did; and as he entered the room and saluted Wilkins, his voice was full of that honest gladness which the heart instinctively springs forward to meet, even in a stranger.

"No fire, and all dark!" said he after his first salutation. "Where is your wife?"

Wilkins attempted to look him in the face, but his eye quailed, and he made no answer.

"Are you deaf, George?" asked the other; "where is your wife?"

"No, I aint," said Wilkins sullenly. "She's out. I suppose you can *see* that, can't you?"

"I'm not blind," said the young man calmly, looking steadily at Wilkins, but without the slightest appearance of anger at his harsh language.—There was a pause.

At last Wilkins said in a low tone: "You said you were not blind, Jack Phillips." He fixed his eyes on the face of the young man with the cowed yet dogged stare of one who has resolved that he *would* look his opponent down. Phillips quietly answered:

"I did say so."

"Nor am *I*."

"What do you mean? Speak out!" said Phillips, with more impatience than he had hitherto shown.

Wilkins turned deadly pale, and rose to his feet. He tottered as he did so, and his fingers clutched convulsively. He walked straight to the door, locked it, put the key in his pocket, went back to the table, up to Phillips, and stood in front of him, face to face. The young man watched him without a word; and when he had locked the door, and stood thus menacingly before him, neither muscle nor feature evinced the slightest emotion.

Wilkins opened his vest and with his fore-finger touched the handle of a dirk, and then buttoned his vest to the throat.

"Did you see *that?*" said he, watching the effect of the action upon his visiter.

"I did," replied Phillips quietly.

"Well; what answer have you to make to it?"

"*This!*" said Phillips, for the first time warming into anger: "I deal not with such cut-throat weapons as that; nor do I know what the devil you would be at to-night; but here's my answer." He held before him a fist which equalled in size the head of a small child; "and by heaven! if I see your fingers approaching that dirk again, I'll strangle you on the spot! I can do it—you know it; and by G—d I will! *That's* my answer!"

As he spoke he drew nearer to Wilkins, to be ready to execute his purpose; but after eyeing him for a moment, he said:

"I didn't come here to quarrel. It's a late hour, I know; but I knew you'd be up, and I wanted to see you about a matter of some consequence: I've been here later than this, before now."

"I *know* you have," said Wilkins; "I know that. I'm glad to see some honesty left; you admit *that*. He *admits* that! Ha! ha!" He laughed so savagely that Phillips looked at him, and began to debate within himself the propriety of strangling him at once; but seeing no immediate danger, he deferred it for the present, and answered:

"Of course I do. Why not?"

"Oh! no reason in the world—none at all; especially if its true. Go on—go on; *do* go on!"

"What ails you?" exclaimed Phillips, surveying him from head to foot. "You seem out of your senses. Are you drunk, or mad, or what?"

"What ails me?" exclaimed Wilkins fiercely, and gradually working himself up to a pitch of anger, to enable him boldly to make his intended charge; "perhaps you don't know, and perhaps you would like me to tell you."

"Yes, I would."

"Well then," said he, "Lucy, my wife; I tho't her all she should be. I was a cursed blind fool—had no misgivings. I let her have her own way; was away most of the day, and never suspected anything amiss until a friend gave me a hint."

"Who was that friend?" demanded Phillips, in a clear, calm voice.

Wilkins hesitated, and at length refused to give the name.

"Well—go on," said Phillips in the same cold tone.

Wilkins went on. "I wouldn't believe it at first, but it was made too clear, and I found *him* out too."

"Who's the man?" demanded Phillips, sternly.

Wilkins was silent; but he set his teeth, and his eyes glowed as he fixed them on the face of his questioner.

"Who's the man?" repeated Phillips.

"You—*you*—you!" screamed Wilkins, springing forward and striking him a violent blow at each word. "You are the man!"

Phillips grasped him by the wrists, and pinioning them with a strength which he could not resist, held him off.

"I would half murder you for that, but that I think you are mad or drunk. There's not one word of truth in what you have said. It's a lie from beginning to end; and you know it!" He flung him from him as if he had been a child.

Wilkins sprang up and clenched his fists. His dark, sallow complexion grew almost black, and his eye wandered over the person of his opponent with a malignity of purpose that would have made one less courageous tremble.

"Don't strike me again!" exclaimed Phillips, in a quick stern tone; "don't do it; or I'll crush every bone in your body!"

For a moment the two stood on the eve of collision; but Wilkins knew too well the strength of the man he had to deal with; and with an attempt at moderation he said:

"Now I've told you who the man is, I suppose you'd like me to tell you where she went to when she cleared out, and why she went?"

"You needn't tell me that," said Phillips. "If that isn't a lie too, I know the reason. I wonder she didn't do it before; for if ever man gave woman cause to hate and curse him, you gave it to that poor girl. If she left you last night it was because you had filled the cup of her bitterness to the brim, and treated her as man never treated woman. What you did, God only knows. You must have goaded her almost to madness. Perhaps, perhaps," said he, drawing in his breath and clenching his fist, while with the other hand he grasped Wilkins by the arm, and speaking in a whisper, "perhaps you *struck* her!"

"No, I did not," said Wilkins, shrinking from the angry eye that encountered his, and feeling as powerless as a child in the iron grasp of his questioner.

"I'm glad of *that*. Now give me the key of that door. I'll not be in the same room with such a d——d scoundrel as you are."

Without the slightest opposition, or a single word in reply, Wilkins drew the key from his pocket and gave it to him. Phillips paused as he took it, as if about to say something; but apparently altering his mind, unlocked the door and went out.

As soon as he was gone, the wretched man who remained went to the door and turned the key.—He then closed the window-shutters, flung himself listlessly on a chair, and intertwined his fingers together. All trace of the passion which but a moment before had flashed in every feature was gone, and he groaned aloud in the very bitterness of his soul.

"That d—d attorney!" said he, shaking his head menacingly, as if he saw the object of his hatred before him; "*he* led me on; *he* made me what I am; and I'll pay him off some day." For some time he sat brooding over a scheme of revenge; then his mind wandered until he thought of the main object of all his plans. He fancied himself successful and surrounded by wealth.—He thought of his wife, seated at his side, with her soft eyes looking fondly in his own, and of her joyful voice! He started up and wrung his hands. "If he succeeded, his wife must be another than *her!*" Oh! the bitter and constant agony of crime!

[To be continued.]

The Old World.

Letter from an American in Canton.

From the New York American.

The following letter, describing some of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, from a New Yorker who has taken up his abode in Canton, will, we think, interest our readers. We are promised more from the same hand.

"CANTON, May 12, 1841.

"You may probably have seen or heard some of my letters, to others of our common friends, and I shall not, therefore, detail at length, as I have done in them, the adventures which have befallen me since I first set foot on the Celestial Empire. Suffice it to say, that after spending a few days very pleasantly at Macao, I took passage for this place, and reached here on the 1st inst., after a long and rather tedious time on the river,—relieved however by the favorable opportunity thus afforded me of studying at leisure the places of note which we passed from time to time. The delay which we experienced was, in some instances, not at all disagreeable, particularly that at the Bogue, below which pass we anchored for the night, and went through it the next morning, at an early hour,—the period of the day most adopted to viewing scenery, from the great distinctness of outline and clearness of color peculiar to it, in pleasant weather. The batteries which lined the shores at that important point, although built with very little science or skill, would, in the hands of brave men, have given an invading enemy much trouble; and the common class of people, who seem to look upon it as the duty of the mandarins and the army to protect the territory of the Empire, were of course thunderstruck when they heard that these boasted defences had been in a few hours reduced to a heap of ruins. In the previous instances, when the vessels of the English had passed the Bogue, the people had no doubt been led to believe that the Chinese forces had the advantage, and could, therefore, not realize as we *did*, how little effectual resistance could be offered to the fire of the British cannon and the attacks of British soldiers. I have seen several of the officers who were engaged in the several actions on the river, and they represent them as horrid scenes of blood and suffering without any firm or continued bravery on the part of the Chinese, except in some few instances, and almost entirely divested of the finest characteristic of war—

> "The stern delight which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

One display on the part of some of the Tartar troops stationed at the second bar above the Bogue, appears to have afforded much amusement to the British soldiers, and must have been a strange one to an eye accustomed to civilized warfare. They came forward with great spirit, down the declivity of a hill, with loud shouts, and a strange accompaniment of throwing three somersets, as they approached the enemy, the whole affair, as a gentleman told me who witnessed it, resembling the feats and activity in a circus at that state of the entertainments called "still vaulting by the whole company." The English troops waited for the third somerset, and then, as they called it, "shot them flying." This is something novel, and must have been intended to be impressive; and the poor devils must have been astonished at the manner in which they were received. I deed, not, however, dwell upon the details of scenes, of which the minutest incidents will, I presume have found their way into the newspapers.

On landing here, a room was assigned to me at ——, where I write, and spend most of the time not occupied by business—taking my meals at the public table of the establishment. Each person who comes here to stay for any time, hires his own servant, who is recommended and guarantied as to honesty, by the commodore, or purveyor of the household, who is a person of great trust, having also the charge of the large amounts of money constantly passing through the hands of the foreign concerns here. Your servant has charge of your room, attends upon you at table, runs your errands, and is, in fact, entirely and constantly at your command. The boy who does me the honor to attend upon me, is altogether a much more stylish and striking-looking person than his master, having a long and very aristocratic-looking tail, and dressing, as all of them do, with much neatness.

The weather since I arrived here has been most of the time very warm, with rain during part of every day. I have, however, found time to look round the part of the city, or rather a portion of it, which is open to foreigners. I went, on the other afternoon, through many of the streets with a friend, and visited some of their Joshhouses or *Temples;* those which I saw being generally poor looking affairs, with some specimens of grotesque statuary, forlorn looking paintings, and other attempts at display, without taste or beauty. They appear, like the churches in Catholic countries, to be constantly open, although I saw little that looked like worship, except one person, I presume a priest, before one of the altars. In their neighborhood we passed by an open square or place where large numbers of beggars are generally to be seen, and where in time of scarcity, it is said, many die, without a hand to extend charity, or a voice to breathe consolation. It is unnecessary to say, that in so large a population there are many distressing cases of disease and suffering, particularly of blindness, caused in most instances, apparently, by that dreadful scourge the small-pox.—The beggars here, however, enjoy one privilege, of which I have never heard or read elsewhere, which is, that they go into any of the shops of the trades-people or others, and hammer away with a couple of bones until the patience of the sufferer is exhausted, when they are dismissed with a few coppers, and often, I suppose, with a hearty curse. In the course of our walk we reached one of the city gates, beyond which, as you are aware, foreigners are not allowed to go, and which, of course,

I looked upon with a dreat deal of interest. We found it guarded by 20 or 30 soldiers, dressed in a dirty yellow uniform, and protected by a piece of cannon, frowning from the battlement above it and apparently pointed so as to rake the street by which we approached it. It is very evident from their appearance alone, that the Chinese troops have but little discipline, and their inferiority in every respect to European soldiers, has, I presume, been proved to their entire satisfaction. I am now writing at about 11 o'clock at night, and in addition to the inducement I feel to break off in consequence of my own weariness, I have a reason in the situation of my only pet, a little rice-bird, or Chinese wren, who hangs suspended in a cage at the foot of my bed, on one of the sticks which support my musquito curtains. He is a stranger to his quarters here, having only been purchased to-day, and instead of putting his head beneath his wing and going to sleep, I find him still wide awake—partly, I suppose, from the light about him, and perhaps partly from the atmosphere of segar smoke which surrounds kim. I trust, however, he, as well as myself, will get a good night's rest, and in that hope I wish you a *bon repos*, intending early in the morning to resume my letter.

I am again this morning at my desk at 6 o'clock, which did not use to be one of my customs at home, but which in a warm climate like this, affords almost the only opportunity of enjoying a fresh breath of pure air. When I have no letters to occupy me I generally take a walk as soon as I am up and dressed, going around among the little market places with which the streets here are in every part filled; for in fact the whole of that part of the town which we see is one great shop, indoors and out. I amuse myself in seeing the dealers in vegetables and fish, which appear to be the articles of the most extensive sale at this time of the day, weigh out the minute parcels which a poor person wishes to buy, and do it up very neatly for the purpose of its being carried away by the purchaser. You know the grand staple of their food is rice, the other articles being merely species of relishes to give taste to their meal, and the whole expense of a breakfast for the family in the lower ranks probably costs but a few cents. Each one has his bowl of rice and chopsticks with which he shovels in large quantities of the former, taking up with them from time to time some of the delicacies, which are cut up in very small pieces and stand on the circle around which the eaters are sitting. They appear generally to take the first meal of the day at about 9 to 10 o'clock and the other at 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon,—a very reasonable arrangement here, and probably a healthy one, as it does away with the necessity for a greater number of meals during the day. After my return from my morning walk (for I have quite strolled away from the subject) I sit down and read generally until 9 o'clock, our breakfast hour.

One of the most curious sights that I have seen here is what is called *shroffing* of money, being examined by a species of brokers called shroffs, who are responsible for any bad money that passes them. The currency being principally in dollars cut and stamped in every direction, it requires almost a life to be perfectly familiar with it so as to reject spurious coin, of which there is much afloat; and the rapidity and accuracy with which these men will go over a large amount in specie is almost miraculous. They are paid a small commission for doing it, and every parcel of coin received by the merchants is overlooked by them.

The state of public affairs here is a very difficult one to speculate upon, as no persons seem to have any certain idea of the intentions of the British Commissioner as to the future. We have had for the last few days numerous reports as to what the Chinese intend to attempt: that is to bring together such a force, as will drive the men of war out of the river, and clear the place of the foreigners, if not treat them with more violence. There must, I presume, have been some foundation for these rumors, as some of the English vessels have been recently moved farther up the river, and nearer to the city than previously, and one of them is at anchor above the factories, at a distance from them of about half a mile. The Chinese, however, know too well the strength of the English, to make any hostile demonstration while they are so closely watched, unless they have a much greater strength in soldiers than is probable.—Capt. Elliot came up to Canton a few days since, and had an interview with some of the authorities on the subject of the preparations said to be making, which I do not doubt will keep them quiet. Mrs. Elliot accompanied him, and stranger than that, she was called upon by some of the Chinese officials, who acted with much politeness upon the occasion. For my own part, I feel no sort of alarm, as I conceive I am perfectly safe under her Majesty's flag, although I wish our expedition were here to show that our government protects their commerce in distant quarters, and in times like the present.

I have mentioned in two or three of my letters by the present vessel, a sight of which I witnessed a few days since in the walk which, as I have already mentioned, I took through the streets of the suburbs, and which struck me much. In front of a respectable looking dwelling which we passed, was placed a white tablet with an inscription in black letters, setting forth, as I was informed, the name and virtues of the persons who had recently died in the family. Over the door were several white rosettes or ornaments of silk or paper, and suspended from a string extended across the narrow street, was a kind of canopy, with streamers reaching down so as almost to touch the heads of those passing by—the whole of pure white, with the exception of one or two flowers placed in it, and presenting the most tasteful object I have seen in Canton. It would, in any other part of the world, have been taken for the emblem of a *marriage*, and would furnish a good hint for a stage manager, as to the decorations of the house which represents a village on such an occasion in the drama. Yours, &c.

Selected Miscellany.

Curiosities of Literature.

Flannel was first used in Borton, as a dress next the skin, by Lord Percy's regiment, which was encamped on the Common in October, 1774. There was hardly flannel enough then in the whole town for that one whole regiment. Some time after Lord Percy had begun with flannel shirting, Sir Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford) published a pamphlet in America, assuming to have discovered this practice. He might, perhaps have suggested the use of it to Lord Percy. Flannel has not been in general use till within some thirty years. In 1340, one Thomas Blanket, and some other inhabitants of Bristol, set up looms in their own houses for weaving those woollen cloths, which have ever since been called Blankets.

Military uniforms were first introduced by Louis the Fourteenth, and immediately after by the English.

Hackney coaches as well as hackney horses derive their appellation from the village of Hackney, which was, at a former period, of such great resort that numbers of coaches and horses were in constant employ in carrying the citizens thither. It was in the year 1634 that Captain Bayley first introduced these coaches, when a tolerable long ride might then be procured for the small sum of four pence.

The Princess Ann, of Bohemia, was the first who introduced side-saddles into England. It was in the year 1399; prior to which ladies either rode on pillion, or astride, like men.

A broker is a doubled tongued rogue: he saith to the seller, *sell*, for thine article is going down in the market; he goeth to the buyer and saith, *buy*, for the article thou dealest in will surely rise. A broker is thus defined by the learned Trollope. "He is one who steppeth in between two men making a bargain, and plundereth both."

Liveries originated in our British ancestors clothing their vassals in uniform to distinguish families, as they painted arms and symbols on their clothes and arms for the same purpose.

Fans, muffs, masks, etc., and false hair were first devised by women in Italy, and from France in 1572.

The philosophers say there is no such thing as *color*, yet the times certainly look *black*, and everybody looks *blue*.

Augeas, a king of Elis, had a stable which would hold three thousand oxen, and had not been cleansed for thirthy years. He hired Hercules to clean it, which he did by turning the river Alpheus through it. Hence is derived the classical quotation of "the Augean Stable."

This term the Gordian Knot, also used by classical speakers, is derived from Gordius, the son of a husbandman, and afterwards king of Phrygia, remarkable for tying a knot of cords, on which the empire of Asia depended, in so intricate a manner, that Alexander, unable to unravel, cut it with a sword.

Volume is derived from the Latin *volvo*, to roll up, the ancient manner of making up books; as we find in Cicero's time, the libraries consisted wholly of such rolls.

The term Mausoleum, as applied to the sepulchres of the great, is derived from the following: Mausolus, a king of Caria, who, after the death of his wife Artemesia, erected so superb a monument to her memory that it was admitted to be one of the seven wonders of the world, and was called the Mausoleum.

The Arabs trace their decent from Ishmael, the son of Abraham and Hagar. These children of the tent have always preserved their ancient name, for the word Arab signifies a robber, and robbers the Arabians always were, and still remain so.

It is said that the earliest law enacted in any country for the promotion of anatomical knowledge, was passed in 1540. It allowed the United Company of "Barber-Surgeons" to have yearly the bodies of four criminals to dissect.

MATRIMONY.

"O Matrimony! thou art like
To Jeremiah's figs;
The good are very good indeed,
The bad—too sour for pigs!"

It was formerly wedlock when a man took his wife for a help-mate; but when settlements became the leading feature, the state then degenerated into a matter of money, and which term has entailed upon us the less expressive one of Matrimoney.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.—The following incident of thrilling interest was related by Col. John McDonald, of Rose county, at a public dinner on the third instant:

"In 1782, Wheeling was besieged by a large army of British and Indians. So sudden was the attack made, that no time was afforded for preparation. The fort, at the time of the assault, was commanded by Col. Silas Zane; Col. Eben. Zane, the senior officer, was in a block-house, some fifty or a hundred yards outside the wall. The enemy made several desperate assaults to break into the fort, but on every onset they were driven back.—The ammunition for the defence of the fort was deposited in the block house, and the attack was made so suddenly and unexpectedly that there was no time to remove it. On the afternoon of the second day of the seige, the powder in the fort was nearly exhausted, and no alternative remained but that some one must pass through the enemy's fire to the block-house for powder. When Silas Zane made the proposition to the men, to see if any one would undertake the hazardous enterprise, at first all were silent. After looking at each other for some time, a young man stepped forward and said he would run the chance. Immediately half a dozen offered their service in the dangerous enterprise.

While they were disputing about who should go, Elizabeth, sister of the Zanes, came forward and declared she would go for the powder. Her brother thought she would flinch from the enterprise, but he was mistaken. She had intrepidity to dare and fortitude to bear her up in the heroic risk of life. Her brother then tried to dissuade her from the attempt, by saying that a man would be more fleet, and consequently would run less risk of losing his life. She replied that they had not a man to spare from the defence of the fort, and if she should fall, she would scarcely be missed. She then divested herself of such of her clothing as would impede her speed. The gate was opened, and Elizabeth bounded out at the top of her speed and ran till she had arrived at the door of the block house; her brother, Col. Zane, hastened to open the door to receive his intrepid sister. The Indians, when they saw her bound forth, did not fire a gun, but called aloud, '*Squaw, squaw, squaw!*' When she had told her brother the errand on which she had come, he took a table cloth and fastened it around her waist, and poured into it a keg of powder. She then sallied back to the fort with all the buoyancy of hope. The moment she was outside the block house, the whole of the enemy's line poured a leaden storm at her; but the balls went innocently whistling by, without doing her any injury. She afterward married a Mr. Clark, raised a family of children, and is yet alive, living near St. Clairsville in this State. Such was Elizabeth Zane."—*Circleville Herald.*

The Boston Boston Post asks what General ought never to lose a battle? Gen. Gaines.

We rather think the Post meant Gen. *Win*-field Scott.—*Cour. & Enq.*

From the New Haven Palladium.

A Relic of the Traitor Arnold.

We saw this morning the identical sign that used to hang out over the store of Benedict Arnold, when he traded in Water street in this city, and we present below a copy of it as near as a sign can be copied on paper. It is about three and a half feet long and two and a half broad.—The sign is black, and the letters look at first glance as if put on with yellow paint; but on a close inspection they are discovered to be gilt.

The sign was found some time since in the garret of the house in which Arnold lived, (opposite his store) and is now the property, we learn, of Mr. Jacob T. Hotchkiss, who has permitted it to be deposited in the Museum. We have followed the style, proportions, and pointing of the letters on the sign very nearly. There was one peculiarity, however, that we could not well imitate, viz: the dots of the i's in the motto—which on the sign are inverted commas instead of mere dots.—It will be seen that there is no point between the name and the occupation. Both sides of the sign are almost precisely alike. The motto "Sibi Totique," is translated thus—"*For himself—for the whole*"—or "*for all.*" The first sentence is most decidedly appropriate to the man, who was "for himself" in all things.

B, ARNOLD DRUGGIST
Book-Seller, &c—
FROM LONDON.
Sibi Totique

When Arnold was in London, we are unable to tell. He was engaged when here, in the trade of horses and mules to the West Indies, and it is probable that his visit to London was while he was in business, though that is mere conjecture. He was born in Norwich, in this State, in January, 1740, and was apprenticed to an apothecary in that city, and a very troublesome apprentice he was, too.

CELEBRATED, BUT YET UNKNOWN.—A letter written from the Hague, by an eye-witness of the affair, relates the following small adventure which has just occurred to M. Thiers, who, as all the world knows, has been stopping in Holland to receive the thanks due to the treaty concluded with that power. About eight miles from the Hague, there is a country house of the king's, known by the name of the Bosch, or the Wood; and the renown of the magnificent walks, which form one of the principal ornaments of this residence, attracts the visits of many foreigners. The grounds are free to all, but to view the fine collection of pictures in the palace it is necessary to be furnished with a ticket from the intendant of the estate. M. Thiers, like others, was attracted to the noble walks, overshadowed with gigantic trees, which are thought to be the remains of the ancient forest at Batavia; and having finished his promenade, he next presented himself at the palace and desired admission to the picture gallery. "Your card, sir," said the porter on duty; "I cannot admit you without your card from M., the intendant." "But——" "I tell you, sir, I dare not admit you without a ticket." "But I am M. Thiers." It seemed that the name, which could so lately move all Europe, and which ought to be especially popular in Holland, ought to have obtained at once admission for him who bears it. And yet—oh, vanity of human glories!—it did nothing of the sort. "I don't know you," replied the phlegmatic Dutchman, coolly shutting out the ex-minister, after having admitted a non-illustrious Frenchman, who was not M. Thiers, indeed, but—who had a ticket.—*French paper.*

COUNTRY MENAGERIE.—The New Orleans Crescent City reports the following description of the animals, as given by their keeper:

"This animal, ladies and gentlemun, is the grizzly bear from the Rocky Mountains of the exterior of the North Amerikin continent. He lives entirely on locusts and wild honey, and emigrates twice a year to the North Pole, where he lives entirely on snow, which causes his skin to change to a white color, and he becomes the polar bear. He then sets himself on a cake of ice, and floats down to the Equator, which he crawls along until he meets with his former place of abode, and agin becomes the grizzly animal that you now see.

Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and hear me explain the history of the animal afore you.—There you see a stuffed specimen of a livin' Bengal tiger. His habits was carnivorous, and he died in giving birth to that enterprising young specimen of the same genius in the corner of the cage.

This animal is the Nunoo (Ghnu) or the Horn-Cow of Hindooston, where it is worshipped by the Brahams as a divinity. Its disposition is democratic, and it has been known to live for months at a time, upon a sufficiency of food to keep alive the wital ember.

I now call your attention to the performances of Dandy Jack and Lady Jane in the circle, after which Major Dick will go through his revelations on the Shetland Poney, and then the rest of the animals will be exhibited."

WOMAN AS A TEACHER.—If we next consider by whom religion is taught, we shall see the same tendency to diffusion and universality. Religious teaching is passing into all hands. It has ceased to be a monopoly. For example, what an immense amount of instruction is communicated in Sunday schools. These are spreading over the Christian world, and through these the door of teaching is open to crowds, to almost all, indeed, who would bear a part in spreading religion. In like manner, associations of vast extent are springing up in our cities for the teaching of the poor. By these means, woman, especially, is becoming an evangelist. She is not only a priestess in her home, instilling with sweet loving voice the first truths of religion into the opening mind; but she goes abroad on missions of piety. Woman, in one age made man's drudge, and in another, his toy, is now sharing more and more with him the highest labors. Through the press, especially, she is heard far and wide. The press is a mightier power than the pulpit. Books outstrip the voice; and woman, availing herself of this agency, becomes the teacher of nations. In churches, where she may not speak, her hymns are sung, the inspirations of her genius are felt. Thus our age is breaking down the monopolies of the past. —*Dr. Channing.*

SLEEPING AT CHURCH.—Dr. A. of Cambridge, was once rather embarrassed by an occurrence in his congregation. An insane man, who had received a public education, and was strongly attached to the doctor, had observed in the forenoon of a warm, sultry Sabbath, that several of the congregation slept in the time of the sermon. To prevent the recurrence of the evil in the afternoon, the maniac, having filled his bosom with windfalls from a neighboring orchard, posted himself in a convenient station in the side gallery, the front gallery being occupied by the collegiate students. Presently after the service commenced, he observed one asleep, and gently disengaging his hand from his bosom, he aimed its contents at the head of the sleeper; this occasioned some disturbance, but when it subsided, a second sleeper's head was pelted with an apple. The preacher observing the occasion of the disturbance, requested his insane friend to desist. "Dr. A." said the maniac, "mind your preaching and I will keep the dogs awake." It will scarcely need to be remarked that for some time there was less inclination to sleep in the audience than usual.—*U. S. Telegraph.*

AN AMOROUS MINISTER.—A reverend divine of the olden time, residing in Hamilton, and still remembered there as the famous Dr. S——, had occasion to travel to London frequently. On one of his journeys he arrived at an inn where he had formerly put up, but was informed that the bedrooms were all occupied, and that, with the exception of a double bedded room, there was no accommodation. The reverend gentleman consented to take this bed, and on retiring was admonished by the housekeeper to keep himself very quiet, as a lady occupied the other bed. The doctor, nothing daunted, proceeded to the room, and it being late in the night, silence reigned throughout the inn. Suddenly a shout from the worthy divine alarmed the house—the landlord, scullions and all, rushed half naked to the scene. The shouting grew more distinct—"The lady's dead—the lady's dead," was distinctly uttered by the divine; which was met by the jeering response of the landlord—"*Who the d—l would have thought of putting you in the same room with a living one!*"

How can the Archipelago be expressed by three letters?

Ans. E G and C. (Ægean Sea.)

What sentence of four words can be spelled with four letters?

Ans. Y Y U R (too wise you are.) Boys may go out.

☞ Nantucket boasts of her "Sheep shearing," Barnstable of her "Cranberry-pickings," New Haven of her "Oyster-diggins," and we of our "*Plum Time.*" On that huge sandbank, yclept Plum Island, grows a sort of plum—what sort we really don't know—which is ripe about these days; and, haying being over and the tide "serving" for the water parties, young men and maidens, old men and boys—crowds from this and the neighboring towns—some in boats, some in omnibusses, some in wagons, and some on foot—go down to the Island to gather plums, drink tea, roll about in the sand, bathe in the surf, and have a nice time—boys won't go to school, girls won't churn—all insist upon having a frolic in Plum Time.

One day last week, we are told, there were from one to two thousand people on the Island, wandering about and enjoying themselves. A lively sight, to be sure! May it be seen every year for centuries to come. We love these old customs, these long-established holidays: May-days, sheep-washing, quilting parties, huskings, and *plum-time.* Many we never reach that height of civilization when they shall be voted vulgar, and known only in the dim memory of that venerable lady or gentleman, "the oldest inhabitant."—*Newburyport Herald.*

LADIES' LIFE PRESERVERS.—A friend of ours makes a suggestion which may be considered by some of our fair readers as a little impertinent. He suggests that their *Bustles, Tournures* or *Bishops* be made of India rubber, and inflated as the ordinary life preservers are, and, thus being always provided, they will be in no danger. If this suggestion is approved, we suppose that hereafter we may be able to estimate the care which each lady takes of herself by the dimensions of her—life preserver.—*Tribune.*

QUAKER COURTSHIP.—"Hum! yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wondrously to beseech thee to cleave unto me, and become flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone."

"Hum! truly, Obadiah, thou hast said wisely, and inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for man to be alone, lo and behold I will sojourn with thee—hum!"

A CONSIDERATE CLERGYMAN.—A clergyman said to the boys in the gallery, 'Dont make so much noise, for you will wake your parents below.'

Natural History.

ANIMAL LIFE.

Of the natural duration of animal life it is, from many circumstances, difficult to form an accurate statement, the wild creatures being in a great measure removed from observation, and those in a condition of domestication being seldom permitted to live as long as their bodily strength will allow. Herbiverous animals probably live longer than carniverous ones, vegetable food being most easily obtained in all seasons in a regular and requisite supply, whereas animals that subsist on flesh, or by the capture of prey, are necessitated at one period to pine without food, and at another gorged with superfluity; and when the bodily powers of rapacious creatures become impaired, existence is difficult to support and gradually ceases; but with herbiverous animals in the same condition supply is not equally precarious, or wholly denied, yet it is probable that few animals, in a perfectly wild state, live to a natural extinction of life. In a state of domestication the small number of carniverous creature about us are sheltered, and fed with care, seldom are in want of proper food, and at times are permitted to await a gradual decay, continuing as long as nature permits; and by such attentions many have attained to a great age—but this is rather an artificial than a natural existence. Our herbiverous animals, being kept mostly for profit, are seldom allowed to remain beyond approaching age, and when it advances upon our emoluments, by diminishing the supply of utility, we remove them. The uses of the horse, though time may reduce them, are often protracted; and our gratitude for past services, or interest in what remains, prompts us to support his life by prepared food, of easy digestion or requiring little mastication, and he certainly, by such means, attains to a longevity probably beyond the contingencies of nature. With birds it is probably the same as with other creatures; and the eagle, the raven, the parrot, &c., in a domestic state, attain great longevity; and though we suppose them naturally tenacious of life, yet, in a really wild state, they

would probably expire before the period which they attain when under attention and care. And this is much the case with man, who probably outlives most other creatures; for though excess may often shorten, and disease or misfortune terminate his days, yet, naturally, he is a long lived animal. His 'three score years and ten' are often prolonged by constitutional strength, and by the cares, the loves, the charities of human nature. As the decay of his powers awakens solicitude, duty and affection increase their attentions and the spark of life only expires when the material is exhausted.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

NOVEL COMBAT.—A few days ago, a large Newfoundland dog dashed into the lake at Pittsville, in pursuit of two beautiful swans and their sygnets, who were tranquilly navigating the lake. The parent swans immediately prepared to convey their charge out of danger, the male bird gallantly bringing up the rear, like a man of war protecting its convoy. The dog, emboldened by their flight, gave chase still more vigorously, when the male swan suddenly tacked about, and by a dexterous manœuvre, sprang from the water and perched himself on his assailant's back, instantly sinking him. The dog had nothing for it but to dive, which he did to a considerable distance, and on coming to the surface made the best of his way out and home, regardless of the whistle of his master, while the beautiful bird arched his neck and sailed triumphantly after his convoy.

Sunday Reading.

Cost of Sabbath Breaking.

The following is substantially the statement of a man who for years had been living a stranger to the sanctuary, and utterly neglectful of all religious concerns. It was made without any inquiry or knowledge of the fact till he stated them:

"I am determined on one thing," said he, "that I will to break the Sabbath no more. I believe the judgments of heaven will follow the Sabbath-breaker. I believe they have followed me. I will state my case:—My sloop loaded with wood got aground. There was no danger, and no necessity, as she was in a safe harbor, but I worked most of the Sabbath to get her off; I succeeded, but she grounded again, and I lost a week before she would float once more. But a few hours from port, she went ashore in a squall on N—— Island, and there another week was lost. Getting off, and into a neighboring harbor, a gale drove her ashore again, where she lay another week. I reached the port of N———, but so late as to be frozen in, and another week was lost. Returning home, and just entering the harbor, a heavy easterly wind drove us out to sea; and after a dreadful night of suffering and danger, the vessel was driven high and dry upon the rocks on the opposite side of the bay; she could not be got off and was sold for a trifle. Thus to save one day by working on the Sabbath, I lost more than thirty—lost my vessel—came near losing my life, and with it my immortal soul. I shall take care how I violate the Sabbath hereafter. These events have produced more reflection in my mind upon the subject of religion than all the events of my life."
—*Pastor's Journal.*

THE ROSE.—I saw a rose perfect in beauty; it rested gently upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopped to gaze upon it, and taste its fragrance, and its owner hung over it with delight. I passed it again, and behold it was gone—its stem was leafless—its root was withered—the enclosure which surrounded it was broken. The spoiler had been there; he saw that many admired it, and knew it was dear to him who planted it, and besides it he had no other to love. Yet he snatched it secretly from the hand that cherished it; he wore it in his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and when he saw that its glory had departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it, for now it pierces the spoiler even in his hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man who had loved the beauty of the rose gathered again its scattered leaves, or bound up the stalk which the hand of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction. And I said, let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon slippery places, and be not high-minded, but fear.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1841.

Literary Notices.

"THE VILLAGE READER," is the title of a work designed for the use of schools, lately published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass. the object of which is to furnish a series of reading lessons, suited to the capacity of young readers. The pieces consist of extracts from the purest American and English authors. They are well selected, not only for their rhetorical excellence, but for their beauty of style and sentiment, and for their adaptation to the comprehension of young minds. The plan of the work is well arranged. A few short and simple rules for reading are given at the commencement, by which the child may easily obtain a knowledge of emphasis and inflection, without confining him to mere artificial signs. From a hasty glance at the contents, we should judge the work well adapted to the purpose for which it was compiled. We perceive that the Board of Education, at their last meeting, resolved to introduce this work as a reading book in the schools of this city. Parents, we presume, will find it at most of our Bookstores.

"A BOOK WITHOUT A NAME," is the title of a work in two volumes, consisting of miscellaneous pieces written by Sir CHARLES and Lady MORGAN. The work is a re-publication of tales, papers and sketches, many of which have already appeared within the last few years in different periodicals. Lady Morgan is well known, both in this country and Europe, as an agreeable writer. Her work on France has been extensively read. The present volumes consist of *twenty-four* papers by Sir Charles, and *thirteen* by Lady Morgan. Among them we notice some old favorites. Such as "St. Alban's Abbey,"—the "Castle of Malachide,"—the "Hotel de Carnavelt," &c. The reason for giving the work no "name," is the difficulty of finding an unoccupied title, which, according to the authors, is a work of greater magnitude than writing the book itself! Those who like light and agreable reading, written in a flowing and easy style, will find these volumes suited to their taste. For sale at H. STANWOOD'S, corner of Buffalo and State streets.

"EVENINGS WITH THE CHRONICLERS, or Uncle Rupert's Tales of Chivalry." This book is a most beautiful ornament for the centre table, containing some of the most interesting stories of the olden time presented with historical accuracy in a pleasant and readable form. The manners, customs and principal events treated of, are illustrated by numerous and highly finished engravings, sixteen in number. The "Battle of Otterbourne"—The wars of Ghent"—"Phillip Van Artervelde," and "Jaqueline of Holland" are the principal selections of this volume. The characters of Douglass, the Duke of Burgundy, John De Launoy, Phillip Van Artevelde and Jaqueline of Holland, are all distinctly and vividly portrayed. Those who are desirous of purchasing a pleasing and instructive work, will find this book suited to their wishes. For sale at ALLING'S, 12 Exchange st.

STORIES FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY—is the title of an unassuming little volume of 230 pages by LYMAN PRESTON, from the press of WM. ALLING, of this city. The neatness of its exterior is in keeping with the good taste of its typographical execution; but its chief recommendation is the attractive style in which it presents important matters of fact to the minds of children and youth, calculated to lead them to adopt correct sentiments and habits. The book is none the less worthy of patronage for its being a production of the Rochester mechanics.

THE METROPOLITAN.—Mrs. MASON'S re-print of the Metropolitan for September, came to hand late in the month. Its contents, however, amply compensate for the tardiness of its appearance. The continuation of many of the papers grow more interesting as they advance toward the conclusion. The "Tales of the Pump Room,"—the "Three Knights and the Lady Errant,"—and "How to make Gold," are among the latest and most interesting productions that have appeared in this periodical.

The literary public will be gratified to know that Mrs. MASON has made arrangements for the re-publication in future, of the "Dublin University Magazine." This talented periodical, which is forcing itself into a wide circulation both in G. Britain and in this country, may now be considered as standing at the head of English Periodical Literature. It numbers among its contributors some of the ablest writers of the age. Harry Lorrequer and Charles O'Malley, those inimitable works of Dr. LAVER, were both written for this Magazine, and is is announced, that the same author will commence in January next, another work of the same character.

We have not heard whether an agent is yet established in this city. Mr. C. Morse is agent for the Metropolitan.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT for October, contains, as usual, a great variety of sterling matter. Mr. LIPPINCOTT has a well-written article on "Free Trade and Protection to American Industry," which abounds with facts worthy of the most serious consideration. "Jenny, or the Three Flower Markets of Paris," a French translation, is a tale of deep interest.

STEAM ON COMMON ROADS.—The feasibility of running steam carriages on common roads has been fully established in England. A foreign correspondent of a New York paper, speaks of a trip he made in a steam carriage propelled on an ordinary road. The cars were entirely under the control of the engineer, turning corners, avoiding other vehicles, and accelerating or diminishing its speed at pleasure. The average rate is about 16 miles an hour.

☞ Messrs. Stephens and Cathberwood have sailed from New York for Central America, for the purpose of continuing their researches in that world of wonders. They will probably be absent about six months, and with the advantages of their previous experience, will doubtless return even more richly laden than on their former tour.

ENDURING AEFECTION.—There was, says the Picayune, a man in New Orleans, thirty years ago, who wanted a young lady to marry him. He got the question as far out as to say—

"Madam, will you"—

when his heart failed him, and he ran away to France. Yesterday he came back and said—

"Have me?"

and the old lady said "Certainly."

A SAILOR'S NOTION OF A FUNERAL ON SHORE.—"Why, what d'ye think they do with the dead corpses ashore?" said an old tar who had spent nearly all his days on board of her Majesty's ships, and happened to see for the first time a funeral on shore. "How should I know," said his shipmate. "Why then, Bill, may I never stir," replied Jack, "but they puts 'em in boxes and directs 'em."

'Pa,' said an interesting juvenile yesterday to an indulgent sire—'Pa, haven't I got a veto as well as the President?' 'No, my child.' 'Yes, I have, Pa, my fifth toe is a *V-toe*, I reckon.'—'Thomas, take that boy to his mother—he is ruined.

Four pounds of beef lose one pound by boiling; one pound five ounces by roasting, and one pound three ounces by baking. Four pounds of mutton lose fourteen ounces by boiling; one pound six ounces by baking.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet]

"The Falling of the Leaf."

An Autumn Song.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

It is a mournful season, that season of the year,
When the summer flowers are fading and the mead is brown and sere;
When the mantle of the forests is faded out with grief,
And the breeze tells by its nestle the falling of the leaf.

Far down the lowly valley or up the mountain steep
There's a murmur all pervading, a murmur wild and deep;
'Tis the winds among the mountains, the waters on the reef,
'Tis the voice of Nature wailing the falling of the leaf.

But why should there be sorrow that they have withered now?
Will not the spring that's coming restore them to the bough,
Far brighter than those lost ones whose beings were so brief?
Then mourn thou not the fading—the falling of the leaf.

O would I were a flower or leaf upon a tree,
For age would then re-welcome the Spring of Youth to me;
But oh, they say our spirits, loosed from this world of grief,
Meet with a Spring far brighter than greets the Autumn leaf!

Rochester, October, 1841.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Lines.

Though slander with her thousand tongues,
The upright man should try;
The character they trample on
Not India's wealth could buy.

The consciousness of motives pure,
Though erring man may fail,
A bliss shall plant within the heart
No blight can e'er assail.

Though envy soil his outward robes,
He still may turn the dart;
It cannot cast its slime around
The vesture of the heart.

Above the base, ignoble soul,
He soars, on honor's wings;
Though to his feet no apeing world
Its treacherous offering brings.

He placeth not supreme delight
On popular applause,
But from the spring which friendship yields
His consolation draws.

His life may be a silent rill,
Yet clear may run its streams;
His sun may set obscured by hills,
But bright shall shine its beams.

Chesterville, O., Sept., 1841. F. P. G.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Autumn.

BY N. A. STONE.

The falling leaves, the chilling blast,
Prompt many a silent tear;
The spring and summer days are past,
Lo! autumn lingers near.
How changed the scene! the summer sky
Assumes an aspect strange;
The threat'ning clouds, how fast they fly,
How wide and far they range!

The minstrel strikes no more his lute
Beneath the towering oak;
The songsters of the groves are mute,
The charm that bound them's broke.
The ripened fruit is plucked with care,
All stored the sickled grain;
The skillful farmers now prepare
For winter's dread campaign.

With merry hearts each "lad and lass"
Attends the "husking bee,"
No pageantry adorns the place,
But true simplicity.
Among the throng the "modest maid"
Parades with wonted glee,
While apples, jokes and wit's displayed
Instead of revelry.

At early dawn, the farmer boys
Hear the familiar sound,
Soon "washed," they haste to gather up
The nuts that strew the ground.

Though sad to see the foliage
And all the flowers depart,
Th' autumnal season should engage
The thoughts of every heart.

As flowers decay, so hopes shall die,
As seasons each succeed;
So time, improved or not, shall fly,
And nought its course impede.
As spring and summer, autumn too,
To each related be;
So days, and months, and years but tend
To vast Eternity.

From the New Orleans Native American Repealer.

Heroic Names.

They linger not upon our waves,
Along our plains that hallowed were
Once by the tread of freedom's braves;
They march no longer there.
Yet, still a voice, 'tis Glory's, starts
From every spot that valor claims,
And in our ears and on our hearts
Breathes their heroic names.

Though they from dust have gone to dust,
To us, their sons, the God who saves
Hath sanctified the glorious trust
Of guarding still their graves.
We stand beside the mounds that hold
Their ashes, dust which yet is fame's,
And blend the prayers they breathed of old
With their heroic names.

Prayers for the free; the passion stirs
The more the tides of ages part,
And cenotaphs and sepulchres
Rise on the nation's heart,
Inscribed to those who bent beside
Our freedom's earliest altar flames,
And mingle with our country's pride
Their old heroic names.

Heroic names that ever will
Heroic thoughts and deeds inspire,
And in men's breasts be written still
In words of living fire.
They linger not upon our waves,
But every spot that valor claims
Breathes still above their glorious graves
Their old heroic names. IDLER.

THE RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.—"Look hea, Pompey," said a negro, yesterday, to a brother darkey, both of whom are working at the "burnt district"—"look hea, Pompey: what for you no put more water in dat morter?"

"Just' cause as how I don't like to do it, nigger—dat's all."

"Well I tell you wot it is; I instruct you to do it—dat's nuff."

"No, it aint nuff, neider, nigger. I'm posed to de doctrine ob' structions. I ain't no Werginy 'stractionist, no how: dis child's a creole nigger, and so be his childers 'fore 'em."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Jeffries, the celebrated British reviewer, once remarked that it was his firm belief that if a premium of a thousand dollars were offered for the best translation of a Greek Bible, it would be taken by a Yankee, who, till the offer was made, had never seen a word of Greek in his life—then he would commence learning the language immediately, to qualify himself for the great undertaking, and would finish the work quicker than any other person and bear off the prize.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 10th inst., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. JOB B. HART, of Gates to Miss CAROLINE VOKE, of this city.

Also, by the same, on the 11th inst., Mr. WILLIAM ROGERS to Miss MARY BROOKS; also, by the same, WIKLIAM WHITE to SOPHIA HUNN.

In this city, at St. Luke's Church, on the 11th inst., by Rev. Mr. Chipman, Mr. DANIEL P. BROWN to Miss FRANCES A. WILSON; also, at the same time and place, by the same, Mr. FRANCIS BROWN to Miss JANE M. GRIFFEN, all bf this city.

In this city, on the 8th inst., by Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. DANIEL BARRY to Miss ELIZABETH ORR, all of this city.

In this city on the 5th inst. by Rev. P. Church, Mr. O. C. WRIGHT, of Lockport, to Miss MARY H. JONES, of this city.

At Auburn, on the evening of the 12th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, Mr. JABEZ D. HAWKS, of the firm of Hawks & Brothers, Rochester, to Miss LYDIA W., daughter of the late JAMES WOOD, Esq., of Aurora.

In Westbrook, Conn., on the 4th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hyde, Mr. H. MAGNE, of this city, to Miss ABILENA S. CHAPMAN, of the former place.

In Webster, on the 14th inst., by Rev. John Robinson, Mr. ALFRED W. PLUMLEY, of Holley, to Miss ELVIRA MARTIN, of the former place.

In Mendon, on the 13th inst., by Charles Foote, Esq., Mr. DAVID ECKLER to Miss EMILY WEBSTER, all of Mendon.

In Brockport on the 7th inst., by Rev. S. A. Baker, Mr. DAVID L. HILL, of Geneva, to Miss MARSHA BURROWS, of the former place.

In Troy, on the 10th instant, by Rev. H. L. Starks, DONALD M. C. DAY, to CHARLOTTE ANN WELLS, both of Ogden, New York.

In Corning, on the 11th inst., by Rev. L. S. Hopkins, Mr. ANDREW T. KINGSBURY, of this city, to Mis HANNH MARY CALKINS, of the former place.

In Gates, on the 5th inst., by S. A. Yerkes, Esq., Mr. JONAH CARPENTER, of Chili, to Miss LOUISA LAWRENCE, of Gates.

In Geneseo, on the 30th ult., by Elder Hail Whiting, Mr. JOHN UTLEY, Jr. to Miss ABIGAIL JOHNSON, both of Avon.

In Fleming, on the 7th instant, by Mr. Edward Wheeler, Mr. MAYNARD CHAPPELL, of Henrietta, to Miss MARIA MAWNEY, of the former place.

In Clarkson, on the 26th Sept. by Rev. Stephen Miles, Mr. William Barrow to Miss Catharine Lieter.

In Clarkson, on the 26th September, by Joseph Dutcher, Esq., Mr. James Keith to Miss Salome Patterson, all of that place.

In this city, on Tuesday morning, the 28th Sept., by Rev. Mr. Shaw, LEWIS H. ALLING, to SARAH ANN SIBLEY, daugter of Derick Sibley, Esq., all of this city.

In this city, on the evening of the 26th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Carlton, PHILO CUNNINGHAM, to RACHAEL WHEATON, all of the city.

In West Henrietta, on Sunday, the 26th ult., by Rev. H. Miner, Mr. CARLOS COMENS, of Rochester, to Miss MARY ANN WATSON, of Albany.

In Milton, Pa,, on the 20th inst., by the Rev. J. Williamson, Hon. SETH M. GATES, of Le Roy, to Miss F. JENNET PARSONS, of the former place.

In Palmyra, on Monday the 28th September, by the Rev. Mr. Britton, Mr. JACOB R. CRANDELL, to Miss JULEANNA COOK, all of that place.

In Lyons, at Grace Church, on the 22d ult., by Rev. Samuel Cooke, JOHN R. VERNAM to MARY C., daughter of Capt. William A. Spencer, U. S. Navy.

In Medina, on the 21st ult., by Rev. Stephen Douglass, Mr. ELI B. MOORE to Miss ADALINE DEMMON, daughter of Mr. Morris Demmon, all of Medina.

In Albion, on the 20th ult., by Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. DORUS HIX, of Ballston, to Mrs. LUCY HARD, daughter of Rev. J. Waite, of the former place.

On the 22d ult., by Rev. Rufus Murray, Mr. WILSON ROBINSON to Miss LYDIA ANN KELSEY, daughter of Charles P. Kelsey, all of Lewiston.

In Batavia, on the 8th ult., by C. M. Russell, Esq., Mr. WILLIAM BRADWAY to Miss LUCY DENSLOW, all of that place. On the 21st ult., by Rev. W. P. Beecher, Mr. OLIVER A. ROBINSON, Jr. to Miss PHEBE D. WILLIAMS, daughter of Wm. Williams, Esq., all of Darien.

In Barre, on the 23d ult., by Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. PAUL PRATT, of Gaines, to Miss BETSEY JANE PARKER, of Barre.

In Castile, on the 19th inst., by Rev. Mr. Norton, Mr. DAVIS W. SMITH to Miss EMILY S. WELLES, all of Castile.

In York, on the 21st inst., by Rev. Alexander Blaikie, Mr. ORRIN SPERRY, of Rochester, to Miss MARY E. COLLINS, daughter of A. Collins, Esq., of the former place.

In Perinton, on Monday, the 20th inst., by Rev. S. Stanley, Mr. T. I. FARR, of the firm of Lyman, Farr & Co., Toronto, Canada, to Miss CAROLINE M., daughter of Thaddeus Stanley, of Le Roy.

In Geneva, on Wednesday, the 22d inst, by Rev. P. C. Hay, D. D., Rev. STEPHEN STANLEY, of Perinton, to Miss FIDELIA E., daughter of Mr. Lucius Warner, of the former place.

In East Green, Chenango county, on the 25th ult., by Rev. Mr. Mead, D. A. FISH, Esq., formerly of Rochester, to Miss EMMA HAYNES, daughter of Eli Haynes, Jr., of East Green.

In Chili, Sept. 14, by Rev. J. W. Fox, Mr. WILLIAM PARE, of York, Livingston county, to Miss MARY PARSONS, of Riga.

At East Rupert, Vt., on the 8th inst., by Rev. William Jackson, D. D., of Dorset, MARTIN S. NEWTON, Counsellor at Law, of Lima, Livingston county, N. Y., to Miss ELIZABETH C., daughter of Aaron Sheldon, Esq., of East Rupert.

On the 9th ult., at the quarters of Capt. Alexander Seymour Hooe, Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, by the Right Rev. Bishop Kemper, Lieut. D. RUGGLES, U. S. Army, to Miss RICHARD ETTA BARNES MASON, yougest daughter of the late A. S. Hooe, of King George county, Va.

On the 16th inst., by Rev. Mr Cookson, JOHN A. WHEELER, merchant, of Cleveland, Ohio, to MARY JANE, daughter of Roswell Halstad, Esq., of Troy.

In Nedina, on the 12th inst., by Rev. G. P. Prudden, Mr. JACOB W. HUNT, of Troy, to Miss DIANA FORD, of Medina.

In Lyndon, on the 15th inst., by Elder Chamberlain, Mr. WM. T. WARREN, of that place, to Miss CALISTA FOOT, of Gaines.

In Gaines, on the 15th inst., by Rev. Mr. Buttolph, Mr. JAS. MONTROSS to Miss JULIA O. WILDER. On the 16th inst. by the same, Mr. ERVIN W. FOOT to Miss HESTER MONTROSS.

In Lockport, on the 15th inst., by Rev. N. W. Fisher, SAMUEL WRIGHT, publisher of the Niagara Balance, to Miss MARY E. HARRINGTON.

In Batavia, on the 17th inst., by Rev. W. A. Beecher, Hon. HENRY HEWITT, of Marshall, Mich., to Miss ALZINA MERRILL, of Byron, N. Y.

ELECTION NOTICE—Sheriff's Office—Monroe county, Rochester, 31st August, 1841.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the first, second, and third 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.

CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff
of the county of Monroe.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Secretary's Office.

ALBANY, August 25, 1841.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe:

Sir—Notice is hereby given you, that the term of service of William A. Moseley, a Senator for the eighth senate district of this state, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of Monroe belongs, at the general election to be held on the first, second and third days of November next, at the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three Members of Assembly, for the said county.

JOHN C. SPENCER,
sep1 Secretary of State.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.
TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1841. No. 22.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Late on the night that Lucy had separated from her husband, an old gentleman, who was a physician, came out of a large house in the upper part of the city, where he had been lingering at the bedside of a sick person. The night was pitchy dark; not a star in the sky, nor moon, and no light, except a solitary lamp, the result of the private enterprise of an apothecary, which gleamed like a green planet at the far end of the street. The old gentleman felt his way cautiously down the steps, one by one, until he came to the last, when he very deliberately fell over some one apparently asleep there, and both rolled on the side walk together. The person thus disturbed remained perfectly motionless, uttering no sound or cry. Tho old gentleman however did not take matters so quietly, and in the first burst of his surprise let off a volley of testy exclamations: but being naturally good-tempered, and withal hale and hearty, and brisk for his years, he picked himself up and trotted merrily on, wondering what could have induced any one to sleep on a stone step: it was very inconvenient, and on a dark night like this not a little dangerous. "Suppose I had broken my neck?" thought he; "or suppose I had broken his?" He stopped, for it just then occurred to him that something of the kind had happened; the sleeper had not stirred after the accident, nor even spoken. As this idea presented itself, he paused in front of the green lamp before mentioned, to make up his mind. This was soon done, and he trotted back to the person, who lay just as he had left him. Taking hold of an arm he shook smartly. "Wake up, my good fellow!" said he. There was no motion nor reply. He raised the arm and it fell back lead-like and heavy, like that of a corpse.

"Drunk!" said he, "and a *woman* too! Good God! what will they come to!" As he spoke, he slowly passed his fingers over her features, which were as cold as ice; held the back of his hand to her mouth, then took her by the wrist and felt her pulse.

"Dead!" God of heaven grant that I have not killed her!" exclaimed he earnestly, with his fingers still on her wrist, scarcely breathing lest he should not detect any sign of animation.

A pulsation so faint and fluttering that it would have escaped one less intently anxious, was felt beneath his fingers. Springing up the steps, two at a time, he pulled the bell until the house echoed; then running down, he lifted the object of his solicitude in his arms, and reached the door just as the servant from the inside exclaimed:

"Who's there? and what do you want? Speak quick! You'd better, or I'll fire!" and something which looked more like a poker than any kind of fire-arms was protruded from behind the side-light.

"If you don't open the door I'll give you something to fire for," exclaimed the Doctor, on the outside.

The voice of the speaker was apparently recognized, for the next moment the door opened, and a red-eared servant, with a considerable abatement in the ferocity of his tone, said: "Oh! Dr. Thurston. It's you, is it Sir?"

"To be sure it is. Hold the light here—quick!"

The servant however had heard strange stories about how doctors amused themselves in the night time; how they stole into grave-yards and carried off dead people, all in their shrouds; how coffins which ought to have been tenanted were found empty; how a black man who had set fire to a house and roasted an old blind lady, and was hanged for it, was buried in Potter's Field, and nothing was found when they went to look for him afterward exeept a foot with a wart on it. With these and many other facts of the same kind floating through his mind, the servant became strongly impressed with the belief that the elderly gentleman before him had stolen a corpse, and had brought it there in his arms for dissection; and having no great predilection for the company of dead people, he had sprung across the entry with an agility quite singular in one usually remarkable for the perseverance with which he was slow in every thing.

"Bring back the candle, you fool, will you?" said the Doctor, staggering under his burden, and finally depositing it in a chair; "I'm afraid she's dead."

"Of course she is. I know'd it from the fust, Sir," said the servant, extending the light as near to, and his body as far from, the object of his fears as a man exactly one inch over five feet conveniently could. "I hope it wasn't a small-pox she died of, Sir; I never had it myself, and I've seven young 'uns at home as has never been 'noculated."

The Doctor stared at him for a moment, and not being aware of the train of ideas that had been passing through his head, told him to hold his tongue, and bring the light so that he could see what was the matter with the woman. "There, that'll do. Let it shine in her face. How beautiful she is!—but how thin! Bring some wine; and then wake up the cook, and let her make something warm, and let a fire be kindled in one of the bed-rooms. Be quick! How lucky that I stopped! She'd have been dead in an hour."

A ray of light gradually found its way into the mind of the slow servant, like a sunbeam through a thick fog or a stray ray into a cave of bats, and he began to mutter something about the streets being "good enough for the likes o' her; guessed she was used to it; and if she had a died, he supposed she wasn't the fust that did so; and he did n't see why the kitchen wasn't warm enough.—When *he* was sick, he'd never had a bed-room; nor little Tommy 'nother, although he'd had the measles awful."

Catching the Doctor's eye in the midst of these undertoned mutterings, he put the light on a chair and paced off with as much exactitude as if a duel was to be fought in the entry and he had been appointed to measure the distance.

Notwithstanding the slowness of the servant and the lateness of the night, but a short time had elapsed before the Doctor's instructions had been obeyed. When Lucy opened her eyes, (for it was she,) it was broad day-light; and she found herself in a large bed-room handsomely furnished, with an old gentleman sitting at the foot of the bed, reading a newspaper, and a young girl, scarcely older than herself, standing at the side of it, bathing her forehead.

"How do you feel, my good girl?" said the old man, putting down his paper and taking her hand; "are you better?"

Lucy was bewildered at all she saw: the two strangers; the rich and costly furniture; every thing so different from what she had been accustomed to. She closed her eyes, and endeavored to think. Like one who has been stunned, the past was confused and indistinct to her. Strange figures and fancies, wild, distorted, and fanciful, flitted through her mind like the fantastic forms in a dream. But one by one the occurrunces of the previous night grew upon her; stronger and stronger, until they became fearfully distinct. She attempted to answer the inquiries of the physician, but she could not, and her head sank back on the pillow.

"God bless me! poor thing!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "completely exhausted!" Hurrying across the room he brought a wine-glass containing something, which he placed to her lips:—"There, drink that; don't be afraid of it; it'll do you good. Miss Crawford," said he, turning to the young lady who sat near the bed, "you doubtless think it strange, very strange, that I should thus unceremoniously bring this girl into your house; no doubt you do; but you see it was necessary, absolutely: she would have died before morning. She'll do very well now; so I'll just step down stairs and see what you've got for breakfast."

For a long time after the old gentleman had eaten his breakfast, and read the paper through, he sat at the table, balancing his spoon on the edge of his cup, and looking very intently at the fire.

"It's very strange," said he, taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, and blowing his nose very hard; "it *is* strange;" and then he got up and walked to the window, and looked abstractedly out in the wet streets. "I can't bring myself to think what this poor girl must be: appearances are against her—*very* much against her;" and he blew his nose very hard again. "Well, Mary, how's your patient?" said he, addressing a girl who came in at that moment.

"She's better, Sir; but she takes on sadly.—She does nothing but cry. She's been sadly used, Sir; I'm sure of it."

"Poor thing!" said the old man; "they *are* horribly used—all of them."

Without saying any thing more, he went up stairs, and going to Lucy's bedside, mechanically felt her pulse; then sat down without speaking.

"You are very kind!" said Lucy, faintly, "to trouble yourself about one like me."

"It's as I feared!" thought the Doctor; but still he looked kindly at her.

"You must have thought very badly of me, from where you found me—you and the lady," said she, looking toward the young girl, with a sadness that made her very heart ache. "I'm very poor, and have suffered much; but that's all; and you wrong me if you think any thing worse than that."

"I knew it!" said the Doctor, emphatically; "I said so from the first. Didn't I, Miss Crawford?"

The young lady did not recollect any communication of the sort, so she only smiled and said nothing, and Lucy went on. Her tale was a long one, sad enough. She told it all. She told how she had left the home of her childhood and her kind mother. She told how they loved her; how they grieved at their parting, and what kind things they said and did when she bade them farewell, and went off with one who had promised to love her, and to make her new home a happy one; how buoyant and confident she felt, and how gay and light-hearted she was, when she left them all; and how her mother laid her hand upon her head and blessed her, and blessed *him*, and hoped God would prosper them in life, and make them love each other.

She laughed then, and *he* (she would not mention his name) laughed too, and they went away to her new home. Then her sorrows began. The news came that her little brother was ill. Then came a letter; he was worse; and then another; he was dead. But her husband was kind to her then, and soothed her, and did all that he could to make her forget her grief, and she was happy again. But one by one her brothers grew ill and died, and last of all her mother died too. She thought she should never have got over that, but she did; and she lived on, although she now was alone, with no one in the wide world but *him*.—She told how they had lived together long after the death of her mother; but her husband soon began to change toward her; somehow he grew more and more cold. He went away from his home oftener, and staid from it longer. He grew stern and savage; talked frequently of his poverty, and spoke to her as if she were the cause of it. One by one they sold everything, and as they became poorer he became more stern and fierce; until the night before, when his treatment had been such that she had left her home; and now she knew not where to turn or whither to go. She refused to tell her husband's name; and when she had finished, she turned her head upon the pillow and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"You have a home, lady, and those about you who love you, and would go to the end of the world barefoot to serve you; but I, God knows I wish I was in my grave! There's not a soul will care for me—not even *he!*"

Her hearers had listened in silence, until she got through. They did not doubt the truth of her

story—not for an instant. Her frail figure, her anxious eye, her faded cheek; her wasted hand, so white and thin that they could almost see thro' it—all confirmed it.

For some time after she stopped, Miss Crawford and the Doctor sat watching her agitated face, as if they expected to hear something more; but she had finished. At last the Doctor got hastily up, walked to the window, looked out, cleared his throat with great emphasis, took a pinch of snuff, and then came back and seated himself.

"My God! my poor girl! this is dreadful treatment!" exclaimed he.

Lucy said something, which they could not hear.

"And that husband of yours," exclaimed he, growing excited; "what an infernal scamp he is! Why, I'll——"

Lucy laid her hand on his arm: "Ah! Sir, you don't know what want and suffering will do.—Poverty with the rich is not like poverty with the poor. The first want a few luxuries or some little matter of convenience or pleasure. The poor have not food. It is *that* that eats into a man's soul. Sometimes the more he loves the worse he is. That's the way with *him*. Don't speak as you were going to. He was driven to what he did, and is sorry for it now. I know he is."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Dr. Thurston, in the greatest surprise, and perfectly nonplussed.—"God bless me! did you ever hear the like! I'll be d——d (I beg pardon," said he, bowing to Miss Crawford,) "but I'll be d——d if she isn't standing up for that rascal who kicked her out of doors! She's mad—must be. It can't *be*, that any one in her senses would justify such an infernal good-for-nothing ——"

"Doctor," said Miss Crawford, interrupting him and leading him across the room, and speaking in a low tone, "this poor girl is completely exhausted. Would it not be better to keep quiet ourselves, and keep her so? I think she needs sleep."

"Always considerate, Miss Crawford; always like yourself;" said the warm-hearted old man, pressing the hand that rested on his arm; "I hope you'll get a husband who *deserves* you—that's all."

It is probable that the young lady had some ideas and hopes of her own on the subject, for she colored up.

Both used their utmost endeavors to soothe the patient, and they soon had the satisfaction of leaving her in a deep and quiet sleep. "She'll be better when she awakes," said he; "and now Miss Crawford, do you go to your room, for your watching here and at your father's bedside has been too much for you. You too want rest. It will never do for those eyes of yours to lose their brightness."

The young lady suffered herself to be led from the room; but just as the Doctor was preparing to leave her she laid her hand on his arm, and said with a trembling voice:

"Doctor, I must now ask a question, which I conjure you to answer me truly, on your honor. My father"—she paused to recover her calmness—"what do you think of his situation? Will he recover?"

The old man took both her hands in his, pressed them together, and in a solemn tone that went to her very heart, said: "God's will be done!" and hurried away.

The girl reeled as if she had received a sudden blow; but recovered herself, went to her own room, locked the door, and throwing herself on the bed, lay as one stunned.

[To be continued.]

The Fireside.

Kindness among Neighbors.

It is a pleasant thing to have the character of a good neighbor. Who is it that deserves it? Not the idle gossip, who, for want of useful employment, goes to spend an hour in one neighbor's house and an hour in another's, assisting the idle in squandering the time which they already despise, and robbing the industrious of a precious jewel, of which they (the industrious, not the visitor,) know the value. Such neighbors have often extorted from those on whom they bestow their senseless visits, the pathetic exclamation, "Parish taxes and assessed taxes press heavily enough; but the hardest tax of all is that which the forms of society authorize the idle to levy on the well-employed, by interrupting their engagements and defeating their purposes." Well has the wise man said, "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he be weary of thee and hate thee." —Prov. xxv, 17. Still less is the character of a good neighbor due to those who ingratiate themselves into families and become possessed of their secrets, or draw from them remarks on others, and then go elsewhere and make mischief of what they have heard.

Those are not good neighbors who lead each other into pleasures and expenses which are unprofitable in themselves, or which the circumstances of the parties do not justify. There are many families living in frugal comfort, to whom the expense of a dinner or tea party would be a serious inconvenience, if frequently entailed by the tho'tless, though perhaps well-meaning, neighbors who press them to accept of entertainments, which seem to lay them under a sort of obligation to invite them in return.

A good neighbor is, first, *harmless and peaceable*. He will not intentionally annoy or injure another. No noisome dunghill, no unreasonable noises, are permitted on his premises, to endanger the health or disturb the repose of the neighborhood.

The children of such a family are not permitted to throw stones into a neighbor's garden, to hurt his cat, or to worry his poultry; or to slip the fastenings of his window-shutters, and suffer them to escape and break the glass. These and numerous other feats performed by rude and ill-trained children for the annoyance of the neighborhood, are never tolerated in the family of the good neighbor. Should any inconvenience have been inadvertantly occasioned by him or his, it is no sooner mentioned than cheerfully removed or repaired.

The good neighbor is *kind and accommodating*. It gives him pleasure to promote the comfort and welfare of those around him. If persons are of the same trade, no mean jealousies are indulged, no petty tricks practised against them; but the proper feeling cherished—"I wish to do well for myself, and I wish well to my neighbor: the world is wide enough for us both." Among neighbors of the poorer class, a good or an ill disposition is manifested in the manner in which they regard the conduct of their wealthy neighbors towards each other. Some poor people rejoice in the kindness shown to a neighbor, and gladly embrace an opportunity to speak favorably of his character, or representing his need to those who can assist him; while others are spiteful enough to regard the good done to a neighbor as an injury done to themselves, both by the person who confers and the person who receives the benefit.

In time of sickness, the kind offices of a good neighbor are peculiarly valuable. "Better is a neighbor that is at hand, than a brother that is afar off." The kindness of such a neighbor has been thus vividly and beautifully described: "Oh, I love the soul that must and will do good; the kind creature who runs to the sick bed, I might rather say, bedstead of a poor neighbor, wipes away the moisture of fever, smoothes up the clothes, beats up the pillows, fills the pitcher, sets it within reach; administers only a cup of cold water, but in the true spirit of a disciple, and becomes a fellow-worker in the administration of happiness to mankind. Peace be with that good soul! She must come in due time to the condition of her neighbor; and then may the Lord strengthen her on the bed of languishing, and, by some kind hand like her own, make all her bed in her sickness.

The good neighbor will avoid a meddlesome, obtrusive interference, yet will not hesitate to point out in a kind and gentle manner, any mistakes into which a neighbor may have fallen, or any advantage he may have overlooked, by which the interests of himself and family may be promoted."

Although I have not in this chapter mentioned the names of my venerable friends, my mind looks back to many families whom they awakened to the practicability and the pleasure of being good and useful neighbors.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

Politeness and Hospitality.

I see friendship, love, common sense and common honesty sacrificed every hour to what is called politeness. I see women every day—out of respect, as they say, to their husbands—tricked out with better looks, and with better humor to receive strangers than to receive a husband—the rogues persuading the good, easy fool, when they give other men a cleaner table cloth and a better dinner, that they do it out of respect to *him!*

Abominable! They treat the lord of their affections, the partner of their bed, the father of their children, worse than any other man!—they do indeed—there's no denying it.

'Tis all a wicked, profligate, cold-hearted lie, and they know it. They call it hospitality!—Worse and worse! Hospitality is not ostentation—hospitality is simple and sincere. No, they want to please a stranger!—to deceive him even for an hour—to appear better off in the world, richer and more comfortable than they really are. They are secretly tired of home—of that plain, quiet, comfortable, beautiful decency which makes home so dear to a man.

Such women are sure to be sluts and hypocrites just in proportion to the difference they make between their household and the world—the stranger and their husband. They go slipshod about the house, their caps on one side, their hair flying loose, and themselves fitter for a horsepond than for a marriage bed or a dinner table, until mercy to their husbands, some stranger knocks at the door.

"Oh, but if you ask a man to dine with you, you must give him something better than pork and beans."

"Not if I eat pork and beans myself."

"But he'll be offended."

"Let him. He's a fool if he expects to be treated at my own house, by my own wife, better than myself."

I Don't Like to See.—A dirty shirt covered with a clean dicky; a working man who has two hats, wearing the best every day; the windows patched with paper, rags or turl; a sweep or baker passing through the crowd; a woman's bootlace dangling loose; orange peels thrown on the path; good meat thrown to the dogs; a work-house funeral nearly without attendants; a rich man's funeral blocking up the streets; a woman beating her child because it had got run over; a country overseer putting out a poor woman by the shoulders; two men fighting a pitched battle on Sunday afternoon, with a large attendance of men and women; a man, after breaking a square of glass in a window, running away to escape detection; a child crying for hours together in a cradle; a poer lad or girl, at five o'clock in a winter's morning, going to the factory much out of health; a man stuffed with rich food until his legs are obliged to be tied up; a bedroom comb left full of hair; servants waiting at the table with dirty hands; a woman sliping in at the back door of a public house, with a little jug, at tea time, a justice fining persons for getting drunk, who frequently gets "fresh" himself; a beggar exhibiting his wounds and deformations on the road side; an old man of seventy and a young girl of seventeen going to church to get married; a drunken coachman driving his horses at full gallop down a narrow street; clothes lying to be moth eaten, while there are so many backs without covering; a coach-horse with bleeding shoulders; a dig in a poor man's house who gets relief from the parish; children's shoes unbottomed and stockings out at the heel; an unbrella on a windy day with two broken bones; a shop with dirty windows; the bailiffs carrying the bed and chair of a poor widow to the obelisk, to sell for rent; a poor ragged wife seeking her husband at twelve on Saturday night.—*English Educational Magazine.*

Danger of Female Society.—I cannot look full in a girl's face all flashing so, without being kinder dazzled and scorched. It awakens me up in the night, 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 all fired things have so many sly ways of coming it over a fellow that can see their putty mouths work and not feel his own work too. If they side up I can't help sidin up too, if I die, and when their eyes fall flash on me, I wilt right down under 'em like cut grass in Weathersfield of a hot summer day. It's nature all this, and I can't help it no how.—*Jonathan Slick.*

"Poor Job."

"Job Printing! Job Printing!" exclaimed an old woman, the other day, as she peeped over her specks at the advertising page of a country paper: "Poor Job, they've kept him printing week after week, ever since I first learned to read, and if he wasn't the most patientiest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, nohow!"

Newspapers.—Mr. Jefferson, while a minister in France, wrote to a friend in this country, Col. E. Carrington; "Were it left me to decide, whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to choose the latter.

The Old World.

VENICE.

The silence of Venice constitutes, in my opinion, one of the greatest charms. The absence of noise is peculiarly soothing to the mind, and disposes it to contemplation. I looked out from my balcony last night, when the grand canal reflected a thousand brilliant stars on its water, turbid though it be, and the lights streaming through the windows on each side, showed like golden streams upon its bosom. Gondola after gondola glided along, from some of which soft music stole on the ear, and sometimes their open windows revealed some youthful couple with their guitars, or some more matured ones, partaking their light repast of fruit and cakes; while not unfrequently a solitary male figure was seen reclining on the seat, absorbed in the perusal of some book. The scene realized some of the descriptions of Venice read years ago; and except that the gondoliers were smaller in number, and the lights from the houses few and far between, I could have fancied that no change had occurred since the descriptions I have referred to were written. The morning light reveals the melancholy alteration; and as I stood upon the same balcony to-day, and saw the muddy canal, with a few straggling gondolas gliding over it, the defaced and mutilated palaces, and the reduced population, all brought out into distinctness by the bright beams of the sun, I could hardly believe that it was the same scene that looked so well last night. Moonlight is a great beautifier, and especially of all that has been toucbed by the finger of decay, from a palace to—a woman. It softens what is harsh, renders fairer what is fair, and disposes the mind to a tender melancholy in harmony with all around.

The endless variety in the architecture of Venice pleases me. It looks as if the natives of many lands, and as many ages, had congregated to build dwellings and churches according the different tastes of each; for here may be traced the massive piles and the round arches of remote time, the fantastic and grotesque style of the middle ages, the richly decorated Saraeenie, and the stately buildings whose fronts are encrusted with fine sculpture, that even still retain their pristine beauty.

Where, but at Venice, could there be found crowded together specimens of the Greek, Roman, Gothic, and Saracanic styles, blending into rich masses, rendering this city a place where every traveller may find some remembrance of his home? —"The Hannahs," by Robert Philip.

Skill of the Ancient Egyptians.

Lost Arts.—If the Thebans, 1800 years before Christ, knew less in some departments of useful knowledges, than ourselves, they also in others knew more. One great proof of the genius of that splendid line of potentates, entitled the eighteenth Theban dynasty, and the extent of civilization under their rule, was, that the practical, chemical, astronomical, and mechanical knowledge which the shared with the priestly (scientific) colleges, was in some respects equal to, in some respects greater than, our own. They made glass in great profusion, (Diodorus, Siculus,) and burning-glasses and lenses for glasses. They must have cut their delicate cameos by the aid of microscopes. Ptolemy describes an astrolabe; they calculated eclipses; they said that the moon was diversified by sea and land (Plutarch *de facie lunæ*;) that "one lunar day was equal to fifteen of the earth;" that "the earth's diameter was a third of the moon's;" and that "the moon's mass was to that of the earth as 1 to 72."

All these things show good instruments. They made gold potable (inferentially; Moses did so, who was a scribe brought up up the Sovereign Pontiff, and nursed in the "wisdom of the Egyptians,") an "art lost" till recently recovered by a French chemist. Their workmanship in gold, as recorded by Homer, und their golden clock-work, by which thrones moved, must have been exquisitely ingenious. They possessed the art of tempering copper tools so as to cut the hardest granite with the most minute and brilliant precision. This art we have lost. We see the sculptors in the art of cutting the inscriptions on the granite obelisks and tablets. We see a pictorial copy of the chisels and tools with which the operation was performed. We see the tools themselves. (There are sculptors' chisels at the museum, the cutting end of which preserves its edge unimpaired, while the blunt extremity is flattened by the blows of the mallet.) But our tools would not cut such stone with the precision of outline which the inscriptions retain to the present day. Again, what mechanical means had they to raise and fix the enormous imposts on the lintels of their temples at Karnac? Architects now confess that they could not raise them by the usual mechanical powers. Those means must, therefore, be put to the account of the "lost arts." That they were familiar with the principle of Artesian wells has been lately proved by engineering investigations carried on while boring for water in the Great Oasis. That they were acquainted with the principle of the railroad is, obvious, that is to say, they had artificial causeways, levelled, direct, and grooved, (the grooves being annointed with oil,) for the conaeyance from great distances of enormous blocks of stone, entire stone temples, and colossal statues of half the height of the monument. Remnants of iron, it is said, have lately been found in these grooves.

Finally, M. Arago has argued, that they not only possessed a knowledge of steam power, which they employed in the cavern mysteries of their Pagan free-masonry) the oldest in the world, of which the Pyramids were the lodges,) but that the modern steam-engine is derived, through Solomon de Caus, the predecessor of Worcester, from the invention of Hero, the Egyptain engineer. The contest of the Egyptain *sophos* with Moses before Pharaoh, pays singular tribute to their union of "knowledge and power." No supernatural aid is intimated. Three of the miracles of their natural magic (see Sir D. Brewster) the jugglers of the east can and do now perform. In the fourth an attempt to produce the lowest form of lice, they fail. From the whole statement one inference is safe, that the daring ambition of the priestly chemists and anatomists had been led from the triumphs of embalming and chicken-hatching (imitating and assisting the production of life,) to a Frankenstein experiment on the vital fluid and on the principle of life itself, perhaps the experiments like those (correctly or incorrectly) ascribe to Mr. Crosse, in the hope of creating, not reviving, the lowest form of animal existence.

The Carousal at Vienna, Dec. 1840.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

"Like a wave of steel and gold,
Swept the lovely pageant on:
Many a champion young and bold
Bearing the lance and gentalon."—*Black. Mag.*

Nothing could exceed the magnificence of this spectacle, which was performed by young men of noble birth, and took place in the Imperial riding school. This was a large building surrounded by a narrow gallery about twelve feet from the ground, communicating with the apartments of the palace, and running behind the handsome Corinthian columns which supported a second gallery above; the whole was most brilliantly illuminated. The accommodations were calculated to hold a thousand spectators—the seats at the end of the room being set apart for the crowned heads, and at the other for twenty-four ladies, whom we were to consider as the admired objects which would this evening call forth the exertions of skill and prowess in the aspiring knights. At eight o'clock, the heralds sounded their trumpets, announcing the entrance of those fair ladies, who, conducted by the champion of knights took their places of distinction. One would have imagined that all the riches of Vienna had been collected to adorn these queens of beauty. Their dresses of velvet and gold, were covered with pearls and diamonds. They were divided into four companies, distinguished by the colors they wore; of one party, the velvet was black; of another, scarlet; of the third, crimson; and of the fourth, blue; the mantle of each knight corresponded with the dress of his ladye fair. The knights were in Spanish costume, splendidly adorned with gold and silver.—The trumpets now sounded to announce the arrival of the Court. On the entrance of the sovereigns, the band struck up the national air, "God save the Emperor," and acclamations rent the roof. The Emperors of Russia and Austria took their places in the centre, at the front, with the Empresses on each side; and then all the other sovereigns, princes and potentates, in their order of precedency. They were all in their full uniform, and formed as magnificent an assemblage as Europe could produce. The building now resounded with martial airs, and the twenty-four knights entered the arena, mounted on their gallant steeds, whose natural colors were scarcely to be traced through their gold embroidery and trappings.

The knights, attended by their esquires, in more simple Spanish dresses, all mounted on jet black horses, approached the sovereigns in a body, and saluted with their lances. Then, wheeling round with rapidity, they advanced, and paid the same mark of respect to the ladies, who, standing up, graciously returned their salutations. The knights then, skillfully manœuvring their well-trained horses, retired from the arena; but four of them quickly returned for the purpose of performing the various feats of skill appointed for the amusements of the evening. For this service, figures were placed bearing the grim heads of Turks and Moors. Towards these each knight advanced, and passing at full speed, strike off in succession all the heads with his sword; then, in like manner, to raise them from the ground with his weapon; and so, in various ways, give proof of prowess in the exercises of combat. All the knights then entered in parties of four, and went through their evolutions; the military bands playing appropriate airs or martial flourishes.

A considerable time having been occupied by these amusements, the scene again changed, and the whole company of knights and squires appeared together, and went through various and rapid movements, skillfully managing their horses, while at full speed, in all the crossing and turnings, and windings of an English country dance, and the more graceful motions of a French quadrille. Other trials of skill succeeded, in which they passed their lances, at full speed through rings or disengaged small objects suspended at a height above them. The exercises being ended, the knights again saluted the court, and their 'ladyes;' and, encouraged by their smiles and applauses, soon re-appeared, to lead them in triumph to the ball, prepared in the grand saloon of the Redoubte. The whole amply realized every anticipation of an imperial entertainment; whatever was august in sovereignty, warlike in the field, great in the senate, assisted as spectators of the *carousel*, and not a knight entered into the lists in whose veins the noblest blood did not flow. It called to mind the days of ancient chivalry, when those military sports formed so large a part of the amusement of the European courts.

Sunday in the South of France.—I have said that the women appear to be too busy to find time for any personal indulgence; but the frequent dancing, both in town and country, especially on Sunday, must form an exception to this rule.—Through the whole of the Sunday, both men and women seem to give themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure, as earnestly as they do to labor during the rest of the week. It is on this day especially that the English stranger feels his real distance from his native land, and sighs in vain for the repose and the quiet, as well as for the many holier associations with which the memory of the Sabbath is sanctified to him. It is true, that, in the south of France, the peasants do not go out to field-labor exactly as on other days; that the shops in the towns are less frequented; that the common people are more neatly dressed, and many of them, especially the women, in the earlier part of the day, may be seen repairing to the different churches; but the fact that it is a day set apart for amusement of every kind, amongst which may be enumerated horse-racing, horse-fairs, plays, dancing and public shows, sufficiently proves how little idea prevails amongst the people of the real purpose for which the institution of the Sabbath was ordained. With regard to this day, we were particularly unfortunate in the lodgings we had chosen, being opposite to the theatre, where a more than common display is expected every Sunday evening; in addition to which, we were immediately over a room for drinking wine, for which purpose people continually flocked in between the acts. Besides the "spectacle," many of the barns and public rooms in the town and suburbs of Pau are filled with dancers on the Sunday afternoon and evening, especially during the carnival; and, in passing along the streets on that day, you frequently see stages erected for the display of some monster or the performance of some mountebank; and with these, it is the custom of a party to station themselves at the doors of the churches, during service, when they beat their drums, and announce to the people, as they come out, what is to be the amusement of the afternoon and evening.—*Mrs. Ellis' Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.*

Herculaneum.—The excavations into Herculaneum have revealed us a world of information. The history of the remains of that ancient city has been read eagerly by every lover of knowl-

edge. It is little else than a resurrection of the dead citizens of Herculaneum with all their luxuries around them. As yet we have not however penetrated into the very depths and recesses of this slumbering repository of past ages. The philosophers of our day have therefore resolved to dig down to the very foundation stones of this mysterious seat of antiquity.

The undertaking we learn is to be carried on by the Neapolitan government. Negotiations have been commenced already for the purchase of various estates on the spot. A commission of antiquarians and architects are to be appointed by the Minister of the Interior and the Royal Academy of Sciences, to preside over the operations of the workmen.

We shall wait in anxiety to hear of the many marvelous relics that will be brought to light, that have not been visited by the sun's beams for many by-gone centuries.

THE OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD.—Mr. Loudon, in his truly valuable *Arboretum et Fructicetum Britannicum*, has engraved the remarkable Cypres of Soma, Somma, Lombardy, which he considers "perhaps the oldest tree of which there is any record in the world." The tree is supposed to have been planted in the year of the birth of Jesus Christ; and on this account is treated with great reverence by the inhabitants of that part of Lombardy where it grows; but the Abbe Beleze informs us, that there is an ancient Chronicle extant at Milan, which proves that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæser, B. C. 42. When measured for Mr. Loudon, by direction of Signor Manetti, this tree was found to be 121 feet high, and 23 feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Besides its great age, the Cypress of Soma is remarkable for having been wounded by Francis I, who is said to have stuck his sword into it, in his despair at losing the battle of Pavia; and for having been respected by Napoleon, who, when laying the plan for his great road over the Simplon, diverged from the straight line to avoid injuring the tree. Under such evidence as the above, we are inclined to consider this cypress as the oldest tree in the world, notwithstanding it has hitherto been awarded to the enormous dragon tree in the island of Teneriffe, upon the authority of Humboldt, the philosophical traveller. Still, only the growth of 1,000 years has been claimed for the dragon tree; and that upon authority less circumstantial than the record which gives to the Cypress of Soma the age of 1881 years. Among other cypresses mentioned by Mr. Loudon, are the cypresses of Hafiz, near Shiraz, said by some to have been planted by the poet himself; and by others, to have grown over his grave.

From the World in a Pocket Book.

REPUBLICS OF EUROPE.—Besides Switzerland, the chief of these was formed by the Hanse Towns, a powerful commercial and political association in Germany, commenced in 1241, and very flourishing to the 17th century. Since 1630, the Hanseatic League has been limited to Hamburg, Bremen and Lubec. These have a vote in the German Diet, on questions affecting their interests.

SAN MARINO.—A small republic of 22 square miles in Italy, with 7000 people, a revenue $14,000, and an army of less than 70 men. The capital has a population of 500. Has existed for 1400 years, with a mixture of aristocracy and democracy, under the protection of the Pope. Religion, Catholic.

ANDORRA.—A republic in the Pyranees, containing 200 square miles, and 15,000 people, Andorra the capital, has 2000 inhabitants. Governed by a chief magistrate, who is elected, and two officers, one appointed by the bishop of Urgel and the other by the king of France.

CRACOW.—A small Polish republic, formed and protected by the allied kings in 1815. 500 square miles, and has 124,000 inhabitants; Cracow, the capital, has 27,000 inhabitants. A mound at Cracow, erected to the memory of Kosciusco, is 310 feet high. Religion, Catholic.

A soldier during the war stole a shirt from a farmer who required him to make restitution. The soldier refused. "Well," said the farmer, if you wont pay for it now, you will at the day of jungment." "Faith," replied the soldier, "if you will trust so long I'll take another."

"In this country" says an English editor, "it is considered the height of folly for a man to get drunk and lie across the rail road with the idea of obtaining repose." The same opinion prevails to a considerable extent in America.

Sunday Reading.

From the New York Observer.

The Early Dead.

To Mr. —— and Mrs. —— on the loss of an only child.

I hope I am not insensible to the severity of the blow which has fallen upon you, and spread desolation over your house. I desire in the spirit of Him who was a man of sorrows, to condole with you in this affliction. It seems but yesterday that I beheld your dear A——, and rejoiced with you in her personal comeliness and her bright promise. Now the grave covers her from our sight. Alas! how insecure are our choicest pleasures, and our most valued blessings. Like the dew upon a flower, how soon they vanish, and we see them no more! We trust—our confidence is destroyed; we hope—our expectation is cut off.

It is no province of mine to exhort you not to mourn. "Jesus wept." The bosom will heave: we have affections and sympathies; and who shall say it is unchristian to drop the tributary tear over the loved and lost? But I may exhort you to seek that temper of resignation, which will enable you to say with Job—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." You may have occasion hereafter to say, It is good for us that we have been afflicted.

"Amid your list of blessings infinite,
This may stand foremost, that *your hearts have bled.*"

Pray that God would not only send consolation, but the sanctifying influences of his Spirit; pray that "this dart, like that which once pierced an imposthume in battle, may bring healing with its wounds;" and you shall be enabled to say with one of old, "The Lord hath chastened us sore; but he hath not given us over unto death."

Death, though it involves many circumstances of a painful character, is often, in no small degree, rendered even attractive and lovely. There is something glorious and sublime in the exit of a saint that is ripe for heaven, from this sorrowful, sinful world. There is something even lovely in the departure of an infant to be with angels, notwithstanding the awful chasm it occasions in the bereaved circle. The lifeless clay is beautiful; death cannot "steal the signet-ring of heaven." It is no paradox to speak of *the beauty of death.* We gaze upon features pale and cold indeed, but which have never been furrowed with care; which have never been distorted with envy, malice or revenge, never have been darkened by *pining* grief. And as we gaze, there is no retrospect of reverses and vicissitudes, of sorrows and of sin. True we behold the remains of one who was the offspring of depraved parents, who inherited a depraved nature, and could be saved only by the atoning merits of a crucified Saviour; and who, if life had lasted, would have been exposed to temptation and sin. But how consolatory and cheering the reflection that the soul, which so lately animated the lifeless frame, now adorns, like a starry gem, the crown of our glorious Immanuel.

It is a relief to the agonized feelings of parents and bereaved friends, that the early dead are rescued from many evils to come. This world is a wilderness, through which it is impossible to pass and avoid danger; or this life is a voyage which exposes us to many tempests and adverse winds. How many in their sorrow, have mourned like Job, that they did not die in infancy, "for then they should have lain still and been quiet, they should have slept and been at rest." The early dead escape not only the temptations and sins, but from the hazards of this changeful world, from vicissitudes, pain, weakness, from days of anguish, from untold agony. The merciful disposer of events may have foreseen a storm of adversity impending, and therefore removed your precious lamb to a place of safety—the upper fold—to the bosom of the good Shepherd. Is it not safer, nay happier on that bosom than it could have been on your own?

And how consolatory is the reflection that your dear A—— is not *lost*, but only removed to another apartment in our heavenly father's house! Gone before you—*gone* indeed, to return no more; but not *lost*, and may still be yours;

"A treasure but removed.
A bright bird parted for a clearer day—
Yours still in heaven!"

Yours hereafter to meet—yours to love—yours with whom to rejoice in eternal hymns of praise to a glorified Savior. If children are a parent's jewels, let him not be disconsolate, when they are taken to be planted in the Redeemer's diadem. If children are our olive plants, flowers which we tenderly cherish, let us not mourn when they are taken to a shelter from the wintry storm and tempest.

It is to christianity we are indebted for the most effectual consolation in the hour of bereavement. It disrobes death of his terrors, and disarms him of his sting. It teaches us to view death as a *separation*, and strews the amaranth over the tomb. Christianity styles death a sleep, and the grave a bed; an old writer calls it a "perfumed bed," for Jesus slept in it. It consecrates the sepulchre. It places angels of light around its portals to guard and keep the reposing dust, and writes thereon, "HOPE," "ETERNAL LOVE."

That God may comfort you with the consolations of his grace, which are neither few nor small, is the prayer of your friend, ALD.

Boston, January 29, 1840.

Selected Miscellany.

Visit to Mount Vernon.

Correspondence of the New-York Express.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23.

A few days since, a party of friends resolved to visit Mount Vernon. Among them was a celebrated scholar and naturalist from your State, and a lawyer of eminence from your city. I had the pleasure of accompanying them, and although a visit to that celebrated place has frequently been made the theme of newspaper correspondence, yet, perhaps, it will bear repetition in the columns of the Express. We left Gadsby's in time to take the boat to Alexandria at 9 o'clock. Going on board, we were struck with the difference to be made in a few days between specie and paper money. You are aware of the miserable currency now existing at Washington and throughout the district, consisting chiefly of Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Bills. The fare on board the Alexandria steamboat is *one* shilling in specie, and *two* shillings in paper!

The scenery of the river is very tame, but some relief to its tameness is to be found in the public buildings on its banks, among which the most striking is the U. S. Arsenal. You also have a view of the Navy Yard situated a short distance up a branch of the Potomac.

Alexandria is a neat town and, though not as flourishing as formerly, is gradually regaining its importance. It contains many public buildings, and some very beautiful and picturesque private residences. We visited Christ Church, an ancient structure, erected before the revolution, and were shown the identical pew in which General Washington used to sit. The interior is neat and old fashioned; the exterior plain, yet imposing.—It is situated at the head of a street, and is approached through a grave yard, where there are old tombs and quaint inscriptions, enough to give employment, even to Scott's antiquary.

We took a carriage here, and proceeded southwardly for about 9 miles over a bad road, and more thickly settled than I had anticipated.—There were also extensive forests of oak through which the road passed, interspersed with the Diosperos Virginiensis, or persymmon,—the pine, oak, the cypresses, the wild popular, and a handsome species of the box. The soil was both sandy and gravelly. We also noticed large heaps of bog oar, and many other things interesting to the naturalist.

After a circuitous ride through extensive woods we entered a gate flanked by two small square buildings, built externally of rough cast. Here under the influence of feelings not well to be described, we involuntarily took off our hats, and paid the humble tribute of our sincere respect to the memory of the greatest man of his age. After driving some minutes along an ancient road, through an extensive wood quite clear from underbrush, and which the rain had worn into deep gullies, we ascended a small elevation, and there we saw the venerable old pile with its extensive out-buildings, dilapidated masonry, and small summer houses perched around on the ruined garden wall. Yes, there was the spot! so dear to the recollections of every American! There, the illustrious Washington lived and died—and there he "was buried." But to proceed to some kind of description: We first saw the rear of the building which looks out towards the woods, over a lawn of moderate size, skirted by trees, and enclosed by the remains of a brick wall. This view of it is plain. It appears to be a large two-story

wooden house, having a range of eight or nine windows in the second story, and three plain doors in the first story, opening upon the ground, all terminating with windows. There are dormer windows on the roof, and a cupola in the centre on the top. On the left hand are the flower garden, the remains of the brick green-house, burned five or six years since, and some low buildings of the same materials where the domestics live.—A piazza, or gallery, connects the mansion on each side with the out-buildings, which are numerous. The front is a plain one, with a piazza, resting on eight square columns. The view from it is beautiful. The Potomac can be seen for a great distance up and down, and, nearly opposite, is Fort Washington, which commands the channel. We did not go into the house, as a member of the family was very sick, and we did not wish to add to their cares, that of attending upon us. The principal part of the old furniture is no longer there. The key of Bastile, however, is faithfully preserved. We next crossed a plough field in the rear of the mansion, and, in a slight depression of the ground, came upon the tomb of Washington. It is a neat brick structure, about 30 by 20 feet in size. The front contains an iron gate, opening upon a small roofed apartment, which is seen through the grating. Here are placed two marble sarcophagi, that on the right hand being Washington's—that on the left, his wife's. These who were so united and lovely in their lives, in death are not divided. The private letters of Washington, in relation to her, contain expressions of enthusiastic attachment. In the the rear of these sarcophagus, is the tomb proper; though in the same building and under the same roof. There the bodies repose, and there let them rest in peace undisturbed and tranquilly till the end of time! A little farther on, towards the right hand, is the old tomb, built under the General's own direction, consisting of a single arch of stone over a small vault, covered with a thick sod, and a group of aged cedars which have driven their roots into the masonry. It is now a ruin, but picturesque and affecting in the extreme. We plucked some wild flowers from the spot and brought them with us to be preserved for dear ones far away.

This estate consisted, soon after the French war, of 9000 acres, and when Washington returned to cultivate it, he had 1200 persons upon it in his employment. Now, but five slaves live on the place, and 400 acres only are cultivated, chiefly used for raising wheat and Indian corn.

I brought away some superb dahlias and a lemon from the garden, which I shall religiously preserve, also, an apple from the orchard, from the seed of which I intend to raise a small nursery of the Washington apple.

On our return to Alexandria, where mine host welcomed us with an excellent dinner, we learned that in the spring and summer, the number of visitors to Mount Vernon is very great; sometimes as many as one hundred in a day; nay, more—that it is increasing! At this rate, the owners will have scarce a moment they can call their own.

Many persons think that Mount Vernon should become the property of the nation, and be preserved inviolate. In this we fully concurred. In the universal homage paid to the memory of Washington, in the increasing respect shewn it every hour, in the general admission of his purity, his worth, and his patriotism, we have an instructive lesson as to what is REAL GREATNESS. The politician, and the intriguer, may *crawl* to the top of the monument, but when there, are neither seen nor valued by those who have erected it.

DEATH OF A VERY OLD MAID.—A women, of the name of Mary Macldud, who passed all her days in a state of single blessedness, died at Morefield, in the parish of Ullapool, on the 23ult., at the advanced age of 105. When upon her death-bed, she called in one of the neighbours, a piper, and obliged him to promise her, under pain of being haunted by her ghost, to play the tune of "Caber-feight" at her funeral. The lad being somewhat superstitious, and fearing, in case non-compliance, that the old lady's manes would take vengeance upon him, he actually kept his word, and played the wished-for tune merrily, in the rear of the procession, from the place at which the corpse was taken up, till it came to a river, within half a mile of the burying ground. When he got over the river he discontinued, perhaps recollecting the popular belief—"a runnin' stream they daurna cross."—*Inverness Courier.*

Some women use paint as fiddlers do rosin—to aid them in drawing a *beaux.*

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

"One day, a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburgh. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trowsers half-way up his knees, and hands playing with coppers and ten-penny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying, 'I've jest come out here to trade with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the emperor.'

'Why do you wish to see *him?*'

'I've brought him a present, all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands.'

Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered, 'It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I'm afraid the emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you bro't?

'An acorn.'

'An acorn! what under the sun induced you to bring the emperor of Russia an acorn?'

'Why, jest before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we thought we'd jest step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself, I'd bring it to the emperor. Thinks says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions.—So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him.'

'My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the emperor; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it.'

'I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and our free schools, and what a mighty swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and the short on't is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family.'

'Well, sir, since you are so determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Thought it would be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes; he may possibly assist you.'

'Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on.'

In two or three days, he again appeared, and said,

'Well, I've seen the emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I give him the acorn, he said he should set a great store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hands; and he did do it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our school and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again, and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again, yesterday; and she's a fine knowing woman, I tell you; and his daughters are nice gals.'

'What did the empress say to you?'

'Oh, she asked me a sight o' questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty o' servants. 'But then you don't *call* 'em servants,' said she; 'you call 'em help.' I guess, ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollop? says I. We had that ere book aboard our ship. The emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself. 'You're right, sir,' said he, 'You're right. We sent for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning!' Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I brought over, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good bye, all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you did'nt calculate to see me run such a rig?'

'No, indeed, I did not, my lad. You may well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction.'

A few days after he called again, and said, 'I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer came to my room, and told me the emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me with him, in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I've been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen at St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?'

It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

In a short time, his strange visiter re-appeared. 'Well,' said he, 'I made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank the emperor and bid him good-bye. I thought I could'nt do no less, he'd been so civil. Says he, 'Is there any thing else you'd like to see before you go back to Ameriky?' I told him I *should* like to get a peep at Moscow; for I'd heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonaporte; but it would cost a sight o' money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to mother. So I bid him good-bye, and come off.—Now, what do you guess he did, next morning? I vow, he sent the same man, in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow, in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want to see! And we're going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. 'What do you think now?'

And sure enough, the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief, and shouting, 'Good-bye! Good-bye!'

Mr. Dallas afterward learned from the emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors.

The last tidings of him, reported that he was traveling in Circassia, and writing a Journal, which he intended to publish.

Now, who but a Yankee could have done all that?

The Hoosier and the Yankee.

We were greatly amused, not long since, at a dialogue we heard between a Downeaster and a Hoosier from the west. They were respectively cracking up their own localities, and running down their opponents.

At length says the Hoosier—

"Why, our land is so rich—why ye never seed any thing so tarnal rich in your life—why, how d'ye suppose to make our candles, ha?"

"Don't know," says the Yankee.

"We dip 'em in the mud puddles," says the Hoosier.

"Yes," replied the Yankee, "and I guess there's so much mud in your diggins, that there is'nt many places where a man could not dip candles in the mud puddles. I have heard of a man travelling in your country all day long, in the road where the mud was so deep that you could'nt diskiver a glimpse of his legs for hours together."

"Well, now just tell us Mr. Yankee, if it is a fact what they do say about the roughness of your roads down East. They do say there are so many stones in the roads, and that the wagons do jolt up and down so all-firedly, that the only way the people ever grind out plaster of paris, is by loading the big pieces into a wagon, and just driving at a moderate trot over one of your roads; and that half a mile's driving will make it all into powder."

"There's no doubt but we can touch dry land occasionally on our roads. But then if there are some stuns in the roads, the traveller is never waylaid, and his blood taken by musquitoes as big as oysters."

"I'll tell you what, stranger, they do say there are hull counties down east where the stones are so thick, that they have to sharpen the sheep's noses, so they can get them between the rocks to eat grass. Indeed, I heard one say, who once travelling through your country, that he one day saw a whole field of men and boys standing on the rocks, each on 'em letting a sheep down by the hind legs in among the rocks to feed. And in another place he said he saw the farmers shooting the grain in among the rocks so as to take root and grow."

"Wal now, stranger, suppose you tell us about your own country; you're the only man I ever see from the west that did'nt die of fever n'agur; let's see if you know as much about the west as you seem to know about the east."

"Well, old Yankee, I'll just tell you all about it. If a farmer in our country plants his ground with corn and takes first rate care of it, he'll git a hundred bushels to the acre; if he takes midlin' care of it he'll get seventy-five bushels to the acre; and if he don't plant at all he'll git fifty. The beets grow so large that it takes three yoke of oxen to pull a good'un; and then it leaves a hole so large that I once knew a family of five children who all tumbled into a beet-hole once before it got filled up, and the earth caved in upon them and they all perished. The trees grow so large that I once knew a man who commenced cutting one down, and when he had cut away on one side for about ten days, he thought he'd just take a look round the tree, and when he got round on 'tother side he found a man there who had been cutting at it for three weeks—and they'd never heard one another's axes. I have heard tell, yet I somewhat doubt *that* story, that the Ohio *parsnips* have sometimes grown clean through the earth and been pulled through by the people on 'tother side."

"Wal, now," says the Yankee, "I rather guess as how you've told enough, stranger, for the present. How'd you like to trade for some clocks to sell out west?"

"Never use 'em—we keep time altogether with pumpkin vines. You know they grow just five feet an hour, and that's an inch a minute. Don't use clocks at all. It's no use, old Yankee, we can't trade, no how."

The Yankees gave up beat, and suddenly cleared out.

October.—October has come, the sweetest, saddest month of all the year. Its sunsets and its gorgeous forests, how beautiful, and brief as their gorgeous dyes.

There is a pensive beauty in October days; Autumn is now clothed in her loveliest drapery; the forest leaves are not yet dry and crisp; Nature has not yet put on her frigid aspect, but the sighing of the breeze and the falling leaf, are Nature's knell for her fallen glories; soon all these beautiful things will have lost their beauty, and all these bright things their brightness. These changeful, though lovely sceneries, lend a touching interest to Autumn days. Go into the thick, deep wood; listen to the hushed, deep murmur of the evening breeze, as it gently undulates the glorious and richly colored foliage; look away into yonder vault of heaven, in this sunset hour; see how the respendent hues of topaz, and amethyst, and gold, beautifully blend with each other, and stream in living light across the ether sky. It is the very gate of Heaven—and that lone star seems to be a beacon light, hung out from his golden portals to guide us, erring wanderers, home. We can also hear their blest voices, as they mingle around the throne of the Most High. Whose soul will not kindle within him, and whose spirit will not thrill with ecstacy on contemplating scenes like these? Who does not feel that he is holding converse with pure beings—that he is

> "Just on the boundary of the spirit land,
> Close to the realm where angels have their birth?"

How eloquent is nature!—who is not purer and better when he listens to her voice? How impressively does God speak to us, at this sweet, sad season. How he lets his goodness and his glory pass before us. He makes all nature beautiful, and gives us faculties to enjoy its beauties. Sweet flowers, ye too, in your ever-varying hues and delicious odors, whisper the name of your Creator. Ye wear the richest dyes, and send forth the sweetest fragrance, as you are about to fade and die.—Apt emblems of life.

The autumn of our days is coming, but if we are ready, like the glorious forests and beautiful flowers, we may wrap our garments about us, and wait in holy peace, till we are called to bloom in "beauty immortal," in the gardens of God.

A Magnetized Pig.—The editor of the Kennebec Journal keeps a pig, which, in his opinion, is a remarkable and a thriving one. One of his singular properties is thus described by the observing editor:

"Since we heard Dr. Collyer, we have made an experiment upon our pig, and find that notwithstanding he is by no means of a nervous temperament, but rather lymphatic, yet he can be easily magnetized. The experiment was tried by scratching his back with a stick. In ten seconds the magnetic fluid began to operate upon him, as was evident by his closing his eyes and grunting audibly, while his slender tail curled in a very peculiar way. In ten seconds more he showed an evident inclination to repose by bending down his back, and in two minutes more he was reclining on the floor of his pen in a perfect somnambulic condition. To all the questions put to him he invariable responded "ugh," which might be translated to mean almost any thing! The stuper lasted just so long as the scratching was continued, differing in this respect from the subjects of Dr. Collyer, who can only be waked by backhanded manipulations, like unwinding a ball of yarn after having wound it up.

Those who wish to see the experiment tried, will be good enough to call soon, as there is no knowing how soon the susceptibility to magnetic action may be lost; or if it should increase by practice, as is said to be true of the Doctor's subjects, we shall be constrained to discontinue the experiments, lest the pork should become too highly magnetised.

P. S. No experiments have yet been made in clairvoyance."

Letter from John Randolph.

The Philoclean Society of Rutgers College have, through Gen. R. H. Pruyn, furnished us with the following letter of John Randolph, of Roanoke. The Society has consented to its publication, in consequence of the earnest solicitations of many of its graduate and honorary members, who believed that a great favor would be conferred upon the public by the production of a letter so eminently characteristic of that eccentric man. The following is a *literal* copy from the original:

Charlotte C. H., Va., 9 April, 1833.

Sir—Your letter announcing my unanimous election as an honorary member of the "*Philoclean Society* of Rutgers College," has lain unanswered upon my table since the 12th of December last, on which day it was received by me at Roanoke. It bears date the 1st and is postmarked the 6th of that month. During this tedious time I have been disabled by a cruel disease from answering a very great number of letters, many of them on urgent business, and some of them of great consequence to my best interests, pecuniary as well as of a higher character.

I seize the first moment which a favorable change in my disease affords, to make to the Society a suitable acknowledgement of the honor conferred upon me; and if unable to announce my "*ready* acceptance," I can at least give to the Society and to yourself sir its President, the sincere assurance of my cordial acknowledgement of the Honour done me by the appointment and by the kind and flattering Terms in which the Intelligence is conveyed by its presiding officer. Heretofore when I have been so fortunate as to procure an amanuensis I have been compelled to employ him in answering my most urgent letters of business; and when able to write myself, to employ all the leisure that I could procure in doing that which I could not trust except to a person of the highest and nicest sense of Honor: such characters—rare at all times—were never more so than now when the ELECTIONEERING PRINCIPLE "bred in the bone" of our Government has brought on an almost universal Corruption, and the State of Society and Manners threatens to leave us nothing worth living for out of our immediate domestic circle and even there its baleful Influence is not unfelt. It has invaded the Fire-Side, and Friendships of long standing and supposed Inviolability have withered before it, like the Simoon of the Desert, blasting all that comes in its way.

I have the Honour to be, Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

To Robert H. Pruyn, Esquire, President of the Philoclean Society of Rutgers College.

Nine States a Day.—Some gentlemen on board the steamer Diamond the other day, were conversing about the wonderful powers of steam, the great facilities it had given to travelling, &c. One gentleman remarked that a man might leave New York in the morning, and arrive the same night in Baltimore, thus being in five states in one day.

'Only five, is it ye say?' said an Irishman present,' and its meeself who was in nine states on Monday last.'

The company were incedulous, and called on Paddy to explain how such a thing could be possible. which he did as follows:

'Well, ye see, gintlemen, I was married in New York last Monday morning at six o'clock, and went with my dear Bridget to Baltimore the same day, and sure before I got there, I was after getting as drunk as a baste, so ye persave I was in the state of New York, the state of Sobriety, the state of Single Blessedness, the state of New Jersey, the state of Connubial Felicity, (that's what ye call matrimony) the state of Pennsylvania, the state of Delaware, the state of Maryland, and the state of Intoxication; all in one day, and the whole of which was owing to wonderful powers of stame.'

Napoleon's Mode of Making Coffee.—The late Emperor Napoleon, who was a great amateur of coffee, of which, however, he made a moderate use, is said to have given instructions to his cook to prepare it in the following way; For three or four persons, two ounces of recently burnt and ground coffee are put into an empty coffee-pot of the ordinary kind, with a small piece of isinglass; this is held over the fire and shaken by the hand so as to prevent the burning of the coffee; when a smoke is seen to issue from the pot; water, at the boiling point, is poured upon it in a sufficient quantity to supply six breakfast cups, in the proportion of one-third of coffee to two-thirds of milk; the coffee pot is taken from the fire before the water is added, but being heated, the coffee boils gently as the pot is held in the hand; the ebullition is sufficient to bring out all the fine properties of the coffee without carrying off the aroma; a cup is then poured out and returned again to the pot, to allow the powder to precipitate, and in two or three minutes the coffee is perfectly clear, and is used with boiling milk. Some of the best families in Paris now adopt this plan, which is certainly superior to that now in use.

Mustache.—The Journal of Commerce says that a friend cast his eyes over an immense religious congregation on Sunday evening, and not a pair of mustaches was to be seen. Such chaps never visit churches or lyceums. They may be found at the theatres or billiard rooms in shoals. Or like lizards in a warm day, on fashionable promenades basking in the sun.

"John what did you have for supper this evening?" "O, I had a variety—with butter on't."

European Fashions.

From the "New Monthly Belle Assemblee."

Fashions for October.

Public Promenade Dress.—Emerald green *pou de Soie* robe, the *corsage* cut *en* V at top, tight the shape; is trimmed at the sides and round the back with three rows of *bouillonne*. The sleeve of the demi-large form, has the fulness disposed in particular folds, interspersed with *bouillonne* at the top, and guaged in the style of a gauntlet cuff at the bottom. The centre of the sleeve is very full. The cop of the *corsage* is trimmed with a row of lace standing up. White *pou de Soie* bonnet, a rouud brim, descending very low at the sides, and drawn; the interior is trimmed with white *brides*, and a sprig of roses on each side attached by a knot of white ribbons; a half wreath of roses, attached by a knot with floating ends, decorates the exterior. Rose-colored *Ombrella a la Marquise.*

Carriage Dress.—*Prussian pou de Soie* robe, tight *corsage* and sleeves, the former half high; is trimmed on each side, as is also the sides of the skirt, with party colored silk cords and tassels arranged in butterfly knots, from which the tassels depend. *Pelerine en cœur*, formed of *entre deux* of embroidery and plain cambric bands; it is edged with lace. White crape bonnet of the usual form and size; the material is laid on plain; the brim is edged with a fall of *dentelle de Soie*, and the exterior of it, as well as the curtain and the top of the crown, is embroidered in a wreath of forget-me-nots; a torsade and a knot of white ribbon comple the trimming of the exterior; the interior is trimmed with tufts of forget-me-nots and white *brides*. Cashmere shawl, a blue ground with a superb border in *rosaces*.

Morning Dress.—Cambric under dress, the *corsage* a three-quarter height; it is composed of alternate *entre deux* of embroidery and full bands of cambric, and headed with a row of Valenciennes lace standing up. Long tight sleeve, terminated by a lace ruffle falling over the hand. The *robe de chambre* is rose-colored *barege*, lined with maize-colored *gros de Naples*; the falling collar, roblings, and turned up cuffs correspond with the lining. Small round cap, composed of *organdy*, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, two rows of which are put plain over the forehead, and moderately full at the sides; pink flowers and foliage are lightly intermingled with the lace.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1841.

Literary Notices.

"HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY."—The Christian public will hail with delight the appearance of another work from the pen of so distinguished a writer of sacred history as MILMAN. This author is well and favorably known in this country by his "History of the Jews," which has been extensively read. It occupies a place in "Harpers Family Library," and has been pronounced the best history of the kind in the English language. Milman is also author of a life of Edward Gibbon, and has published a new edition of his works with notes. The "History of Christianity" was first published in London in 1840, in three volumes octavo; but the Harpers have, by using a more compact page and smaller type, compressed the three in one neatly printed volume—thus bringing a valuable, but originally a very expensive work within the reach of a much greater number of readers. For this they deserve the thanks of the public. The design of this work is to present a clear and succinct view of the progress of Christianity, from the advent of the Messiah to the abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire—a period of three centuries. The contests of the early Christians with their enemies, the persecutions they suffered, the various sects and opinions which sprung up amongst them, and their various controversies upon the points of doctrine, are all clearly and intelligibly depicted.—Many characters with which the reader of general history is familiar, are delineated in this work with singular skill and precision. Of these, we might mention Nero, Trajan, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius, Constantine, and Julian, the Apostate, as well as many of the fathers of the Christian Church. Paganism, Judaism and Orientalism—the three great influences with which Christians had to contend—are examined with care and fidelity. We have not had time to examine the work closely, but from its evident design, and the plan of its arrangement, we have not the least hesitation in recommending it to the public. Every theological student, and we may also add, every clergyman, should have this work in his library. The work is not written with any attachment to sectarian opinions, but seems to have in view the single purpose of promoting the interests of religion, and diffusing correct information upon the subject of Christianity. Published at Harper's, New York. For sale at ALLING'S, 12, Exchange street.

"THE RUINS OF ANCIENT CITIES" is the title of a work in two volumes containing general and particular accounts of the rise, fall and present conditions of all the ancient cities of which remains are now to be seen in various parts of the world. There is nothing more calculated to make deep and solemn impressions upon the mind than the contemplation of the magnificent remains of those mighty cities, which in their day, exercised sway over the destinies of millions. We are forcibly impressed with the mutability of human affairs while studying these sad memorials of departed greatness. Their broken columns and dilapidated temples teach us instructive lessons of human frailty. The oblivion which covers the memories of the founders of those stupendous piles of architecture shows the fleeting and unsubstantial nature of human glory unless founded upon virtuous actions. The volumes before us which constitute numbers 134 and 135 of "Harper's Family Library," appear to have had great labor bestowed upon them. The author has consulted an astonishing number of writers, and has succeeded in bringing together in a readable form, a vast amount of interesting facts and descriptions of *fifty-seven* different cities. Their history, achievements, and present state, are clearly and succinctly portrayed. Among the most interesting sketches we notice Babylon, Nineveh, Carthage, Delphor, Byzantium, Cairo, Athens, Palmyra, Rome, Memphis, Thebes, Alexandria, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Grenada, &c. The illustrations are numerous and well done. The taste for antiquities is daily increasing. Those who feel inclined to such pursuits, will find in the above work a valuable aid. The general reader also will find it useful as a book of reference and information. For sale at FISHER'S, 6 Exchange st.

THE WESTERN FARMER AND GARDENER'S ALMANAC, for 1842," by THOMAS AFFLECK, Cincinnati. This little work is emphatically a book for farmers and all who are engaged in horticultural pursuits. Its pages contain the usual astronomical calculations, a vast amount of practical information, interesting and useful to agriculturists, such as observations upon the cultivation of grain and vegetables, rearing trees, preserving seeds, the nurture of live stock, &c. There is no department of agriculture and horticulture but something is offered which will be found useful. The illustrations are numerous. The "chapter on hogs" presents highly finished engravings of *fourteen* varieties of swine. There are also many articles of a miscellaneous character, one of which we give below on account of its simplicity and faithfulness to nature; Our young friends who have lived in the country, will acknowledge the coloring true to life. For sale at the SEED STORE.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

'Tis a joyous and a merry life—a life void of that endless toil of mind and of body—that restless, constant struggle to which the man of business is the slave.

Your careful farmer, out of debt, is the truly independent man. Hard times, high prices, and scarcity of money, do not disturb him.

For him, and almost for him and his alone, does the green grass grow and the fair flowers bloom.

Serene is the long winter's evening, the time passes cheerily—the labors of the day, at this time of the year, few and light, are over—the bright fire burns on the clean swept hearth, whilst round it are gathered the farmer and his family. Some little job of work may be going on—the boys with harness to mend, and the girls with their sewing, knitting or spinning on hand—and the gude man in the "ingle neuk," examining into the merits of the last number of his farming paper.

Should the ground be covered with snow, then is the season for fun and frolic. The boys hitch up the horses of their own rearing and training, to the big, roomy, backwoods sleigh, of their own manufacture—the girls jump in, well muffled up, and away they go to some neighbor's for an evening's frolic. All goes well—and mayhap at the first neighbor's they pass, a change is made—"let us swap sisters!" and then the merriment begins! This sheltering under the same buffalo robe or quilt with a pretty, warm-hearted country girl, during a long dash through the dark woods, in a well-filled sleigh, these cold winter nights, is a dangerous business! Try it, all ye staid old bachelors—if the girls will let you in, you may yet stand a chance!

Oh! it is a merry life, at all seasons, a life in the country.

"BEE BREEDING IN THE WEST," by THOMAS AFFLECK.—It has often struck us with surprise that the farmers of Western New York should pay so little attention to the rearing of bees and the production of honey. A well-managed apiary would be a profitable business, as honey always bears a good price in market. It now sells, if we mistake not, at 18 cents per pound. The climate here is congenial, and the facilities to market of the best order. A little work bearing the title at the head of this article, has been placed in our hands, in which the habits and peculiar characteristics of these singular insects are clearly pointed out, as are also the best methods of rearing them. The advantage of employing hives of such a construction as will supersede the necessity of smothering the insects, as is the usual custom, is clearly explained. Any one engaged in rearing bees, will find this little work extremely useful, and so in fact will all classes of readers, as it presents a plain and intelligible natural history of the insect. For sale at the SEED STORE, Arcade hall.

THE ARCTURUS.—This valuable magazine, were we to judge from the uniform excellence of its contents, is fast gaining favor with the public. Its criticisms are discriminating, manly and sensible. The writers are independent, and express their opinions upon all subjects with freedom and impartiality. This course has given a large degree of confidence to its literary decisions. The various papers in the October number are in the usual style. "Mesmerism," or Animal Magnetism, receives a close examination. An article upon the "Poetic Remains of Winslow" brings to light some beautiful poetry with which the public are as yet but little acquainted. The Arcturus, if it continues its present course, will take a high rank among the Magazines of the country. Published by B. G. TREVETT, 121 Fulton street, New York. Subscriptions received at this office.

FIRST LESSONS IN BOOK-KEEPING.—Messrs. H. STANWOOD & Co., corner Buffalo and State sts., have just received a work of the above title, intended as an elementary book for those who are just engaging in the study of Book-Keeping. It contains simple and correct methods of keeping ordinary accounts—has many valuable suggestions relative to business transactions—and is accompanied with explanations of business terms, mathematical and computing tables, rules, &c., &c. The plan and arrangement of the work appear to be simple and easy to be understood. If the "Board of Education" have not adopted any system for the schools of this city, they would do well to examine this work. The author is NICHOLAS HARRIS, Principal of the "Commercial Academy," Hartford, Conn.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.—The October number of this work has been received, and sustains its previous high character. It has just closed the 15th volume. The new volume commences with November. The editor promises still further to add to its attractions by giving in each number two steel engravings, executed by the most eminent artists, which with the host of popular literary writers numbered among its contributors, must add new inducement to those wishing to become subscribers. Price $3 per annum in advance.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Last Sleep of the First-Born.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Thou art gone as a dew drop is swept from a bough—
O! for the world where thy home is now!
How may we love but in doubt and fear.
How may we anchor our fond hearts here,
How should e'en joy but a trembler be,
Beautiful dust! when we look on thee?
Mrs. Hemans.

I.

Thy last sleep, little Annie! and hath it come to thee—
O! blossom pure and beautiful—thou nurst so tenderly?
Thou the too-worship'd child whose morn promis'd a longer day,
Thou cherish'd bud of many a hope, O! hast thou pass'd away?
Is dust indeed on thy smooth brow, and blue-vein'd temples pil'd,
Is the soft lip seal'd, the bright eye clos'd, O fair and fairy child?

II.

Thy last sleep, little Annie! Who thought of *death* for thee?
Not the fond Father pouring forth his soul's idolatry;
Not the young Mother who bent at eve to kiss thy sleeping brow,
Nor thought the Spoiler e'er could seize so fair a thing as thou!
But thou art clasp'd in his embrace, and too strong for word or tear
Was the deep grief thy Parents felt when they stretch'd thee on thy bier!

III.

Thy last sleep, little Annie! O yes—the *last* is thine!
Thou feel'st no more the weary bands of sickness round thee twine.
Thy feeble moans of pain are o'er—lightly the turf is prest
Upon thy worn and wasted frame. Well, thou hast gone to rest
After days and nights of suffering; thou sleep'st that peaceful sleep
For which the lone survivors of the dead oft wake and weep!

IV.

Thy last sleep, little Annie! well that it *is* the last—
We know how bright those waters are, by which thy lot is cast.
Methinks it is a blessed lot, O! how supremely blest
For thee so soon to pass to that fair land of promis'd rest!
Peace to thee, little Annie! but O! far deeper peace
To those who kneel with sorrowing heart above thy resting-place!

Eames Place, Oct., 1841.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Stanzas.

I.

I love to view the rising sun,
The god of life and light,
Dispelling with his shining rays,
The sombre shades of night;
To watch him on his journey through
Till setting in the west:
He seemeth like a traveler
Going unto his rest.

II.

I love to gaze upon the moon,
The bright, full moon, at even;
Ye brilliant stars, ye are to me
The poetry of heaven.
The mountain, and the ocean-wave,
Or gently purling brook,
Or mighty, foaming cataract—
On these I love to look.

III.

Then tell me not to join again,
The world's mad strife and noise;
Nature to me shall evermore
Yield more substantial joys.
"For life and all its charms decay,"
How fast its pleasures fly!
Earth's brightest, purest, loveliest things
Are first to fade and die.

IV.

No! let me seek the forest's shade,
For there I often see
The form of her by early youth's
Affection bound to me.
'Tis there, 'tis there in visions bright,
Her form, her face appears;
'Tis there I learn there is a joy,
A bliss, in sorrow's tears.

V.

Then tell me not to join again,
The board of festive mirth,
And seek enjoyment in the toys
And pleasures of the earth.
No! while I live, and through these veins
Shall flow the purple blood,
I've wed me to the sun and stars,
The mountain and the flood.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

An Autumnal Scene.

The scene is beautiful: yon tall, dark trees
Stand in their matchless grandeur, yet untouch'd
By the usurper's breath; while all around,
Upon the low dense foliage, fairy hues
Are traced in blended beauty, as with brush
Of magic softness, giving thousand charms
To nature's glowing garb. The sun midway
His day's career, hath drawn a curtain round,
Shaded in deep repose; and yet a smile
Beams forth from out his canopy, to bless
His favor'd subjects. Here and there are clouds—
Not dark portentous ones, but fair and bright,
Like forms seraphic, hovering o'er the earth.
How blest to trace them out—their shining wings,
And give them life and attributes divine.
Oh! 'tis enchanting all, and fills the soul
With thoughts too deep to breathe in feeble words.
Thanks to the Artist's hand! Praise to his name!
Love moved his heart to draw so fair a scene.

Oct. 22, 1841. A. C. P.

From the Boston Courier.

The Reformed.—A Parody.

I have unlearned TO DRINK. I've shaken off
The viper drunkenness. It is a sin,
That doth imbrute the body and the soul—
The lowest, foulest of the appetites.
Heaven gives it not, nor Nature. Beasts are free
From its contamination. As it steals
Into the bosom you may see the light
Of the clear heavenly eye grow cold and dim,
And the fine upright glory of the brow
Cloud with base shame. The beaming countenance,
That glowed with bland benevolence and love,
And blessed wife, children, friends—now scowls with hate,
Cursing and blasting all the bliss of home.
Nor children now, nor wife, nor friend is loved,
Nor aught that lives. All thought is wrapt in self,
And in one stultifying appetite,
That eats into the soul, till it pollutes
All its pure fountains. Feeling, temper, taste
Breathe of its chill corruption. Every sense,
That could convey a pleasure, is benumbed,
And the bright human being, that was made
To look threugh all things lovely up to God,
Is changed into a cold and hateful fiend,
With but one end for living—*to get drunk!*
Oh! if there is one law above the rest,
Written in wisdom—if there is a word,
That I would trace, as with a pen of fire,
Upon the unwrit tablet of a child,
'Tis *temperance*—'tis abstinence entire
From alcoholic poison. Spurn the foe,
The insidious cheat, the more than treacherous friend,
His touch is pestilence, his grasp is death.
Repel the Circean cup, which man transforms
From godlike to the brute. Turn from the spell—
And the cool limpid stream, or gushing fount,
Or the deep crystal well, Truth's cherished grot,
Shall yield to healthy thirst a solace rich,
Delightful, satisfying, sky-distilled,
Refreshing to the soul, and blest of Heaven.

P.

A Sketch.

"Good night!" in whispers faint, came from her lips,
And then she fell asleep. Not the sweet sleep
That settles calmly upon childhood's brow,
Leaving a chaste and magic beauty there,
Like signet from above; while breathings soft
As summer brings upon the fragile flower,
Shed hallowed charms around—ah, it was deep,
Too deep and fixed, as they bear witness now,
Who in their sable weeds, lonely and sad,
Recount past scenes, and sigh o'er memory's page,
While oft some precious relic wakes anew
Chords that are sever'd, and a mournful thrill
Sends through the soul.

A bright and happy child
Was she, and well beloved: in look and tone
A winning sweetness dwelt, and there was much
Mingled with childishness, in thought and plan,
That seemed the product of maturer years.
They who beheld, longed for the full expanse
Of that bright intellect; and glowing Hope
Made fair the distant vision.

Still she sleeps—
Ay, not to wake, until the vivid rays
Of earth's last morn dispel its long dark night,
And change decay to beauty and to life.
May ye then, all who heard her last adieu,
Be ready for her greeting, when with joy,
Triumphant and exalted, she will rise
To sleep no more forever!

A. C. P.

Whenever you speak any thing, think well and look narrowly what you speak; of whom you speak; and to whom you speak, least you bring yourself into great trouble.

MEETING OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.—During the present month, the third annual meeting of literary and scientific men of Italy and foreign countries, is to be held in Florence. Letters of invitation have been addressed to various learned bodies in this country, inviting them to send Delegates. The Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, have delegated two members, Edward Everett and Francis C. Gray, to attend in its behalf. They are both now travelling in Europe.—*Phil. N. American.*

The following was one of the regular toasts at the late annual festival of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society: Woman—

"A seedling sprung from Adam's side,
A most celestial shoot,
Became of Paradise the pride,
And bore a *world of fruit.*"

MARRIAGES.

On the evening of the 25th inst, by the Rev. Mr. HICKOX of Bloomfield, Mr. L. BRINTON, of Akron, Ohio, to Miss CAROLINE ELIZABETH MOORE, daughter of Ephraim Moore, Esq. of this city.

In this city, on Sunday morning, the 24th inst., by Rev. James B. Shaw, Mr. GEO. W. BURNAP to Miss MARY JANE TOZER, all of this city.

In this city, on the 21st inst., by Rev. J. Chase, Mr. BRADFORD H. TIBBLE, of Michigan, to Miss JULIA ANN BABCOCK, of Riga.

In this city, on Thursday evening, the 21st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. ABRAHAM CAUGHLIN, to Miss SARAH J. GARRISON.

In this city, on the 15th inst., by Rev. Dr. Dewey, WILLIAM TURNER, merchant, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, to Miss LAURA GUERNSEY, of the former place.

In this city, on the 17th inst., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. GEO. W. LITTLE to Miss LOUISA INGRAM.

In this city, on the 14th inst., by Rev. C. Dewey, D. D., Mr. JAMES M. STEFORD, of Watertown, to Miss ANN MARIA BRODRICK, of this city.

In Oswego, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. John McCarty, Mr. M. B. EDSON, merchant, of this city, to Miss MARGARET B., daughter of Jacob N. Bonsteel, Esq., of the former place.

On the 20th instant, in Friend's Meeting House, in Millville, Orleans county, Jacob D. Bell, of this city, to Hannah Sprague, of Millville.

In Irondequoit, on the 27th inst., Mr. WELLINGTON E. BURROWS to Miss MARY ANN TALMAN, of the former place.

In Chili, on the 14th inst., by Rev. Mr. Middleton, Mr. RIAL HARMON, of Wheatland, to Mrs. AMORETT AVERY, of the former place.

In Penfield, on the 14th inst., by Rev. Mr. Woodward, Mr. WILLIAM R. MASON to Miss MARIA R. CRIPPEN, all of Penfield.

In Le Roy, on the 13th inst., by Rev. Mr. Buck, Mr. LEWIS S. BALDWIN to Miss CAROLINE M. WEBB all of Le Roy.

In Troy, on the 5th inst., Dr. WM. WHITNEY, of Mount Morris, to Miss ELIZABETH J. TURNER, of the former place.

In Portage, on the 5th inst., by Rev. H. S. Atwater, Mr. GEORGE SUMMERS to Miss MARY A. BAILEY.

In Bethany, on the 13th inst., Mr. CHARLES HAVENS to Miss MARY ANN PHILLIPS, all of Le Roy.

In Stafford, on the 13th inst., by Rev. J. M. Day, Mr. SUEL CHADDOCK, of South Le Roy, to Miss ELEANOR E. STANNARD, of the former place.

At St. James Church, Batavia, on the 13th inst., by Rev. Mr. Meachem, Mr. THOMAS MEACHEM to Miss CAROLINE YATES.

In Perry, on the 17th inst., by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. MARTIN L. HIGGINS to Miss DELIA PALMER, all of Perry.

In Albion, on the 7th inst., by Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. JAMES M'KNIGHT, of Palmyra, to Miss NANCY THACHER, of the former place.

In Palmyra, on the 14th inst., by F. Smith, Esq., Mr. WILLIAM SMELT to Miss MARGARET HORTMAN, both of Alloway, Wayne county.

In Ypsilanti, Mich., on the 23d ult., by Rev. Henry P. Powers, Rector of St. Luke's Church, BENJAMIN FOLLETT, Cashier of the Exchange Bank of Genesee, at Alexander, to Miss ELVIRA NORRIS, of the former place.

In Skaneateles, on the 30th Sept., by the Rev. Amasa Smith, Mr. James A. Welling, to Miss Lucy Maria, second daughter of Deacon Nicholas Potter, all of that village.

At Onondaga, on the 20th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Gregory, Mr. WILLIAM A. WEST, of Albion, (recently of this city,) to Miss HARRIET L. WEST, daughter of Simeon West, Esq., of the former place.

In Walworth, Oct. 19, by Rev. Mr. Mandeville, THERON M. ROBINSON to Miss SARAH MARIA BROWN, all of Walworth.

ELECTION NOTICE—Sheriff's Office—Monroe county, Rochester, 31st August, 1841.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the first, second, and third 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.

CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff
of the county of Monroe.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Secretary's Office.

ALBANY, August 25, 1841.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe:

Sir—Notice is hereby given you, that the term of service of William A. Moseley, a Senator for the eighth senate district of this state, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of Monroe belongs, at the general election to be held on the first, second and third days of November next, at the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three Members of Assembly, for the said county.

JOHN C. SPENCER,
Secretary of State.

sep1

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13, 1841. No. 23.

Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

An Evening Promenade.

• • • Often do I saunter away down to the Falls, "passing the trim avenues" leading away to *Terrace Green*, among broken patches of shade and sunshine, beneath curved branches and lofty walls, which rise with the isolated buildings, or suspend from the scattering trees, that skirt the lower suburbs of our proud city. In such a walk we may observe "a union of order and design with the careless beauties of nature, which produce in the minds of the contemplative a harmony and regularity of thought and purity of sentiment far better than the giddy mirth of more extravagant amusements and boisterous recreations."

And "I love to steal awhile away," undisturbed, to regale the vision upon such *tangible* mental luxuries; to take a seat alone upon some untenanted eminence, and in veneration gaze upon the magnificent clouds of spray that continually ascend, as the sun shines, till the heavens and the waters seem to hold earnest and cordial communion thro' the mystic medium of light and color, as the gorgeous rainbow bends his gaudy and graceful arch over the mighty cataract, that dashes its furious waters down the awful precipice; and there listen to Nature's music, as she unceasingly hymns the various parts in her everlasting overtures—the heavy roar of dashing waters performs the bass, and the breeze carries the treble, while the innumerable zephyrs and echos fill a thousand accompaniments."

'Tis solemnly delightful, thus to spend frequent hours in contemplating the mighty workings of the commingling elements, and "through Nature look up to Nature's God." Feeling unusually sad the other evening, I strolled along the east bank of the bounding Genesee, and took a seat upon an eminence which overlooked, not only the yawning abyss, the extended cavern and the rolling, gurgling eddies below, but much of the picturesque country in several direction for miles around. A gentle shower had passed, and the sun was fast emerging from the condensed clouds which had for hours o'erveiled him; and as he wheeled in majesty towards his western retreat, the azure sky fast cleared away, presenting its ethereal transparency—the King of Day spread his benign splendor forth in countless radiations upon the celestial canopy—the earth looked fresh and beautiful as at creation's morn. Sol was now fast declining, and as he diffused his dazzling rays in boundless profusion, I gazed round and beheld the lofty peaks and slender spires glowing in purple, and gold, and amethyst—significant beacons, directing the mind to soar in reverence upward to the King of Glory.

How bountifully and beautifully has Nature here suited herself to the wants and ingenuity of man! She here gives him power to propel the vast and complicated machinery which his ingenious skill has contrived and constructed; and when he has toiled arduously the live-long day, she exhibits the most mighty, yet charming features, of her rugged and cheerful face. Here is no deception; for all is truth, purity and grandeur; and depraved and insensible indeed must be that mind which does not admire such scenes, and from frequent contemplations of such objects, breathe inspirations that make him nobler, holier and happier.

MECHANIC.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

MOONLIGHT.

What is more beautiful than the moon-lit hour, on a summer's evening? All nature is hushed into sweet repose, and we gaze upon the scene with exquisite pleasure. How well adapted is this season, for reflection. The low murmur of the distant rivulet, and the sweet notes of the bird of eve, is heard, as she chants her vesper hymn to her Maker. Naught disturbs the calm! Not even

"The softest breeze
That ever stirred a leaf or kissed a rose."

We gaze upon the moon, walking forth in silent majesty, with her attendant train of stars, which look like so many brilliant lamps lighting up the azure vault of heaven, as it were for a festival around the throne of the Universe. A sleeping world is beneath and around us; and we hold communion with Nature, and with Nature's God.

If we look back upon the past, its joys and sorrows are alike unheeded; in the rapture of the present they are forgotten. The wide-spread future is before us. A spacious field of action is open to our view, and Fancy—busy sentinel, ever at her post—is striving to look within the book of Fate, and paints in glowing colors the happiness of coming years. Friends and prospects all are fair, like the clear blue arch on which we gaze; and were Fancy always a true prophet, we might indeed anticipate a ceaseless flow of pleasure and delight.

"How air doth seem the book of life,
As Fancy glances o'er its pages;
She sees no sorrow, hears no strife
In the bright scenes of future ages."

How beautifully adapted to our wants is the world in which we are placed! All the visible creation are in perfect order and harmony; and did man imitate in his affairs the same order discovered in the handy work of his Maker, how much would it lessen the discord and jarring which is presented to our view.

"There is a charm surpassing art,
Expressed in every feature,
Which softly twines around each heart—
It is thy ch rm, Oh! Nature!"

How unfeeling must that heart be, which from the contemplation of the earth around and the heavens above, soars not to Him, the mighty power from whom these wonders came. Who would not willingly yield the exalted powers of his mind, (that spark of Deity,) to the service of so good a God! Said an English writer, "The painter can imitate, the poet describe, and the tourist talk with ecstacy of the sublimity and beauty of the objects which constitute the scene before him. But he only can enjoy them aright, whose talents, tastes, and affections are consecrated to the glory of Him by whom all things were made; and without whom was not any thing made that was made. N. Y.

CORD FOR CORD.—A Charles co. boatman came to Georgetown with a load of wood. "What will you take for your wood?" asked a dealer.—"Four dollars a cord," was the reply. "Will you take Canal scrip?" "What! that money of Mr. Thomas's?" "Yes." "If I take that, I must have *cord for cord.*—*Baltimore Patriot.*

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER IX.

It was one of those bitter nights that almost cut one to the heart. Oh! how coldly the sharp wind went hissing through the streets, mocking the shivering limbs, and breaking the hearts of the wretched and homeless! There seemed no shelter from its fury. Up and down the streets, through alleys and along broad avenues, it swept with the same intense vigor. But the night before, the streets had been drenched with rain: puddles were standing in every hollow, the whole city was teeming with moisture, when this fierce wind came sweeping along. Every thing disappeared before it; pool after pool of water went as if by magic, no one knew where. The pavements were dry, parched as in the very heat of summer. The streets, which at that hour of the night were generally peopled with a living multitude, were empty. A desolation like that of a pestilence had come over them; and the cold winter wind went rushing madly on its course, moaning and sighing and howling through old buildings and dark entries and over chimney-tops, its own wild voice drowning the groans which it wrung from thousands.

What a night it was for those who owned no home but the world, no shelter but the sky! Into what wretched holes they shrank!—in stables, in kennels, in sheds with beasts. Shivering boys gathered at the doors of blacksmiths' shops, and looked wistfully in at the red fire; and wretched old men stole up to the windows of rich dwellings and peered in, hoping to cheer their icy hearts by the comfort which they saw within. Oh! could we but distinguish the sighs and groans which mingle in the wild melody of the north wind, as it comes careering along, how mournfully sad would be the sound!

The forbidding appearance of the weather was not without its influence upon a small elderly lady who dwelt in a snug house near the Bowery, and who was sitting in a state of great expectation in a high chair with a straight narrow back, in a small back parlor communicating with a front one by folding doors. This was Mrs. Dow, the widow-elect of Wilkins. She was a small thin woman, tough, wirey, and not unlike a bundle of rattans; and many years ago it is not unlikely had been better looking. At all events she was to be pitied if she had not. But Time generally has his own way with the old and the young. He digs the graves of the first, and blights the bright promises of the second; and the widow had not escaped the general doom. She had resisted the last; but the old gentleman of the scythe and hour-glass, finding that she was likely to prove a hard customer, and having plenty of leisure on his hands, instead of a storm commenced a seige; and at the end of fifty years Mrs. Dow had withered down into the small elderly lady just described. When she fell in with Wilkins she had retired from the combat, and though a little excitable, had betaken herself to meekness and prayer meetings. Meek widows, however, are very apt to fancy reckless dare-devil men, especially if the widows are a little pious. It gives a flavor to their existence.

The whole room had an air of comfort, doubly so from the howling of the blast without. Heavy curtains reached the floor and shut out the cold air. A bright fire burnt cheerily in the grate, before which stood an arm-chair, at present unoccupied. The mantel-piece was decorated with two plated candlesticks of a spiral form. From the top of each a rose of green paper peeped coyly out, and between them two unknown shells, brought from a distant sea, were recumbent on a bed of green paper carefully scolloped out at the edges. Over these, in a very small gilt frame, hung the profile of the late Mr. Dow, cut from a card, with a piece of black silk introduced in the rear, and showing off to all advantage a pug nose and an ample shirt ruffle. The chairs in the room were all of ma-

hogany, and were Mrs. Dow's own. In truth the widow was well to do in the world, and it was this which excited the cupidity of Wilkins.

As she sat in her high-backed chair she glanced restlessly at the clock, then looked around the room. There was a speck of dust on one of the chairs, so she got up and wiped it off with her handkerchief. "Ah me!" said she, pausing before a looking-glass and tenderly adjusting a very small curl which peeped from under her cap.—"Our present state of existence is a very precarious one—very." And having uttered this moral apothegm, Mrs. Dow with equal tenderness bestowed a few small attentions on a fierce little rib-band, done up as a bow, which was perched on the highest elevation of her cap. "Very precarious indeed," continued she, turning first one side of her head to the glass, then the other, and making a desperate effort to catch a transient glance of the back of her neck. "The world's a fleeting show; life's a dream; gracious me! how the wind whistles!'

Having finished her interesting occupation, Mrs. Dow drew a large chair near the fire, sank gently into it, and fixed her eyes pathetically on the profile of the late Mr. D. "Ah! he was a dear good man—he was!" and she shook her head mournfully at the profile. Then she thought how that respectable gentleman one pleasant evening had thrown himself in that very arm-chair, and placing a small stool under each foot, and quietly observing that he intended to take a long nap, had subsided into a calm apoplexy, and was now finishing his nap in a neighboring church-yard—a neat marble slab, surmounted by two cherubs beautifully carved, with curly hair and wings growing out of the back of their necks, being carefully placed over him to keep him quiet.

"He *was* a nice man, Mr. Dow; so kind—and he died so easy! It was *so* like him—so considerate! Never gave trouble. Poor dear! he always wanted to die on a sudden; and always hoped he wouldn't suffer when he died. Providence was kind to him, very; he was gratified in both wishes. I'm sure he had every reason to be thankful."

A very faint cough and a slight snuffle in the room startled the speaker.

"Who's there?" demanded she, a little tremulously, and not altogether without apprehension that the late Mr. Dow, encouraged by her reflections, and finding his quarters in the church-yard a little cool, might have dropped in to warm himself at her fire.

"Me," uttered a solemn voice, emanating from a man-servant clad in a broad-skirted snuff-colored coat and rusty unmentionables.

"Oh! it's *you*, Aaron, is it?" said the lady sharply, as the man-servant advanced, and paused, with a puzzled look, in the middle of the room. "What brings you here? What do you want?"

The man-servant uttered the single word, "sugar," at the same time extending toward the relict of the late Mr. Dow a receptacle for that article of the smallest credible dimensions.

"Sugar!"

The man nodded.

"Well, I never, in a'l my born days! It was filled not (let me see, Monday, Friday, Tuesday, Monday, Friday,) not ten days ago, and more sugar! It's sinful!" and Mrs. Dow raised her eyes to heaven in pious wrath. "Many poor wretches," continued she, fumbling in her pocket for the keys, "never have sugar in their tea. That idea should make this little cup last a fortnight at least. You havn't a proper spirit, Aaron. If you had, the thought of the poor starving beggar in the street would sweeten your tea almost without sugar. I'm sure of it."

The man-servant seemed to entertain a different opinion on the subject; but as Mrs. Dow took the cup from his hand and proceeded to fill it, he kept his thoughts to himself.

"There," said the lady, a little red in the face from bending over the sugar-barrel, and locking the door of the closet, "take that, and I hope you 'll remember what I have said."

"I will," said the man, moving toward the door.

"Stop, Aaron. What did you give the lame boy, with a sick mother and three small sisters, when he called to-day?"

"Two cold 'taters and an inion," said Aaron, solemnly.

"That's right. Always assist the poor;" and Mrs. Dow looked blandly at the solemn domestic. "When he comes you may enquire how his poor mother is. You needn't give him any thing to-day. It might encourage gluttony; and gluttony, you know, is one of the great cardinal sins spoken against in Scripture."

"Yes," said the man-servant, shifting his weight from one leg to the other.

"How it delights one to have done a charitable act!" said Mrs. Dow. "Don't you feel it, Aaron?

"Is it a queer feeling about here?" asked the man-servant, pressing his fingers with an air of profound investigation in various parts of his abdomen. "A sort of emptiness?"

"It's delightful!" ejaculated the widow, her face glowing with benevolence toward the whole human race, and towards lame boys with sick mothers and young sisters in particular.

"Then I don't feel it," said Aaron; and he shook his head disconsolately: "I thought I did, but it couldn't a-been. It must ha' been wind in the stomach."

Mrs. Dow paid no attention to this matter-of-fact remark, but requested him to "think of that sick mother and them hungry children when they sat down to the meal which their bounty had provided."

"I do think on 'em," replied Aaron, looking hard at the sugar-cup, and edging off toward the kitchen.

"How the grateful tears will fill their eyes—"

"Won't they!" ejaculated Aaron; "especially if they ventur' to eat that 'ere inion. It was a raw von."

Mrs. Dow drew herself up with dignity, and told the man-servant that he might withdraw.

Aaron was already at the door, when suddenly he paused, and smoothing his hair straight over his forehead with his left hand, made a step or two toward the centre of the room and looked earnestly in the fire. As these preparations generally indicated something, Mrs. Dow asked, a little sharply: "Well, what now?'

"*In*, this evening?" said Aaron, with some vivacity, but making no other motion than a slight questioning nod of his head.

"In!" replied the widow with a slight increase of shrillness; "*of course* I'm in."

"To every body?" demanded Aaron, in the same tone.

"Yes, every body."

"That Wilkins too?"

"Of course to Mr. Wilkins. Why not?" and now Mrs. Dow's voice became a little louder and a little sharper.

"Oh! no reason in the world—none at all," replied the man-servant; "but might I ventur'?"

Mrs. Dow paused to reflect; and then having made up her mind that an elderly man-servant in drabs was not likely to venture too far, she considerately assented.

"Well then," exclaimed Aaron, advancing and extending his right hand in the energy of his speech, "that chap Wilkin; you should guard ag'in' him; he's an owdacious cha-racter!"

"Aaron!" exclaimed the lady, sitting bolt upright; "you alarm me! Speak! What have you learned? What do you know?"

"Nothing," said Aaron. "I wish I could;" and he shook his head mournfully; "but I *suspects*;" and now the shake of his head was ominous.

"What do you suspect? I can't bear suspense. It excites me to a degree!" and to prove this last assertion she seized the man-servant by the coat-collar and shook him violently.

The man waited until she had finished, and then adjusted his collar. "I suspect a great deal—a *very* great deal!" said he, looking impressively into the eyes of his mistress, and sinking his voice. "I know it by a sign that never fails."

"What is it?" demanded Mrs. Dow, nervously: "quick—tell me. Oh my! oh my!"

"The sign," replied Aaron confidently, "I know it by, is the cut of his eye."

"The what!"

"The cut of his eye," reiterated Aaron, positively; compressing his lips and looking at his mistress with a stern impressive air. "Try a man on all tacks, and they may fail; but let me get the cut of his eye and I knows him at once."

"Aaron," replied the widow, recovering instantly, "the cut of Mr. Wilkins' eyes is no ground for suspicion against his respectability. I have never seen anything at all unpleasant in their expression, or denoting a bad character; and if he does sometimes sit with his feet on the new brass fender, and occasionally spit on the clean grate, these are trifles—flaws in a gem—spots in the sun.—You must from this time cease your remarks respecting both his eyes and character as he's a friend of mine—a very *particular* friend."

Mrs. Dow coughed slightly as she emphasized these last words, and the man-servant, who had nothing but mere suspicion, and that grounded only on a general dislike to Wilkins, drew back abashed.

"You may go."

Aaron cast a disconsolate look at the widow, and shook his head mournfully.

"She's a gone horse!" said he, as he shut the door, "or my name's not Aaron!"

A new course however was given to the current of Aaron's ideas by a knock at the door.

"There he is I s'pose," muttered he, showing his displeasure in the only manner that he dared, by obeying the summons as slowly as possible.—"If I didn't know she was a-listenin', he wouldn't get in now, nother."

With this muttered expression of dissatisfaction he opened the door.

"Is your mistress at home?" demanded a voice which he knew to be that of Wilkins, although the darkness prevented his seeing his person.

"What's your name?" demanded Aaron. "I never lets nobody in without their name."

The man made no reply until he had thrust the door violently open, jamming Aaron between it and the wall, to the great annoyance of that person, who being somewhat prominent in the region of the stomach, found the compass of six inches into which he was pressed rather more inconvenient than otherwise.

"D—n you! would you let a man stand there and freeze?" said the other, as he stepped in front of him. "Don't you hear the wind howling as if hell was riding on it? Is this a night to ask a man's name, when you know it already? Get to your mistress and tell her I'm here. Shut the door, and be quick!"

"You needn't wait for that," said Aaron sulkily, passing his hand tenderly over the aggrieved parts of his body. "She's been a waiting for you these three nights. There's the door; you can go in."

"So you've found out who I am, have you?—It's well you did; or it might have been put in your head in a way you wouldn't have liked so well."

As he said this, Wilkins turned from him, and going to the room door, opened it, went in, and shut it after him. As soon as the door closed, Aaron paused, shook his fist violently at the third panel three successive times; indulged in several strange and uncouth distortions of the face, indicative of bitter hostility; then quietly went to the kitchen to communicate his troubles and suspicions to an elderly female with projecting teeth and red hair, who officiated as cook

[To be continued.]

The Old World.

Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

French Military Pageant—General Case.

PARIS, September 29, 1841.

The King of Prussia has assembled eighty thousand of his troops, and held a grand review, to which most of the continental crowned heads sent military representatives. It is announced that the Emperor Nicholas will do the same; and the Orleans family are now exhibiting a magnificent camp and manœuvring thirty thousand choice men at Compeigne, an ancient city of ten thousand inhabitants, nineteen leagues north of Paris, where there is a royal castle large and splendid enough to accommodate any sovereign with any retinue. Prussia and some of the German monarchs have general officers to grace and inspect the French review. This reciprocation has in it a meaning like that with which the commanders of hostile armies, under the old regime of Europe, invited, on the eve of battle, each other's aid-de-camps to joyous repasts, and showed them their forces through the tents. Intelligent observers, and military critics in particular, report that the Prussian army is in admirable condition and training. I, who have seen most of the garrisons, of France, and indeed the greater part of her levies, for the five years past, would report that there could not be created a body of officers, from twenty-five to fifty years of age, superior in any respect to the French. The men, common soldiers, of the infantry, are below the middle size, and the great plurality of them mere youths; and it is now seen in the Algerine provinces how much fatigue and how many new perils they can brave without a murmur. It is calculated that of every five sent thither three are destined to lie in the hospitals.

A journal says of *Compiegne* that the town of of Julius Cæsar (by whom, according to the chron-

lakes, it was founded,) is roused from its lethargy of four years. So have all the towns of the South been awakened, but not by mere military shows and mock fights. The fiscal registry continues to requires a real array of battle and watchful bivouacks in the streets. The Dukes of Orleans and their households, opened, the week before the last, the exercises and festivities at Compiegne, and on one day exceedingly hot, provided the camp hospital with 60 patients, by a sham fight of six hours or more. They culled from this capital some of the best theatrical companies, for the beautiful *salle de spectacle* of the castle, which salle admits easily 6000 spectators. Stag hunts enter into the royal programme equally with dramatic entertainments; but they are far from being well executed. At the royal gala Chantilly, in May last, the Duke of Orleans spent the greater part of a night and 500 francs in capturing a *badger!* In May last, Chantilly, of which you have heard as the unrivalled seat of the Princes of the house of Conde, started from its lethargy of 60 years, on the invasion of the Orleans Princes with trains of every description—military staffs, political dignitaries, wives, daughters, pretenders to royal society, and last, though not least, an elite of actors and pretty actresses, with race horses, hunters, hounds, ready in stables and kennels, built to surpass those of Louis XIV. Chantilly was called the classic ground of princely festivals.

Madame de Sevigne filled one of her letters with a description of one, given 176 years ago, which cost the great Conde more than 40,000 crowns—a huge sum at that era. The last of the lineal Condes and heirs of Chantilly was found hanging and lifeless in his chamber, and with circumstances such as to warraat the dispute, which still continues among the faculty, whether he committed suicide or was deliberately murdered. His vast fortune was bequeathed chiefly to the woman, Madame de Feucheres, who presided over him and his household, and Chantilly to the Duke d'Aumale, Louis Philippe's fourth son. Sharp strictures were passed by the Legitimists and Republicans on the sports, feasts, and carousals of the Dukes at Chantilly, as an aping of the feudal royalty—in particular, the homage of a gallantry not the most platonic to the dramatic nymphs; and anecdotes of assignations and discoveries in the groves by guests, like those which scandalize the moral reader of the momoirs of the olden time.

At Compiegne nothing could occur to afford matter for cavil, except the exposure of the troops to protracted exercises, with the thermometer above 80, and the general court magnificence, including the performance of operas before they were executed on the Paris boards—just as the Bourbons of the elder branch caused dramatic master-pieces to be represented first at Fontainbleau and Versailles for their Olympian circles. The diplomatique was invited for a few days, to be entertained at the royal cost.

General and *Mrs. Cass*, and one of the young ladies, attended. The General has, I presume, made notes. His presence at the "military solemnities" of Sunday the 26th instant is mentioned by all the newspaper reporters. On that day the King distributed, with all pomp, to the new regiments, the standards, which were placed apart on an eminence, guarded by fifteen artillery officers. The troops of the whole camp were drawn out at ten o'clock. A large area was reserved for the Royal Family and the Staff of the Court, with lines of poles, each of which bore the name of the regiment. About the circle of two hundred yards diameter, which they marked, and the vast concourse of mere spectators on foot and horseback, and in carriages, stationed themselves. The Duke of Nemours appeared with his Staff at eleven; Louis Philippe followed at half past twelve, with the Queen and Princesses, three of the young Dukes, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, Marshal Soult, and a brilliant crowd of Generals and high civic functionaries. A discharge of twenty-one cannon announced his arrival. He then mounted his steed, and reviewed the troops for two hours; and immediately afterwards, placing himself in the centre of the colors, received in turn a deputation from each of the sixteen new regiments; called up each Colonel by name and number, and delivered the correspondent standard, as it was passed to him by Marshal Soult from the hands of one of the artillery officers. The Marshal previously delivered a brief address to the military array, or rather administered an oath of fidelity to the Throne, the Charter and Laws, and the National Flag: "You swear," &c. Answer: "We swear." An enthusiastic acclaim from the three numerous divisions.

This field-swearing might revive in many of the older memories the Imperial "solemnities" of the Champ de Mars, or even the Tennis Court Oath of the 29th June, 1789. Louis Philippe also harangued the assemblage, beginning thus: "My dear Comrades." Being hoarse with a cold, he first regretted that he could not be widely heard, and proceeded to teach them some good lessons of professional duty, with the observation, that though Peace reigned, and confidence might be felt in its duration, they had much to do in preparation for service, and that they might always, as the older regiments have done, efficaciously assist in preserving their country from the evil of anarchy and its disastrous consequences. This discourse was followed by a salvo of artillery; renewed cries of *Vive le Roi* from the ranks; salutes from the drums; flourishes from the several bands of Music; and a filing off before his Majesty and the Court group, during an hour, of all the camp, in battalions of infantry and squadrons of cavalry, the precision of whose movements, as well as their accoutrements, begot lively admiration. In the evening, an Apician banquet of one hundred and twenty covers was spread in the spacious hall of Diana for the Royal Family and their elect; and after the repast they were entertained with fire-works, which the grateful town provided out of the profits from the camp.

From Allison's History of Europe.

NAPOLEAN.

HIS HABITS DURING A CAMPAIGN.

If in the course of a campaign he met a courier on the road, he generally stopped, got out of his carriage, and called Berthier or Caulaincourt, who sat down on the ground to write what the Emperor dictated. Frequently then the officers around him were sent in different directions, so that hardly any remained in attendance on his person.—When he expected some intelligence from his Generals, and it was supposed that a battle was in contemplation, he was generally in the most anxious state of disquietude; and not unfrequently in the middle of the night called out aloud—"Call D'Albe, (his principal Secretary,) let every one arise." He then began to work at one or two in the morning; having gone to bed the night before, according to his invariable custom, at nine o'clock, as soon as he had dined. Three or four hours' sleep was all that he either allowed himself or required; during the compaign of 1813, there was only one night—that when he rested at Gorlitz, after the conclusion of the armistice, that he slept ten hours without wakening. Often Caulaincourt or Duroc were up with him hard at work all night. On such occasions his favorite, Mameluke Rustan, brought him frequently strong coffee, and he walked about from dark till sunrise, speaking and dictating without intermission in his apartment, which was always well lighted, wrapped up in his nightgown, with a silk handkerchief tied like a turban round his head. But these stretches were only made under the pressure of necessity: generally he retired to rest at eight or nine, and slept till two, then rose and dictated for a couple of hours; then rested, or more frequently meditated for two hours alone; after which he dressed, and a warm bath prepared him for the labors of the succeeding day.

His travelling carriage was a perfect curiosity, and singularly characteristic of the prevailing temper of his disposition. It was divided into two unequal compartments, separated by a small low partition, on which the elbows could rest, while it prevented either from encroaching on the other; the smaller was for Berthier, the larger, the lion's share for himself. The emperor could recline in a *dormeuse* in front of his seat; but no such accommodation was afforded to his companion. In the interior of the carriage were a number of drawers, of which Napoleon had the key, in which were placed despatches not yet read, and a small library of books. A large lamp behind him threw a bright light in the interior, so that he could read without intermission all night. He paid great attention to his portable library, and had prepared a list of duodecimo editions of above five hundred volumes, which he intended to be his constant travelling companions; but the disasters of the latter years of his reign prevented this design from being carried into complete execution.

HIS DINNER TABLE.

The dinner was regularly served at six o'clock. Their Majesties dined alone, except on Sundays, when all the imperial family were admitted to the banquet. The Emperor, Empress, and the Emperor's mother, were seated upon great chairs, and the other kings, queens and princesses had only ordinary ones. There was but a single course, which was succeeded by a desert. Napoleon preferred the most simple dishes! he drank no wine but chambertin, and rarely that undiluted. The attendance was performed by pages, assisted by the *valets de chambre*, the stewards and the carvers, but never by the footmen in livery. The dinner commonly occupied about twenty minutes. He never drank any liquor, but took habitually two cups of pure coffee, one in the morning after his breakfast, and the other after his dinner. All that has been said of his committing excess is false and ridiculous. On their return to the parlor, a page presented to the Emperor a gilt salver, on which was a cup and sugar-basin; the chief attendant poured out the coffee; the Empress took the cup from the Emperor; the page and chief attendant retired; the Empress poured the coffee into a saucer and presented it to Napoleon. It so happened that he forgot to drink it at the proper time, that the Empress Josephine, and, after her, Marie Louise, adopted this agreeable way of remedying this trifling inconvenience. A short time afterwards, the Emperor again returned to his closet to labor; "For rarely," he said, "do I put off till to-morrow that which may be done to-day." The Empress descended into her apartments by a private staircase, which served for a communication to the two floors, and to the two apartments. On entering, she was received by her ladies of honor and the officers of the household. Sometimes, Napoleon entered through the interior apartments of the Empress, and conversed with as much simplicity as freedom with the ladies of the palace; but in general he remained for a short time. Such was the habitual life that the Emperor lived at the Tuilleries; and its uniformity was never deranged, except when there was a concert, a play, or a hunt.

HIS COURT.

My remembrance of the gorgeous court of Napoleon, as I saw it in 1807–'8, was roused by another signal instance of the instability of fortune and the improvidence of the fortunate. General Junot was then Governor of Paris. It happened to me to share often his splendid hospitality. His wife has made known in her Memoirs, which every body has read, what opportunities of amassing wealth she enjoyed in her exalted station and by her intimacy with the imperial pair. I marked her in her magnificence and her assurance of the future. At the change of governments, so little was left to her that she became a writer of every thing for a livelihood, lending, moreover, with the same end, her popular name to the productions of others. This, the once brilliant Dutchess d'Abrantes expired in a *maison de Sante*, (to be translated "private hospital,") and the Orleans family contributed funds for her relief and her proper sepulture. In the winter of 1837, I fell into conversation with her at a soiree of Madame Ancelot.—She spoke earnestly of the era in her career which I mentioned as that of my personal acquaintance with herself and the General, and told me that the lady of fashion, a Marchioness de Brunville, whom I frequently accompanied to her parties, survived in Paris, aged and poor, but not infirm nor despondent. The Dutchess had grown exceedingly coarse in face and figure, with a masculine roughness of accent and expression that might have been contrasted with her own description of her form and manners in her youth. In June, the most fashionable of the Paris sex (*les lionnes les plus fringantes*) carried in their corsages as ornament, poignards, rich-hilted and half concealed. We shall soon have to record, observed the journals, some romantic and terrible dramas. I would not have liked to be near the Dutchess of Abrantes, when angry, with such an ornament in her corsege.—Her appearance and tones placed her at the very head of the French virago-*dowagers*; a corps not so strong, however, in the higher circles of Paris as it is said to be in those of London.

Curiosity.—Some English people were visiting an elegant private garden at Palermo in Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings they came to one, upon which was written, "Non aprite," that is, "Don't open." This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they very uncivilly proceeded to disobey the hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door, a forcible jet of water was squirted full in their faces—a very just though not very severe retribution.—*Sun.*

The Thames river overflowed on the morning of Oct. 18th, causing considerable destruction of property.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE POOR LAWYER.

BY W. IRVING.

I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting for my horse, when passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I left Richmond, and at that time I was too much of a boy to be struck with female beauty. She was so delicate and dainty-looking, so different from the hale, buxom brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress! It was dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habitudes of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pigham, or any of my leather dressed belles of the Pigeon roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shurt's daughters with their looking glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets and blue eyes, and delicate looks, quite daunted while they fascinated. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought all at once that I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse for it; and that kiss—oh, I should die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and she turned and looked up. I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback, galloping homeward, my heart tingling at what I had done.

[After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attends the study of the law, in an obscure settlement in Kentucky, where he delved night and day. Ralph pursues his study, occasionally argues at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.]

I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found here the identical blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any signs of previous acquaintance except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions, and left us alone. Heaven and earth! what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth, to have been in the deepest dell of the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse for my former rudeness. I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were growing worse. I felt at once tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage on seeing her equally confused with myself, and walking desperately up to her, I exclaimed,

"I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do you have pity on me and help me out of it!"

A smile dimpled upon her mouth and played among the blushes of her cheek. She looked up with a sly but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went well.

[Passing the delightful description that succeeded, we proceed to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and settlement.]

That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple; she not above sixteen, I not above twenty, and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment which we set up was suited to our circumstances, a low house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half dozen knives and forks, and a half dozen spoons,—every thing by half dozens, a little delph ware, every thing in a small way, we were so poor, but then so happy.

We had not been married many days when a court was held in a country town, about twenty-five miles off. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the business, but how was I to go? I had expended all my means in our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we should have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water for her. I arrived at the country town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger, and mere youngster, was to make any way in such a crowd and get business. The public room was thronged with all the idlers in the country, who gathered together on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with a great noise, and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as he passed. I immediately knocked him down and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. I had half a dozen rough shakes of the hand and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assemblage.

The next morning court opened—I took my seat among the lawyers, but I felt as a mere spectator, not having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had an opportunity of consulting any.—He was told to choose counsel from th lawyers present, and be ready for trial the following day. He looked around the court and selected me. I was thunderstruck! I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beardless youngster, unpractised at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt diffident, yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the court he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses, it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly of the man's innocence—but that was no affair of mine. I followed him to the jail, and learned of him all the particulars in the case, from thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing into my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap, the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish her with my good fortune. But the awful responsibility! I had undertaken to speak for the first time in a strange court—the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents—all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. I had tossed about all night, fearing morning would find me exhausted and incompetent; in a word, the day dawned on me a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out to breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts and tranquilize my feelings. It was a bright morning—the air was pure and frosty—I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever-heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my dear little wife in her lonely house, I should have given back to the man his dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down. Just then, the public prosecutor, a man of talents but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone. My whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology.—This, for a man of his redoubtable powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my arguments with a fearful growl, carried the case triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Every body was curious to know who this new lawyer was that had suddenly risen among them, and bearded the Attorney-General in the very outset. The story of my debut at the inn on the preceding evening, when I knocked down a bully and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated with favorable exageratien. Even my beardless chin and juvenile countenance was in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I deserved. The chance business which occurs at our courts came thronging in upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other causes, and by Saturday night, when the court closed, I found myself with a hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

Never did a miser gloat more on his money and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, walked around it with my elbow on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No—I was thinking of my little wife and home.

Another sleepless night ensued, but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air-castles! As soon as morning dawned, I was up, mounted the borrowed horse on which I had come to court, and led the other which I received as a fee. All the way I was delightinging myself with the thoughts of surprise I had in store for my wife; for both of us expected I should spend all the money I had borrowed and return in debt.

Our meeting was joyous as you may suppose; but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old-fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money and put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked me who I had collected the money for?

"For myself to be sure," replied I with affected coolness; "I made it at court?"

She looked at me for a moment incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian, but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch, my feelings all at once gave way, I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried, and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward we never wanted money.

Robert Fulton—the First Steamboat.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Fulton was a native of New Britain in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and born in 1765, his parents were in humble circumstances and were enabled only to give him a common education.—He early exhibited a fondness for Painting, and at the age of 18 he established himself in Philadelphia. At the age of 22 he went to England to advance his talent, and was received into the family of West,—with whom he spent several years, and entertained a warm friendship. During his stay he became acquainted with the Duke of Bridgwater and Lord Storhope, the former famous for Canals, and the latter for his love of Mechanism. He soon turned his attention to the use of steam for propelling boats. In 1796 he attained a patent for a double inclined plane. He also professed himself a civil engineer, and published a treatise on Canal Navigation. He soon went to France and obtained patents for his improvements. He spent the succeeding seven years in Paris, in the family of Joel Borlem, during which time he made himself acquainted with the French, Italian, and German Languages,—and acquired a knowledge of Mathematics, Physic, and Chemistry.—He turned his attention to submarine explosions in the harbor of Briest, demonstrating the success of his discovery. The British Ministry invited him to London where he blew up a vessel which led them to wish to suppress rather than encourage his improvements, they therefore gave him no employment.

In 1803, he made several experiments in steam to apply his principles to boats,—Chancellor Liv-

lagston was then minister to France. Fulton, with his aid, constructed a boat on the River Seine; this was in 1803, which fully evinced the practicability of applying it to boats. He determined to enrich his country with the discovery, and immediately embarked for the United States,—and in 1806 commenced the construction of the Boat, the results of which we have given. In 1811 Fulton was employed by the Legislature to explore the routes for the Canal, and was engaged with zeal in prosecuting that object, on the breaking out of the war. In 1812 he was again experimenting on sub-marine explosions. In 1814 he contrived an armed ship for the defence of New-York, and invented a sub-marine vessel for plunging under water. These plans were approved by the Government, but before he had accomplished them he died suddenly on the 24th of Feb. 1815. His person was tall, slender and well formed.—We have thought proper to give this full account of the first Steam Boat, that was constructed in this country, and of the great inventor. The advantages that have followed this discovery are too great to be calculated.

FULFONS ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST STEAMBOAT.

Fulton, in a conversation with Judge Story, gave the following account of this experiment: "When," said he, "I was building my first boat, the Clermont, at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or with contempt as a visionary scheme. My friends were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the force of the lamentation of the poet,

"Truth would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand."

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from my building yard while my boat was in progress, I had often loitered, unknown, near the idle groupe of strangers, gathered in little circles, and heard various inquiries relative to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of some, sneer or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense, the dry jest, the wise calculations of losses and expenditures, the dull but endless repetitions of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope or a warm wish cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness veiling its remarks or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be brought into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited my friends to go on board and witness the first successful trip. Many did me the honor to attend as a matter of personal respect, but it was apparent they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partners in my misfortunes and not of my triumph. I was well aware that in my case then there were many reasons to doubt my own success.

The machinery was new and ill-made, and many parts were manufactured by mechanics unacquainted with such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves, from other causes. The moment arrived when the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad and weary. I read in their souls nothing but disaster, and almost repented my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped and became immovable. To the silence of the proceeding moment, how succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated—"I told you it was so,—it is a foolish scheme; I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself on a platform, and addressed the Assembly. I stated there I knew not what was the matter,—but if they would be quiet, or indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage, for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below and examined the machinery, and discovered that it was a slight maladjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again in motion: she continued to move one on: all were incredulous; none seemed willing to trust their own senses. We left the fair city of New York: we passed through the ever-changing scenery of the highlands: we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores—and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superceded the influence of fact. It was then doubted whether it could be done again, or if done, if it could be made of any value."

ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST TRIP.

Letter from Robert Fulton to the American Citizen:

New York, August 10, 1808.

Sir—I arrived this afternoon at 4 o'clock, in the steamboat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be rendered of much importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions and give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvement, you will have the goodness to publish the following statemeot of facts:

I left New York on Monday, at 1 o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at 1 o'clock on Tuesday—time, 24 hours—distance, 110 miles. On Wednesday I departed from the Chancellor's at 9 in the morning, and arrived at Albany at 5 in the afternoon—distance, 40 miles—time, 8 hours. The sum of this is 150 miles in 32 hours, equal near 5 miles an hour.

On Thursday, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I left Albany, and arrived at the Chancellor's at 5 in the evening. I started from thence at 7 and arrived at New York on Friday at 4 in the afternoon—time, 30 hours—space run through, 150 miles—equal to 5 miles an hour. Throughout the whole way, my going and returning, the wind was ahead, no advantage could be drawn from my sails; the whole has, therefore, been performed by the power of the steam engine.

Your obed't serv't,
ROBERT FULTON.

THE D'HAUTVILLE CASE.—If the statements made in the annexed extract from a late number of Hills' New Hampshire Patriot are correct, this subject seems likely to be again brought before the public under circumstances even more painful than before. It appears from the Patriot, that Mrs. D'Hautville is now a resident of New Hampshire, enjoying the protection of the laws of that State against the persecution of her husband, and that Mr. D'Hautville has procured a divorce in a Switzerland Court; but we do not see how a foreign court can give him possession of his wife's fortune, which it seems from the Patriot he has. The case of this unfortunate lady it would seem by the following, demands warm sympathy and commiseration.

The Patriot says—Mr. D'Hautville appears to have made his election, and to prefer the enjoyment of twenty thousand dollars of his wife's property, which an exparte divorce will give him, to the cries and peevishness of a sickly infant. He may possibly do his worst to wound and annoy an injured lady whom he has had in his power; he may petition legislatures for exemption from their laws; he may obtain search warrants to enter again the houses of his wife's family and the sick chambers of her sisters, and by writs of habeas corpus bring Mrs. D'Hautville, a second time, and all her connections, into courts of justice; but he can never wrest from her her child. That child is beyond his reach. Though but three years old, he is as firm upon American soil, as though he was twenty-one; nor can any foreigner, be he whom he may, nor any foreign power, tear him from it.

The fate of Mrs. D'Hautville is a sad one. She seeks only to preserve her child and be permitted to live in quiet and retirement. But to her persecution there seems to be no end. Her husband would make her both pennyless and childless, were she not protected by the laws of her native land. He will probably the next spring come to torment her, armed with all his powers, nor will he cease his persecution while he lives. He knows that she is sinking under his gripe, but he will not quit his hold. This he has already declared; he has written to her, "that neither days, nor weeks, nor months nor years, nor constant effort would succeed in altering his (my) determination." And we come to the conclusion with regret, that her prospect of repose in this life is small—of happiness, none. She is a bright and beautiful flower, cut down by the hand of man, and now lies low and withering. Separated from the parent stem, and exposed to a wintry storm, none but a brute would trample on her drooping head.

MOURNING.—The Editor of the Crescent City, N. O., sprained his ancle a few days since; whereupon the Picayune issued an edict, ordering the rats to wear their tails at half mast high.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and hollow pretext is pomposuly placed in the front for show.

Indian Summer.

This charming season has arrived, mingling the frosts of approaching winter with the parting warmth of summer, which, still lingering, seems reluctant to take a final leave. It stands as a sort of isthmus—a dividing space—separating antagonist forces; or as a neutral ground where both meet and unite loveingly together for a time. The Indian Summer is peculiar to the American climate, and forms one of the most beautiful characteristics of our autumn. It is for naturalists to say whence and why it comes, and how it receives those qualities which distinguish it as a particular season. The old story about fires in the mountains and prairies of the West, we shall not stop to consider, although there are, or there were once, many good people who believed that the warm and smoky atmosphere of this season originated therefrom; and as the Indians were supposed to be the authors of the conflagration every year when the leaves and dry grass became fit for burning, the season was called *Indian* Summer accordingly. But this is a philosophical age, and we do not ask any body to believe more of this tradition than they choose.

There are different styles of beauty among the season as well as among women or paintings.—The beauty of the Spring, on a fine May morning, for example, when the dew is sparkling on the leaves, or falling in glittering drops to the ground, as the birds leap from branch to branch, giving forth at the same time—that is, the birds—a great deal of sweet music—the beauty of such a morning, to an early riser, is very charming; the balmy softness of the air, the cheerful aspect of nature in her first vesture of lively green spread over the diversified range of fields, meadows, woodlands, hills, and valleys—all fresh as if just greated and specially decked out to receive the rising sun—to say nothing of streams wreathed in early mist and other romantic appurtenances—the whole taken altogether, we say, presents to a spectator having a good conscience and some imagination, a very pleasant and beautiful scene. The beauty of a midsummer's day is of another kind, which we must leave to the reader's fancy, having been already drawn too diffusely into the descriptive.

Autumnal beauty is different from that of the Spring, from that of the summer, and from the beauty of Winter—the more especially in the latter case, because Winter is not generally supposed to have any beauty. The charm of an autumn day is of a pensive cast, unlike the freshness of May, and different from the bold brilliancy of an August day. The causes of this we cannot enlarge upon—in fact we do not know that any satisfactory causes has ever been given why the season of autumn should be melancholy and sad in its influences upon the mind. It may be on account of the dread of approaching winter, or regret for departing summer; it may be for a sort of sympathy with the falling leaves, emblems of human decay, mingled with something of pity for the poor naked trees that stand, like outcasts, unprotected from the chilling blasts; or it may be because the people are subject to influenzas at this season. We leave it to the philosophers.—*Baltimore American.*

A Popular Fallacy.

"When you are eating, leave off hungry."

Do no such thing. Supposing your appetite to be honest and hearty,—no pampered craving for delicacies,—but a natural demand for wholesome food—why then, no shabby instalments, no ounce in the pound composition with hunger—pay in full. The claim of the stomach is a just one, and let it be handsomely satisfied. The constitution, physical or moral, must be peculiar, that can derive either comfort or benefit from perpetual dunning!

Leave off hungry!—Pshaw—as well say, when you are washing yourself, leave off. There is only one reasonable reason that can be urged in favor of thus bringing a meal to an "untimely end"—namely that you cannot get enough to eat. In such a case, necessity makes the rule absolute, and you may leave off as "hungry as a hunter" who has not caught his hare. But with the whole joint before you—eat your fill! As for the rule, there is only one maxim of the kind that is worth any thing: namely, *when you are dying, leave off alive.—New Monthly Mag.*

Messrs. *Gallop* and *Trot*, edit and publish a paper in Ohio. The name of the foreman of the office is *Walker*. It is not much of a paper to look at, but it is a good'un to go.

A Scene.—A correspondent of the Boston Post lately described the following amusing scene which he witnessed on the Ohio, on board a steamboat. After giving a laughable description of a most inordinate fat old lady who was very easily alarmed by an unusual noise on board, says:

"After we left the landing, the principal topic of conversation among the passengers was the numerous accidents which had lately happened.—Nearly every person was equipped with a life preserver, and some were so very cautious as to hang them up in their berths, filled with air and ready for use at a moment's warning. Night came and all were snugly ensconsed in their berths, when there arose a cry of fire! The wood on the bow of the boat had caught fire, and was blazing fiercely up, shining through the glass doors of the social hall and the cabin windows, until the whole boat seemed enveloped in a sheet of flame. In an instant all was confusion and alarm. Passengers tumbled out of their berths and over one another—some grasping their preservers, some their wives. The wise ones kept quiet. In the midst of the hubbub, the doors of the ladies' cabin flew open, and out burst our fat lady, dressed all in white, her face 'a map whereupon terror was drawn in all its shapes,' and around her waist a huge life preserver, not inflated. Seizing this by the nipple with both hands, she rushed from one to another, exclaiming, in a voice of agony, *Blow me up! blow me up! for God's sake blow me up! will nobody blow me up!* Had the old lady actually exploded, I must have done as I did—roll on the floor in a fit of inextinguishable laughter, with half the witnesses of the scene for my companions. The boat was stopped, the fire got under, and (not the least difficult operation) the fat lady's alarm subdued. The next day we landed her at her place of destination, since which time I have never seen her; but the recollection of the scene has cost me many a fit of the side-ache.

A Moving Appeal.—Hohnholz, the German imposter, whose sentence at Boston, for sham marrying, we gave on Monday, when called on to say why he should not brook the judgment of the law, addressed the Court as follows:

"Mein dear Judgman—De girl swear before Almighty God she would marry me. I ask her three, four, six times · I say, mein dear gal, will you marry me? I have chance to marry one thousand people all round. She solemnly vowed she would, and that she vould never break her swear, and now she leave me—she has breaked her swore, She has done fornication as well as me—how could she testify against me, then? De law in Germany is dat if either party break deir wow, dey shall give the other as much money as he is worth—but how I know what your law is here? De diwine law I know, but nothing else. Mein dear real Chreestian Judgman – I have very veakly weins, owing to too much study—mein bones strong, but mein weins wery weak. Mein head crack open sometimes—If I hadn't prayed to God so much, I could not stand it."—and much more in the same strain.

Women Fattened at Tunis for Marriage. A girl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room; shackles of gold and silver are placed upon her ancles and wrists, as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, lispatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore, are put on the new bride's limbs, and she is fed till they are filled up to a proper thickness. The food used for this custom, worthy of the barbarians, is called *drogah*, which is of an extraordinary fatting quality, also famous for rendering the milk of the nurse rich and abundant. With this seed, and their national dish, *cuscasco*, the bride is literally crammed, and many actually die under the spoon.

Weight and Measures.—We learn from Mr. Adams' celebrated treaties on weights and measures, that in the origin of measures and weights for the exchange of commodities, the fingers, hands, arms, and feet, were used for linear measurement. But a law of Howel Dwa, Prince of Wales, who died in 948, as quoted by Lord Kaimes, exhibits one of the most curious measures of capacity that we have ever heard of. It runs thus: "If any one kill or steal a cat that guards the Prince's granary, he forfeits a milch ewe, with her lamb; or as much wheat as will cover the cat when suspended by the tail, the head touching the ground."

From the New York Atlas.

Juniper Zan's Examination by his Father.

Juniper, can you spell *became?*

"Yes, sir, I can."

Well, let's hear.

"B, K, M, *became.*"

Very well—now tell me why a *fig* is like an image or likeness of a human being?

"Because it is an F, I, G—*effigy.*"

Now tell me what four letters will spell a word of four syllables, meaning *elevation?*

"M, N, N, C—*eminency.*"

I suppose, too, you can spell *effeminacy?*

"O, yes—F, M, N, A, C—*effeminacy.*"

Well, Juniper, you are so good at spelling, I suppose you can write well too; let me see you write *beforehand.*

Juniper writes thus—B4☞, but says it would be strictly correct to write it thus—B☞, the B being *fore* the hand.

Now, let me hear you translate the Latin *errare* both into English and into French.

"The English is 2er, and French *tour.*"

In the matter of abbreviations, what does S, A, stand for?

"Why, *essay*, of course."

Now, Juniper, what is the length of an agreement between two nations?

"A *league.*"

Can you tell me, Juniper, why a basket of garlick is like a cullender?

"Because it is full of *leeks—leaks.*"

Now tell me, Juniper, what is stronger than *fortitude* to enable a man to endure a whole swarm of voracious, bloody minded musquitos?

"*Fifty*tude is ten degrees stronger."

There are two very good reasons, Juniper, why you should not go where you have an opportunity to steal and drink rum; what are they?

"Because I shall be very likely to have a *liking—lick-ing*—for it if I should."

That will do, Juniper, for this week.

An Independent man is one who blacks his own shoes and boots, who can live without whiskey and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water, without a mirror, says a cotemporary.

A great man is one who can make his children obey him when they are out of his sight.

A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when you come to dine with him.

A good wife exhibits her love for her husband by trying to promote his welfare and by administering to his comfort.

A poor wife "dears" and "my loves" her husband, and wouldn't sew a button to his coat to keep him from freezing.

A sensible wife looks for enjoyment at HOME—a silly one *abroad.*

A wise girl would win a lover by practicing those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded.

A simple girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of trivolous accomplishments, and a mawkish sentiment which is as shallow as her mind.

A good girl always respects herself, and therefore always possesses the respect of others.

A Dutchman's Defence.—A verity-loving Hollander, who had married some dozen wives, was tried in England for bigamy. "You say," said the judge, "that the priest who married you to the first, authorized you to take sixteen?—What do you mean by that?" "Well," said Hans, "he dold me dat I should have *four* better, *four* verser, *four* richer, *four* boorer; and in my country, *four* dimes *four* always make sixteen."

Love is found in gentle hearts. It dwells not amid the riots of pleasure—it dies in the glare of splendor and cannot live in a heart devoted to dress and weak follies; it is more mature in quietness than loud applause or the world's praise. Give me the sharply defined feelings of a young and timid girl, and I leave you the professions of a gaudy coquette.

Lay of the last Minstrel.—The Editor of the Boston Times is the 'somebody down east' who 'did' the following. He says he seldom writes poetry, but when he does, it has a great run:

"Sound the loud Clarion from Saco to Quaddy,
Scowhegan is up, and afraid of nobody."

A gentleman is one who whether you meet him at the table of the prince or peasant, you will ever find at ease and at home.

Odds and Ends.

The good neighbor is kind and accommodating. It gives him pleasure to promote the comfort and welfare of those around him. If persons are of the same trade, no mean jealousies are indulged, no petty tricks practiced against them; but the proper feeling cherished—"I wish to do well for myself, and I wish well to my neighbor; the world is wide enough for us both."

If marriage places woman in that sphere where she may attain the greatest happiness, so does it advance her to a station of power and responsibility. Her power over her husband's happiness is almost absolute. By wisdom, by steadiness, by forbearance, by meekness, she may be to him a tower of strength, but no tongue can tell the ways in which she may annoy and render him wretched.

Groans, convulsions, weeping friends, and the like, show death terrible; yet there is no passion so weak but conquers the fear of it; and therefore death is not such a terrible enemy. Revenge triumphs over death, love slights it, honor aspires to it, dread of shame prefers it, grief flies to it, and fear anticipates it.

Never allow yourself to be laughed out of that which is right; it is the most cowardly act which you can be guilty of, as it is also the most foolish; since whatever thorns may beset the path of rectitude, those accruing from error are multiplied ten thousand times.

TallTalking.—There's a man down town who talks so tall that people are obliged to go up to the second story to hear him; and then, his words are so large, that it is found necessary to pare them down with a shaving knife, to fit them to the organ of hearing!

If married ladies would consult their husbands, and husbands their wives, instead of their friends, on matters concerning both, there would be less harsh feeling and more comfort among the parties, and greater prosperity.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are disputing about terms, rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

Modesty.—Madame de Genlis says somebody reproved her librarian for placing books written by male and female authors on the same shelf.—"Never do it," said she, "without placing a prayer book between them."

Always save your best joke for the last, and then you may be able, as the late lamented Finn used to say, to go off, like a lobster, with a claw (*eclat,*) and when you have uttered it, take leave.

Marriage.—In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body, and you have a wife, a friend and a companion.

"Sir Robert Peel thinks a great deal of himself," says a London paper. A contemporary replies that "he is just the man to trouble himself about trifles."

More Refinement.—Instead of saying a man runs on his own hook, the phrase is now more elegantly rendered by saying, *he progresses on his personal curve.*

Act not the shark upon thy neighbor, nor take advantage of the ignorance, prodigality or necessity of any one; for that is next door to a fraud, and at best makes but an unblest gain.

'What's the matter this morning, Tom?' 'Caught a cold, that's all.' 'Yes, I saw you after one last night, with your coat off; I thought you'd catch it.'

Certain books seem to have been written not to instruct us, but only to inform us how much the author knew.—*Goethe.*

Ephraim recommends the formation of a "*Fie! beat her cap-eh!* Society," for husbands who thrash their wives.

The shortest man we ever heard of was one who when standing on his feet had to look up to examine the blacking on his shoes!

Strong Butter.—There is a boarding house up town where they use such strong butter that it takes two men to *get it down.*

The Dutch are as famous for Bulls as the Irish. "I be lost two cowsh," said Mynheer, 'unt von vash a calf, unt two vash a bull!'

Dialogue.—"How's your grandpa this morning, little dear?" "He complains of being better, thank you."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1841.

The Memory of Alexander Hamilton.

"The memory of great men is the legacy of the Republic."

It is always with regret that we observe an attempt to sully the reputation of the illustrious dead. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is a maxim which nothing less than duty to the living should induce us to violate. The sanctuary of the grave should be permitted to conceal from observation those little indiscretions and errors which are natural to the most god-like intellects, and of which he only may be the critic who is exempt from the frailties of humanity. Much less ought party differences to be made the apology, as they are far from being the justification, of wanton assaults on the memory of departed statesmen. Their policy might have been erroneous and their judgment defective, but let their motives be construed with charity.—If they have fought the battles of their country, and periled life and property in her service,—if they have assisted in framing our Constitution, and superintended its first struggles,—it is little less than suicidal to assail them as unworthy the confidence they received, and betrayers of the trust confided by their country. But much more inexcusable is this course, when the men thus wantonly attacked are among the brightest and purest spirits who have inhaled the air of our land of freedom. When Suspicion has not breathed a whisper against their fair fame in their life-time, shall it be that the grave cannot protect them from the voice of Calumny? We mistake the character of our countrymen, if they will countenance these attacks upon men whose ashes repose among us, and the monuments of whose patriotism meet us at every turn. Americans are not thus ungrateful.

Among the great men whom New York numbers in the catalogue of her jewels, is ALEXANDER HAMILTON. His fame is dear to every true son of the Empire State. It was amonglus that his unrivalled talents were first exerted in the cause of his country. At the early age of seventeen, the thrill of his eloquence and the power of his irresistible logic, encouraged the hearts of our ancestors in the almost hopeless struggle with British tyranny. His penetrating mind was among the first to embrace in their fullest extent the grounds and the justice of American claims.—When the citizens of New York organized themselves to resist to the death the British arms, Hamilton was elected a Captain of Artillery. He soon became the chosen and confidential aid of Washington, and through the gloomiest period of the war, was the stay and support of the Father of his Country. He led the "forlorn hope" at Yorktown, where, in the flush of victory, he set a noble example of magnanimity in sparing the lives of every one of the vanquished. Chosen, at the return of peace, to represent the freemen of New York in the Congress of the nation, he was ardent and untiring in his efforts to retrieve public credit, and reinstate the national prosperity. His was the giant mind which first perceived the necessity and urged the establishment of a firmer union among the States. He was one of the most prominent, and, with the exception of Washington, perhaps, the most influential member of the Convention which framed our present glorious Constitution.

By his pen, in conjunction with Madison and Jay, he illustrated the objects and advantages of the new Constitution in the incomparable numbers of the Federalist. Elected a member of the Convention of New York, assembled to deliberate on the ratification of the proposed form of government, his eloquence, arguments and unceasing energy, it is universally admitted, prevailed against fearful odds in securing the assent of this great and influential State. To Hamilton is due, we think, more than to any other individual, the title of the Father of the Constitution. He first perceived its necessity: his unrivaled workmanship shines through all its details, and to him more than any other, are we indebted for its final ratification.

But his public services did not stop here. He was selected by Washington to fill the most important post in his Cabinet, in which situation he contributed to revive the decaying hopes of the nation, restore the national credit, provided for the payment of the national debt, and perfected a system for the protection and encouragement of American industry. Of the merits of his policy, or its applicability to the present condition of our country, we express no opinion,—we speak only of its results.

During the temporary war with France, he was selected by Washington, who knew and appreciated his exalted military talents, to occupy the place of his second in command, in the provisional army. On the disbanding of the army, he returned to the practise of the law in the city of New York, where his unrivaled sagacity, industry, learning and eloquence elevated him by common consent to the head of his profession. His untimely end is as well known as it was at the time universally and deeply lamented. All classes of society united in pouring their regrets upon his grave. The Union wore the weeds of mourning. No event since the death of Washington has excited, according to the testimony of all witnesses, more sincere and general grief. The country lamented the irreparable and too early loss of a tried soldier, a successful statesman, an undoubted patriot, and a great and good citizen.

Such was *Alexander Hamilton*. We are not his eulogists. It is history, and not our own partiality, that speaks in these hurried lines. We cherish his fame as becomes those who have profited by his revolutionary and civil services, and it is because we consider his good name identified with the glory of the country to which he devoted his life, that we must be allowed to regret that any portion of the political press can reconcile it with patriotism and duty to indulge in slanders on his memory. We are willing they should attack his *policy*, that is their right, and of this we are not engaged in the defence; but when they go farther, and assail him as a Monarchist, an ape of British forms, and a corrupt politician, we consider the honor of our country at stake. The purposes of party can never call for, as they can never justify, these groundless calumnies. The blood of '76 is not yet, we trust, so far extinct among us, as that the man can be stigmatized as a Monarchist and a Briton, who fought the battles of the Revolution. Hamilton's fame will live. His countrymen will nurse it, and future generations will be proud in the recital of his services. Though himself and Jefferson were the heads of opposing political parties, posterity will forget this circumstance, and remember them as great and devoted patriots, the ornaments of their country and the founders of our polity.

Literary Notices.

"POCAHONTAS, and other Poems," by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.—Mrs. Sigourney is too well known as a poetess to need any commendation at our hands. There is perhaps no female author whose works are so genarally read and so highly esteemed. A volume of her poems was published a few years ago. The present collection contains "Pocahontas," one of her best productions, and a large number of other poems with which the publicare partially acquainted, many of them having been published in the various magazines of the country. They are all characterized by deep feeling, neatness and grace, with a tone of elevated morality pervading the whole. This collection is embellished with a beautiful steel engraving of the "Landing at Jamestown" and an appropriate vignette title page. For sale by H. STANWOOD & Co. corner Buffalo and State sts.

"PORTRAITS OF THE PEOPLE."—A series of original and amusing schetches have appeared in the N. Y. Atlas during the past year entitled Portracts of the People. They were accompanied by well executed wood engravings of the various characters to be met with in populous communities. These schetches are now with considerable additions and corrections, given to the public in pamphlet form, each number containing 25 pages. Nos. 1 and 2 have been received in this city containing eight portraits, viz: "The Old Bachelor, the Old Maid, the Reporter, the Office Seeker, the Hot Corn Cirl, the Exqusite, the Militia Captain, and the Heiress." The typographical execution is neat and the size convenient for binding. C. MORSE, Agent.

THE METROPOLITAN.—The contents of the Metropolitan for October are unusually interesting. In addition to the works in course of publication there is a highly interesting paper styled "Auto-Biographical sketches" by Mrs. Crawford, in which the Ettrick Shepherd, Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, and other distinguished characters figure extensively. "Acting upon Suspicion," an English story by Mrs. ABDY, one of the most charming tale writers of the day, will also be found in this number. Published by Mrs. MASON, New York. C. MORSE, Agent, Rochester.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.—This is one of the most brilliant works in the literary constellation. We have only time to say that the number for November, which commences a new volume, is a beautiful specimen of typography, unsurpassed by any similar work in the country. The contents are entirely original, and from the pens of our best American writers. We need not say that it is deserving of the liberal support which we are happy to learn it receives.

WILLIAM H. ENOS, is the authorized agent for this city. Terms—THREE DOLLARS per annum.

THE NEW WORLD.—The New World embraces at present a great variety of talent of the first order. In additi n to the services of PARK BENJAMIN, principal editor, it has the services of Mr. DONALD MCLEOD in London, FRANCIS J. GRUND, U. S. Codsul at Bremen, BRANTZ MAYER, U. S. Secretary of Legation in Mexico. These gentlemen all contribute such interesting information as they gather in their respective places of abode. WM. H. ENOS, at this office, is agent for this city.

☞ Vegetable diet is well hit off by the celebrated writer, Mr. Slick. Sam met a Grahamite in his travels, and thus describes him: "His skin looked like a full blown bladder after some of the air had leaked out, kinder wrinkled and ruffled like, and his eyes as dim as a lamp that's living on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly; a real gander-gutted looking critter, as hollar as a bamboo walking cane, and twice as yaller. He actually looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and thrown through a gimblet hole."

Antisthenes was asked 'what he got by his learning?' His reply was, that he could talk to himself without being beholden to others for the delight of good company.

It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent so much as the smallness of his wants.

Poetry

From the Book of the Boudoir, for 1841.

The Poet's Choice.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

I.

'Twas in youth, that hour of dreaming,
Round me visions fair were beaming,
Golden fancies brightly gleaming,
Such as start to birth
When the wandering, restless mind,
Drunk with beauty, thinks to find
Creatures of a fairy kind
Realized on earth!

II.

There for me, in every dell,
Hamadryads seem'd to dwell,
(They who die, as Poet's tell,
Each with her own tree;)
And sweet mermaids low reclining,
Dim light through the grottos shining,
Green weeds round their soft limbs twining,
Peopled the deep sea.

III.

Then, when moon and stars were fair,
Nymph-like visions fill'd the air
With blue wings and golden hair,
Bending from the skies;
And each cave by Echo haunted
In its depth of shadow granted,
Brightly, the Egeria wanted,
To my eager eyes.

IV.

But those glories passed away;
Earth seem'd left to dull decay,
And my heart in sadness lay,
Desolate, uncheer'd,
Like one wrapt in painful sleeping,
Pining, thirsting, waking, weeping,
Watch thro' life's dark midnight keeping,
Till THY form appear'd!

V.

There my soul, whose erring measure,
Knew not where to find true pleasure,
Woke and seized the golden treasure
Of thy human love;
And looking on thy radiant brow,
My lips in gladness breathed the vow
Which angels not more fair than thou
Have register'd above.

VI.

And now I take my quiet rest,
With my head upon thy breast,
I make no farther quest
In Fancy's realms of light;
Fay, nor nymph, nor wing'd spirit,
Shall my store of love inherit;
More thy moral charm doth merit
Than dream, however bright:

VII.

And my soul, like some sweet bird,
Whose song at summer eve is heard,
When the leaves so lightly stirr'd,
Leaves the branch unbent—
Sits, and all triumphant sings,
Folding up her brooding wings,
And gazing on earthly things,
With a calm content.

The Fireman.

From the New York New Era.

The song published below, from a correspondent, descriptive of the movements of the firemen, on going to and from a fire—the alarm—the progress of the fire—the labor—the return home, possesses quite as much merit as any thing of the kind we have seen published. It cannot but become a popular song with the members of the Fire Department.

AIR—"*Behold how brightly breaks the morning.*"

Hark! hark! the massive hall bell sounding!
And see on high the red'ning glare!
The firemen from their couches bounding,
With eagerness to toil repair:
Hear now the chime of tinkling bells,
The watchmen's shout,
That now on echoing voices swells,
Turn out, turn out.
Fire, fire, fire—turn out, turn out, turn out,
Fire, fire, fire—turn out, turn out, turn out!

Now loudly sounds the weighty engines rolling,
The shouting and the merry glee;
No cold, nor heat, nor storm controlling
The ardor or the rivalry.
Now here, now there, each quickly flies,
While all enjoys;
And if they lag, a foreman cries,
"Come boys! come boys!"
And on they speed, despite the elements,
And on they speed, despite the elements.

Behold! how eagerly they're stretching
The stiffen'd coils of lengthy hose;
Now running, crossing, toiling, fetching,
They dash where fiery peril glows.
But now aspiring thoughts diffuse,
They man the brakes;
And when they hear the cheering news
"She takes, she takes,"
The joyous shout rings merrily through the air.

See! see! the burning pile is falling,
The raving flames gush out no more;
The blacken'd mass sinks down appalling—
The toil is done—the labor o'er
Hear now the welcome engineer,
"Take up, take up;"
Responding voices loudly cheer—
"Take up, take up;"
Resounding sends its echoing through the line.
Resounding sends its echoing through the line.

Again in joy and peace returning,
To meet the fair, fond ones they love,
They hasten on in glee discerning
The morning tints that break above.
What sound is that breaks on the ear
As now they come?
'Tis sweeter far than vict'ry's cheer—
"We're home! we're home!
We're home, boys, home! three cheers, three cheers for home!
We're home, boys, home! three cheers, three cheers for home!"

The Death of the Flowers.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves,
The gentle race of flowers,
And lying in their lowly bed,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie;
But cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wild flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In Autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill.
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely,
Should live a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

Tokens of Autumn.

The sweet spring birds away have flown,
The summer flowers have mostly blown,
The summer grass is nearly mown,
The pumpkin vines are fully grown,
The cricket chirps at night alone,
The owlet hoots with sudden moan,
A blight is o'er the landscape thrown,
And more than I have ever known
Of katydid's are here;
And various other kinds foreshow
That summer's 'going for to go,'
And Autumn's dawning near.

Dame Nature's changing her green gown
For one that's sprigg'd with with blue and brown
Pomona throws her basket down,
And pippins roll around:
The days are growing shorter fast—
The nights are rather cool at last,
And every breeze that murmurs past,
Has an autumnal sound.

Jack Frost will shortly pick the flowers
That blossom now in summer's bowers
And strew them on the gale;
The hills shall kiss the painted skies,
And daub their cheeks with various dyes
From red to yellow pale.

I know that Autumn's nigh at hand,
By signs in air and things on land,
So let it come apace;
For I, for one, have always found,
That every season coming round,
Comes with a smiling face.

The Indian Summer.

BY MARKS.

It comes, it comes with golden sheaf
In the time of the sere and yellow leaf,
And it flings the fruit from the bended tree,
And scatters it round in its reckless glee,
It plays on the brow of the Maiden fair,
And parts with its fingers her raven hair.

It comes, it comes, and its minstrel's wing
O'er the glossy lake is quivering,
With music soft as the mellow strain
Of zephyrs over the swelling main,
It gladdens the vales as it floats along,
And stream and mountain re-echo the song.

It comes, it comes like a fairy sprite
Arrayed in robes of gossamer white,
And the carpet of leaves on the ground is spread
And the flowers yield 'neath its conq'ring tread,
For it strides along in its kingly way
Like shadows that flit at the close of day.

It comes, it comes and the ripening grain
Is wreathing crowns for its golden reign,
And the bright eye sparkles with liquid light
Like the star enthroned on the brow of night,
And the teeming fields their offerings bring.
At the sainted shrine of the autumn king.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 2d inst., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr THOMAS TOWZER to Miss MARY GRAHAM, all of this city.

In this city, on the 2d inst., by Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, in St. Luke's Church, TRUMAN FERGUSON, of Albany, to HELEN ELIZA, youngest daughter of Wm. Upjohn, Esq., of Pittsford

In this city, on Tuesday the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hosmer, of the Unitarian Church, Buffalo, CHARLES H. RAYMOND, M. D., of the city of Buffalo, to Miss MARTHA H., daughter of F. J. Macy, Esq., of this city.

In this city, on the 31st ult., by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr JOHN GARRISON to Miss BETSEY PRAY.

On the 28th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, WASHINGTON GIBBONS, Esq. of Albany, to MARY LOUISA, daughter of Jonathan Child, of this city.

In Sacketts Harbor, on the 27th ult., by Rev. John Noble, ETHAN A. HOPKINS, Esq., of this city, to Miss CAROLINE R CONGAR, of the former place.

In Parma, on the 3d inst., by Rev. C. Bates, Mr. DANIEL D. FREEMAN, of Brockport, to Miss FRANCES P. HUNT, daughter of the late Truman Hunt, of the former place.

In Utica, on the 27th ult., by Rev. Mr. Spencer, Mr THOMAS A. BYNE, of Burke county, Georgia, to Miss HARRIET E. CLARK, of that city.

In Dansville, by Rev. Mr. Walker, LAUREN WOODRUFF, Cashier of the Bank of Dansville, to Miss CATHARINE H. BRADNER, daughter of Lester Bradner, Esq. of that village.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 27, 1841. No. 24.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER X.

When Wilkins entered the room, he spoke a few words to Mrs. Dow, strode directly up to the fire, and held his hands almost in the flame. Cold, stiff with his uncombed hair hanging loosely about his face, and his beard of two day's growth, he seemed the very picture of exhaustion. It had been a weary day for him. The whole of the night before he had passed without closing an eye. He had paced his room over and over again; he had counted every hour: he had watched the dark gloom of night as it gradually mellowed into day, and then the golden halo as it shot up in the east, growing richer and richer, until the bright sun came flashing over the house-tops. Stragglers began to pass his window, in the early gray of the morning; then they became more numerous, and then the steady tramp of feet told him that day was begun, and that the thousands of souls who were to strive and struggle for bread had donned their harness for the labor. Yet like one in a dream the wretched man remained in his room.—Strange and unconnected fancies and forms and figures flitted to and fro in his mind. Higgs, his wife, the attorney, presented themselves, sometimes in turn, sometimes together, sometimes whirling and dancing and flitting to and fro, and then vanishing as in a mist. But amid all was a vague, indefinable consciousness that there was something on hand; a strong oppressive feeling that there was something to be done which demanded immediate attention, and that he must be up and busy. Still he remained without stirring until late in the morning; but finally he rose, left the room, and went out into the street. The cold biting air, as it rushed over his hot forehead, partly brought him to himself; but no sooner had he locked the door of his house, than he fled from it with a feeling of terror. An undefinable guilt, a secret dread of he knew not what, seemed connected with it. Want of rest and mental anxiety had completely unstrung him, and he obeyed every wild phantasy of his brain like a very slave. A weary day it had been. He had wandered from street to street, in a kind of stupid bewilderment. Wherever he saw a crowd stopping to gaze, he stopped and gazed with the rest. If they laughed, he laughed too, and then sauntered on. He went from shop-window to shop-window, gazing idly in. From one end of the city to the other he wandered that day.

He stopped once near a bright curly-headed child, who was playing in the street, and endeavored to coax him to him. The child looked up, drew back from the wild face that glared on his own, and shrinking farther and farther off, until he reached a corner, fairly took to his heels. Wilkins muttered something to himself, and went listlessly on. In the middle of the day he was hungry, and stopping at a baker's shop bought a roll, and ate it at the counter with a ravenous appetite. He threw a few cents to the baker, who eyed him with fear and suspicion, and felt relieved when he was gone. Several times he stopped in front of Bolton's office, looked up at the gloomy building, and counted the windows in its front, and thought how old and ruinous it was; wondered who built it; and then wandered off without going in. Several times he went to the corner of the street where he lived, and stood there, and watched his own house; and once he went to the window and peeped in; but all was empty; and whistling carelessly, he went away. But as the day waned he became wearied, and this unnatural state of feeling wore off. His mind gradually recovered its tone, and he became keenly alive to his own exhaustion. The cold wind, which had whistled around him the whole day unheeded, now became piercing; it stiffened every joint, and seemed eating into his very flesh. His own home was tenantless; and with little thought or reflection, he directed his steps to the widow's, where he entered as before mentioned.

He was too much at home, and Mrs. Dow too much accustomed to him, to note his peculiarities. But that night there was something in the appearance of the gaunt savage man that startled her. He drew long shivering breaths, and a cold shuddering passed spasmodically over him, as he began to feel the warmth. From head to foot, flesh and bone and blood were all cold. It seemed as if the current of his blood was congealed and flowed through his veins in a stream of ice.

"There's no heat in that fire, widow; it only makes one colder," said he, still standing over it. "More coal—more coal! The night's horrible."

The lady, without remark at the rough manner of her visiter, heaped the fire with coal.

"There, that's something like," said he, gazing with childish satisfaction at the huge flame that hissed and roared up the chimney. "One *feels* that."

"Are you very cold, George?" asked Mrs. Dow sympathetically.

"Ay, widow, to the heart; all is cold, all except *here*," said he, slapping his forehead with his open hand; "*that's* on fire! But never mind; here I am at last merry as ever, and gay as a lark. I *am* gay, widow, aint I!" said he, looking her full in the face.

"Oh! Mr. Wilkins," replied the lady, "what a question! You know you are gay—*so* gay!"

"Of course I am," said Wilkins: "so gay," continued he, setting his teeth, "that I sometimes catch myself laughing until the room rings and rings. God! how merry I am then!" And a dark scowl swept over his face, as if a demon had passed and his shadow fallen upon it. "But come widow," said he, flinging himself into an easy chair and stretching his feet to the fire, "let's drop this. I suppose you wondered where I was. Perhaps you thought I was dead, drowned, or had killed somebody, or something of that kind?"

Mrs. Dow looked slightly confused, and then admitted that she had wondered a great deal, a very great deal; but she really did not think he had killed any body, although folks did such things now-a-days: but she didn't think that of *him*.—Oh no! But she had been worried about him; very much worried; and hoped he had not been ill, for he looked as if he had.

"Yes, I have been," said Wilkins, rising and taking a light from the mantel-piece and holding it to his own face. "Don't I look so? It was a fever, and that soon brings a man down. It eats up the flesh, drinks the blood, and leaves nothing but the bone. I would have been down to that if it hadn't gone off as it did. I'm weak enough; a child might master me now." As he spoke, he placed the light on the table, and sank feebly back into the chair.

"Poor dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Dow; "and I didn't know it! How agitated I should have been at the bare thought!"

"Would you, widow?"

"Would I? Oh, George! Mr. Wilkins, I mean;" and Mrs. Dow colored slightly at the lapse into which the ardor of her feeling had led her.

"Well, I believe you," replied Wilkins feebly. "One likes to know there is some one to care for him. This feeling of loneliness is d——d uncomfortable. It sometimes almost chokes one. I've had it often."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Dow, raising her eyes pathetically to the profile of the late Mr. Dow, "it's bad enough. I can feel for you, that I can." And Mrs. Dow shook her head mournfully, until the small riband on the top of her cap quivered like an aspen. "When one is bereaved, Mr. Wilkins, then one knows what one suffers; then one finds out what bereavement is." And again Mrs. Dow shook her head mournfully, and threw a tender glance at the profile of her late husband, and again the small riband quivered.

"That's true, very true," said Wilkins, scarcely heeding what he said; for a feeling of deep drowsiness was stealing over him. There was a rich enjoyment in sitting in that deep easy-chair, with the warmth of the fire gradually spreading thro' his frozen frame! A deep luxurious languor seemed creeping over him, stealing from limb to limb, wrapping itself around him, and warming his very heart. His past troubles and sufferings passed before him with a dreamy, shadowy indistinctness. The thin piping voice of the widow echoed in his ears with a lulling sound. He heard her moral reflections upon the virtues and resignation of the late Mr. Dow, as they dripped from her in a small, incessant and pattering stream; but his mind was far, far away. He saw gorgeous avenues in the crumbling fire; houses, arcades, palaces, cathedrals; then an arch gave way, then a column; now a grove of trees sank down, down. He made a faint effort to do something. He muttered incoherently in reply to the widow; his head fell back in the chair, and he sank into the deep, death-like and dreamless sleep of complete exhaustion.

When Mrs. Dow saw that he was sound asleep, she forbore to talk; and sat watching his gaunt, haggard countenance with a look of deep concern. She occasionally stirred the fire cautiously, so as to keep it bright, without disturbing him; and she moved the light so that it might not flash in his eyes and awaken him.

The sleep of the exhausted man was almost like the profound and never-ending rest of the dead. Not a limb moved, not a muscle. There lay his hollow and sunken cheek, as if cut from marble; the light of the bright flame playing and flickering over his face, and giving a strange uncertain expression to its very wildness. The strong man had wrestled boldly with his fierce passions.—There had been a bitter struggle between body and soul; but flesh and blood had given out at last, and sank to the ground, dragging all his energies with them.

Long, long did he sleep; and patiently did Mrs. Dow watch at his side. When he awoke he was an altered man; refreshed in body, and with his energies restored to their former vigor. Once more he was resolved, hardened, and unrelenting: with one fell purpose in view, and with a stern determination to carry it out at all hazards.

The widow had not been unmindful of his other wants during his sleep; and when he awoke he found a table spread, with a large joint of cold meat and a tea-kettle steaming away at its side.

Nothing could have been more acceptable to Wilkins than this sight, for he was famished to the very verge of starvation. Saying little, he drew a chair to the table and ate voraciously. For three days his body had been the slave of his passions; but his physical nature was resuming its sway; and now he devoured what was placed before him, like a famished beast. Whatever may have been the habits of economy with which Mrs. Dow habitually amused herself, there was no stint there; for with all her foibles and weakness, that savage man had really found a tender spot in her time-warped heart.

At last he threw himself back in his chair.—"Ah! widow," said he, "you know what's good for a sick man. When the illness is off, then comes hunger. It makes one ravenous. I could almost eat you, widow."

"Lor! how you talk!" exclaimed the lady, moving a little restlessly in her chair, and assuming that orange tint which in widows of bilious complexions passes for a blush. "You don't mean it. I know you don't." And the lady had every reason to believe what she asserted; for she would certainly have made an exceedingly tough mouthful.

"But I *do*," replied Wilkins, for the first time in the course of the evening casting at the relict of the late Mr. Dow one of those insinuating glances which had heretofore been so successful in worming their way into her heart.

Mrs. Dow turned away her head, and looked into a small tea-cup with an air of the most desperate unconcern; though it might have been remarked that the small riband on the top of her cap was unusually tremulous.

"And you are so snug here!" continued he,

looking about the room; "very snug. Ah, widow! Mr. Dow was a happy man! He *must* have been."

"Ah! George—I mean Mr. Wilkins!" and the widow paused.

"Call me George; do call me George!" said Wilkins; "I shall take it *so* kind in you."

"Well then, if you *really* wish it;" and again Mrs. Dow paused to reflect, before committing herself upon so serious a point. She being a widow and Wilkins a single man, it was a matter of some moment.

"To be sure I do," said Wilkins earnestly. "If *we* can't be familiar, who can? If we aint married, we soon shall be; as soon as this cursed business of mine is done for."

"Ah! you men have so many troubles," said Mrs. Dow, drawing a sigh so long that it seemed to come from her very toes, "and so much to do, and so many secrets! It isn't right, Mr. Wilkins—George I mean; it isn't right. Now who would have thought it!—even *I* have not been able to find out what this business is, nor when it is to be ended."

"It's in law," said Wilkins, "and you know what law is. If you don't, you're lucky. One can never tell how a law-suit will end. If I succeed, why then, widow, in two days you are Mrs. Wilkins."

Mrs Dow shook her head despondingly, as she said: "But suppose you fail?"

"I won't suppose it!" said Wilkins earnestly; "I won't suppose it: but if I do," continued he, drawing in his breath, and forgetting to whom he was speaking, his black eye flashing, "let her look to herself! She'll rue it, by G—d!"

"*She!*" exclaimed the widow, nervously; "*she!* Mr. Wilkins, is it a *she!* Who is *she?* Oh! I am *so* agitated!" This was doubtless true, for otherwise the lady would not have poured the boiling water from the tea-kettle on the smallest finger of her left hand, which she did. This slight incident aided her in regaining her composure, and also recalled Wilkins to himself. He replied rather doggedly:

"Well, this business is a law-suit. A woman is opposed to me in it. If she succeeds, I'm a ruined man. If she don't, why then Mrs. Dow," said he, sinking his voice and casting a tender glance at the lady, "may become Mrs. Wilkins. That's the whole of it."

"Is that all! Ah!" said Mrs. Dow, working her way through a crowd of small palpitations, previous to becoming composed, "ah! I'm so exciteable! I'm better now—much better. But it was a tender subject; and I really believe, George, that I *am* a very little jealous; the smallest morsel in the world, but yet jealous. I never had any thing to awaken the feeling during the lifetime of the late Mr. Dow. I never was jealous of *him;* not for the tenth part of a single second."

"I suppose not," said Wilkins, fixing his eyes on the portentous shirt-ruffle of that gentleman's profile. "You had no reason to be."

"No, never,', said the widow mournfully; "he was such a man! *such* a husband! Oh! George, I hope you'll resemble him! But I'm afraid you won't." Which last fear was a very reasonable one; for Mr. D. having been a short fat man with blue eyes and red hair, and Mr. Wilkins being a tall, gaunt one, with both hair and eyes coal-black, there was every likelihood of her fears being realized.

"Well, I'm glad he's dead!" said Wilkins, rising.

"Mis-ter Wilkins!" exclaimed the lady, starting from her chair in absolute horror.

"So I am," repeated Wilkins. "If he wasn't you couldn't be Mrs. Wilkins. But I must be off. It's late, and I have much to do to-night. But before I go—one chaste salute." As he spoke, he threw an arm around the widow's neck and gave her a hearty smack. Widow's generally resist improprieties of any kind; and it is probable that Mrs. Dow would have been governed in this matter by old-established precedent. But the consummation followed the annunciation so rapidly that she had not time to rally her energies before she found herself a kissed woman. Some rooms have very singular echoes. The echo to that chaste salute was a deep groan, which seemed to proceed from the key-hole of the door opening in the entry. Be that as it may, it escaped the attention of both parties concerned; and as the salute was not repeated before Wilkins left the house, of course there was no likelihood that the echo would be.

[To be continued.]

"I'm a done *sucker*," as the child said when his mother weaned him.—*Bost. Post.*

From the New York Express.

JONATHAN SLICK RETURNED.

Jonathan's arrival in New York from the onion beds of Weathersfield—Jonathan puts up at the Astor House—his notion of that great heap of stones—Jonathan's ideas of a New York cab and the usual quarrel of a stranger with cabmen—a sensation is created at the Astor.

JONATHAN SLICK AND FANNY ELSSLER.

A Live Yankee and a Parisian Danseuse!—Fanny sends her card, and Jonathan makes a call—Down East Yankee and French English rather hard to be understood—Jonathan quite killed off by Fanny's curchies and dimples—a little sort of a flirtation—an invitation to see Fanny in Nathalie, which is accepted.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Esquire, Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church, over in Weathersfield, State of Connecticut.

Dear Par—Here I am down in York agin, as large as life and as springy as a steel trap. Hurra! but don't it make a feller feel as supple as a green walnut gad to have these stun walks under his shoe leather once more! I raly felt as if I could-a-most have jumped over the housen eend foremost, I was so glad to git ashore at Peck Slip. Captin Doolittle, he kept his gab agoin a hull hour, a trying to make out it warn't worthy a ginewine Yankee to hanker after the York big bugs so. Now, my opinion is, Captin Doolittle aint no bad judge of onions and other garden sarse, and he did run the old sloop down here as slick as grease, but when he sets himself up to talk about genteel society, he raly is green.

Look a here, par, did I ever tell you what for a looking place that Astor House is? If I didn't, jist you suppose that all the stun walls in old Connecticut had been howed down as smooth as glass, and heaped together, one a top of tother, over two acres of clearing up, and up half way to the sky and a leetle over them, supposing the hull etarnal great heap cut up into winders and doors, with almighty great slabs of stun piled up for steps, and pillars standing on eend on the top to hold them down—bigger than the highest oak tree you ever sot eyes on, and then you have some idee what a whopping consarn that Astor House is.

At fust I felt a leetle skery agoin to board there, for think sez I, if they charge according to the size of the house, I guess it 'ill make my puss strings ache, but, think sez I agin, the best taverns according to my reference also charge the leastest prices, so I'll give 'em a try any how. I gin a cuffy on the wharf two cents to go and get a carriage for me, for I meant to do the thing up in genteel style, and cut the hull figure when I once begun. Besides, the cabin was so stowed up with onion barrels and heaps of red cabbages, besides the turnips and winter squashes, that I hadn't no room to fix up in till I got a hum somewhere else, and my dandy clothes have got a leetle the worst for wear, and don't cut quite so much of a dash as they used to. I hadn't but jest time to rub them down a trifle with a handful of oat straw that I took from one of the winter apple barrels, and to slick down *my* hair a few with both my hands, when the nigger cum back and said he couldn't find a carriage, but he'd got a fust rate cab.

Sartinly that cab was one of the darndest queer animals that ever run arter a hoss. It looked like a set of stairs on wheels, with a great overgrown leather trunk sot on eend half way up, with the lid turned over one side. The hoss was hitched to the lowermost step, and on the top step of all, clear back, sot a feller histed up in the air with a great long whip, and lines that reached clear over the hull consarn to the hosses head, and this chap was the driver; but he looked as if he'd been sot there wrong eend foremost, and felt awfully streaked and top-heavy about it. It raly was curious to watch the chap as he laid his lines on the top of the box and crept down stairs to stow away my saddle bags, and the hair trunk, that marm sent me. When he'd got through, I jist lifted one foot from the ground and there I sot in a little cushioned pen, like a rooster in a strange coop, or a rat in an entry meal bin. The feller slam'd to the door and went up the steps behind agin, then I ketched sight of the lines a dangling over head, like a couple of ribond snakes a twisting about in the sunshine; and away we went trundling along like a great oversized wheelbarrow, with a hoss before, a driver behind, and a poor unfortunate critter like me cooped in the middle, with a trunk and pair of saddle bags for company.

Well, on we went hitch-a-te-hitch, jirk-a-ty-jirk, through the carts and hosses till we got out of the slip, and then we kept on a little more regular till by and by the hoss he stopped all of himself jist afore the Astor House.

"Wal," sez I to the driver, a feeling in my trousers pocket for a ninepence, for the nigger told me that them new-fangled cabs had sot up a sort of cheap opposition to the hacks, so sez I, "wall, what's the damages."

"Only a dollar," sez he, a giving my saddle bags and trunk a jirk out onto the steps, and eyeing my old dandy clothes sort of supercilious, as if he tho't it would be a tough job for me to hand over the chink. I begun to rile up a leettle, but arter a minit I happened to think that no genuine gentleman ever gits mad with sich ruff scuff, so I jist looked in his face, and sez I,

"How you talk."

With that I gin him a quarter a-dollar, for I didn't want to be mean; but the varmint began to fluster up as if he wanted to kick up a tantrum. I didn't seem to mind it, but the critter hung on yet for a hull dollar, like a dog to a sarsafras root, and when some waiters cum down and took away my things, he followed, and ketching hold of the saddle bags said the things shouldn't go till he'd got his pay. With that I went up to him agin, and sez I,

"Make yourself scarce, you etarnal mean coot, or I'll give you the purtyest specimen of Weathersfield sole leather that you ever sot eyes on, one that'll send you up them wheelbarrow steps of yourn swifter than you cum down a darn'd sight. You needn't look at me—I'm in earnest, and I'll do it, or my name ain't Jonathan Slick."

Oh human natur', how the varmint wilted down when I said this; he took off his hat, and sez he, as mean as a frozen potatoe sez he,

"I didn't know as it was you."

"I rather guess you didn't," sez I.

The fellow seemed to feel so sheepish that it sort of mollified me, and so I up and give him another four pence ha-penny. With that I went up the steps up and up till I came to a great long, slim hall that reached to all creation, with a kind of a bar-room at one eend. It was a sort of a slim sidewalk shut up in a house; for lots of men were talking and walking about as easy as if they had been in the street. I went up to the bar-room where a chap sat with sour looks, as if he felt to hum all over, and says I—

"Do you take in boarders here?"

The chap looked at me from the top of my head to the sole of my foot, as if he'd never seen a full sized Yankee in his life; and after fidgeting about, sez he,—

"Yes we do sometimes, but may be you've mistook the place."

"I reckon not," says I. "How much do you charge a week? I paid two dollars and fifty cents down in Cherry street, but I spose you go as high as four dollars, or say four fifty."

The feller looked sort of flustered; so think says I, I hain't got up to the notch yet, so I'll give one more hist.

"Wal, sir, it goes agin the grain, but seeing as it's the Astor House, may be I might give as high as five dollars, if you'd throw in the washing. I aint hard on clothes, say a shirt and three dickeys with a pair of yarn socks a week and a silk hankecher once a fortnight. I shall have tu be a trifle extravagant in that line."

The feller grew red in the face, and looked as if he was tickled to death at getting such an offer.

Think ses I, I hope to gracious I haint made a coot of myself, and bid up too high. I got so consarned before the chap spoke, that I sort of wanted to git off edgeways. There was a great day-book lyin by him, and says I—

"I see you trust out board by your books; but I'm ready to hand over every Saturday night; so perhaps you'll take less for cash."

The feller sort of choked in a larf, and says he, "That aint a day-book, only one we keep for folks that come here to write down their names in."

Think ses I, I guess I'll write my name, and then he'll see that he's got hold of a cute hand for a bargain, and may dash off a trifle on that are five dollars.

"O," says I, "that's it: well, give us hold here and I'll write my name right off for you."

The feller handed over a pen. I stretched out my right arm, turned the cuff of my coat over, flourished off a long tailed J, till the ink spattered all over the book; then I streeked along to the S, curled it up harnsomely, and finished off with a K that would have made Mr. Goldsmith, the writing master in Broadway, feel awkerd if he'd seen it. I wish you could a seen that Astor House chap, when he read the name: he looked as if he didn't know what to do; but at last he stepped back, and he made a bow, and ses he—

"Mr. Slick, we are glad to see you at the Astor House, and we hope you'll stay with us as long as you remain in the city!"

I made him a stumbled sort of a bow, for I did a't want him to think I was over anxious to stay till we'd clinched the bargain about the board, and sez I,

"Wal now about the price of your fodder; I spose you'll dock a leetle on that offer of mine.—It's an all-fired hard price, now aint it?"

"Oh," sez he, "never mind the board Mr. Slick, we shan't be hard with you on that score. The man will show you a room and I hope you'll feel yourself quite to hum with us."

With that a feller cum up to look at the big book, and then he whispered to another, and it wasn't two minits afore a hull squad of fellers cum around as if I had been a bear set up for a show at a copper ahead. One of the chaps he cut up stairs like all possessed, as if he was a going to bring up somebody else, so I begun to think it about time for me to cut stick, so I hailed a waiter and told him to take me up where he had put my chunk. The chap went ahead and I follered arter.

I tell you what, it wants a steady head to navigate through all them long entry ways and up them stairs around and across every which way, as I did, till I came to a room door up at the tip top of the house. My head went around like a fly trap. When the door was shut I opened the winder and looked out, to see if the cold air wouldn't do me good. Oh graeious me! didn't it make me ketch my breath to see how high up they'd stuck me!—The clouds seemed to be purty close neighbors. I looked right straight over the biggest trees in the park as if they'd been black alder bushes, and my nose come jist about on a line with the City Hall clock! It sartinly did make me feel a leetle skittish to look down into Broadway. The men went streaking along like a crowd of good sized rats a going out a visitin, and the gals that went sidling along under their parasols, were the darndest harnsem little finified things I ever dreamed of, an it seemed as if all the wax dolls had broke loose from the store winders an wur a walkin out to take the air, with each on um a toad stool to keep the sun off. Takin the hull together, men an gals, coaches, cabs, trees and hosses, it was about the funniest sight I ever sot eyes on. It was wurth while to look down on the front of the housen too, only one felt all the time as if he was a goin to topple down head fust. The winder to my room wasn't none of the largest, and a round vine all cut out of the solid stun was twistified round it on the outside; and a heap of the same sort stretched along the right and left side like a string of purty posies hung out for show. Think ses I, if any body would look up and see me a ses I, if any body would look up and see me a ses I, if any body would look up and see me a ses I, if any body would look up and see me a standing here, they might see the true profile of Jonathan Slick cut off at the shoulders and hung in a frame, a live picter without paint or whitewash. I wish to gracious some of them York artists would paint me just so, for I raly must a looked like a picter while I stood in that winder, but it made me wus instead of better, so I hawl'd in my head.

Arter I'd gin myself a good sudsin in the wash hand basin, I unbuckled my saddle bags and tho't I'd fix up a little, for somehow my clothes seemed to smell sort of oniony arter sleeping so long in the sloop cabin. Since I've been hum my hair has grown about right, only its a little sun burnt, but that don't show much when I've combed it out slick with a fine tooth comb and rubbed it down with a ball of pomatum, scented with winter green. I parted it straight down the middle like some of the gals afore class meeting, and *then* I slicked it down with both hands till it glistened like a black cat in the dark. Arter I'd purty near satisfied myself with that, I sot to and put on the red and blue checkered trowsers that marm cut and made arter my dandy clothes made in York; they are a genuine fit except that they strain rather severe on the gallases, and pucker jist the neatest about the knee jints, but they aint so coarse for all tow, nor the cow-colored coat neither. The cotton dickey that you and Judy fixed up for me cuved up around my chin and under the ears about the neatest; they looked as good as linen every mite, and then I twisted that checkered silk scarf that Judy giv me for a keep-sake arter she got mollified about my going to Washington, around my neck and let the long ends, fringe and all, hang down sort of careless over my green vest criscrossed with red streakes. I ruther guess you haint seen a chap of my size dressed up in a long time. You know that great harnsum broach that I bartered away the apple sarse for in Hartford last fall. Wal, I was jest a sticking that into my shirt bosom, and a thinking what a consarned harnsum feller was a peaking at me from out of the looking glass, when somebody knocked at the door. I stopped to twistify my dicky down a trifle, and to jam a leetle speck of essence of wintergreen on my hankecher, and then I went to the door.

One of the chaps that I'd seen down stairs was there: he didn't say nothing but made a bow and gin me a piece of stiff paper about as big as the ace of spades, with "FANNY ELLSLER" printed right in the middle on it. Wal, think sez I, "what on arth *does* this mean? I haint seen a door yard fence nor a post since I come to York, but this ere etarnal name was stuck up on it, and now I'll be choked if it haint chased me up here into the tip top of the Astor House."

As I was a thinking this, I kinder turned the paper in my hand, and there, on tother side, was a heap of the purtyest leetle finefied writing that I ever did see. It was as plain as print, and as fine as a spider's web, but I couldn't make out a word of it to save my life. I never was so flustrated in my born days, but arter thinking on it a jiffy, I seemed to understand it, and was sartin that somebody had sent a new fangled sort of a letter to Fanny Elssler, and had sent it to my room instead of hern. I run out into the entry way and hollered "hellow" to the chap like all natur, but he'd made himself scarce, and so I went back agin. I swanny if I knew how to fix it. I didn't want the pesky critter's letter, and then agin, I didn't much want'ter go and carry it to her, for fear she'd take me for one of them long-haired, lantern-jawed coots that hanker round sich foreign she critters, like lean dogs a smelling round a bone. But then agin, I raly had a sort of a sneaking notion to see her, if I could as well as not. So I up and went to the looking glass agin, and gin my hair a slick or two, and took a sort of general survey, to be sartin that I was according to gunter. There wasn't no mistake in that shop, I can tell you.—Every thing was smooth as amber-grease, and my hair was so shiny and slick that a fly would a slipped up if he'd ventured to settle on it. I ony jest pulled the corner of my new handkercher out of my coat pocket a trifle, then I put my hat on with a genteel tip upwards, and down I went, chomping a handful of peppermint drops as I went along, in case my breath hadn't quite got over the smell of fried onions that Captin Doolittle gin me for breakfast aboard the sloop.

"Look a here," sez I to a chap that I cum across in one of the entryways as I was a trying to circumnavigate down stairs, "you dont know where abouts Miss Elssler lives, now do you?"

"Yes," sez he a stopping short, "she has the large parlor in front, jist over the entrance on the second floor."

"What, she don't live here in the Astor House, does she," sez I.

"Sartinly," sez he.

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

"Yes I *do* say so," sez he, a larfing.

"Wal now I cum to think on it, I guess you do," sez I; "but I say now, you hadn't jist as lives as not go and show me the door, had you?"

"Oh, I haint no particular objections," sez he, and with that he begun twistifyin down stairs and around and across, and I arter him like a tail to a kite, till by am by, he hawed up close to a room door, and arter saying "this is the room, and giving a bow, cut off, before I'd time to ask him how his marm was.

I swow, I thought I should a choked, my heart riz so when I see that I'd got to go in alone, and when I took hold of the chunk of brass that opens the door I felt the blood a biling up into my face like hot sope in a sugar kettle. I kinder half opened the door, and then I kinder shut it agin; arter ketching a good long breath, I gave the door a rap, and begun to pull up my dicky sort of careless to let 'em know I wasn't scared nor nothing, and then I rapped agin. Gracious! before I took my fist away, the door opened softly as if it slid on ile, and there stood a woman sort of harnsome and sort a not, with a leetle cap chuck full of posies stuck on the back of her head, a looking me right in the face as cosey as if she'd been acquainted with me when I was a nursing baby. I put my foot out to give her my primest bow, but think sez I, mebby it aint Miss Elssler arter all; she looks too much like an old maid for that; so I gin my foot a jirk in and my hand a genteel flurish towards her, and sez I—

"How do you do marm?"

She looked at me sort of funny, and her mouth begun to pucker itself up, but sez she, "how do you do?" a biting off the words as short as pie-crust.

"Purty well, I'm obliged to you," sez I, "Miss Elssler aint to hum, is she?"

The critter looked at me as sober as a clam in high water, but yet she seemed to be kinder tickled inside of her, and turning her head round she let out a stream of stuff to somebody inside. It wasn't talking, nor singing, nor scolding, nor yet was it crying, but some sort of sounds kept a running off from her tongue as soft as a brook over a bed of white pebble stuns, and about as fast too. She kept her hand a crowding up and down as if she'd half a notion to beat time to her own new fashioned singing, till all at once, up cum a critter from tother eend of the room, all dressed in white, as if she'd jist cum out of a ban-box, with all-fired harnsum black hair slicked down each side of her face, with a hull swad of it twisted up behind with a golden pin stuck through the heap, like one of marm's spindles through a heap of flax. The head of the pin was as big as a shag-bark walnut, and some sort of a stun was sot in it that was like a gal's mind, no two minutes alike—now it was red, now yaller, now green, and agin all these colors seemed jumbled together and a flashing inside of it till you couldn't tell which was which. I swanny if it didn't glisten so that I een-a-most forgot that it was stuck in a woman's head, and that she was a looking into my face as mealy mouth and soft as could be.

"Guess the gentleman mistook the room," sez she; the words were sort of snipped off short, but oh gracious, warn't they sweet? lasses candy and maple sugar was in every sylable. It seemed as if the critter had been fed forever on nothing but mellow peaches and slippery elm bark, she spoke so soft. She kinder smile l too, but it was as natral as could be. Think sez I, mebby the coot has led me into the wrong goose pen, but there aint no help for it now. So I jist walked a step forward, and sez I,

"How do you do marm? I kinder guess there aint no mistake worth a mentioning. If Miss Elssler aint to hum I'll make tracks and cum agin, it aint no trouble, I'd jist as lives as not, but I guess I'll leave this ere letter for fear she may want it. Some etarnal coot brought it up to my room, but I suppose the critter didn't know no better—some of these York chaps are as green as young potatoes, don't you think so marm?"

I didn't wait for no answer, but handed over the new fangled letter, and was a goin right off agin, but she looked at the letter sort of astonished, and then at me, till I didn't know what to make of it. Arter a minit, ses she,—"Why dis is de card for Mr. Slick, one of de Editors of d'Express who has just arrived; certainly he could not be so rude as to send it back again." O gracious! think ses I, "Jonathan Slick, if you haint broke your onion string now!" "Was the gentleman out?" ses she, looking at the paper and then at me agin.

Think ses I,—"You'd better ask his marm," for I'll be darned if he can tell that, or any thing else. I aint quite sartin if he knows jist this minit which end his head's on. But there's nothing like keeping a stiff upper lip in sich places as York. In less than half a jiffy I reached out my hand sort of easy, and took the paper out of her hand, and then I gin her a smile as much as to say, aint I a careless shote? and, says I, "now I swanny, did you ever! Well, now who'd a thought it,"—and

with that I began to feel in my vest, and dug my hands down into my trousers pocket, as if I'd give the wrong paper, and had lost something else, and wouldn't give up till I'd found it. I didn't seem content till I'd pulled out my yaller hankecher and shook it, and then I stopped still, and ses I—

"Now if this don't beat all, aint I the bestermost feller for losing things? Howsomever, its well it aint no wuss. I can write another almost any time. Just tell Miss Elssler that Mr. Slick has called in to thank her for her harnsome little keepsake, and that he's felt awfully womblecropped when he found out she wasn't to hum."

The woman that cum to the door fust, she looked at the other and begun gabbing away, and then the black haired one sez she—

"Oh, Mister Sleeke, pardon! pardon! I am so sorry your so long standing. I did not know!—walk in, walk in. I am most happy to see genteelmen of de press—most happy of any to see Mister Sleeke." With that she stepped back and made the purteyest leetle cozey curchies that ever I see: it was like a speckled trout diving in a brook jist enough to give a curve to the water and no more.

"Oh dear!" think sez I, "Jonathan Slick, if you havn't been a weeding in the wrong bed agin. That critter is Fanny Elssler as true as all creation; no woman on arth could make such a curchy but her." I guess my face blazed up a few, but I seen that there was no backing out, so not to be behind hand in good manners, I stepped back, put out my foot with a flurish that made the seams to my new trousers geer; then I drew my right heel into the hollow of my left foot, and kept a bending forward all the time with a sort of deliberate gentility till my eyes had to roll up the leestest mite to keep sight of hern. Then I drew up agin easy, like a jack knife with a tough spring, and finished off with a flurish of my hand up to my hat and back agin; that last touch left me standing perpendiclar right before her as a free-born citizen of America ought to.

"Miss Elssler," sez I, "how do you do? You haint no idea how tickled I am to see you."

That and the bow of mine did the business for her. I never did see a critter act so tickled—the dimples kept a coming and going round that sweet mouth of hern 'ike the bubbles on a glass of prime cider. Her eyes were brimfull of funny looks, and she grew harnsomer and harnsomer every minit. Her face raly was like a pictur book; every time I took a peak it seemed as if she'd turned over a new leaf with a brighter picter painted on it. She went along towards a bench all cushioned off, that looked as if it was too good to be sot on, and there she stood a waving that white hand, as much as to say, set down here Mr. Slick, and don't be particular about gitting too far off from them square pillars, for I shall set among them.

I made her a kind of a half bow, and then, arter giving my hand a wave to match hern, says I, "Arter you is manners for me."

The critter understands what good manners is: her black eyes sparkled like dimonds, and the smiles came around her leetle mouth thicker and faster, like lady bugs around a full blown rose. I begun to feel to hum with her right off, so when she sot down and looked into my face with those mischievous eyes of hern, and hitched up close to the square cushion sort of inviting, I jist divided my coat tail with both hands and sot down too. But when I got down I'll be darned if I knew what on arth to talk about; I stretched out one of my new boots on the carpet, and then crossed tother over it, and then I did it all over agin, but still I kept a growing more and more streaked, till by am by I jist sidled towards her kind of insinevating, and sez I—

"Wal, Miss Elssler, whats the news?"

"E—a de what?" sez she, a looking puzzled half to death.

"Oh nothing particlar," sez I. "I swow, Miss Elssler, you've got a tarnal purty foot—git out, you critter you!" and with that I gave my yaller hankecher a flirt and upsot a fly that had lit on the tip end of her leettle fineified silk shoe. Arter I'd finished his business, I folded up my hankecher and wiped my nose, and then put it in my pocket agin. Then I began to think it was best to take a new start, and sez I—

"Its ruther pleasant weather for the season, don't you think so—beautiful day yesterday, wasn't it?"

She give me one of her sweet smiles, and sez she, "Yes it was, indeed. I was on board one French vessel in the harbor yesterday, and was so delighted."

"What sort of a consarn was it," ses I, "a sloop mebby"—

"Oh no," sez she, "it was a *De june Parchette.*"

"Oh," sez I, "they don't call them sloops in France I spose, but I say Miss Elssler, have you ever been aboard a regular Yankee craft, say a Connecticut river sloop or a two mast schooner from Down East, them's the ginewine sea-birds for you! Now my Par's got one a lying down to Peck Slip that'll take the shine off from any of your de june farcetts, I'll bet a cookey. I should raly like to show you the critter, and I'm sartin Captin Doolittle would go off the handle, he'd be so tickled. Supposing you and I go down some day and take a peek at her, and take a glass of cider and a cold bite in the cabin? Now what do you say?"

"Oh I shall be very happy," sez she; yet I thought she looked kinder puzzled, and so to make her feel easy about it, sez I—

"Don't be oneasy about the trouble, it won't be no put out to Captin Doolittle, he's alus on hand for a spree. Supposin we set day after to-morrow, its best to give the old chap time to slick up a leetle," sez I.

"Any time that pleases Mr. Slick," sez she, a bowing her head. I wish to gracious Par you could hear how the critter talks. She nips off some words and strings out others, like a baby jist larning. The way she draws out Mr. Slick is funny enough, you'd think she'd been greasing her tongue to do it fust rate.

Wal, arter we'd settled about the sloop, there come another dead calm and I begun to feel awkerd agin, and I got up and went to a table that was amost kivered over with tumblers and chiny cups stuffed full of posies, and taking one of 'em up, I stuck my nose into the middle on it and giv a good snuff. By the time I got through, Miss Elssler she cum and stood close by me, a looking so tempting, that I bust right out, and sez I, "I swan Miss Elssler its eenamost as sweet as your face." She looked at me agin, sort of wild, as if she wasn't used to have folks praise her, so I choked in, and sez I—

"Are you fond of posies?"

She chewed up some soft words that I couldn't make out, and then sez I agin—

"You've got a swad of 'em here, any how.—Some of your beaus sent them to you now, I'll bet something."

"Oh," sez she, a larfing, "dey were all flung on de stage last night, de new York gentlemen, dey are so gallant."

I said nothing, but kept a darned of a thinking there wasn't a genuine prime posey among 'em, nothing but leetle fineified roses, and buds, and leaves, and white posies tied up in bunches, jest sich leetle things as a feller might give to a young critter of a gal that he took a notion to, but no more fit for sich a smasher as Miss Ellsler than a missionary psalm book. She begun to untie one of the bunches, and stuck a few into her bosom, and then she twisted the ribband round a harnsome red rose and a heap of green leaves, and puckering up that sweet mouth of hern, she gin it to me with a half curchy. Gowry! didn't my heart flounder, and didn't the fire flash up into my eyes. I pinned the rose into my shirt bosom with my new broach, and then I looked at the posies that lay on her bosom so tantalizing, and sez I—

"Oh dear! how I wish I was a honey bee—I guess I know what bunch of posies I'd settle in."

She didn't seem to know how to take this, and I was eenamost scared into a conniption fit to think what I'd been a saying. Think sez I, now Jonathan if you haint done it! I ruther guess you'd better cut dirt, and not try agin; so I took out my watch, and sez I—

"Goodness gracious! its time for me to be a-going. Don't forgit your bargin is clinched about the sloop, will you now, Miss Elssler?" And with that I edged toward the door, and arter making another prime bow, I went out, feeling sort of all-overish, I can't tell how. I kinder think she wasn't very wrothy arter all, for she curchied and smiled so. I guess there wasn't much harm done.

The minit I got to my room I was all in a twitter to find out whot was on the paper Miss Elssler had sent to me, for I hadn't found out yet. Every word that I could make out was, Madame ma Selle Elssler, and something that looked like compliments spelt wrong; you can't think how I was puzzled. I turned the paper upside down and up and every which way, but if the rest wasn't written in some sort of Hog Latin, I haint no idee who it was, for I couldn't make out another word, so at last I chucked the paper onto the mantle shelf, for I wouldn't hold in no longer, and sez I, all alone to myself as wrathy as could be, sez I, Madame ma Selle Elssler, and be darned for what I care, I wish to gracious she know how to write coarser. By am by I took up the thing agin, for it made me feel sheepish to think I couldn't make out to read as much Latin as a gal could write, arter going to grammar school so long, but it wasn't of no use, so think sez I, I'll jist go down to the bar room and see where the critter is a going to be sold, and what madam it is that's going to knock her off. So down I went, and sez I to the man sort of easy, sez I,

"So you're a going to have an auction here aint you."

The chap looked up and at fust he didn't seem to know me agin in my fix up, but arter a minit he smiled and sez he, "dear me, Mr. Slick, is it you agin?—an auction! no, not as I know on."

"Oh!" sez I, and with that I begun to twistify the square paper about in my fingers, and at last I seemed to be a reading it as arnest as could be, all the while a leaning sort of easy towards him as if I'd forgot he was there. He kept a eycing it kinder slantingdicular, till at last, sez he—

"That's purty writing, Mr. Slick, a lady's, I should think?"

"Mebby you've seen it afore," sez I, a trying to look careless, as if I'd read every word on't a dozen times. "Ruther scrumptious leetle curlecues them are, don't you think so?"

With that I handed over the pesky thing kind of nat'ral, as if I didn't raly think what I was a doing, and he seemed to read it off as easy as water.

"Oh yes," sez he, "this is her *own* hand writing; a great compliment, Mr. Slick. I know of many a fine feller that wud give his ears to git sich a card from 'the Elssler.'"

"Oh," sez I, "if she has a notion for ears, she'd better bargain with them Baltimore chaps that we've heard on. She'll git prime ones there, as long as a beet leaf, but I'm afeard she'll find 'em ruther scarce here in York; the sile aint rich enough for 'em."

Here the chap bust out a larfing, and haw-hawed till it seemed as if he'd go right off the handle. He tried to choke in, but that only made him top off short with a touch of the hooping cough. Arter a while he wiped his eyes, and sez he—

"Very good, Mr. Slick! very good indeed!!—But of course you accept the Elssler's invitation to the theatre to-night."

"To the theatre," sez I, "so she goes off there, does she; well, a feller may see the fun without bidding, so mebby I'll go."

"Jest inquire for the Astor House box, and it'll be all right," sez the chap, and with that he took up the thick paper and, sez he, "how neatly they do turn off these compliments in French, don't they?"

"In whot?" sez I.

"In French," sez he.

"Oh!" sez I, and I have tried more and more to find out what the French gal had writ to me.

"How beautifully she's turned this sentence about your talents," sez he.

"Yes," sez I, all of a twitter inside, but cool as a cucumber for what he knew. "Yes purty well considering, but look a here now, I'll bet a cookey you can't turn that into fust rate English as soon as I can, and I'll gin you the fust chance too."

The chap larfed agin, and sez he, "If you'd a said fust rate Yankee I should a gin up to once, but I ruther think I can come up to you in English."

"The proof of the puddin is in eating the bag," sez I.

"Wal," sez he, "I can but try," so he looked at the paper, and read it off jist as easy as git out.

"Miss Elssler's compliments to Mr. Jonathan Slick and hopes that he will do her the honor to accept a seat in a private box at the theatre this evening where she performed in Nathalie and the Cachuka." Then he went on with a grist of the softest sodder that ever you heard on, about my talents and genius, and the cute way I have of writing about the gals, that put me all in a twitteration, but he read so fast that I couldn't ketch only now and then a word sartin enough to write it down, and if I could it would make me feel awful sheepish to think Judy White would ever see it, so the least said the soonest mended.

"Wal," sez I sort of condescending, when the chap had got through, "I give up beat—you've done it as cute as a razor. I raly could a parsed the words ay you went along. Mebby you might have tucked in a few more long words, but all things considered, it aint best to be critical, so I guess I may as well agree to owe you the cookey. With that I went to my room agin.

Selected Miscellany.

MESMERISM.

The experiments in this sciene now going on in Philadelphia, are exciting great attention in that city. The following sketch from the Spirit of the Times may be interesting to our readers—

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—By special invitation we attended yesterday morning a private exhibition at the rooms of Mr. Johnson, the celebrated Magnetiser, whose experiments at the Masonic Hall are just now the talk of the whole city, and attract every evening crowds of the most incredulous, curious, inquisitive, scientific, and unlearned of our citizens.

When we entered his private chamber, (it was at Mrs. Reynolds' boarding house, in Chesnut above Seventh street,) we found already present, Joseph C. Neal, editor of the Pennsylvanian, and author of the popular "Charcoal Sketches"—Bowland Parry of the same paper, Dr. Reynell Coates, a gentleman celebrated in the annals of medicine and science—Thomas Earle—Edward M. Davis—and J. McKim, Esq.

At the request of a skeptic, Mr. Johnson stood aside, while Dr. Coates undertook to manipulate the wife of Mr. J. He succeeded admirably, and in a brief period, put her into a state that gentleman present was compelled to acknowledge both extraordinary and wonderful. It was sleep, but one differing in all its elements from the common sleep, and hence called a "magnetic somnolency"—the subject being under the complete control, mentally, of Dr. Coates, the magnetizer, while physically, she was insensible as a marble statue.

As the principal object of Mr. Johnson was to satisfy the intelligent gentlemen that he was no "humbug," and that in professing to develope, to a certain extent, the hidden mysteries of the Magnetic science, he did no more than warranted by facts to attempt. We say nothing about experiments in clairvoyance, but confine ourself to the statement that he did succeed, on this occasion, in demonstrating, beyond the possibility of dispute, that there was such a thing as "magnetic sleep," and that he was capable, without artifice or collusion, of producing it.

To satisfy the minds of the gentlemen present still more, and in order to leave no "loop to hang a doubt upon," Mr. Johnson magnetized the right arm of his sister-in-law. It became as rigid as stone, and had all the appearance of death, accompanied with, as usual, a total loss of all sensibility. Some of the gentlemen stuck a pin into her arm until the blood came, while the young lady laughingly exclaimed that it produced no sensation. Mr. Johnson then went so far as to make a deep incision into her hand with a penknife—a shocking, and to us, a cruel experiment—but she only laughed at the operation, and observed that for all the feeling it could occasion, her finger or whole hand might suffer amputation! There could be no "humbug" in this; and all who examined it, voluntarily made such a statement.

Mr. Johnson was fearful that he had not quite convinced the skeptical, and proposed to partially magnetize Joseph C. Neal, Esq., the editor of the Pennsylvanian. The company joyfully assented, for of course no individual acquainted with Mr. N. could for a moment suspect him of a disposition to assist in the composition of a "humbug." Mr. N. took a seat, and in five minutes, all the muscless of hisface were thrown into such a state of paralysis that he was unable to open his eyes, articulate at all, or even open his mouth.

"What are your sensations, Mr. Neal?" interrupted the magnetizer.

Mr. Neal made several violent and contortive efforts to speak—twisting his chin and agitating his lips—but not a sound escaped him.

"Open your eyes."

He attempted it, but without success.

"Can you see?"

The lips and chin exhibited a convulsive motion, but there was nothing articulated.

"Can you hear?"

The same motion, but no reply.

As his arms and hands were not magnetized, a pencil and paper were placed in his fingers.

It will be remembered that Mr. Neal was only in a *partially* magnetic state, it being impossible for Mr. Johnson to magnetize *any* person fully and thoroughly on the first experiment.

Mr. Neal then wrote in a clear bold hand—much clearer and bolder than he usually employs—the lines running downward, as a man with his eyes closed would naturally write—

"I can hear acutely,
More so than common."

In a minute afterwards, Mr. Neal wakened up of himself, as if from a state of deep sleep; and in reply to a question of our own, remarked that this was the third time he had been thrown into such a state—having been twice magnetized by a lady before—say a year or so ago.

The *Science* of Animal Magnetism has found its level at last, and we are glad of it. It is a most stupendous humbug, and the Virginians have found out the true method of disposing of it. We gather from the Petersburgh Intelligencer, that a Professor of the manipulating mystery lately visited that region, and operated upon an opossum. He put him to sleep in a single twinkling of his tail—that is to say the tail of the opossum was no sooner touched magnetically by his brother brute, carrying the "magnetic principle" at the end of his fingers, than he went into a sound slumber. This, we consider, a full and ample illustration of the whole of this noble philosophy. The patients are every mother's son and daughter of them—playing "possum."—*N. Y. Com.*

A PICTURE OF NEW YORK.—The following complimentary notice of New York is copied from an English writer in the Liverpool Albion:

"I have been often amused, and at the same time instructed, by what Englishmen, who have visited America, say concerning it. The voyage to and from our country from England can now be made in such a short space of time, that vast numbers of well-informed Englishman make the trip there and back in about three months, and contrive to hear and see a great deal in that time. I have been much pleased by some letters which have recently appeared in the Liverpool Albion, (which, by the by, is among the very best papers published in this country.) They are headed 'Reminiscences of Travels in the United States,' and the writer thus speaks of New York:" "If you have been in the Bay of Naples don't go into ecstacies about it till you have seen that of New York. You will view it under the same blue sky and balmy air, but your eye will take in other charms than those of scenery—the bustle of traffic and the sounds of industry. Nor, when you land, will your eyes be pained by the unwelcome sight of swarms of beggars, and ragged and idle population. New York is the monetary centre of the States, and its Wall street is the Threadneedle street of the West. The whole avenue is a great temple for money changers, banking houses and exchange offices occupy every dwelling. The stranger who visits this crowded mart to arrange his European funds, hears a hundred technicalities which completely puzzle him. New York is a true metropolis in wealth and refinement, in character and associations. All this comes new and delightfully to those who so generally forget that many parts of the New world are very little behind the old—that the great picture of social civilization has not required time to fill up."

A ROBBER LOVER.—Mr. Walsh furnishes among other agreeable matters for the National Intelligencer, the following story of a somewhat romantic love match, and its awkward termination:

"Madame Bretot, a thriving blanchisseuse, of the Rue de Bievre, had a fair daughter, who, like all her sex of the same age—which was tempting 18—was very fond of balls and other gaieties. The good mother was indulgent but prudent, and while she permitted her lively damsel to attend these scenes of amusement, always took care to accompany her. At a Sunday's dance about a month ago, at the Quatre Saisons, Md'lle Eugenie met with a partner so genteel and gallant, that he won the hearts of both mother and daughter, and the favored youth was received into their domestic circle as a suitor. The preliminaries were at length so far arranged for a marriage between the lovers, Mde. Bretot drew 1,000 francs from the Savings Bank, to purchase a suitable outfit for the young couple. Alas! for the uncertainty of human projects! Two evenings ago, when the expecting bride and her mother returned home, after a day spent on their knees—not at church, but in their washing barge, near the Pont de l'Archeveche—they found that their dwelling had been broken open, their locks forced, and not only the 1,000 francs, but every other article of value carried off. This was indeed a dire disaster, but the severest cut of all, was a sheet of paper, conspicuously affixed to the chimney glass, on which was written in too legible characters, "I might have taken both your daughter and her dower; but I content myself with one, and leave you the other."

OUR NAVY.—The favorable mention of our navy, its officers and men, by Lady Blessington, will be here read with pride and pleasure by many who have not read her "Idler in Italy."

An American fleet has arrived in the bay [of Naples,] and we went yesterday on board to see the ship of the Commodore, *Crichton*, [Creighton?] Nothing could exceed the good order and cleanliness of the, nor the elegance of the cabin of the commodore. The sailors are fine-looking men, and the commodore and his officers are exceedingly gentlemanly, well-informed, and intelligent. We were received with great politeness; refreshments were served in the cabin, and the band, a very good one, played several national airs. It was very gratifying to witness the rapid march of intellect evinced by all that we beheld on board the American ship; and prejudiced and unjust indeed must those be, who, after seeing its details and *ensemble*, could deny that our transatlantic brethren have made a wonderful progress as a nation. A Mr. Livingston, a passenger in the commodore's ship, is an excellent specimen of an American—being well bred, and thoroughly well-informed.

This candid, liberal writer says in another place:—

Commodore Crichton, and four or five of his officers, dined with us yesterday: they are sensible and agreeable men. One, a Captain Deucon, has his son on board, a very fine and interesting child, eight or ten years of age. It was pleasant to see the kindness and gentleness displayed towards this boy by the messmates of his father.—It was almost feminine. But there is, I think a peculiar benevolence in the breast of sailors, that disposes them to protect the less strong. There is a great gravity in these American seamen, yet it is wholly distinct from dullness, and seems to be the fruit of reflection. It sits well on them—better, in my opinion, than gaiety would. It was gratifying to me to hear the regret expressed by the Americans for Byron. He would have been pleased at this homage, rendered to him by the individuals of a nation he respected; for he was keenly sensible to kindness, and had experienced too little of it from his compatriots, not to appreciate it from others.

THE UNATTENDED HEARSE.—Among the many scenes to be now daily witnessed in this city, which excite our sympathy, awaken our commiseration, or enlist our pity, an unattended hearse, as it bears its lifeless burthen to the grave, calls up most quickly from the recesses of the heart, thoughts shrouded in sorrow—feelings robed in regret.

When we see that one horse sombre driven by—when we observe the indifference with which the black driver hurries along to the grave-yard with his pulseless passenger—when we behold not a soud following after, to perform the last sad rites o'er departed friendship, or to place even the most simple mark of recognition over the deceased's grave, we feel that the inhabitant of that rough, unornamented coffin, died a desolate stranger!

But, we know not how he lived—whether his journey, even from the cradle to the grave, was one continued pilgrimage of privation—whether he was once the inheritor of wealth—the possessor of consequence, surrounded by butterfly friends, who deserted him when the summer of his prosperity passed away,—or, whether some loving wife, affectionate mother, or kind hearted sister is not anticipating his return to a home long deserted—to friends long estranged, at the very time when his dust is being committed to dust, by a strange hand in the swamps of New Orleans!

We never see an unattended funeral but we feel that we float through life on the ocean of uncertainty ourselves; and at such a time we pray heaven to avert from us a death so distasteful—a grave so gloomy—we pray, if it should not be vouchsafed to us to die among our kindred, that we may at least be permitted to breathe our last where we are known—among our friends.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Somebody says that auctioneers are wonderful strong men, as they will sometimes *knock down* the largest brick or stone building with a single blow of the hammer.

What was the color of the wind and the waves during the last storm? The wind *blew* and the waves *rose.*

From the St. Louis Republican.

THE BIG MOUND.

Every one who knows St. Louis knows of the large mound at the upper end of the city, and the speculations which have, at various times, been entertained of how they were formed and for what purpose. On Sunday last, some discoveries were made in the Big Mound which seem to leave no doubt that it is an artificial formation, a repository for the dead, and of much more recent formation than has generally been supposed.—The discoveries were made in this manner:

The side of the Mound, where the path led up to the top, had been washed and exposed part of a coffin. Some gentlemen passing observed it, and went to work to dig it out. This they did, and laid bare a coffin of large size containing the decayed remains of a large person. The coffin was a box made of cypress wood, wider at the head than the foot, flat lid, and put together with cut nails; the lid screwed on with ordinary iron screws. We have seen a portion of the coffin containing one of the screws. We mention this to show that the burial was of much more recent date than has been generally supposed, and the formation of at least a portion of this mound has been made since the introduction of Europeon manufactures into the country, yet there remains no tradition or history of the time when or by whom they were made.

The coffin was placed on the top of the mound, and had been buried several feet below the surface, as the foot of it, notwithstanding the washing away of the earth from the top, was at least two feet below the surface. It had been laid in a horizontal position; the head to the South and the feet to the North. The body was greatly decayed, and the head entirely gone, (it is supposed the head had not been buried with the body,) and the only bones which remained in a tolerable state of preservation, were those of the legs and arms. It had been wrapped in a blanket of European manufacture, portions of which remained undestroyed by the decay, and which we have seen, but much the larger portions were destroyed. By the left hand was a quantity of vermillion, which it was supposed had been placed in the hand of the corpse. On the bones of one of the wrists were two steel bracelets, very much eaten by the rust; the largest appeared to have been covered with characters, but was so corroded as to render it impossible to decipher them. In the coffin was also found the queue of hair, about a foot long and plaited, and besmeared with vermilion paint.

These are the particulars, so far as we have heard them, of the discoveries made in this instance; a further examination would doubtless lay bare many more subjects for speculation and wonder. The person buried was evidently an Indian, but the head being gone, it is next to impossible to tell to what tribe he may have belonged. It is evident, however, from all the facts found, that this body has been interred within a period even short of the foundation of St. Louis; and from the appearance of the wood of the coffin and the other materials found, it might have been within the remembrance of some of the old citizens. At all events, it is a subject of interest to the curious, and may lead to more important discoveries as to the origin and manner of forming these and other mounds which abound in the West, and by whom they were erected.

A Marriage Jaunt by Railway.—A wedding party from the western metropolis visited Ayr a few days ago, *en route* to Burns' Monument, where, in viewing the classic scenery of the "bonny Doon," and inspecting Highland Mary's Bible—the pledge of the poet's dearest affection—they spent the greater part of the day, and were only in time, on their return, to secure places in the last train for Glasgow. The bridegroom, unsatisfied with the rare sights he had witnessed, came out of the railway carriages at one of the stations, and sauntering leisurely along for a few paces, his meditations were suddenly interrupted by the shrill whistle of the engine, intimating that the train was on the eve of starting.

He hurried forward at full speed, and, gaining the depot just as the last carriage was passing, bawled out to the guard at the top of his voice, "Stop the engine, stop the engine, for gudesake; I'm a *new married man*, and my wife's awa without me." The steam, however, was fairly up, and the train rolled along, unheedful of the poor bridegroom's clamor, who stood riveted with astonishment, the object of much merriment to the crowd collected near the spot. We did not hear whether the unfortunate wight, thus temporarily widowed on the first night of his marriage, reached the city that evening, or whether he took up his quarters in Dalry, nearly thirty miles distant from his newly acquired better half.—*Ayr Observer.*

How many adorned with all the rarities of intellect, have stumbled on their entrance into life and have made a wrong choice in the very thing which was to determine their course forever.

The Old World.

Singular Discovery of a Petrified Human Body.—On Wednesday last, the remains of the venerable Widow Merry, formerly of Muired, Dundivan, and recently of Coatbride, after a pilgrimage of 82 years in this sublunary sphere, were conveyed to their last resting place in Old Monkland church-yard by a respectable company of relatives and friends. Some five-and-twenty years ago the husband of the deceased Widow Merry paid the debt of nature, after a toilsome and exemplary life, as Dominie of Muired, now included in Dundyvan estate, and his remains were deposited in the grave which had to be opened on Wednesday last for the reception of his widow's remains. The grave-digger, in the performance of this duty, reached the coffin which had been so long embedded in the earth, and was much surprised to find it comparatively fresh; but the upper part of it forming an obstruction to his labors, he broke it, and in doing so injured most materially the singular contents of the coffin; for, on removing the rest of the lid, there lay the veritable Dominie of Dundyvan, a complete petrifaction! The coffin, it now appears, had been saturated in water upon the body had gradually but successfully finished the wonderful transmutation. For the sake and for the cause of science, it would have been gratifiying to have had these singular relicts preserved, but the relatives of the deceased widow insisted on their re-interment, and, for their better security, a layer of earth and an iron safe were placed over them. The color and appearance of the petrified body was that of black oak wood, and from the shoulders downward the members were regular and entire; the body, legs, feet, ay, and the very nails of the toes, being perfectly in their order. As a proof of its solidity, the grave-digger stood upon it, without making the slightest impression on the wonderfully transmuted body of the once bustling Dominie of Dundyvan.—*Glasgow Chron.*

The Introduction of Coaches.—In the year 1564, Guilliam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the Queen's coachman, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England. After a while, divers great ladies, with a great jealousy of the Queen's displeasure, made them coaches and rid up and down the countries in them, to the great admiration of all the beholders; but then by little and little they grew usual among the nobility and others of sort, and within twenty years became a great trade of coach making. In little more than thirty years a bill was brought into parliament to restrain the excessive use of coaches. One of the most signal examples we can find of the growing importance of the middle classes is exhibited in their rapid appropriation to their own use of the new luxury, which the highest in the land ventured at first to indulge, timidly, and with "jealousy" of the Queen's displeasure. It was in vain that parliament legislated against their excessive use; it was equally in vain that the citizens and citizens' wives, who aspired to ride in them, were ridiculed by the wits and hooted by the mob. As in the diffusion of every other convenience or luxury introduced by the rich, the distinction of riding in a coach soon ceased to be a distinction. The proud Duke of Buckingham, seeing that coaches with two horses were used by all, and that the nobility had only the exclusive honor of four horses, set up a coach with six horses; and then "the stout Earl of Northumberland" established one with eight horses.—*Knight's London.*

Extraordinary Discovery.—As some men were employed in digging gault, lately, in Haddennam Fen, Isle of Ely, (England,) and had got about five feet below the surface, their spades came in contact with a hard substance, which they imagined would prove to be an old oak tree, many of which have been frequently found in the fens, within a few feet of their surface; but, to their great astonishment, on removing the soil around it, they discovered it to be in ancient canoe, bottom upwards, in length twenty-six feet, and in breadth something above four feet, with rowlocks for three pairs of oars. About five feet in length was broken off the canoe in getting it out. It appeared, on close inspection, to be hollowed out of the trunk of a single tree. How long it may have remained embedded in the soil, or whether it was used by our Saxon ancestors, or by the Romans, when they conquered this "tight little island," would puzzle the brain of a "Jonathan Oldbuck" to fathom; but that centuries have elapsed since its formation there is no doubt.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Coal Fields in Wales.—We have heard it said, the coal fields in Wales extend over 1200 square miles. There are 23 beds of workable coal, having an average thickness of 95 feet. An English writer says that each acre will yield 100,000 tons, being at the rate of sixty-five millions of tons per mile. Deducting say one-half for waste, over estimate, &c., there will remain thirty-two millions of tons per mile. At this rate, there is coal enough to supply all England for 9,000 years after the English mines are exhausted.—*Phil. North American.*

European Fashions.

Fashions for November.

From the London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.

There are many new materials in silk; amongst others the Pekin with satin stripe, broche or chine, Levantines, doubles, toulards de chine, satins d'Orient, d'Ispahan, cachemire d'Ecosse, and foulard de laine, with Persian, Turkish and Arabian patterns, &c. The dresses for the approaching season will be made with tight bodies, and the sleeves, if not tight, of very moderate size, and the skirt very long. Embroidery will be very fashionable for full dress, but not flounces; three deep tucks, separated by a wreath of embroidery, and another wreath serpentine on the tuck. Ornaments of gimp, or of the same material as the dress, continue to be placed en tablier up the sides of the skirt. Small pelerines are decidedly to be worn, not only with regindotes; they are also made of muslin, &c., sometimes buttoning down the centre, termed a la Puritaine; they are deep, and are finished at the throat with a bouillon, having a ribbon thro' it.

Regindotes of satin or watered silk are made with facings of velvet on the front of the skirt, and pelerines of velvet and blais edged with fringe, are very fashionable. Small collars are indispensable to wear with scarfs and cloaks; those a la chevaliere are also pretty for regindotes; inlets of lace are much used, both for collars and pelerines. Cannezons are made with folds and lace, or with folds and embroidery of clear muslin delicately worked; they are high, with square collars fastened round the throat by a riband or silk cravat, and are worn with dresses a Fenfant, with short sleeves, or merely with skirts. The pelerine camail, of lace, is much in favor in Paris; it is large, and fastens at the throat with a brooch. Caps in all the various styles of Swiss, Tyrolien, Moldavian, Giselle, &c., with satin hats and feathers, and caps a la Dubarry, are all in fashion. The newest style of coiffure is a la religieuse; a band of lace lays on the forehead with nœuds and flowers drooping at the side.

Bonnets are very deep at the ears, of an oval form, and very flat. Velvet velours jaspe, velours epingle, satin, gros d'Afrique, are the materials in demand. Capotes of black velvet are lined with capucine color, and ornamented with flowers partaking of both colors, or lined with pink velvet, having black feathers tipped with pink.

Scarfs and shawls are now wadded. Velvet scarfs are much worn in green, blue, marron, a wide stripe all round; some of emerald green, purple or violet, are encircled with a rich border of cachemire pattern, with pines at the ends lined with white satin. A still newer style is of rich plush shaded in two colors. For full dress, the Egyptian scarf and black lace are worn. Bournous of cachemire are made with small pelerines trimmed all round with rouleaux of shaded velvet; others of velvet aile de mouche are ornamented with open gimp trimmings in striped satin levantine; they are trimmed with pluche. Manteaux and pelisses are all made long, unless for evening use. Bournous of marine blue—a fashionable color in Paris—have borders of cachemire patterns round the pelerine, sleeves, &c.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1841.

Literary Notices.

"THE GLORY AND SHAME OF ENGLAND."—This is decidedly the most interesting work upon England that has appeared for many years. The author, Mr. LESTER, of Utica, went to England to attend the "World's Convention" held in London upon the subject of Anti-Slavery. He made the best use of his time in studying the manners and customs of the people, their social condition, and the influence of their political institutions. The author draws a dark and harrowing picture of the SHAME of England, discoverable in the vices of her nobility, the misery, want and oppression of the poor, in the scanty remuneration for labor and the grinding taxation of the people. This however is relieved by placing in contrast the achievements of her great men, her philosophers, heroes, poets, painters and mechanics, which constitute her true GLORY. He had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with distinguished personages, and the reader is presented with graphic descriptions of interviews with many of the leading characters of the day, among whom we find O'Connell, Thomas Campbell, Charles Dickens, (Boz,) Lady Byron, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Opie, Thomas Clarkson, Lord Brougham, &c. An affecting account is given of Lord Byron's death, as related by an eye-witness in London. A laughable description also of the debate upon the "Woman Question" in the Convention. There are many other subjects, all equally interesting, treated of in this work. The author evidently inclines to the dark side of the picture. Many accounts of physical suffering in England appear improbable, but they are doubtless true. The work is published by the Harpers, in New York, and is for sale in this city by G. W. Fisher & Co., 6 Exchange street.

"AUTTMN AND WINTER."—As the holidays approach, the juveniles will be on the look out for new books; and nothing could be more seasonable than one with the above title, a copy of which we received yesterday. It is for sale at the Bookstore of G. W. FISHER & Co., No. 6, Exchange street—written by Rev. B. H. Drapet, and published in a neat form by D. Appleton & Co., New York—illustrated by numerous cuts. We give an extract from a dialogue between a father and son during one of their "walks," which will instruct our young readers and show the character of the book:

TRUE POLITENESS.

"Were you not much pleased, Papa, last evening, with cousin Mary Jane?

"I am always pleased with her, Edward, she is so amiable and dutiful. But did you refer to any thing in particular?

"To her attention to you, Papa.

"She is kind to every one.

"Yes, but Papa, when we were in the garden, you said, 'I wish I had a knife,' and no one seemed to take any notice of your wish; but Mary Jane soon after when no one observed her, slipped out of the walk, and went in-doors, and soon brought you what you wanted. How I wish I had brought you that knife!

"It was very attentive and kind. I am glad you noticed her conduct. This was a specimen of true politeness.

"How would you define politeness, Papa?

"I scarcely know, without a little reflection; good definitions, as I often tell you, are very difficult; yet they are carefully to be sought after, and remembered, as they are of the first importance to a right understanding of things. 'I believe it is to be known best by description; I would, however, venture to call it benevolence in trifles; or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly, occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, and many other such things; what are they, but giving up ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention, which, by habit, grows easy and natural to us, to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent or remove them.'

"I thought, Papa, that Uncle John was a model of politeness; for you know, he is alwhys bowing and paying compliments.

"I do not think so, Edward; I am glad you have mentioned this circumstance; for I should be very sorry for you to imitate him. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, and stiff civilities, such as his, will never be politeness; this is easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will inspire this but a benevolent mind, perpetually attentive to exert this amiable disposition, even as to trifles, towards all with whom you live, or converse? Benevolence in greater matters takes a higher name, and is of superior worth.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Cultivation of Music.

Mr. Editor:—It seems to me there is something out of joint; or some body or every body is out of order: "there's something rotten in the state of Denmark."

At any rate, one thing is clear—or has been proved to be so on various past occasions—that is, that there is much musical talent of a high order, and a goodly degree of finished skill in its performance among the musicians of our city;—genius which only needs a reasonable fostering patronage to attain to distinguished proficiency, in that "high, soothing art."

I cannot but feel regret to see with what a rush our citizens go to spend their half dollar or more, to see and hear every circus, theatre, concert, magician, every thing from abroad, many of whom are sheer mountebanks; while they will coldly, and heedlessly, suffer artists of genius in our city, to struggle on unaided against adversity and poverty, if they ever arrive at any elevation in the bright tower of fame; or they must set down in despair, unhonored and unknown, their abilities not a tithe developed. Now, is this right? I surely think not.

Were our citizens to bestow one half upon the musical profession in our city, that they do upon those transient visitors at our place, who carry most they get away with them, we should have constantly among us performers who would be ready upon all suitable occasions, to delight us with their exercises; who would be an honor to any place or orchestry; besides, we should have the advantage of their citizenship; the expenditure would remain among us; thus increasing at the same time our intellectual and pecuniary wealth, and enlarging the sources of proper pleasures—of high enjoyment. I merely hint.

CONSISTENCY.

TIGHT LACING.—It is said that the French Fashionables have discarded tight lacing, and that the Grecian models, which are the only fair and beautiful proportions of nature, are henceforth to be the standards of fashion for ladies' waists instead of the wasp, hour glass, &c.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er hill, valley and sea,
The tape-strings are b oken, the women are free!

The above has been handed us by an eminent medical practitioner of this city, with the remark that more young women had been made old women by the practise of tight lacing than by any other practise whatever.

THE PRINTER.—Many men who acquired great fame and celebrity in the world, began their career as printers. Sir William Blackstone, the learned commentator on laws, was a printer by trade. King George II, learned the art, and frequently set type after he ascended the throne of England. We scarcely need mention Franklin, for it is well known to all who are familiar with his name, that he was a printer.

TERRIBLE.—It is said that a man in New Orleans was so cross-eyed that in trying to get asleep he wrung his neck off.

The Three Jolly Husbands.

Three jolly husbands, out in the country, by the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at the village tavern, until, being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one on returning home should do the first thing that his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet again the next morning, and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the bill.

The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts; but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first:

"You see when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire giving but a glimmering of light, I came near walking accidentally into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor at sitting up so late, said to me sarcastically:

"*Bill, do put your foot in the batter.*"

"Just as you say, Maggy," said I, and without the least hesitation, I pot my foot into the pot of batter, and then went to bed.

Next Joe Brown told his story:

"My wife had already retired in our usual sleeping room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate perfectly, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife in no very pleasant tone, bawled out:

"*Do break the porridge pot.*"

No sooner said than done; I seized hold the bail of the pot, and, striking it against the chimney jamb, broke it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, and got a *curtain lecture* all night for my pains."

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face, as follows:

"My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world; for I was blundering up stairs in the dark, when she cried out:

"*Do break your neck, do Tim.*"

"I'll be cursed if I do, Kate," said I, as I gathered myself up. "I'll sooner pay the bill." And so, landlord, here's the cash for you; and this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife."

DUELLING.—In ridicule of this practice, Dr. Franklin used to tell the following story: One person said to another in a Coffee House, "Sir, sit a little farther off, you *smell* offensive." "Sir," answered the person addressed, "that is an affront, and you must fight me." "I *will* fight if you insist upon it," rejoined the first, "but how will that mend the matter? If you kill me, I shall *smell* too; and if I kill you, you will smell worse than you do at present."

The inveterate punster, Theodore Hunt, once declared that he could not see upon what principle the tee-totallers made water the god of their idolatry, since water is universally allowed to have been *drunk* from time immemorial.

Judge Jeffries, of notorious memory, pointing to a man with his cane, who was about to be tried said—"there's a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him said—"at which end my lord?"

"Pomp, what de debbil am a Jury ob Inkest?" "Wal de fac is niggar—a Jury ob Inkest am a lot ob fellers what sits down on a dead man to find out whedder he am dead for sartin or only playin' possum."

TAKING PHYSIC.—"Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Dosem takes his physic reg'lar," said a Doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "Cause he's getting well so precious fast."

DIFFERENT COLORS OF MOURNING.—In Europe *black* is generally used. In China, *white;* in Egypt, *yellow;* in Turkey *blue*, in some parts, and in others, *violet.*

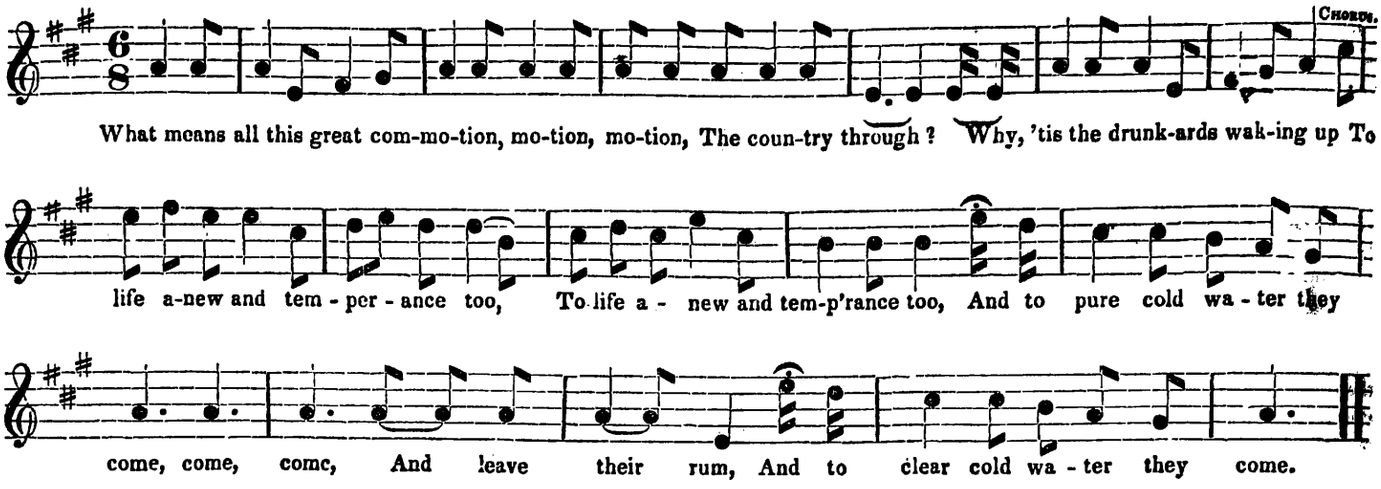
TRUE.—A late writer says—'Tis no shame for a man to labor in his vocation; but a burning shame not to *have an honest* vocation.

Streeter's Ephraim says that a wedge going into a log is decidedly the most *enter*-PRY-sing thing he can think of, at present.

A GOOD ONE.—A boy was asked, 'dose the Leopard ever change his spots? 'Ob yes, when he is tired of one spot, he goes to another.'

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

AS SUNG BY THE "POLLARD TOTAL ABSTINENGE SOCIETY," OF BUFFALO—AND SUITED TO ANY OTHER MERIDIAN.



In Baltimore the reform begun, gun, gun,
In a grog shop too;
Six drunkards pledged to turn from rum
To life anew and temperance too,
To life anew and temperance too,
And to pure cold water they come, come, come,
And leave their rum,
And to clear cold water they come.

Old Boston next she follows suit, suit, suit,
Three thousand in a crew;
The worst of drunkards all reclaimed
To life anew and temperance too,
To life anew and temperance too,
And to pure cold water they come, come, come,
And leave their rum,
And to clear cold water they come.

In all the cities south and east, east, east,
Cold water hosts you'll view,
An army fifty thousand strong
Shouting anew for temperance too,
Shouting anew for temperance too,
And to pure cold water they come, come, come,
And leave their rum,
And to clear cold water they come.

Pollard and Wright have rolled the ball, ball, ball,
The Empire State quite through,
And Buffalo has got a call
To life anew and temperance too,
To life anew and temperance too,
And to pure cold water we come, come, come,
And leave our rum,
And to clear cold water we come.

A little band are here at work, work, work,
United and true;
Against King Alcohol they fight
For life anew and temperance too,
For life anew and temperance too,
And to pure cold water they come, come, come,
And leave their rum,
And to clear cold water they come.

This noble band were once the dupes, dupes, dupes,
Of this delusive foe;
March'd blindly forward in his cause,
Got awful blue and lik'd it too,
Got awful blue and lik'd it too,
But now to cold water they come, come, come,
And leave their rum,
But now to cold water they come.

These Pollard boys have got the grit, grit, grit,
To dance the figure through;
They veto Brandy, Gin and Wine,
The stuff you brew and Cider too,
The stuff you brew and Cider too,
And to pure cold water they come, come, come,
And leave their rum,
And to clear cold water they come.

Now drunkard, just a friendly word, word, word,
We wish to say to you;
Come join with us, and one and all
Will stand by you and temperance too,
Will stand by you and temperance too,
And to pure cold water we'll come, come, come
And leave our rum,
And to clear cold water we'll come.

Come ladies, we implore your help, help, help,
Our reform to carry through;
If you will aid us heart and hand,
We'll strike for you and temperance too,
We'll strike for you and temperance too.
And to pure cold water we'll come, come, come,
And leave our rum,
And to clear cold water we'll come.

To all rum-sellers in our land, land, land,
A long farewell to you;
Your poison please to take yourselves.
We're not so blue to buy it of you,
We're not so blue to buy it of you,
For to pure cold water we've come, come, come,
And left your rum,
For to clear cold water we've come.

A MEMBER.

Poetry!

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The Pestilence.

Welcome, O Welcome, charitable breeze!
Wind of the winter, welcome once again!
Now shall the leaves grow yellow on the trees,
And fall as lately dropp'd our fellow men.
O listen, ye, whose bosoms have been torn!
Still faintly fading in the distance hence,
Upon the pinions of the winter borne,
List ye the requiem of Pestilence!

Sadly and awfully the sound recedes,
And yet strange joy is mingled in its tones,
Like notes of triumph while the victor bleeds,
Changing to proud hurrahs his dying moans.
Ah, there are tears that may not yet be dried,
And strokes of sore affliction too intense
Yet to be cast from memory aside,
Tho' from among us flown the pestilence!

Farewell, ye atoms into dust returned—
Ye travelers thro' desolate decay;
Ye who with health and hope and passion burned,
And lived and moved among us yesterday!
O fare ye well! The starry night shall weep
Over those peopled cemeteries dense,
Where silently, "in cold obstruction" sleep
The stricken victims of the pestilence!

The mourning moss droops from the cypress high
Around the dwelling-places of the dead;
And in the low wind's melancholy sigh
A page of spirit-music may be read.
The "graceful shade" of the palmetto falls
O'er lowly graves, as tho' a pitying sense
Dwelt there, within the cold, sepulchral walls,
For poverty swept off by pestilence!

'Tis gone! And tenants now of grave and tomb
In peace oblivious alike are sleeping,
Until the trump of everlasting doom
Calls them to bliss or forth to wails and weeping.
O! then Eternal Wisdom, throned in light,
And in transcendant majesty immense,
Seeing and moving every thing aright,
Shall, pitying, remember pestilence!

'Tis gone! Again the stricken land rejoices—
Again the atmosphere is filled with health,
And the gay south is musical with voices,
That hail again prosperity and wealth.
'Tis gone! The gloomy pestilence is gone!
The healthful breeze sweeps the destroyer hence,
And rosy joy already sits upon
The land late smitten by the pestilence!

The Wreck of Love.

BY MRS. H. MUZZEY.

Love trimmed his fairy shallop's sail,
And laughingly woo'd a prospering gale,
While Faith, with eye serene and mild,
Sat at the helm, and calmly smiled.

O'er the clear and unlit sea
Love's shallop glided merrily;
And what had Love to do with Fear
While Faith was there, the bark to steer?

Bright was each isle they glided by,
And bright the sea, and bright the sky.
Love carolled, gay, his sweetest air,
Or slept secure, for Faith was there.

At length a storm lowered darkly near,
"Fear not," cried Faith, "I still am here."
Love fixed on Faith his stedfast eye,
Serene and bright—the storm passed by!

But Jealousy, with aspect wild,
Approached, and hailed the trusting child:
Love listened till o'ercome with dread,
Faith left the helm, and trembling, fled.

Who now the fairy bark shall steer?
Wild winds the guideless rudder veer—
By whelming waves the bark is toss'd,
And Love is wrecked, and Faith is lost!

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 15th inst., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. THOMAS FROST to Miss EMILY P. COLLINS, both of this city.

In this city, on the 14th inst., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. E. S. COLLINS to Miss LAURA HARLOW, al this city.

In this city, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. DAVID H. CANTLEY, to Mrs. SARAH A. DOWNING, all of this city.

In this city, on the 9th inst., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. HENRY P. COLGROVE, to Miss ANN QUIN.

Also, on the 10th inst., Mr. HENRY SHARP to Mrs. MARY TUCK.

In this city, in St. Luke's Church, on the 9th inst., by Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. ALMERIN BINGHAM to Miss HARRIET A. GAINER, all of this city.

In this city, on the 10th inst., by Rev. James B. Shaw, Mr. THOMAS E. HASTINGS, of the firm of Mann & Hastings, Syracuse, to Miss JULIA A. BURR, of this city; also, Mr. ALFRED S. BARNES, of the firm of A. S. Barnes & Co., Philadelphia, to Miss HARRIET E. BURR, of this city.

In Bergen, on the 11th inst., by Rev. Mr. Snyder, Mr. WILLIAM P. MUNGER to Miss PHEBE BISSELL, both of Bergen.

In Riga, on the 11th inst., by Rev. Mr. Merrit, Mr. GILBERT APTHORP, of Riga, to Miss SUSAN M. GARDNER, of Bergen.

In Webster, on the 4th inst., by Rev. John Robinson, Mr. SPENCER WELCHER to Miss HARRIET CASWELL, both of Penfield.

In Mendon, on the 2d inst., by Rev. S. Seagar, Mr. ALBERT WHITNEY, of Rochester, to Miss MARY ANN MARSHALL, of Mendon.

In Pittsford, on the 3d day of February, by Rev. E. W. True, ANDREW DURFEE to Miss LYDIA SMITH, both of Pittsford.

In St. James' Church, Batavia, on the 8th inst., by Rev. James A. Bolles, GEORGE G. BLODGETT, Esq., Attorney at Law, to CORNELIA, only daughter of Hon. Daniel H. Chandler.

In Williamson, Wayne county, on the 20th ult., by Rev. John Robinson, Mr. ALFRED GIBERSON to Miss JANE STEVENSON, both of Williamson.

In Buffalo, on the 25th inst, by Selah Barnard, Esq., Mr. JOHN OSBORN, of Montgomery co., to Miss MARY ANN CRANE, of Onondago co.

On October 22, at Trinity Church, St. Mary-le-borne, London, Captain Augustus Canfield, of the United States Army, and Mary Sophia, daughter of General Cass, American Minister at Paris.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY SHEPARD & STRONG.

TERMS.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 11, 1841. No. 25.

Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

PROVIDENTIAL INCIDENT.

In the progress of our intercourse with the world, most of us have either witnessed or heard of some surprising case of Providential relief, where persons struggling with poverty and overwhelmed by misfortune, have been reduced to the greatest extremity. Instances of this character have occurred in the walks of the humble and devoted Christian, illustrating in a remarkable manner, strong faith and unwavering confidence in the protection and help of our great benefactor. Such occurrences have at times seemed almost miraculous, exciting the deepest emotions of wonder and gratitude in the Christian's bosom.

An incident somewhat analagous to the above, fell under the notice of the writer of this article in early life. The recollection of it has now and then occurred during the course of years that has since elapsed, and as some of the circumstances seemed strikingly providential, I feel inclined briefly to narrate them.

At a period when the northern part of Ohio was quite new, having been settled but a short time, the writer visited that section of country to attend to a shipment of salt he had just made to a mercantile friend residing there, and also to examine some lands he had previously purchased but had never seen. On leaving the lake shore to ride some thirty miles south, where lay his purchases, this friend accompenied him, in the capacity of pilot and companion.

We had toiled with steady perseverence in traveling all day, and were within two miles of the place of destination just at the moment of dusk, or evening twilight, when suddenly, as if by magic, the entire sky was enveloped in a dense, dark cloud. It had been unobserved, and seemed to have shrouded the canopy almost instantaneously. The winds blew like a hurricane—snow and rain intermixed fell in a whirlwind—the darkness became intense—the horse could not be seen, nor even the hand before the face. My companion left the carriage and walked, discovering the path only by feeling with his hands the track of the wheels, and guiding his friend in the wagon by following the sound of his voice, so as to enable him to keep the path and escape the hazards and obstacles of a new road in a new country. We had been in this distressing dilemma perhaps half an hour, and had progressed but a very short distance, when the light of a candle through a window greeted our eyes. My friend approached and entered the log cabin, to ask permission to stay till the gust was over. In a few moments there accompanied him to the road a man with a lantern, bearing the welcome offer of accommodation for the night.

While they both were occupied in taking care of the horse and giving him a shelter from the storm, the writer entered the cabin and sat down by a bright and cheering fire. Our hostess, with a green shade over her eyes, was afflicted with ophthalmia, a disease frequent in new countries, but evidently perceived the scrutiny and surprise with which I viewed the children that appeared in the room. First, passed by the fire a daughter, in decent attire, about six years of age. Next, passed one, as I thought, most certainly of Indian complexion—another, smaller, fair and white, I am sure—another and yet another unequivocally colored, or Indian, both in complexion and features! Surprise and alarm seized my mind.—"What can this mean? There are all sorts of children here—what can be the character of the tenants of this cabin? No wonder they were so ready to invite strangers to tarry for the night!—Robbery and blood must be in their hearts, no doubt!" said I to myself.

The workings of my mind must have been perceived, or imagined, by the hostess, poor as were her eyes. "You perceive, I suppose, Sir," said she, "we have two sorts of children here."

"Right, madam. I was just noticing them, and felt sure they were not all alike."

"Yes, Sir; my husband has a school of a dozen Indian children, in an adjoining room of the shanty. He is trying to educate and civilize them, and although we are poor, we have hitherto fed and clothed them ourselves, and hope to do them good."

At this moment my companion entered with our host, and introduced me to the Rev. Mr. ——, a missionary from the missionary society of Connecticut. He was rejoiced to see us. Travelers from the East, and from his native State, seemed to him like family relations. By this time the violence of the storm was subsiding. Soon, all was calm and mild—the sky serene and bright—the stars brilliant and beautiful—and but for our being so comfortably circumstanced, we should have traveled, if necessary, half a dozen miles farther, as pleasantly and safely as in the day.

Delighted with the interesting narrations of our pious host, we sat up till midnight. The whole number of his little red pupils, of ages from four to twelve years, were brought before us. At 9 o'clock, the hour for family prayer, they sung with most delightful chord an evening hymn in their native language. When seated for supper around the coarse table, embellished with a large wooden bowl filled with "suppawn," the oldest, with much apparent solemnity and folded hands, said grace in his native tongue.

Our pious friend had just returned from an extended but unsuccessful tour, asking alms in behalf of the children, to aid him in his efforts to feed and clothe them during the winter.

At our departure in the morning, at the moment of taking leave, I asked for pen and ink, and using it a moment, remarked to our worthy friend, "that I had been greatly gratified by his kind attentions to us, and especially at witnessing the interesting exhibition of his Indian children. I felt exceedingly interested and affected by this exhibition of Christian benevolence. It was indeed a surprising charity. The Christian community certainly owed him a large debt, and as one of that community, I begged leave now to contribute my mite,"—handing him the order on my friend, which I had just written, for a barrel of salt, then scarce and high and difficult to be obtained.

On reading it, he seized me by the arm, and calling to his wife, exclaimed, "My dear! my dear! see what a merciful Providence has done! I have been filled with almost distracting anxiety for weeks past, how I should obtain *salt* to put up our winter's provisions for these poor children. I have earnestly and daily prayed to God that he would open some door for me to obtain the money to accomplish this purpose; and now here, a kind Providence, through this dark, sudden and violent storm, has poured down this very article itself, so unexpectedly into my bosom! Thanks to His great name! I thank you, Sir, in behalf of these poor, helpless children,—a thousand times I thank you."

It was, indeed, a wonderful Providence that arrested our progress and detained us for the night almost in sight of our destination, through the darkness and violence of the tornado, so soon succeeded by the calmness, the serenity and the mildness, almost, of a summer evening.

It was, indeed, a benificent Providence that influenced the heart of the traveler thus detained to notice and appreciate the singular benevolence and charity of his devoted servant, and inclined him to contribute his mite to the supply of an overwhelming and specific want, without even a suspicion that such want existed.

It was, indeed, a delightful exhibition of the kindness, care and *faithfulness* of that parent eye that never sleeps, and that parent heart that never forgets—that has assured his humble and confiding children that "He will never leave them, nor forsake them."

It was, indeed, a beautiful illustration of the fact, that a kind, superintending Providence dispenses blessings to his beloved ones, not only in the mildness of His sunshine and the gentleness of his showers, but also, when "He rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm." D.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

THOUGHTS

Suggested by the death of Miss C. G., of Troy.

"Man wants but little, here below,
Nor wants that little long."

But a few short weeks ago, the subject of these remarks was emphatically in the "midst of life." And never before have I been so forcibly impressed with the solemn truth,—"In the midst of life we are in death." Miss G. was a young lady of more than ordinary accomplishments. When but about eight years of age, she embraced the holy religion of the Word of God; and as she advanced in life, her Christian virtues shone brighter at every returning year of her life. Always cheerful, yet frivolity was never permitted to tarnish the bright escutcheon of her Christian character.—She was fond of society, and at all times and on all occasions she exhibited a degree of Christian modesty which shone forth clear as the morn, bright as the noon-day sun. But Death had marked her lovely form as his victim, and after an illness of but one short week, she passed in the triumphs of faith from the transitory scenes of time, and has "gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

Who are exempt from the iron grasp of the King of Terrors? The innocent babe is torn from the fond embrace of an affectionate mother by the hand of death. Youth are cut down by his power—manhood falls beneath his strong arm, and old age

is banished to the silent grave by a fixed, unerring decision of Death.

Who, then, are exempt from the power of Death? The word has gone forth from the mouth of Him whose word is law, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." The gay and thoughtless, the pious and the devoted, youth and beauty, must, sooner or later, stand in the presence of Death.—The silent grave is the last resting place of the human family—and may the reader's grave be one of unclouded purity, and may your last end be like that of her whose mortal body has thus suddenly entered the portals of the silent tomb. T.

Rochester, Nov., 1841.

From the New-York Express.

JONATHAN SLICK RETURNED.

Mr. Slick's Letter to his "dear par," giving an account of his visit to the Express Office, his confab with the Editor, his excuse for leaving Washington,—his new clothes and opinions of dress,—his subsequent visit to the sloop of Captain Doolittle,—his mode of writing letters,—notions of an omnibus,—visit to a flower store in pursuit of a bouquet,—opinions of posies, and preparation to visit the theatre with Fanny Ellsler.

To Mr. Zepheniah Slick, Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church, over in Wethersfield and State of Connecticut,—

Dear Par—Arter I'd made a visit to Miss Ellsler, I went up to my room as I was a telling you, and begun to think over what we'd been talking about, and it made me feel sort of streaked to think she took me for one of the Editors of the Express, when I was eenamost scared to death for fear they would't print my letters agin, arter I'd give them the mitten so slick in Washington. I didn't suppose the critters ever knew what it was to be humsick, as I was in that tarnal place, and was afeard they might rise right up agin having anything to do with me. But think sez I, there's nothing like keeping a stiff upper lip, and putting on air of independence, and talking right up to these newspaper chaps, so I on with my hat and cut across the Park to the Express Office, which looms up for all the world like a shot tower, determined to do up my chores in that quarter without chawing over the matter any longer. Wal, I streaked it along about the quickest, like a string of onions broke loose at the leetle eend. I begun to feel awful and anxious just as I got in sight of the office, and the feeling made me slack foot and ketch breath, I can tell you. As I went by the Post Office in sort of a half canter with my hands in both pockets—for I felt kinder ashamed of the streaked mittens marm knit for me when my yaller gloves wore out, they didn't exactly gibe with my other fix up. The people stopped and stared like all possessed,—"if that ain't Mr. Slick," says one,—"sure enough," sed another, "so it is." "Didn't I tell you he wasn't dead," sed another, and with that I chirked up a leetle, and ses I to myself, ses I, who cares if the Editors of the Express be mad, cause I cut stick when they sent me off to Washington, where I was as hot as all natur, and jist planting time. If my letters were good for any thing, they'll be glad on 'em agin, and if they ain't, why I'll let 'em see that I'm a true born genuine American, died in the wool, and that I can up stakes and go hum agin in the old sloop as independent as a corkscrew.

Arter I'd hung about the eend of the office a leetle while, I got up my pluck and walked right straight ahead into the office. I begun to feel to hum the minit I opened the door—everything looked so nat'ral. There was the leetle counter, jist like old times, and the pigeon holes stuck full of newspapers and a pile of white printer's paper a lying up in one corner, and there sot the clark, a rale ginewine cute leetle Yankee, he is, a writing on leetle scraps of brown paper, and a looking as if all creation would stop if he didn't go ahead. I jist give a peek in for a minit and streaked it up stairs, to see if I couldn't find sumbody there. I wish you could have seen how the work hands stared and looked at one another when I went in, but I didn't stop to say nothing to no body, but up I went, through a room chuck full and brimming over with prentice boys, and there in a leetle room about as big as an undersized calf pen, sot the critter himself, eenamost buried up in a pile of newspapers. It raly did my heart good to look at him, he'd grown so chirk and hearty,—it seemed to me as if he must a fatted up two inches on the ribs since. Gracious me, ses I to myself, I kinder wish I'd stuck to and trid to tucker it out last year, and mebey I should a had something to fat up about. Now I wonder what he's reading that tickles him so. Jist as I was a thinking this, the Editor of the Express he looked up and see me a standing there, as if I'd been a growing on that identical spot ever since last summer. Gauly aurifilus! but didn't the newspapers fly, when he was sartin who it was. I see that he was eenamost tickled to death to see me agin. I haint lost my chance here yet, ses I to myself, and so I walked right straight up to him and held out my first, mitten and all, and ses I—

"How do you do?" jist so.

"Why Mr. Slick," ses he, "where did you come from?"

"Right straight from hum," sez I, "but how do you git along about these times—every thing going along about straight, I spose."

By this time he seemed ter think that there was something that he ought to get mad about. You'd a thought he'd swollered a basket of cowcumbers all of a sudden, he looked so frosty. "Now for it," sez I to myself.

"Mr. Slick," sez he, a looking as parpendicular as if he'd eat tenpenny nails for breakfast, and topped off with a young crobar, "Mr. Slick, I'm happy to see you in York agin, but what on earth was the reason that you left us in the lurch about them letters from Washington?"

"Did you ever have a touch of the billious fever," sez I, a straightening up and putting my hands in my pockets, till the tip eend of my nose eenamost come an a level with hisin.

"I ruther think I have," sez he, a hitching up his shoulders.

"And the ager too," sez I.

"Don't mention it," says he, jist a shaking the leasest mite all over a thinking about it.

"Awful sort of chilly animal, that ager, aint it," sez I.

"Dreadful," sez he.

"Didn't it seem as if you'd have to take up all your bones for salt and battery on one another, afore they'd keep still," sez I.

"A most," sez he, a larfing.

"Wal," sez I, "I didn't ketch the fever and ager."

"What did you ketch then," sez he, sort of impatient.

"A tartar," sez I, as quick as flash, for I see that he wouldn't stand much more, "a rale ginewine she tartar. That darned old coot of an Anna Royal, took a shine to me, and the only way I could get rid of her was to cut and run." I see that this has molified the Editor a good deal.

"Poor fellow," sez he, a looking at me as pitiful as could be, "poor fellow, that *was* worse than the billious fever a thousand times.

"Wasn't it," sez I, "but that wasn't all; I got a letter from Par, and he wrote that Marm was ailing, and that he was getting down in the mouth, and didn't feel very smart himself, and there wasn't nobody to weed the onions—only Judy White—and she seemed sort of meloncholy, and so."

"Oh, I understand," sez he, a cutting me off short in what I was going to say. I guess he took notice how the blood biled up in my face, for he went right to talking about semething else as natral as could be.

So arter confabulating a spell about things in general, the Editor of the Express he begun to poke about among the newspapers agin and to hitch about as if he'd jist as lief I wasn't there. So I jist pulled out my mittens, for it was cold enough to snap a feller's ears off, early as it is. So I put 'em on sort of deliberate and begun to smooth up the red and blue fringe on the top jist as if I wanted to go and yet didn't feel in much of a hurry. By-an-by I got up and sez I, "Wal, good day, I s'pose its about time for me to be a jogging."

"Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Slick," sez he, a fumbling over the newspapers all the time.

Think sez I, "If you have any notion to print my letters its about time to come up to the scratch to once;" but he kept on reading, and sez I, a sliding back'ards towards the door—

"I shouldn't be in such a pucker to go, but I want ter stop at the office of the Brother Jonathan to see Zeke Jones from our parts. He's a prime feller, Zeke is, one of them sort of chaps that make one proud of human natur. We used to be as thick as three in a bed afore either of us took to literature. I haint seen him since, but his stories are the clear grain and no chaff, genewine all over, and enough to bring the tears into a fellers eyes once in a while, I can tell you. The critter 'ill go right off the handle when he sees me, he'l be so tickled,' sez I, "and I haint no doubt but he can get the editors of that creation large paper to print some of my letters for me."

"There," think sez I, "if that don't bring him up to the trough, fodder or no fodder, I don't know what will." Sure enough, I hadn't but jist got the words out of my mouth, when the chap he spoke up like a man.

"Mr. Slick," sez he, "Dont think of sich a thing as writing for any paper but the New-York Express. I can't bare the ide of it a minit. You raly can't think how bad we felt jor fear you was dead when we did'n't git no more letters from you arter you went to Washington. Now what do you say to staying in New York and going ahead agin? Supposing you pull off your mittens and take hold uow?"

I seem'd to sort of deliberate a spell, for I did'nt want him to think I cum to York a purpase to stay, so arter a while, sez I—

"Wal, "I'll think about it. Par is a getting old, but I guess he'd about as lief do the fodderiag and help marm about the chores as not this winter, and mebby Captain Doolittle will board there and help about when he hives up for the winter. But I don't jist know how to manage it. I hain't no go-to-meeting clothes, that are quite up to the notch. The knees of my dandy trowsers bust out the fust time I got down to weed onions in 'em, and I feel rather unsartin how this new fix of mine would take the gals' eyes up in Broadway."

"Oh! Don't stand on trifles Mr. Slick," sez he, "Editors never do,"—and with that he took a squint at my trowsers as if he was mightily tickled with the fit of 'em and wanted to get a pattern. This sot me in conceit of 'em a leetle.

"A feller might see that with half an eye any how," sez I. "But how I cum to think of it, this ere suit of go-to-meeting clothes that I've got on aint to be sneezed at, now are they? Marm spun and made them for me, afore I cum away from hum. She cut 'em by my dandy coat and trowsers and got a purty scrumptious fit. So mebby they'l be just the thing. With my new American McIntosh, which in a rain storm keeps one as dry as a bisket in a dutch-oven, and which I got down at a Mr. Day's in Maiden Lane, free gratis and for nothing, as a compliment to my genious, there is nobody in Wethersfield looks so scrumptious as Mr. Slick, said I sort of bragging, because, you know, with some folks its best to put the best foot foremost, and pass for all that you're worth, and sometimes for a leetle more, too, as in making a bargain the outer man more than the inner man is considered. It's all a mistake for a man to think too well of himself; but the experience I've had here in York tells me, that a man, to make others think well of him, must make the most of himself and of all his imperfections. "A good outside for the world, and a good heart within," was one of the fust lessons my par, the Deacon, learned me when I left Wethersfield for York. "So," sez I, to the Editor, and standing as strait as a stick, and striking my hand upon my hat, and then putting both in my pocket, to appear sort of independent,—"if you think they'l do, why I don't care if I hitch tackle with you agin; but if the notion takes me to cut stick for Washington or Wethersfield some of these days, I aint

sartin but you'll find me among the missing, but howsoever I'll give you a try at a few letters; but I've got my hand out I can tell you. Stringing onions and writing letters on genteel society aint the same thing by no sort of means. So now that's all settled, I'm off like shot off a shovel.

With that I shook hands with the Editor of the Express and made tracks for the sloop about the tickledest feller that you ever did see.

The minit I got to the sloop I sot down there, for I didn't seem to hum enough in the Astor House to write there. I sot down in the cabin and streched out my legs on a butter-tub, I turned up my coat cuffs and wrote off the letter I sent you tother day on the top of an onion barrel without stopping once, I was so tarnationed anxious to let you know how I was getting along. I had to bite off short, for a chap came aboard the sloop with Captin Doolittle, to bargain for the cargo of cider and garden sarse, I was afeard that they would want to overhaul my writing desk, and so made myself scarce, and went up to the Express with the letter stuck loose inside the crown of my hat, editor fashion.

I left the hull letter with the clark, and axed him where on arth a chap could git a smashing bunch of posies, if he took a notion to want sich a thing. He told me to go right straight up to Mr. Hogg's, in Broadway, clear up to the tother eend, and said that I'd better git aboard a box, and it would carry me right chock agin the spot for a forpence-hapenny.

"Wal," sez I, "the expense aint nothing to kill, so I guess I'll ride."

With that, I got into one of them alfired awkerd things that look like a young school-house sot on wheels, and running away with the scollers stowed inside; and arter shelling out my forepence we sot out up Centre street, through the Bowery, and all along shore, till we stopped short agin the Union Park, clear up town. Arter searching around a little, I found Mr. Hogg's gardin and went in. A great, tall, good natured looking chap cum to me as I was a peaking about—a feller that made me feel humsick in a minit, he looked so much like our folks.

"How do you do?" sez I, "I'm tickled to see you; they told me that you keep posies to sell about these ere premises, but I don't see no signs of 'em."

"Oh," sez he, as good as pie, "come this way, and I guess we can fiud as many as you want."

"Wal, that'l be a good many, for I'm a hard critter on mary-golds and holly-hocks," sez I, "and I want a smashing heap on 'em."

With that, Mr. Hogg, instead of taking me into the garden, just opened the door of a great, long, low house, with an alfired great winder covering the hull roof, and sez he—

"Walk in."

I guess I did walk in, for the house was chuck full of the harnsomest trees and bushes that I ever got eyes on, all covered over with posies, and smelling so sweet, that a bed of seed onions, jist as it busts out in a snow-storm of white flowers, aint nothing compared to it. Didn't I give good long sauffs as I went in? This idea to my notion of posies amongst big trees and bushes are like women folks and young ones in the world of human natur. If they arn't good for something else, they are plaguey harnsum to look at, and the world would be orful dark and scraggy without 'em.—Some women may be bad enough and hateful as henbane, but consarn me if I wouldn't rather love thorn bushes than none at all. There was one tree that took my eye the minit I went in; it hung chuck full of great big oranges, and tell me I lie right out if there wasn't a swad of white posies a busting out through the great green leaves in hull handfulls, all around on the same limbs where the oranges were a growing. Think sez I, this raly is a giniwine scripture lesson, spring and fall a gitting in love with each other, and hugging together on the same bush, and, oh gracious! how the perfume did pour out from the middle of that tree!—I felt it a shoving up my nose and a creeping thro' my hair till I began to feel as sweet as if I'd been ducked all over in a kettle full of biled rose leaves. Mr. Hogg he went along among the great high rows of bushes sot in a heap, one on top of tother almost to the glass ruff, with a good-sized jack-knife in his hand, and the way he cut and slashed among the green leaves and red roses, and piled up a bunch of posies about the quickest, yet I wasn't satisfied, he didn't seem to pick out the rale critters, but tucked in the leetle finified buds, but just as if he couldn't guess what I wanted 'em for.

"Oh now you git out," sez I, when he handed over a hull swad of posies done up in a grist of leaves, "you don't mean to put me off with that ere! why, it ain't a flee bite to what I want.—Come now, hunt up a few hollyhocks and marygolds and poppies, and if you've got a good smashing hidaranger, purple on one side and yellow on tother, tuck it in the middle."

Mr. Hogg he stood a looking right in my eyes with his mouth a leetle open as if he didn't know what to make of it.

"The season is over for those things," sez he, "and I haint got one in the hot house."

"Wal," sez I, "do the best you can, all things considering, only tuck in the big posies, and enough on 'em, for I'm a going to give 'em to a sneezer of a harnsum gal—so don't be too sparing."

With that Mr. Hogg sarched out some great red and yaller posies, with some streaming long blue ones sticking through them, and arter a while he handed over something worth while—a great smashing bunch of posies as big as a bell squash choked in at the neck.

Arter I'd examened the consarn to be sartin that all was ship shape, I made Mr. Hogg a bow, and, sez I, "I'm much obleged to you,—if ever you cum to Weathersfield in the summer time, Marm will give you jest as many, and be tickled with the chance. She beats all natur at raising these sort of things."

He looked at me sort of arnest, but yet he didn't seem to be jest satisfied, and arter snapping his thumb across the blade of his jack knife a minit, he spoke out, but yet seemed kinder loth.

"We generally sell our bokays," sez he, arter haming and hawing a leetle while.

"Wal," sez I, "maybe I shall want one sum of these days, and then I'll give you a call—but any how, I'm obleeged to you for the posies all the same."

I wanted to offer him a forepence for the trouble of picking 'em, but he looked so much like a gentleman and a Weathersfield Deacon, I was scared for fear he'd think I wanted to impose on him if I offered money. So I made him another bow and went off, while he stoad a looking arter me as if I'd been stealing a sheep. I have wished since that I'd offered him the forepence, for he kinder seemed to calculate on something like it.—I stopped into a store, and bought a yard of wide yaller ribond, and arter tying it round my bunch of posies in a double bow knot, with great long eends a streaming down, I took the critter in my hand and cut dirt for the theatre, for it was getting nigh on to dark.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Virginia Times.

THE TWIN FLOWERS.

"Will you buy my flowers?" said a neat looking little girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chestnut street, and holding out at the same time a basket containing some beautiful roses; "they are newly blown and fresh; buy a red rose for your hair, Miss; here's one that will look beautiful twined among those pretty locks."

"Not a rose, my child," said the young lady, "there are thorns among them, but I'll take this little flower, it looks so lively and sweet. O, it's a forget-me-not!"

"Pardon me, Miss," replied the child, "that flower is engaged."

"To whom?"

"To Master Charles Leland."

"Charles Leland, indeed!" said the lady.—"Well, but here's another—what a beautiful pair!"

"They are twin flowers—they are both for that gentleman," said the little girl.

"Oh, a fig for him," said the young lady, but an arch smile played upon her cheek as she said it, and something sparkled in her beautiful dark eye that told a tale her lips refused to utter; while she ingeniously marked both the flowers and returned them to the basket; then choosing a little bunch of roses, she walked home, leaving the flower girl to visit the rest of her customers.

Love is impatient; and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well-known rap.

The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear. She thought he had been neglectful of late; but then the flowers—he knew they were favorites of hers, and she thought to receive them from his hand, and to hear him say, "Harriet, forget-me-not," would be a sweet atonement for many little offences past. But once the thought stole to her bosom, perhaps they are destined for another! She banished it with a sigh, and it hardly escaped her ere Charles Leland entered. She rose to receive him, and he gently took her hand: "accept" said he, "my humble offering, and forget me —"

Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to place a single flower in her bosom,—"Where's the other?" said she, as she playfully put back his hand.

A moment's silence ensued. Charles appeared embarrassed, and Harriet recollecting herself, blushed deeply and turned it off, but the flower was not offered again, and Charles had only said "forget-me—!"

This could not be all he intended to say, but mutual reserve rendered the remainder of the evening cold, formal and insipid; and when Leland took his leave, Harriet felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not late in the evening, she resolved to dissipate the melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her efforts to laugh at it, left on her mind, by spending a few minutes at a neighbors, whose three daughters were her most intimate companions.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting girl; and was the first to meet and welcome her young friend, but as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered a little flower in it; it was a forget-me-not. She examined it—it was one of Leland's, the mark she had made upon it when she took it from the basket of the flower girl, was there. This was at the moment an unfortunate discovery. She had heard that Charles frequently visited this family, and that he had paid attention to Jane; but she had never before believed it; and now she shuddered at the idea of admitting that for truth which was before rejected as an idle story.

"Where did you get that pretty flower, Jane," said she.

"Oh, of a beau, to be sure," said Jane, archly; "don't you see "*forget-me-not?*" and as she took back the flower, said, "I should not like to tell you where I got it; I'll wear it in my bosom though—come sing:

> "I'll love this pretty flow'rr,
> For his own sake who bid me keep it—
> I'll wear tt in my bosom's ——"

"Hush, Jane," said Harriet, interrupting her, "my head aches and your singing distracts me."

"Ah, it's your heart," said Jane, "or you would not be so dull."

"Well, if it is my heart," said Harriet, as she turned to conceal her tears, "it does not become a friend to trifle with it." She intended to convey a double meaning in this reply, but it was not taken, and as soon as possible she returned home.

A sleepless night followed. Harriet felt that she was injured; and the more she thought about it the more she felt. She had engaged her hand to Leland six months before; the time appointed for their union was approaching fast, and he acted thus! If he wants to be freed from his engagement, said she to herself, I will give him no trouble; and she sat down and wrote a note, requesting him to discontinue his visits. She wept over it a flood of tears; but she was resolute until she had despatched the note to his residence. Then she repented it, and then again reasoned herself into the belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result; not without many anxiously cherished hopes that he would call for an explanation. But she only learnt that the note was delivered into his hands; and about a month afterwards he sailed for England.

This was an end to the matter. Charles went into business in Liverpool, but never married, and Harriet remained single, devoting her life to the care of her aged mother, and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed around her.

About 40 years after, Leland left Liverpool, and Harriet paid a visit to New York; and dining in a large company one day, an old gentleman, being called upon to defend the fraternity to which he belonged from the aspersions of some of the younger and more fortunate part of the community, told a story about Philadelphia, and an engagement which he alleged was broken off by his capricious mistress, for no more reason than his offering a sweet new blown forget-me-not, six weeks before she was to have been made his wife.

"But was there no other cause?" said Harriet.

The stranger gazed with astonishment, it was Leland himself, and he recognized his Harriet, though almost half a century had passed since they met: and before they parted the mischief made by the twin flowers was all explained away, and might have been forty years before, had Charles said he had lost one of the forget-me-

nots: or had Jane said she had found it. This old couple never married; but they corresponded constantly afterwards, and I always thought Harriet looked happier after this meeting than she had ever looked before.

Now I have only to say at the conclusion, to my juvenile readers, never let an attachment be abruptly broken off; let an interview and a candid explanation speedily follow every misunderstanding. For the tenderest and most valuable affections when won, will be the easiest wounded; and believe me, there is much truth in Tom Moore's sentiment:

"A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
The love that tempests never shook,
A breath—a touch like this has shaken."

N. H. G.

LIFE IN LOUISIANA.

We copy the following description of a Planter's life in Louisiana from the Concordia Intelligencer, a lively paper just established at Vidalia, Louisiana:—

A legal young friend has just returned from an eight weeks rustication in the parish of Calcasieu, a locality redeemed from the shallow waters of the broad Gulf of Mexico, still almost upon a level with it, without a hillock within its limits as high as a gopher sand hill. Before we go any further in description, we will tell how to get there. Pass down the river to where the "king of streams" disembogues his multitudinous waters into the jolly punchbowl of the Gulf. There, at the extremity, seaward of the Southwest Pass, you sail off westward toward Texas, the moderate distance of two hundred and fifty or sixty miles, when you will come to the lovely and transparent outlet of Lake Calcasieu, flowing over white sands and green grass unto the Gulf, that reciprocates the favor by an affectionate interchange of waters every time the tide comes in. This beautiful lake hangs in the middle of the parish, like a huge lobster suspended by a bright silvery thread, formed of that gentlest of all streams, the river Calcasieu, which comes in a straight course from the north part of the parish, to feed the lake of its own name—a lake thirty miles long and five or six broad. In the extreme southwest corner of the parish hangs the Sabine lake, fed by the boundary river which divides the United States territory from Texas. In Calcasieu there are thousands of prairies—one in particular, running centrally, but diagonally, through the parish, called the Mammoth Prairie, which is sixty miles in length and from one to three miles in width, through and along the centre of which, from end to end, runs the public road, with not a tree to shade it or a fence to enclose it. Here feed the "Bulls of Bashan" by the thousands and tens of thousands; and in a large public pasture or domain, and amidst these countless swarms of cattle, the rights of property are only preserved by the owners' marks upon the ear, inflicted while they are calves, "before their anxious mothers know they're out." As for knowing where their owners live, or where they should go and bellow for fodder in case that perennially green prairie should fail them, they are "all unknowing and unknown."

Those who sail from the Balize need not shudder over the "deep, deep sea," from whose coral covered deeps they are separated only by a plank. Six feet of water is all that can be made any where along the coast, which stretches away from the Southwest Pass, passing the watery Laforche Interior, the Terre Bonne, and Lafayette, plump into Calcasieu lake. There is a Mississippi editor who could light his "long nine" cigar, and wade the whole distance; and Porter, of the Spirit of the Times, could do it without wetting the tail of his coat.

We come to the inhabitants of this far-famed parish. The old French residents are truly "jewels in the rough." Their knowledge, with few exceptions, extends not as far as New Orleans. They live there in Caleasieu, and live there forever, as the country is too healthy to admit of any decay, save that produced by the wear and tear of centuries. Probably the wealthiest man in the parish is one of these old French creoles, who has once or twice, during a long life, visited the lower part of the city of New Orleans. He believes in his commission merchant, who lives there, and looks upon him as little less than the creator of those articles for which he annually sends, and which inevitably come in a sloop at his bidding. His confidence in his merchant is shown by the fact that, in the course of five years, he has loaned him more than $60,000.

This planter of Calcasieu has three large plantations, and has his mark on more than sixteen thousand head of cattle. He has an only child—a daughter of sweet nineteen. Our friend, the lawyer, had designs upon her. He wished, through her, to become joint owner of all those broad lands, those swarms of negroes, and those herds of cattle. He paid a visit. He is good looking, genteel, and speaks elegant French. As he approached the house, he saw her sitting in the middle of the room; but as he passed into the passage his quick eye saw her leap from her chair, and rush behind the door which opened into the room in which she had been sitting. He passed in at the door and shut it, thereby bringing the beautiful creature full into view, and completely "cornered." He bowed to her, addressed her in the sugared accents of his French, but all in vain. She answered not. Once more he paid the compliments his gallantry prompted, and looked insinuating. Still she was silent. She had her pretty finger in her mouth—her hair all uncombed, in lovely *dishabille*—her little (must I say it?) dirty feet all bare, as well as *half* the handles to them, for the longitude of her dress was laconic. He turned to take a seat, and when he looked again she was gone, and nothing but the gentle image that haunted his enamored memory remained. She fled to the negro quarters like a frighted doe, and *all dough* was the cake of our friend.

However, he gained amends by an invitation to dinner, from the lord of such uncounted wealth. The dinner was composed of exactly four dishes: in one were strips of jerked beef, boiled; in another, boiled sweet potatoes; in a third, boiled hominy; and the fourth was corn bread. They had got out of salt in that part of the parish, and therefore the meat was totally fresh, as well as tough as an alligator's caudal extremity. There was neither butter nor milk, although the lord of the manor might have had a thousand cows driven to his door. But, alack! they were six miles off, on the prairie; and, besides, the dear little calves wanted all the milk.

Such a dinner tastes good even in description, and makes my mouth water while I write. What cannot wealth do in making life luxurious?

There staid my friend for two long mortal hours, and yet he saw the dear flown one no more. She is to him but a reminiscence.

Burning of the Steamboat Erie.

ACCOUNT BY A SURVIVOR.

About 8 o'clock I was sitting in the saloon.—Parmelee, the bar-keeper, had just made me a punch, and we were playing a rubber of whist, when all at once we heard a slight explosion, a hissing sound, and a cry of fire. So many incidents had occurred, and I had so schooled myself to the thought of such an accident, that I felt comparatively cool and self-possessed. I sprang to the door followed by Parmelee, and we were met by a mass of scorching flame. I rushed forward. He followed but I saw him no more. Of the dozen or fifteen in the saloon at that moment not another survives. In a second all that part of the boat nearest to where the flames burst out on the boiler deck was in flames, and they must have perished horribly in the saloon, from which there was no escape.

On going forward I saw in a moment the whole terror of the scene. The flames burst out in immense masses, and were driven back by the wind, enveloping in one minute the whole body of the boat. Titus sprung to the wheel and headed her to the shore, and the wind now drove the flames into every part of her, and she rolled over the seas a mass of fire; for she had been so lately painted and her panel work varnished, that she caught as if dipped in spirits of turpentine.

Then the air was filled with shrieks of agony and despair. The boldest turned pale at that awful moment. I shall never forget the wail of terror that went up from the poor German emigrants who were huddled together on the forward deck. Wives clung to their husbands, mothers frantically pressed their babes to their bosoms, lovers clung madly to each other. One venerable old man, his grey hairs streaming in the wind, stood on the bow of the boat, and stretching out his hands, prayed to God in the language of his fader-land. But if the scene forward was terrible, that aft was appalling; for there the flames were raging in their greatest fury. Some madly rushed into the fire; others, with a yell like a demon, maddened with the flames, which were all around them, sprung headlong into the waves. The officers and crew were generally cool, and sprang to lower the boats, but these were every one successively swamped by those who threw themselves into them, regardless of the sailors and of every thing but their own safety.

I tried to act only. I kept near the captain, who seemed to take courage from despair, and whose bearing was above all praise. The boat was veering towards the shore, but the maddening flames enveloped the wheel-house, and in a moment the machinery stopped. The last hope had fled us, and a wilder shriek rose upon the air: at this moment the second engineer, the one at the time on duty, who stood by his machinery as long as it would work, was seen climbing the gallows-head, a black mass, with the flames curling all around him. On either side he could not go, for it was one mass of fire. He sprang upwards, came to the top, one moment felt madly around him, and fell into the flames. There was no remaining on board, for the boat now broached around and rolled upon the swelling waves a mass of fire. I seized upon a settee near me, and gave one spring just as the flames were bursting through the deck where I stood—one moment more and I should have been in the flames. One moment, and I found myself tossed on a wave, grasping my frail support with desperate energy. At one moment I saw nothing but the yawning deep and the blackened sky, at the next, the flaming mass was before me, as they pitched me up, and around me were my fellow-passengers struggling with the waves, some supported by nothing but their strong arms, every moment growing weaker; while the agonizing shriek of those who every moment were taking their last look at the upper world, and those who were still clinging to the bulwarks, but every moment dropping with every pitch of the vessel, made such a scene as nightly haunts my dreams, and can never be obliterated while memory remains.

I had been in the water but a short time, though each moment seemed an age, when I heard the voice of Captain Titus, who, the last to leave the vessel, was now in the water, calling out with a firm voice, "Courage, hold on, help is coming!" Oh, word of hope! how it cheered us in that hour of gloom! A moment after, I saw the lights of a steamboat, and in a short time the hull of the Clinton, which, on seeing the fire, had hastened to our assistance. Her boats were lowered, and, guided by the light of the vessel and the prayers for help, twenty seven of us were saved from a watery grave. Some were terribly burned, and some in the last stage of exhaustion—but all thankful for their preservation.

Of the poor German emigrants, I do not know that one was saved. Parents and children seem to have found one common grave, and lay at the bosom of the lake, all locked together. There was but one female of the whole number saved, and among the passengers were some of superior elegance and rare beauty. The number burned and drowned cannot be less than two hundred.—It may be more. Oh! never on earth may I witness such a scene of horror. It seems like a frightful dream—only too real. That pale old man haunts me. The agony of some of those beautiful girls will be impressed upon my mind forever; and I would that I could forget the horrible sight of that poor fellow calling in the air for some escape from the flames which raged all around him. It was terrible! dreadful! horrible! I can find no language which will portray my feelings.

STORY OF A HUMORIST.

Well, I have seen your friend, and find him to be exactly what you described him as being, a humorist. He seems to have imparted much of that character to every thing around him. His servants are all admirably disciplined to second whims, and his very furniture is, for the most part, adapted to the same purpose. This put me upon my guard, and there was hardly any thing in the room that I did not touch with apprehension. No trick, however, was practised upon me; and as I found subsequently, I was indebted for such indulgence, to one which was preserved for me at night, and which was such as perhaps all my English phlegm would not have enable me to bear with patience. I escaped, however, having been put to the proof, by the merest accident—the arrival of a poor Scotch surveyor, who was thought a fitter subject for the oft repeated experiment.—The Scotchman was treated with extreme hospitality—he was helped to every thing to excess—his glass was never allowed to stand full or empty for one minute.

Our entertainer was like the landlord described by Addison; the liquor seemed to have no other effect upon him than any other vessel in the house. It was not so with the Scotch guest, who was by this time much farther advanced upon the cruise of intoxication than half-seas-over. In this state he was conducted to his chamber—a fine lofty Gothic apartment, with a bed-stead that seemed co-eval with the building. I say seemed, for that was by no means the case, it being in reality, a modern piece of structure. It was of dark mahogany, with its four posts extending completely to the ceiling of the chamber. The bed, however, was not more than two feet from the floor the better to enable the party to get into it. The Scotchman, with a good deal of assistance was soon undressed, and had his body deposited on this place of repose.

When the door was closed, I was, for the first time, made acquainted with the structure of the bed-stead, which our host considered as a masterpiece. Upon the touch of a spring outside the door, the bed was so acted upon by a pulley that it ascended slowly and smoothly through the four posts until it came within two or three feet of the ceiling. The snoring of the Scotchman was the signal for touching the spring, and he was soon at the proper altitude. The servants required no instructions how to act. In one moment the house was in an uproar—the cries of "Fire! fire!" were heard in different directions. A pile of shavings was set in a blaze opposite the window where poor Sawney slept.

The landlord's voice was continually heard exclaiming, "Good heavens! save the poor Scotch gentleman, if possible; the flames have got into the room just under him!" At this time we heard him fall and bellow out. A sudden silence took place—every light was extinguished, and the whole house seemed to be buried in the most profound repose. The Scotchman's voice could alone be heard, roaring out in the high dialect of his own country, for assistance. At length two of the men servants, in their shirts, entered the room, with a candle just lit, and yawning as if immediately roused from their sleep. They found him sprawling on the floor. "O, dear sir, what is the matter with you?" "Matter!" says he, "why, isn't the house on fire?" "Not at all, sir." "What was the reason of the cries of 'fire! fire!' then?" "Bless you, sir, you must have been dreaming; why, there's not so much as a mouse stirring, and his honor and the whole family have been asleep these three hours." The Scotchman now gave up all credit in the testimony of his own senses. "I must have been dreaming, indeed, and must have hurt myself falling out of bed." "Hurt yourself, sir! not much I hope, the bed is low"—and by this time it had been made to descend to its first level. The poor Scott was quite confounded; quite ashamed at disturbing the family; begged a thousand pardons; accompanied the servants to the door, closed it after them, and was left once more in the dark.

But the last act of the pantomime was not yet performed. The spring had been immediately touched on closing the door, and the bed was soon beyond the reach of our guest. We could hear him grouping about, and uttering frequent ejaculations of astonishment. He easily found the bed-posts, but it was in vain he could endeavor to get in. He moved his hand up and down—his leg was often lifted by way of stepping in, but always encountered the floor in its descent. He uttered exclamations of surprise, not loud but deep, for fear of again disturbing the family. He concluded himself to be in possession of some evil spirit. In short, when it was found by his silence, that he had given up the task as hopeless, and had disposed of himself upon one of the chairs, the bed was allowed to slide down again, and in the morning Sawney could not but express his astonishment at not being able to find it in the dark.

The birth of an insect and the creation of a world are alike the effects of God's power. He extends that great central law which binds a planet in its sphere, to the dew-drop that trembles on the leaf of the rose. He heaves the ocean, and curls the surface of the sleeping lake. He plunges the cataract down its depth of thunder, and leads the gentle rivulet through the quiet vale.—He unbinds the earthquake that is to overthrow cities, and lends music to the lay of the morning lark.

THE WORST PUN YET.—The Boston Post says: "When Madam AIMZ requested the Doctor's opinion of the ELSSLER, he replied—Madam, she exhibits the *ne——plus ultra* in dancing."

A GAMBLER'S STORY.

Two friends sat over a game of "brag," in this city, four years ago. They played long, late and high, and at length quit, one five hundred dollars in the other's debt. We have said they were *friends*, and each knew the other was not so circumstanced as to stand so large a loss, although the excitement of playing had led them on from larger bets to larger still, until the event came about.

"Tom, you will have to take my note for it," said the loser, "and it shall be paid in thirty days."

"O, very well," said the winner, dryly pulling a cigar from his pocket and piercing the twisted end with his penknife.

The loser snatched up a pen, and wrote the note for $500, payable in thirty days.

"All correct," said the winner, coolly, and taking the note from his unfortunate adversary.—"Have a cigar, Ned?"

Ned took the proffered cigar, and the next minute opened his eyes in astonishment at seeing Tom deliberately poking the folded note into the candle for a light.

"Fire up, Ned?" said Tom, handing over the burning note.

Ned knew his friend, and lit his cigar in silence. The two friends soon separated with such a mutual exchange of friendly sentiment as might be expected on so remarkable an occasion.

This is no fancy sketch, reader. The two friends have been separate wanderers for four years, and met each other again, for the first time since that parting, the other day in Canal-street. Tom had been luckless and unfortunate, while Ned had been gradually creeping into Fortune's favor. In the course of the same day accident brought to Ned's notice a note against his friend Tom for just $500, in the hands of a third person. Ned bought the note immediately, paying for it to the full amount of the claim, and in the evening the two friends met by appointment.

"Tom, do you know I hold a note against you for $500?" said Ned.

"No, indeed! Why? how so?" said Tom, in amazement.

"O yes, here it is! See! your note given to that wholesale firm on the Levee. A small business transaction brought it into my possession: and by the way, Tom, I should like to have the money."

"I can't pay it now, Ned—indeed, I can't, but in two weeks, or three, at farthest, I can make myself ready for it."

"Cancel this, and draw me a new note at thirty days," says Ned, very gravely, taking a cigar from his pocket. and piercing the end with his knife in precisely the same style Tom had used four years ago.

'All correct," said Ned, as he scattered the old note in torn fragments on the floor, and received the new one from Tom. "Have a cigar, Tom?"

Tom took the cigar, and as he did so, an idea of Ned's design flashed upon his mind.

"No, Ned—no! I remember!—Yes, I see what you're at: but mine was a gambling debt, and this is a responsibility of regular trade!" exclaimed Tom, rising to prevent the conflagration he saw was about to take place.

"Mine was a debt of honor, and so is yours," said Ned, with a facetious solemnity. "I will pay yours, as you once took the liberty of paying mine;" and he thrust the paper into the candle's blaze, handing it lighted to Tom, exclaiming, "Fire up, Tom!" in direct imitation of his generous adversary, at "brag," four years ago!

Gentle reader, the anecdote is true. The two gentlemen whom we have designated as Tom and Ned are at present residents here for the winter. —*N. O. Picayune.*

'Do you admire fine paintings?' asked a gentlef man of a yonng lady of fashion, who seemed intensely engaged in contemplating an exhibition o landscape. 'Yes, indeed,' she replied, with the utmost naivete, the blushes upon her cheeks attesting the truth of the remark: "Yes, indeed, sir; I paint myself.' How the truth will out.

"How does the thermometer stand?" asked a father of his son. "It don't stand at all, sir—it hangs," was the reply. "Well, but I mean how high is it?" "Just about five feet from the floor" "Pooh! you fool—how does the mercury range?" "Up and down—perpendicular."

The white oak *knees* of a vessel at the Brooklyn, N. Y. Navy yard, have visit covere l up to avoid shocking the ladies whobeen there.

The Personal Character and Habits of Washington.

The following are recollections of Washington, derived from repeated opportunities during the three last years of his public life. He was over six feet in stature, of strong, bony, muscular frame, without fullness of covering, well formed and straight. He was a man of extraordinary physical strength. In his house his action was calm, deliberate, and dignified, without pretension to gracefulness or peculiar manner, but merely natural, and such as one would think should be in such a man. When walking in the streets his movements had not the soldiery air which might be expected. His habitual motions had been formed long before he took command of the American armies, in the wars of the interior, and in the survey of wilderness lands, employments in which grace and elegance were not likely to be acquired.

At the age of sixty-five, time had done nothing toward bending him out of his natural erectness. His deportment was invariably grave, it was sobriety that stopped short of sadness. His presence inspired a veneration and a feeling of awe, rarely experienced in the presence of any man.—His mode of speaking was slow and deliberate, not as though he was in search of fine words, but that he might utter those only adapted to his purpose. It was the usage of all persons in good society, to attend Mrs. Washington's levee every Friday evening. He was always present. The young ladies used to throng around him in conversation. There were some of the well remembered belles of that day who imagined themselves to be favorites with him. As these were the only opportunities they had of conversing with him, they were disposed to use them. One would think, that a gentleman and a gallant soldier, if he could ever laugh, or dress his countenance in smiles, would do so when surrounded by young and admiring beauties. But this was never so; the countenance of Washington never softened or changed its habitual gravity.

One who had lived always in his family said, that his manner in public life, and in the seclusion of most retired life, was always the same.—Being asked whether Washington could laugh, this person said that this was a rare occurrence, but that one instance was remembered, when he laughed most heartily at her narration of an incident in which he was a party concerned; and in which he applauded her agency. The late General Cobb, who was long a member of his family during the war—and who enjoyed a laugh as much as any man could—said that he never saw Washington laugh excepting when Col. Scammel—if this was the person—came to dine at head quarters. Scammel had a fund of ludicrous anecdotes, which relaxed even the countenance of the commander-in-chief.

General Cobb also said that the forms of proceedings at head-quarters were exact and precise, orderly and punctual. At the appointed moment, Washington appeared at the breakfast table. He expected to find all the members of his family—Cobb, Hamilton and Humphreys were among them—wating him. He came dressed for the day, and brought with him the letters and despatches of the preceding day, with short memoranda of the answers to be made, also the substance of orders to be issued. When breakfast was over, these papers were distributed among his aids to be put into form.

Soon after he mounted his horse to visit his troops, and expected to find on his return before noon, all the papers prepared for his inspection and signature. There was no familiarity in his presence, it was all sobriety and business. His mode of life was abstemious and temperate. He had a decided preference for certain sorts of food, probably from early associations. Throughout the war, as it was understood in his military family, he gave a part of every day to private prayer and devotion.

While he lived in Philadelphia, as President, he rose at four in the morning, and the general rule of his house was, that the fires should be covered, and the lights extinguished, at a certain hour, whether this was nine or ten, is not recollected.

He devoted one hour, every other Tuesday, from three to four, to public visits. He understood himself to be visited as President of the United States, and not on his own account. He was not to be seen by any body and every body; but required that every one should be introduced by his Secretary, or by some gentleman whom he knew himself. He lived on the south side of Market street, just below Sixth. The place of reception was the dining room in the rear, twenty-five

or thirty feet in length, including the bow projecting into the garden. Mrs. Washington received her visitors in the two rooms on the second floor, from front to rear.

At three o'clock, or at any time within a quarter of an hour afterward, the visiter was conducted to his dining room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering, he saw the tall, manly figure of Washington, clad in black velvet, his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag, yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it, and the edge adorned with a black feather, about an inch wide. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword, with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt, which appeared at the lip, the coat worn over the blade, and appearing from under the folds behind. The scabbard was white polished leather.

Benjamin Franklin.—A writer in Blackwood's Magazine, relates from personal knowledge the following anecdotes of Franklin, illustrative of the character of the man who could bide his day.

By nature perhaps, like George Washington, whose character, by the way, is greatly misunderstood, he was a man of strong passions, which, after many years of continual guardianship, trial, and severe disipline, he had brought entirely under his control. This, we say positively was the character of Washington: this, we believe, to have been the character of Franklin.

We happened to know something of the Doctor's determination, however, in two cases; both growing out of the same event, where the natural temper of the man broke out—blazed up, like the smothered fire—became visible, as it were, all at once, in spite of himself. Sometime about the year 1768, he was in this country, acting as agent for some of our transatlantic possessions. The troubles had already begun there.

One day he went before the privy council as agent, with a petition from the assembly of Massachusetts; or more carefully speaking—one day, when a petition from the provincial assembly of Massachusetts Bay, already presented by him, was taken up, he was treated with great indignity, insulted, grossly abused by the solicitor general, Wederburne. He bore it without any sign of emotion. All eyes were upon him. No change or shadow of change went over his face. His friends were amazed at his forbearance. They wondered at his equanimity; they were almost ready to impeach him for it. Such untimely self-command could only proceed from indifference to the great cause, or, so they thought, from a strange moral insensibility. On its way from the place of humiliation they gathered about him. He stopped, he stood still, his manner, look, voice, were those of a man, who has quietly concentrated every thought and every hope under heaven, all his energies, upon a single point. "His master shall pay for this," said he and passed on.

The other circumstance grew out of the same affair. As a mark of special consideration for the privy council, the Doctor appeared before them in a superb dress, after the court fashion of the time. He wore it bravely—he looked uncommonly well in it. Finding, however, that his court garb, thus chosen, thus worn, had been of no avail, as a refuge to shelter him; that, on the contrary it had only made him a better mark, and exasperated his adversary; that worse than all his considerate loyalty had been misunderstood, for a piece of dirty adulation, or worse yet, for a piece of wretched foppery; he went, on leaving the council, straight way home; threw the dress aside; and from that hour, never wore it again, till the day on which he went in full power to the court of the Bourbons, to sign the treaty between France and America—the United States of America. What must have been his feelings? That paper gave the death blow to British dominion over the western world. It was done; the threat was accomplished. Franklin was at peace with himself; the majesty of great Britain had paid, bitterly paid for the insolence of the solicitor general.

A Good Sign.—We saw a young mechanic, who had just married an amiable young girl, pass home the other day, with the *head of a spinning wheel* in his hand. Depend upon it this young man has got an excellent wife, who will increase, rather than diminish his little capital.

Love labor; for if you do not want it for food you may for physic. It is wholesome for the body and mind.

From "Life in the Woods."

A WESTERN BEAR STORY.

Among the earliest settlers of the wilds of Salmon river, was a Vermonter by the name of Dobson—a large, resolute man. Returning one evening from a fruitless search after his vagrant cows, which, according to the custom in new countries, had been turned into the woods to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer, just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of his neighbor, the late worthy Joseph Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty sycamore, where he had been, probably in search of honey.

A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it, being obliged to come down hind end foremost. My friend Dobson did not like to be joined in his evening walk by such a companion; and without reflecting what he should do with the 'varmint' afterwards, he ran to the tree, on the opposite side from the animal's body, and just before he reached the ground, he seized him by the fore paws. Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks; but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of iron paws, equally iron-strong with his own, nor could he use his hinder paws to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. But Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with a little more reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail the bear, than the bear could assail him; nor could he venture to let him go—a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight was descending into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it would have been at the same hour, surrounded by his wife and children at the table, to say nothing of the prospect for the night. Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance: but his lungs, though none of the weakest, were unequal to the task, and although he hallooed and bawled the livelong night, making the woods and welkin ring again, he succeeded no better than old Glendower of old, in calling spirits from the vasty deep.

It was a wearisome night for poor Dobson; such a game of hold *fast* he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, was somewhat worried, although he could not describe his sensations in English, albeit he took the regular John Bull method of making known his dissatisfaction—that is to say, he growled incessantly. But there was no let go in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast, until it seemed to his clenched and aching fingers as though the bear's paws and his own had grown together.

As daylight returned, and the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully though rather dimly in the distance, Dobson again repeated his cries for succor, and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbor, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe on his shoulder. Dobson had never been so rejoiced at seeing Mr. Sleeper before, albeit, he was a very kind and estimable neighbor.

"Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and not be lounging at that rate, when you see a fellow christian in such a kettle of fish as this?"

"I vum! is that you Mr. Dobson, up that tree there? And was that you that I heard hallooing so last night! I guess you ought to have your lodging for nothing, if you've stood up agin' that tree all night."

"It's no joke though I can tell you, Mr. Sleeper; if you had to hold the paws of a black varmint all night, it strikes me you'd pay dear enough for it. But if you heard me calling for help in the night, why didn't you come and see what was the trouble?"

"Oh, I was going tired to bed, after laying up log fence all day, and I thought I'd wait till morning, and come bright and *airly*. But if I'd known it was you——"

"Known 'twas me!" replied Dobson bitterly, "You knew 'twas somebody who had flesh and blood too good for these plaguey varmints though, and you know there's been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement all the spring!"

"Well don't be in a huff, Tommy—It's never too late to do good. So hold tight now, and don't let the tarnal critter git loose, while I split his head open."

"No, no," said Dobson, "after holding the beast here all night, I think I ought to have the pleasure of killing him. So you just take hold of his paws here, and I'll take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skull about the quickest".

The proposition was a fair one. Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward either; and he therefore stepped up to the tree, and cautiously taking the bear with both hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament. The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the tenacity with which they had been clenched for so many hours, were soon brandishing the axe; he apparently made all preparation for giving the deadly blow—and deadly it would have been, had he struck. But, to the surprise of Sleeper, he did not: and to his further consternation, Dobson swung his axe upon his shoulder, and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much apparent indifference as the other had shown when coming to his relief.

It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved, and called, and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend in as bad a prospect for his breakfast as he himself had for his supper.

To relieve the suspense of the reader, it is right to add, that Dobson returned and killed the bear in the course of the afternoon.

Syntax.—A tax on sin—very heavy on some.

Natural History.

From Newman's History of Insects.

Slavery of Ants.—The most remarkable fact connected with the history of ants is the propensity manifested by certain species to kidnap the workers of other species, and compel them to labor for the benefit of the community, thus using them as slaves; and as far as we yet know, the kidnappers are red or pale-colored ants, and the slaves, like the ill-treated slaves of Africa, are of a jet black. The time for capturing slaves extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female ants are about emerging from the pupa state; and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuation of the species. This instinct seems specially provided: for were the slave ants created for no other end than to fill the station of slavery to which they appear to be doomed, still even that office must fail were the attacks to be made on their nests before the winged myriads have departed, or are departing, charged with the duty of continuing their kind. When the red ants are about to sally forth on a marauding expedition, they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which a colony of negroes may be found; these scouts, having discovered the object of their search, return to the nest and report their success. Shortly afterwards the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a vanguard, which is perpetually changing; the individuals which constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body, halting, falling into the rear, and being replaced by others: this vanguard consists of eight or ten ants only.

When they have arrived near the negro colony they disperse, wandering through the herbage, and hunting about, as aware of the propinquity of the object of their search, yet ignorant of their exact position. At last they discovered the settlement—and the foremost of the invaders, rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with, and frequently killed by the negroes. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest—the negroes sally forth in thousands, and the red ants, rushing forward to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues—which, however, always terminates in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the innermost recesses of their habitation. Now follows the scene of pillage; the red ants with their powerful mandibles tear open the sides of the negro ant-hill and rush into the heart of the citadel; in a few minutes each of the invaders emerges, carrying in its mouth the pupa of a pupa negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valor of its natural guardians. The red ants return in perfect order to their nests, bearing with them their living burdens. On reaching the nest the pupa appear to be treated precisely as their own, and the workers, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent good will; they repair the next; excavate passages, collect food, feed the lavae, take the pupa into the sunshine, and perform every office which the welfare of the colony seems to require—in fact, they conduct themselves entirely as if fulfiling their original destination.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1841.

☞ "Swearington, or the Avenger," an original tale, and "Eliza," an original poem, will appear in the first number of our new volume.

"To Mount Hope," in our next.

We have not received the December number of the Knickerbocker, and are therefore unable to give the continuation of "The Attorney." By the way, when we commenced the publication of this tale, we had no idea but that we should be able to conclude it before the expiration of our present volume. Its great length has mutally disappointed us and our readers. But its sterling worth we are persuaded, will render its length a most agreeable fault.

Rochester Aqueduct.

This large and beautiful structure was placed under contract in December, 1835, but was re-let in March 1837, to the present able and efficient contractors, Messrs. Kasson & Brown, since which it has progressed steadily to the present time, and will be completed by the opening of the canal in the spring.

It was designed by NATHAN S. ROBERTS, Esq., a gentleman long known on the public works of this and other States, for his ability as an Engineer, who also had the supervision of the work up to October, 1840: since which it has been under the charge of ALFRED BURRETT, Esq., a gentleman who deservedly enjoys a high reputation as an Engineer.

The Aqueduct, including wing walls, is about 800 feet long, and from rear to rear of abutments, 444 feet: It is 22½ feet high from the bottom of the piers to the top of the coping, and rests on a rock foundation in the bed of the Genesee river. It has six piers and two abutments, each 75½ feet long, 10 feet wide, and 5 feet high to the spring of the arches: It has seven circular arches resting on the piers and abutments, each 52 feet span, 10 feet rise, 68½ feet long, 2½ feet thick at the crown, and 3 feet thick at the spring.

The spandrel walls, reaching from crown to crown of the arches and filling up the inside space between them, are each 62 feet long and 8 feet 3 inches high.

The parapet and wing walls are each 12 feet thick at the bottom and 9 feet high, including a water table 14 inches thick at the base, and a coping 15 inches thick on top, and are surmounted by a wrought iron railing weighing about 45 tons. The water table projects 9 inches on the outside of the parapets, and 5 inches within the trunk. The coping rests on an ogee moulding, and projects 15 inches from the outside face of the parapets.

The whole of the work is laid up with a batter of 1 inch to 1 foot rise on the outside face; and 2 inches to 1 foot rise on the inner face of the parapets.

The trunk is 45 feet wide in the clear at top water line, and from out to out across the top of the coping is 69 feet. The whole of the piers and abutments, arches and coping of parapet walls, and all the face stone of the spandrels, parapet walls and water table are of gray lime stone from the Onondaga quarries, and are all cut to joints not exceeding ⅛ of an inch in thickness; the interior of the parapet and spandrel walls are of limestone from the bed of the Genesee river, and the whole is laid in hydraulic cement of the first quality. In the whole Aqueduct, including foundation walls, culverts, &c., there are about 25,925 cubic yards of masonry. The whole will cost about $130,000.

Rapid Growth of Rochester.

Some idea may be formed of the onward march of our inland city, from the fact that notwithstanding the deranged state of the currency, there has been erected, as nearly as can be ascertained, FROM FOUR TO FIVE HUNDRED BUILDINGS during the year 1841—some of them noble structures, as well for business as for dwellings—and all included in this estimate comfortable residences for ordinary sized families. And yet the cry is still for room.

We are told by some of the principal builders, that this enormous increase is but a moiety of what will be done next summer, if the contracts already made can be taken as a criterion to judge from.

We learn also, that in addition to the edifice for the Commercial Bank, on the south side of Buffalo street and adjoining the block on the north east corner of Exchange street, a four story block is to be put up between that and PRESTON SMITH'S Store, which latter is to be carried up to the same height, and connected with a block of like height, extending from Buffalo street to the Canal Basin, in place of the old Storehouse and the small wooden buildings now on the lot. This will render that part of the city truly imposing in appearance, and very convenient for business.

An edifice for the Savings Bank, and two or three Churches will also be erected next summer.

THE CULTURE OF SILK.—This is a new business which has sprung up among the people of this country of late, and few, we apprehend, are aware of the extent of its operations in various parts of the United States. It was in 1833 that silk weaving was first started in Marshfield, Connecticut. The business of producing cocoons and raw silk has extended since that time through most the eastern, northern, western and southern states; and is fast increasing every year. Several places have already become famous for the manufacture of silk, among which we might name Northampton, Mass.; Economy, Penn.; Elizathtown, New Jersey; Mount Pleasent, Ohio; and Nashville, Tennessee. At Mount Pleasant 2,110 yards of silk have been manufactured during two years past, and in Economy, 3,500 pounds of cocooons have been produced in one establishment. It has been generally supposed, since the failure of the multicaulis speculation, that the business has been entirely given up; but this is far from being the case, as is shown by the above statistics.

The governments of many of the States have very wisely passed laws for the encouragement of silk culture, by awarding premiums upon cocoons and raw silk. Our Legislature, by a law passed May 26th, 1841, has authorized the payment of a bounty of 15 cents upon evey pound of cocoons, and 20 cents for every pound of reeled silk produced in the State each year until 1846.—By reference to the proceedings of the Boardo Supervisors, we perceive that there has been raised in this county during the past season 1538 pounds of cocoons and 29 pounds of reeled silk; and that the sum of $245,50 has been awarded in premiums. We are assured that this is but a small portion of the silk raised in this county, as many who are engaged in the enterprise did not report to the Board of Supervisors. Several individuals in this city, among whom we might name Dr. BACKUS, Col. JOHN FISK, E. BARDWELL, JOSEPH ALLEYN, and P. A. ROYCE, are engaged in this business. The greatest quantity raised in this county is 432 pounds of cocoons, by ADAMS & STANLY, of Ogden. Col. Fisk, whose farm lies in a neighboring county, is quite extensively engaged in the production of silk. He is, we learn, about building a large cocoonery, and making arrangements to feed *one million* of worms next season. Some beautiful specimens of reeled and sewing silk, manufactured by a Mr. HART, of Le Roy, with machinery of his own invention, may be seen at the Tonawanda Railroad office. The sewing silk is pronounced by the best judges to be superior to that imported from Europe. A competent person from Europe it is expected will soon arrive in this country, who will next season be able to furnish machines for reeling and manufacturing silk to every part of the country.

This country offers great encouragements to the silk culturist. It is ascertained that the climate is as congenial to its growth as that of some parts of Italy and Piedmont. It requires but little capital, and we have an abundance of spare land. The chief part of the labor can be done by women, children, aged persons and invalids, to whom it would furnish a healthful and pleasant employment. The crop is most always certain, and the transportation to market is cheap, and the sale sure. Manufacturers are plenty, and hundreds are ready to engage as fast as the raw material is produced. Land also which is worn out for other purposes, can be applied to the growth of Mulberry. Thousands of acres of the worn out cotton lands of Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia, it is said, are now covered with a luxuriant growth of Mulberry trees. We feel confident that not many years will elapse before silk will become one of the staples of this country. Western New York affords as many facilities as any part of the country, and many of our farmers whose lands have become exhausted, would find it to their advantage to turn their attention to the cultivation of silk.

"SCHOOL AND FAMILY DICTIONARY."—An excellent little work bearing this title has just been published by T. H. GALLAUDET and HORACE HOOKER. It is designed for School and Family use, and contains most of the words used in the common intercourse of life, all of which are distinctly defined and illustrated by familiar examples. We select the first in the book as a sample.

ABANDON, *v. a.* to quit or forsake, intending never to return to, or take care of.

Examples—The crew *abandoned* the sinking ship.

A wicked man *abandoned* his family.

Avoid bad habits; their *abandonment* is difficult.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

SECRET WRITING.

MR. EDITOR—The Philadelphians and some others have been puzzling themselves, and EDGAR A. POE particularly, in deciphering or translating secret writing. As it is quite amusing, and perhaps not entirely unbeneficial, to study out such matters, I send you a puzzle of this nature. It is, when the key is known, perfectly simple, which is not the case with most things of this kind. This any one can read with three minutes instruction. And yet I will wager a bottle of *sweet* cider, that no one in Rochester can read it in two weeks, although Mr. POE says he can do it in a few minutes.

PUZZLE.

txv! 2x7o mo$t33 4osz36 tsr43†e xn 16on35 vwr43o793. ;o¶3s r4 r6 w6 ws svw4, rd 6x2, vw mw1c4,co$v !scxsomr6vwz usxz4r6om rv xs$ 6oex. xvm rd xsd !4rs3cx3wsu rb trs$ zwv4r31o rd o61 x6 swve xd o¶ †wssm §xs$ co mov637we c! rv4s-3e1o, nsx1m mvx wn$5o6$k3v. r4 r6 !sx6$oz3v ¶x4 ¶w6o ;w v6o7we nws ¶ors w†v mw$e, rv64oxm wn ¶x4 dw ¶o zr4r5ov6, ws 64z08c13, §w1sm io$w ¶ors moizrt zw1v3rs6 nswt ¶o oem3s†wvi wb ¶d uw31sxzo o6s3 ¶b 4!sxv36 †w1sm, 6$os4c1wm cd 6uo$mrs mo¶swv33 mvx mr6esxzo3. rb rd vx mrn$3z1s4 ¶rve 4w§r1ev34?o ws zwva18s ¶be¦m &r7xs! wd oem3stwvi.

A.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Musings.

'Tis the lone hour of midnight all around,
Darkness spreads her robe like a funeral pall;
Hist! or near, or far, there is no sound
Save from the clouds the rain's continuous fall.
Mirth's tones are hushed, and hushed the anxious call
Of busy harvest men; no passions foil
Their quiet rest—the just reward for all
Their many lengthened hours of weary toil.

Sleep on, tired men! I would not break that rest;
Oh would that I could make your lot my own!
How soon should hush this tempest in my breast!
How soon around the woful past be thrown
The mantle of forgetfulness; no tone
Should wake remembrance of that fatal blow,
When, tempest-wrecked, upon the waves were strown,
The fragments of a bark—my all below!

I look around upon the sleeping world,
How dense the darkness! not e'en one lone star
Points where the banner of the sky is furled.
There is no sign of elemental war—
The forked lightning gleams not from afar—
The deep artillery of the skies is hushed!
But in my mind is as discordant jar
As in deadliest fray all worlds together rushed.

I lay my hand upon my aching brow—
But it is glassed and cold. Like some lone tower
I stand, now lashed by ocean's waves—and now
Scorched by the noonday sun, bereft the power
To move, though round the darkest tempests lower,
Though full in my face the red lightnings glare,
And demons of the storm, fierce to devour,
Glide round with ghastly grin and horrid stare!

My soul now feels more than its wonted strength,
Stretching beyond the bourn of earth-born things,
To space that knows not height, depth, breadth or length,
And drinks in thought from deep exhaustless springs;
Now, sudden droops, and soils with earth her wings,
Compelled to know again her own deep misery,
While night no rest, and morn no pleasure brings,
Deathless, yet wrestling with mortality.

Care, th' thousand ties that centre in the breasts
Of other men, and more, were all my own;
Now, my very soul inly loathes, detests
Things unto me once dear; and I have known
So much of grief that it hath truly grown
An old acquaintance; friends I *had*, but now,
I go forth to battle with the world alone—
Come what will, I reck not, or when, or how.

Mother! my sainted mother! it is fit,
In such an hour, that I should think of thee,
For oft the midnight taper hast thou lit,
To watch my cradled couch, and smiled to see
The dew of sleep descending, soft and free,
Distilling health upon my infant brow—
Then, sudden sighed to think there yet might be
Around it deep drawn lines of sorrow's plough!

Yes, once I knew a mother's changeless love,
And once her voice dispelled my childish fears,
A voice harmonious with the choirs above,
Its tones were sweetest music to my ears.
But now for me are shed no mother's tears!
The last of all my early hopes hath fled!
And closed those eyes that watched my infant years,
That mother moulders with the silent dead.

The Kishong, 1841. E. H. H.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Lines to a Departed Friend.

BY G. A. C.

Thy cheeks that once with beauty bloomed
Have lost their roseate hue;
And death, to fit thee for the tomb,
Her dark veil o'er thee threw.

Those eyes that once so brightly shone
On friends and kindred here,
Are closed in death, and thou, no more,
The storms of life shall fear.

For death has called thy spirit home
To God, by whom 'twas given;
Thy body in the grave will rest,
But thou hast fled to heaven.

And oh! when all the futile cares
Of life with me are o'er,
And the grim messenger of death
Shall wait me at the door,

Then may my spirit take her flight,
And upward may she soar,
To meet thee in that heavenly land
Where we shall part no more.

Victor.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Lines on the Death of Miss A. T., of Penn Yan.

BY H. L. W.

A pure and gentle spirit's fled
To the land of pure delight—
Where pain and sickness cannot come,
And day excludes the night.

Dire consumption's withering hand
Hath lain her cold and still;
Her spirit's fled, 'midst vain regrets,
To meet His heavenly will.

And could not earth's alluring toys
Restrain her upward flight?
Nor friends with tender love and care
Shut out the veils of night?

No—He who in high heaven reigns,
With all-empowering sway,
Hath called her hence to join with love
A sainted mother's lay.

Sweet Arabel, thou'lt sing with joy,
Glad songs of love and praise,
Where seraphs tune their heavenly lyres,
And praise Him with their lays.

From the Gift for 1842.

Snow.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

How quietly the snow comes down,
When all are fast asleep,
And plays a thousand fairy pranks
O'er vale und mountain steep.
How cunningly it finds its way
To every cranny small,
And creeps through even the slightest chink,
In window or in wall.

To every noteless hill it brings
A fairer, purer crest,
Than the rich ermine robe that decks
The haughtiest monarch's breast.
To every reaching spray it gives
Whate'er its hand can hold—
A beauteous thing the snow is,
To all, both young and old.

The waking day, through curtaining haze,
Looks forth, with sore surprise,
To view what changes have been wrought
Since last she shut her eyes;
And a pleasant thing it is to see
The cottage children peep
From out the drift that to their eaves
Prolongs it rampart deep.

The patient farmer searches
His buried lambs to find,
And dig his silly poultry out,
Who clamor in the wind;
How sturdily he cuts his way,
Though wild blasts beat him back,
And caters for his waiting herd
Who shiver round the stack.

Right welcome are those feathery flakes
To the ruddy urchin's eye,
As down the long, smooth hill they coast,
With shout and revelry;
Or when the moonlight clear and cold,
Calls out the throng to play—
Oh! a merry gift the snow is
For a Christmas holiday.

The city Miss, who wrapped in fur,
Is lifted to the sleigh,
And borne so daintily to school
Along the crowded way,
Feels not within her pallid cheek
The rich blood mantling warm,
Like her, who, laughing, shakes the snow
From powdered tress and form.

A tasteful hand the Snow hath—
For on the storied pane
I saw the Alpine landscapes traced
With arch and sculptured fane,
Where high o'er hoary-headed cliffs
The dizzy Simplon wound,
And old cathedrals reared their towers,
With Gothic tracery bound.

I think it hath a tender heart,
For I marked it while it crept
To spread a sheltering mantle where
The infant blossom slept.
It doth to Earth a deed of love—
Though in a wintry way;
And her turf-gown will be greener
For the snow that's fallen to-day.

Hartford, Conn.

Water.

Bring me forth the cup of gold,
Chased by Druid's 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 power,
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,
Bring me this—and I will say,
Take the ruby wine away.

Take away the damning draught,
By the bacchanalian 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 strings,
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 draught be mine;
Take away the tempting wine!

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 29th ult., by Rev. Mr. Boardman, Mr. John Brown, of Scottsville, to Miss Mary Sterret.

In this city, on the 25th ult., by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Alvord Day to Miss Hannah Streeter.

In this city, on the 25th ult., by Rev. Dr. S. Luckey, Mr. Richard Lamb to Miss Olive Curtiss, both of this city.

In this city, on the 15th instant, in St. Luke's Church, Rochester, by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Lansing Tooker, late of Washington, D. D., to Edna Trenchard, of Pittsford.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, W. D. Robinson, to Miss Delia French, all of this city.

In Clarkson, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. K. Olcott, of Greece, Mr. Orsemus K. Trip, to Miss Alzina R. Peckham, of Parma.

At Stone Bridge, Ulster county, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Van Dick, Alfred Holmes, Esq., to Miss Frances Maria Cantine, of the former place.

At Lenox, Madison county, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wright, Mr. Wm. H. Dorrance, to Miss A. J. Baldwin, of Preston, Conn.

By the Rev. Mr. Brown, on Sunday evening last, the 14th inst. Mr. Sidney S. Cross, to Miss Anah Ballou, daughter of D. W. Ballou.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Charles Thorn, to Miss Margaret Simpson.

At Cabotville, Mass., Oct. 25, by Rev. A. A. Folsom, Mr. Urbane C. Edgerton, of Rochester, to Miss Harriet Damon, of the former place.

At Juliet, Erie county, Pa., on the 14th ult., by Amos King, Esq., Mr. Samuel Headley of this city, to Miss Mary A. Van Tassel, of the former place.

In Lima, on the 25th ult., by Rev. John Barnard, Isaac Wells, Esq., merchant, of West Avon, to Miss Mary Sophia, daughter of Maj. Henry Grout, of Lima.

In Geneseo, on the 25th ult., by Rev. Mr. Ferris, Mr. David Gilbert, of Conesus, to Miss Matilda Allen, of Geneseo.

In Geneseo, Nov. 2d, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Daniel G. Sherwood to Miss Charlotte P. Deming, all of Geneseo.

At Ballston Spa, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. D. Babcock, Mr. Lorenzo Kelly, formerly of this city, to Miss Sarah M. Westcot, all of the above place.

At Niagara Falls, on the 20th ult., Mr. George Stainthorp to Miss Louisa Wilson, both of that place.

In Sparta, on the 7th instant, by William Scott, Esq., Mr. Benjamin Dunn, of Mt. Morris, to Miss Fanny Smith, of the former place.

In Irondequoit, on the evening of the 16th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Tooker, of this city, Mr. Austin Bradstreet, to Miss Marietta Perrin, both of the former place.

In Brighton, on the 17th instant, by the Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. David S. Whitlock, to Miss Mary Jane Combs, all of the above place.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Gray, D. W. Metcrlf, of Palmyra, to Miss Cornelia L. Marcy, of the former place.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
SHEPARD & STRONG.

Terms.—Mail subscribers One Dollar; city subscribers One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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

VOL. XIII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1841. No. 26.

Popular Tales.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER XI.

The opportunity which the attorney had been seeking for years was at length come. It was strange that one so notoriously infamous could have gained an ascendancy over a man like Mr. Crawford, or kept on a course of hypocrisy and deception for so long a time without detection. Often had he been placed in situations where he trembled lest his character should be unmasked and his schemes frustrated; but the devil aided him and he did escape. The rumors in circulation against him were whispered in the old man's ear; but he shook his head, said that he knew him well; had seen nothing to give color to such tales; that they were vile slanders, and that he did not believe them.

In truth, to strong natural sense and great purity of character Mr. Crawford united a heart as guileless as that of a child. The very rumors that kept others off, drew him nearer to the attorney. His indignation was aroused at what he considered an unjust persecution, and strong in his own rectitude, he determined, as far as his influence would go, to let the world see that he was not biassed by it. His friends at last ceased to remonstrate, but shook their heads, and said he would pay for it some day.

There was one person however on whom these reports had their effect, and that was Mr. Crawford's daughter; but it was in vain that she urged her father to inquire about the man, to trace these tales to their source, and to ascertain their truth. He merely laughed; told her she was a good girl; that he was sorry she didn't like the lawyer, and there the matter dropped; and thus it remained until his sudden and dangerous illness afforded an opportunity of which Bolton did not scruple to avail himself.

When the attorney made his appearance at his office on the morning after his interview with Higgs and Wilkins, he was so pale, his face so thin and ghastly, and his eye so black and bright, that it struck even his clerk, who was a young gentleman not ordinarily struck with anything appertaining to the office.

During the whole of that long night his mind had been on the rack. His brain was teeming with cases similar to his own, with stories of those defrauded by designing relatives; of old men sent to mad-houses while they had their senses, and shut up with lunatics, gibbering idiots, and men stark raving mad; lying on straw in damp cells, while their relatives seized all they had and lived in luxury; of those stripped of their property by artful men, whom they trusted, who wormed themselves into their confidence and then sent them into the world—beggars. Hundreds of tales of this sort sprang up in his memory, so fast and thick, that he wondered where he had heard them all. He recollected too that almost always the truth had worked out at last; those wronged had regained their own, and the wrong-doer met his meed. He had endeavored to sleep, but his slumber was but the continuation of his waking thoughts; and when he awoke it was still the same. He left his house and went to his office, and endeavored to attend to business; but he could not. Persons came to him seeking advice, or to inquire concerning law-suits which he had in his hands. Some he answered abruptly, so that they left his doors, never to enter them again; others, struck by his abstracted, anxious look, supposed that some heavy trouble had overtaken him, and went off; and many he refused to see. He remained several hours with the door locked, admitting none: then he suddenly started up, put on his hat, walked rapidly through the streets until exhausted, and returning to his office, locked the door and remained shut up until late in the day. But notwithstanding his bodily restlessness, there was no irresolution. His course was traced out clearly, decidedly, step by step. He formed plans to defend every part of his proceedings. Old musty law books had been drawn from their hiding places; the law of wills had been studied over with the most anxious care; its various changes and modifications had been noted, and books of reference, reports, old and modern, were examined. Yet the will was a clear one. It was a plain simple devise of his whole property, to his old *friend* Reuben Bolton, appointing him his sole executor, mentioning his daughter in terms of affection, but also speaking of her as illegitimate, and leaving her nothing. There was nothing in the will either abstruse or complex; nothing to hang a doubt upon; yet the attorney pored it over and over. He doubted on points of law where he had never doubted before. He examined and re-examined even the attestation clause; compared it with the statute; suggested difficulties and obstacles which were perfectly puerile, and which in any other state of mind he would never have dreamed of. There was scarcely a doubt that he had not raised, and was not prepared to meet. One thing only was wanting, and that was the death of Mr. Crawford. The lawyer haunted the house of the sick man like a spirit of evil. From morning till night, at all hours, he was there; sometimes in the drawing-room, sometimes stopping to inquire about him of the servants, and sometimes prowling at his very bedside. The old man lingered for a long time, but he died at last.

It was a quaint, old-fashioned room in which he lay, unlike the rest of the house; with low ceilings, and filled with rich, luxurious, but antiquated furniture; for he had a curious taste in such matters. The walls were painted with grotesque and strange figures, engaged in some heathen ceremonial. Heavy curtains of a dark color hung from the bedstead, and down from the windows, sweeping the floor. Around the room were chairs of massive wood, elaborately carved, which he had collected with much trouble and expense; shelves and bookcases too, with rare old volumes and dingy folios, whose writers had long since slept with the earth-worm. The whole house had been furnished to suit his daughter, with the exception of this single room; but here he had indulged his taste for the fantastic. Little by little he had collected these costly and rare articles. And now, in that dark old room, with all this mystic collection about him, the old man was passing away!

His daughter was watching at his bed-side.—She knew that he must die. But hope is a still, pure spring, that wells from the bottom of the heart, and gushes up in spite of obstacles. She hoped that the filmy eye would again brighten; and that the deep labored breath would subside into the calm, regular respiration of natural sleep. How sad and dreary it was to sit there hour after hour, hearing nothing but that loud panting breath, with nothing to break the stillness except the low ticking of the watch, which seemed to be whispering its warning in her ear; and the occasional far off sound of the church-clock, which seemed like a solemn summons to the grave! How anxiously did that poor girl watch for one look of recognition, or some little mark of kindness from one who loved her as none would ever love her again!—How often did she press the hand that lay near her own, motionless and icy cold! But the pressure was not returned; and the face which once would have brightened at the slightest token of affection from her, remained rigid as if cut from stone.

It was late at night, and all was quiet, when the old man suddenly stretched out his hand, as if groping for something.

"Helen, my child!" he muttered.

The girl rose hastily, took his hand between her own, and bent over him.

"I want Helen," muttered he, in the same indistinct tone, and looking in her face with a piteous expression, that made the tears gush from her eyes.

"I want my dear little girl, Helen."

"I am here, father," said she.

The old man looked long and earnestly at her; drew her closer to him; then shook his head, smiled vacantly, and laid his cheek on the pillow with an expression of patience and disappointment that made her very heart ache. He muttered something in a low tone, which she could not understand. At times he spoke of green fields; of boys in their play-grounds. She heard him murmur the names of old gray-haired men, who had gone to their graves long years before, and speaking to them as if they were children about him. Then he muttered on, sometimes of one thing, sometimes of another; but always in a happy, cheerful vein; and sometimes he laughed; a gay, joyous, ringing laugh; one that might have burst from the lips of a young child; but oh! how sad from those of a dying old man! By degrees, however, the straggling rays of intellect seemed to concentrate; he spoke of more recent occurrences; then suddenly he raised himself in the bed, and pushed the hair back from his face.

"Helen," said he, in a strong, clear voice, "is that you?"

His daughter only pressed his hand.

"You're a good girl; God bless you! I'm going, Helen, and I've much to tell you." He paused. The cloud which had for a moment been lifted, again obscured his mind, and he sank back on his pillow. The look of intelligence which had brightened his face disappeared and was succeeded by a blank, idiotic stare. Hour after hour his daughter continued to watch, until late in the night, when suddenly the respiration of the sick man became deeper and more labored; then came one long rattling gurgling breath. His daughter rose and bent over him; another deep, deep breath came; a pause; then one sharp convulsive quivering gasp; his head fell on one side; his jaw dropped; and all was over.

At about ten o'clock on the following morning, a short fat man, dressed in black, with a crape on his hat, walked gravely up the steps in front of the house, and rang the bell.

"I'm come to measure the old gentleman," said he, in a sombre tone, as the red-eared servant opened the door.

"You're late in the day, my old feller," replied the man, looking from behind the door; "the old gentleman's off; he won't wear clothes again."

"But he will a coffin," replied the man in black, "and that's what I come for."

"Oh!" exclaimed the servant, opening the door so as to admit him; "you're the undertaker, are you?"

The man in black nodded, walked into the entry, took his hat off, brushed it with his sleeve, and laid it on a chair.

"Did he die easy?" inquired he, looking sadly at the man, who eyed him with respectful awe, and was at that moment engaged in calculating how many gentlemen that same undertaker had measured in the course of the last year. "Did he die easy?"

"Oh! very easy, Sir, very easy," replied the servant. "He went off, a'most without knowing it his self."

"That must be a great comfort to his friends, very great comfort."

"It was, Sir, a very great one. It makes 'em feel uncommon comfortable." As he spoke, he passed his hand gently over his stomach, as if something there also contributed in no small degree to his own state of complacency.

"They don't all go off so, Sir," said the undertaker solemnly. "Ive heerd tell of scenes that would curdle the blood, Sir; freeze the limbs, Sir; make the heart stand still, and all that sort o' thing, Sir. Then people always shrink; their spirits shrink before they go, and their bodies shrink arterwards. Most people stretches when they die, but *they* shrink. There was an elderly lady who I measured last week died in that very way. She went off desperate. She fit all her poor relations; tore down the bed-curtains, and finally expired in the act of biting off her own heel. Well, Sir, she was one of them that shrink. A ready-made coffin was ordered, and I measured her shortly arterwards. She was a five-foot-sixer

I went to the shop; no five-foot-sixers were ready. I returned and measured her again; she had shrunk so that she fitted in a five-foot-fourer, which we had on hand, as snug as a pea in its pod.—There's evidence for you; the evidence of one's own senses!"

The red-eared servant drew in his breath solemnly.

"Gentlemen of our profession see strange sights, Sir," continued the undertaker, growing mysterious, and sinking his voice. "I'll tell you one.—This is in confidence, you know," said he, looking earnestly into the two opaque globes which appeared anxious to start from their owner's head into his own.

The servant nodded.

"Well, Sir, there was one man, an old man, a little fleshy, something like myself," said he, looking with some complacency at his own little apple belly, "but rich, Sir, rich as—as—as any body; a pious man too, Sir, quite pious; went to church reg'lar, sung loud, put money in the plate, Sir, and all that sort o' thing; but he had the blessedest long nose I ever did see. Well, he died on a sudden one day, and his nevvy, who was to get his cash, was desperate to get him under ground, for fear he wouldn't keep, *he* said; keep dead, *I* s'pected." Here the undertaker paused, and looked darkly at the eyes of the servant. "He ordered a coffin to be ready in twenty minutes. In twenty minutes I was there, and so was the coffin.—We put him in it; but when we went to fasten on the lid, up stuck that nose, two inches above it. The nevvy clenched his teeth ——."

"The *lid* won't go on," said I.

"It must!" said he.

"But it won't; the nose won't let it."

"D——n the nose!" said he, shaking his fist at the old gentleman; "flatten it."

"It would be disrespectful to the departed," said I.

"Then bore a hole in the lid and let it stick out; he *must* be buried to-day."

"Well, Sir, we *did* bore a hole in the lid, and it *did* stick out; and he was buried in that way. Well, Sir," continued he, looking cautiously about him, "ten years arterwards I buried a young woman in that same vault, and I thought I'd look at the old gentleman's coffin. I did, Sir. The hole was there, but the nose was gone; GONE!" And the undertaker now looked horrified.

"They say bodies moulders in the tomb," said the servant; "perhaps noses moulders too."

The undertaker cast a compassionate glance at the unsophisticated man before him, and then answered:

"No, Sir, no Sir. He was buried alive, and as soon as he was left in that vault and smelt its dampness, he pulled in his nose for fear he'd catch cold. This was the way of it; and he must a' died in fits, spasms, despair, horror, clenched teeth, and all that sort o' thing!"

"Perhaps he was smuddered there," suggested the listener.

"It couldn't a' been," replied the undertaker; "that there hole was a wentilator."

"Oh! it was, was it? Well, you know," said the man, half apologetically, "I not being in the coffin line, couldn't know that."

"Of course not, of course not." The man in black then thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out a rule which he deliberately unfolded and put under his arm.

"Business brisk?" inquired the servant apparently desirous of edging off from a subject in which he found himself beyond his depth.

"Mournfully brisk, Sir, mournfully brisk," replied the undertaker, shaking his head, and again thrusting his hand in his pocket, from which, after a great jingling among keys and small coins, he drew out a pen-knife, and carefully passed its point under his finger-nails, which had lately been put in deep mourning. "Scarlet fever is very prevalent among children, and there's a great demand for four footers. But come, let's attend to the old gentleman." So saying, he shut the knife, put it in his pocket, and motioned to the servant to lead the way. In a few minutes they returned. The undertaker took up his hat, contemplated the crape seriously, then opened the front door and walked sadly toward the work-shop, meditating on the uncertainty of human life, and a sudden rise which had lately taken place in the price of mahogany.

The afternoon of the old man's funeral was a dreary one. The weather was wet and heavy.—The rain came down in torrents. Sadness and silence brooded over the house where death had been busy. The cold unearthly chill of the grave had stolen from its home in the church vault, to claim the dead before its time. The servants moved about with stealthy steps. Conversations were carried on below the breath; all was subdued, still, dream-like. At last the undertaker came, and two or three men with him. He held whispered consultations with those who had charge of arranging the funeral. His was the only hurried step; for it was an every day business with him; and he was only anxious that the dead should be so treated as to bring more custom to his shop. His manner broke the trance of the whole household. There began to be a slight bustle; his name was called loudly by those who wanted his opinion on different matters of funeral etiquette: a long consultation took place near the door of Miss Crawford's room; then there was a laugh suddenly cut short for fear it might reach her ear. Presently she heard heavy steps ascending the stairs to the room over hers, where the corpse lay, and several voices speaking and giving directions.—The short, irregular, struggling tread, and abrupt, quick orders, told her that they were moving the body. Then followed a tramping of many feet at the head of the stairs, and a rattling of the railings; then a thump against the wall.

"Take care, Bill!" said the undertaker; "don't let it slip! Gently now, gently; h'ist the feet over the railing; that's it. Can you and Ned hold it till I get under the head and support it?"

"I think so," responded a gruff voice; but be quick! He's devilish heavy."

"Spry's the word," replied the other; "but don't speak so loud; we're near the young lady's room, and she takes it hard, I'm told. There, come on; let it come. That's it."

The steps now approached the room and passed the door, and in a few minutes the body was deposited in the passage. A dead silence ensued, broken only by the pattering of the rain on the window-panes. Presently a carriage drove up, then another and another, and persons were heard in the entry below, shaking their umbrellas, and stamping the wet from their feet. The coachmen in the street shouted and called to each other.—One said something about a pleasant ride for the old gentleman; and then there was a loud laugh.

Helen heard all this, but it made no impression. The voices, the steps of the gathering friends, all sounded in her ears with fearful distinctness, but every sense except that of hearing seemed lost.

At last all was silent. Then there was a heavy tramp in the room beneath, as of a moving multitude: the loud voice of the undertaker was heard calling to the hearse to drive on. Then came the cracking of whips and the noise of wheels; and the owner of that house had left it for ever.

[To be continued.]

☞ "To Mt. Hope" and "The Olden Year," though in type, are unavoidably crowded out.

Zeukom says, that when he was a boy he was sparking a certain *gal* rather privately, and had got his countenance all puckered to give her a buss—when the old women poked her head into the door—*What a cooler!*

"Skipper," said Jones to a sea captain at the table, "will you have some cheese."

"No I thank you, I don't take *animal* food at tea."

From the N. Y. Express.

JONATHAN SLICK, ESQ.

Jonathan gives a description of the Theatre, private boxes, drop-scene, &c.—his ideas of Miss Elsler's dancing, and dancing girls in general. Jonathan mistakes Williams in his comic song of "Old Maids and Old Bachellors to sell" for an auctioneer who is knocking off "La Belle Fanny" to the highest bidder—Jonathan is indignant that she is not his, after so much hard beauing by winks, &c. He flings his boquet at Fanny's feet. Jonathan's visit behind the scenes, and his idea of things seen there, and Jonathan's gallanting of Fanny home to the Astor House.

To Mr. Zepheniah Slick Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over in Wethersfield, and State of Connecticut,—

DEAR PAR—The man who keeps the door at the Park Theatre didn't seem to know me at fust, but the minit I writ out my name the hull length and handed it over, curlecues and all, and told him I wanted the Astor House box, he was as perlite as a basket of chips. He handed me over to another chap, who took me up stairs and along a dark entry way, till he ended in a harnsum leetle pen, all curtained off with red silk, with purty mahogany frames that slid up and down over a sort of a red pulpit cushion that run round the front side. The feller he shut me up, and I sot down on one of the chairs in the box, and took a gineral survey of the theatre. From where I sot, it looked as if somebody had laid down an alfired big horse-shoe for a pattern, and then built arter it one tier of seats above another till they got tired of the fun, and topped off with a young sky all covered over with garden picturs and curlecued work. There was a consarned great curtain hung down afore the stage, with a sort of an injun mound in the middle, and a house built on top of it. A lot of painted fellers hung about the front of the curtain, niggers and injuns, some a setting down and some a standing up, and looking like human meat axes gone to sleep. One feller that was squat down with his back leaned agin a post, had something that looked like a bunch of prime onions with the tops on, stuffed inter his bosom and he held a kind of a short handled fryingpan in his hand as if he meant to cook some and have a smart fry as soon as he could git a fire.

I hadn't sot long when the men begun to stream into the theatre like all possessed, with a small sprinkling of the femenine gender, jist enough to take the cuss off and no more. In less than no time the house was jammed chuck full and running over, till I raly felt as if it was wicked to keep so much room all to myself, when the rest was stowed and jammed up so close that you couldn't a hung up a flax seed edgeways between 'em, but think sez I, every one for himself—I know when I'm well off and that's enuf. So I leaned over the cushion, and let one hand hang a leetle over the edge, as independent as if the whole theatre was mine. By am by the curtain begun to roll up, and I'd like to have larfed right out to see them painted chaps do themselves up and curl over the roller—fust their feet doubled up, then their legs and hips and shoulders—then the roller took a slice off from the bottom of the mound, and turrights, the hull was twisted up into a beam and hitched to the ruff—goodness gracious knows how, I don't!

Wal, when the curtain was all rolled up snug, there raly was a pictur worth looking on behind it. There was a great high mountain with rail fences cutting across it, and bridges and trees, that made a feller feel oneasy to git into the shade, and oxen and cows and folks a driving 'em, going along the road, that run around slantindicular to the top, and there, jist at the foot of the hill, was a purty leetle house, half kivered over with grape vines and morning glories that made me think of hum till I could a bust out a crying as well as not.

All to once there was a toot horn sounded up among the rocks and then—oh creation! what a grist of harnsum gals cum a dancing and larfing and hopping down the mountain, all with curls a flying and posies twisted among 'em, and white frocks on, and ribbons a streaming out every which way, and *sich* feet, I swanny it made me ketch my breath to see 'em a cutting about in their white petticoats. When they got down onto the flat before the house, the way they cut it down heel and toe, right and left, down outside and up the middle, was enough to make the York tiffies, the darned lazy coots, ashamed of themselves. It was down east, all over!—they put it down about right, with the genewine Yankee grit. I felt all in a twitter to git down and shake a toe with them. It would be worth while to cut a double shuffle among so many harnsum gals, with a hull pen chuch full of fiddles, a stringing out the music for yon. I'll be darned, Par, if I don't believe it would make the blood streak it through your old veins about the quickest, if you be a Justice of the Peace and a Deacon of the Church.

Arter a while a feller cum up that looked jist like a tin pedlar out of work—a sneaking critter with a face like a jack-knife, and a white hat on turned clear up on the sides till the front and back was pinted like a cutter sloop. He begun steping about and making motions with his arms till the gals cut up the hill to work agin, like a coop full of chickens scattered by a hen hawk. The chap was a strutting about as crank as a woodchuck when in come Miss Elssler a hundred times harnsomer than she was to hum, wheeling a wheel-barrow with a cheer in it. Gauly ofolus! but wasn't she a sneezer?. The rest wasn't no more to compare with her than a dandelion is to a cabbage rose. On she cum a titering along as genteel as a bobalink in a wheat lot. She had on a straw hat curled up at the sides that made her harnsome face look so cunning; besides this she wore a sort of a new fashioned jacket with short sleeves, that showed a pair of the roundest, fattest arms all sort of tapering off to the hand—a purty sort of a finified hand as soft as curd and that looked eenamost as soft too. With the hat on and the jacket you might have took her for an alfired harnsome boy, but there was no mistake about the rest. Mary Beeby couldn't raise sich a bump as she had. Arter all, the boy's and gal's clothing puffed about an even yoke on her. She had on a short petticoat that showed a purty considerable chunk of understandings that tapered off into a pair of feet that looked as if they couldn't be hired to keep still on no account. Take her for all, I can't but allow that she was a smasher in the way of beauty, and her manners sartinly were genteel.

The minit she cum on, the folks in the theatre begun to stomp and yell and kick up a darned fuss; with that she dropped her wheel-barrow as if it had been a hot potater, and to curtsey and smile and put that consarned hand agin her heart and I begun to ketch breath like a pair of bellerses. It took nigh upon three minutes afore the consarned fellers would stop their yop; but when they did she broke in a leetle she ketched up the wheel-barrow and scooted up the mountain with it, a teetering and sidling along like a young colt when they are a breaking him to the bit. The tin pedlar chap he poked on arter and gin the wheel-barrow a boost once in a while as chipper as could be. It made my dander rise to see the cl[illegible] a hankering arter her so. If she wanted to ta[illegible] a shine to a Yankee why couldn't she a found a feller worth a looking at? But some times it does seem as if these gals couldn't tell bran when the bag's open. —the brightest on 'em. I say nothing, but it seems to me that if she had't gin one peak up to the Astor House box. I guess it would have made that chap sing small if she had.

Wal, arter all, the critters both came back again. The gal had a red riband in her hand and she'd lost her straw hat somewhere in the bushes. It raly did beat all how she tanteralized that he coot with the riband; fust she made as if she'd give it to him, and jist as he gripped it away it slipped through his fingers and she flourished it now on one side his head, and now on tother as if it had been a streak of lightning she was a playing with. It tickled me eenamost to death to see how darn'd sheepish the critter looked when she sort of hovered about him with the riband, now a sticking that tarnal sweet coaxing face into htsen so pert, and then darnsing off as easy as git out with the red riband a streaming from her fingers so sarsey.

Oh gracious! I'd a gin something to have been in that feller's shoes, I swan if I wouldn't a give her a buss right before 'em all—I couldn't a help'd it it all creation had been at the door, and I swan, Par, I believe you'd a up and give her a smack too if oon'd been by, old as you be. The sight of her tarnal sweet winning ways was enough to rile up the blood in a feller's heart if it was as old and frosty as Methusaler's. I don't wonder that the fellers stomped and clapped their paws,—I'm afeared I let out a young arthquake myself in that way. I tried to hold in but it wasn't the leastest might of use. That gal is like a sky-rocket, she busts right on a feller and takes away his senses with the blaze. I settled right down like a cabbage sprout in a hot sun.

Arter a while the gals all come down from the mountain agin, and begun to cut up their tantrums, then a harnsome man with a cap and feathers on, and clothes all kivered with silver and gold and precious stones, come tipping along scolding a great strapping woman as tall as all out-doors, and dressed off in green like a bull-frog. They went into a leetle sort of a cubby house with glass winders, and sot down to see the rest dance. Didn't they cut the dashes though! helter skelter, hurraw boys; they went it like a flock of sheep at salting time. By-am-by they all give out, and my gal, Fanny, she stood up with the leetle Yankee as if she was a going to dance a gig. She'd put on another petticoat, streaked yaller and blue, but instead of running up and down, the streaks were a foot wide, and run round and round like the hoops of a barrel. She'd lost her hat, and a swad of the shineyest black hair that ever I saw on a gal's head was kinder slicked down on the sides, and twistified up in a mat behind her harnsome sloped head, and then topped off with a bunch of red roses and a pink riband that hung streaming down her back about as long as marm ties your cue, par, when you go to meeting.

Wal, the leetle chap he begun to dance first, and I thought I should a haw hawed right out to see him strain and exart himself, while she stood by with her tarnal cunning head stuck a one side, so tickled inside that te-he' fairly bust through, and made me larf sort of easy all over, but he didn't seem to know that she was a poking fun at him. When he'd done, she just sidled up as softly as a snow storm—give her foot a twirl and give a sort of genteel dive as if she was a going to swim in the air. Oh dear—didn't she swim, too. It was like a bird on an apple tree-limb in spring time, or a boy's kite a sailing and ducking to a south wind. She didn't kick about and shuffle and all that, as I've seen 'em do, nor did she pucker and twist and sidle like the darned lazy varmints that I've seen among the fashionable big bugs, but she was as chirk as a bird—as quick as a grasshopper, and as soft as a mealy potato with the skin off.

By-am-by she broke off short, and spread out her hands and curchied to the chap sort of sarsy, as if to say, "beat that if you can!" Then the feller he tried agin, and then she, turn about, till at last she let herself off like a fire cracker on the fourth of July. One foot flew up into the air like a bird's wing, and whiz—off she went like a she comet kicked on eend. Then she sort of let her foot down by degrees as a hawk folds its wings and sloped off easy, a spreading her hands to the feller and curcheying so sarsy, as much as to say, "try and beat that, now do!" all over agin.

The critter sneaked off as if he couldn't help it, then the show went on, all of 'em talking in signs like deaf and dumb folks. But it would take a week of Sundays to tell you all. To give you the best eend, she was married to the harnsome chap that run off with her; and out she cum all in white, with diamonds in her hair and on her neck, and her frock shone with 'em like a snowball bush kivered with dew in the arley summer. Goodness gracious, wasn't she a beauty without paint or white-wash, and didn't she dance; the folks stomped and yelled like a pack of Injuns, when the chap give her a grip round the waist, and she stood on one toe with tother leg stuck out, and her head twisted toward his bosom a twittering like a white swan that would a flown clear off if the feller hadn't held on like all natur. It raly seemed as if you could a seen the white feathers a ruffling up, she was so eager to fly away. Consarn the chap—darn him to darnation, I say! It made me riley to see him a holding on her as if there warn't nobody in creation but himself. I'll be hanged and choked to death if it wouldn't a done me good to lick him then, on the spot. The mean finified varmint. It was lucky the curtain went down so smash as it did. It give me time to kinder think what I was a doing, or he'd a ketched it. I'd eenamost forgot about the auction, for arter the Astor House chap read the card, I begun to think there was some mistake; but by-am-by out come a queer looking chap as chirk as a catydid, and he begun to sing off a lot of men and women folks to auction.

Think sez I, goodness gracious! if any body but me bids off that harnsome critter, I shall go off the handle; I sartinly shall. He'd knocked off an old maid and widder, and an Irishman, and was jist a crying up an old batchelor, when I made up my mind to bid on her anyway, if I had to sell the old sloop, garden sarse and all, to toe the mark. I knew it wasn't mine, but that gal had got into my head, and I didn't seem to know right from wrong. I forgot Judy White and all the gals on arth for the time being. The feller kept a singing out and a knocking on 'em off, but I didn't hear nobody bid, so I sposed they did it by winking. They tell me that's the fashion at the big York vendues. At the very tip eend of the batch he up and said he'd got the best one yet for the young men to bid on, a gal jist eighteen, and then he run on with a lot of the softest sodder about her, but I can't write what he said I was in such a twitteration. Think sez I, it's Fanny Elssler as sure as a gun, and I'll be darned if any of them chaps out-wink me, so I got up and bent forard clear over the cushion, and the way I snapped my eyewinkers at the auctioneer was awful savage I can tell you.

"No more bids," sez he, a histing his fist, "no more bigs, going!" Here I winked like all natur. "Going." I snapped my eyes till they amost struck fire, and I stuck out my fist to arms length and my breath seemed to stop short I was so dreadful eager. "Gone!!" sez the chap, a stepping back and a lifting his hand as if he didn't care if I shaked to death, and then he made a bow to the folks in gineral and ses he, "Yours with one eye out." I rallied back and clapped my hand to my eye, for at first I thought mebby it was out I'd winked so etarnal arnest, but there it was safe and sound, and some etarnal wall-eyed coot had got that pesky harnsome critter away from me. At first I was mad enough to bite a tenpenny nail into without chewing, then I begun to feel dreadful womblecropped and eenamost boo-hooed out a crying. In the eend I made up my mind that it was a mean cheat and that I'd have the gal in spite of all the one-eyed fellers in all creation, "for," ses I, "it aint the natur of things that a critter could wink with one eye as fast as I could with both winkers under full steam," so I jist made up my mind to look out the auctioneer and stick up for my rights.

There was another play, but I felt so down in the mouth that I up and went right straight off in sarch of that auctioneer, but no body seemed to understand who I wanted till arter wandering around like a cat in a strange garret ever so long, I asked the man at the door and he said the chap had gone hum, but that he'd be there agin to-morrow night. "Wal," sez I, "I'll cum and see him agin and he'l find out I aint to be imposed upon if I am from the country." With that I went back to the Astor House box, but jist in time to see Fanny Elssler, the critter I'd been bidding off, out on the stage agin. There she was all dressed out in yaller silk with heaps of them black shiny lace a streaming over it, a hopping about and twistifying round like a love-sick yaller-hammer hankering arter a mate. She had a rattle box on each hand and she gin a rattle at every new twist, and sometimes it was rattle, rattle, rattle, as swift as lightning, and then twist, twist, twist, now her head eenamost bumped agin the floor and the hump on her back stuck up higher than ever, then her arms went curlecuing over her head and the rattle boxes gin out a hull hail-storm of noises, and then she'd stick her arms out at full length and sidle off, dragging her feet along kind of easy till I didn't raly know what she wos a doing, till I looked on the piece of paper the man gin me, and saw that she was a doing up a Cachuha; but if it wasn't dancing, it sartinly was fust cousin to it or I aint a judge of catfish. But then who knows but Cachuha is French for dancing. I don't! any how, she sartinly cachukeied it off like all natur and no mistake.

By-am-by she give her foot a flirt out and her

arms a flurish upwards, and off she was a going like a trout with a fish-hook in his mouth; but the folks begun to holler and yell, and take on so, that she had to cum back whether or no. She cum back sort of modest, a curchying and a smiling, and looking so consarned harnsome and mealy mouthed, that I thought the men would bust the ruff right off from the theatre, they stomped and yelled, and made such darned coots of themselves. All to once, down cum a hull baking of posies, all around her, as thick as hops. But there wasn't none of them a priming to the one I had stuffed, stem downwards, in the crown of my hat. I jumped up, and gripped the consarn with both hanps, and when the rest had got through, I drew back both hands with a jerk, and it whizzed downwards, with the yaller ribands a streaming out, right over the row of lamps, and the pen full of fiddlers, till it fell ca-swash right down to Miss Elssler's feet. Gowre orfelus, didn't she give a jump? and didn't the folks in the theatre set up another pow-wow, that amost lifted the ruff off the theatre? The chaps seemed to have a notion what a bunch of posies ought to be when mine cum down amongst the mean leetle bunches that they'd been a throwing, and sent them a steaming every which way, and Miss Elssler, arter the fust jump, she looked tickled amost to death to see sich a whopper a lying there, so tempting and sweet, and I ruther guess she took a squint, and sent one of her tarnal killing smiles towards a good-looking sort of a chap, about my size, that sot with a chequered vest on a leaning over the Astor House box. I say nothing, but Jonathan Slick haint been to husking balls and apple cuts ever since he was knee high to a toad without knowing the cut of a gal's looks when she's taken a shine to you, or wants you to see her hum. I gin her a sort of a knowing squint and a half bow just to let her see that she needn't feel uneasy for fear that I shouldn't toe the mark, and then I sot still but awful important, till a chap cum in and picked up a hull armful of the posies; he had to get down on his marrow bones and boost hard at the whopper that I flung—and when Miss Elssler took 'em all in her arms and curchied over and over agin, that bunch of mine lay right agin her bosom, and spread out so as amost to kiver her harnsum white neck. Jist as she was a going off on one side, she gin another of her tarnal sweet squints up to where I sot, and then stuck that harnsum face of hern down into my posey so tantalizing, I swan I couldn't stand it no longer, but up I got and in less than no time I coaxed the door-keeper to show me the way back of the theatre, where the critter was.—The chap took me along that entry way, up stairs by the Astor House Box, and through a leetle narrow door, and there he left me on the top of a lot of stairs that looked as if they'd take me down into sumbody's cellar. Sich a tarnal dark shocking set of things I never did see, that's a fact. But I'd got the steam up and there aint no who to me at sich times,—so down I went hickle-te-pickelty, head fust, among paint pots and boards and slabs and smokey lamps, till arter wandering around like the babes in the woods, I cum ca swash right into a room chuck full of the dancing gals that I'd been half in love with all the evening; but oh gracious, it made me sick to think what a tarnal coot I'd been a making of myself. Some of the critters that I'd thought so darned harnsum, were as old as the hills, and as homely as a sassafras root close to. The paint and white wash was an inch thick on some of their faces, and most on 'em were a cutting about the room as awkward as a flock of sheep jist arter shearing time—and these were the light purty critters that had amost drove me off the handle they looked so harnsome and taking a leetle way off. I swan, but it amost sot me agin all the feminine gender to think I'd made such a shote of myself as to take such a shine to them as I had.

The room was chock full of folks. There were old men and young ones and all sorts of critters, dressed off jist as I'd seen 'em in the play; but they didn't look no mote like the same critters close to 'em than chalk's like a new milk cheese. That darned leetle Yankee chap was there, and while I was considerin whether it was best to scrape acquaintance or not, the identical auctioneer that had knocked off the old maids and widows and Fanny Elssler into the bargain, stood right agin me. I felt my dander rise the minit I set eyes on him, so I went up to the Yankee chap and sez I,

"You can't tell me who that chap is, can you?"

The Yankee looked round and sez he,

"Oh, yes, that's Billy Williams, a good hearted comical chap as ever lived. Don't you know him, Sir. I thought every body knew Billy Williams?"

"I don't know him jist yet, but I guess I shall afore long," sez I, a looking pitch forks and hatchet teeth at the auctioneer, and with that I walked right straight up to him with my hands dug down into my trousers pockets as savage as could be, and going right up to him, sez I—

"How do you do sir?" I'll jist speak a few words to you, if you haint no objection."

"Sartingly," sez he, as easy as all natur, and with that he got up and walked out of the room, and I arter, till we cum out into an etarnal big barn floor that was shut out from the rest of the theatre by that whopping curtain that I'd seen the tother side on, there was a hull regiment of empty hay lofts—or what looked jist like em once, great naked rafters and posts with rows of smoky lamps stuck on 'em, and what looked like pieces of board daubed over with all sorts of paint, and the wind come a whistling and croaking among 'em all, till my teeth amost begun to chatter in my head.

I was so busy a wondering what on arth those awful dismal premises could be used for, that I forgot the auctioneer, till he turned round as good natured as a sucking pig and asked me what I wanted of him.

"Look a here," sez I, as wrothy as I could be for the cold, "I want the gal that I bid off in the theatre to night so you just hand over and save trouble, that's all."

The feller he stared at me like a stuck pig, and then he bust right out a larfing in my face as if he meant to make fun of it all, but he'd got hold of the wrong chicken for that sort of corn, and I give him to understand as much afore he'd done with me.

"Now," sez I, "look a here. It aint of no use for you to try to bamboozle me with your hawhawing, I want the gal that I bid off—I don't care how much the change is. I'll hand over the chink the minit you'll go to one of them pesky lawyers and git the deed drawn out. I'm sartin that I outwinked every chap in the theatre and darn me if I give up to any of 'em."

He stared at fust like a calf's head just dressed, and then he bust out a larfing till I was mad enuf to kick him on eend till he flew up into one of the empty hay lofts.

"Come," sez I, "do you mean to toe the mark or not? I'm getting awful tingley about the finger eends, I can tell you."

"Now," sez he, a sobering down a leetle, "did you raly take me for an Auctioneer, in rale arnest?"

"I begun to feel sort of unsartin what to say, and insted of speaking right out, I circumnavigated a leetle, for a sort of a notion cum over me, that mebby, arter all, it wasn't nothing but make believe, and that I was jist on the pint of making a consarned coot of myself.

"Wal, now, you did it up as cute as a razor, didn't you," sez I. "It was eenamost enough to make a feller think that you was in arnest, wasn't it? but then I aint quite sich a green horn as some chaps that cum from the country, and know what's what. I haint seen any thing that tickled me so much as that—that—

"Comic Song," sez he.

"Oh," sez I, as quick as wink, "you needn't take a feller up afore he's down. I was just a going to say that you raly are a sneezer at saying over them Comic Songs, and sartinly you do look as natral as life. In course I knew there warn't no wall-eyed critter a bidding, and thought I'd jist see if you was as cute a looking critter close to. More than that, I've got a notion to take a peak at the fixins back of the curtain close to,—so 'sposing you and I jist walk over them hills and houses and trees, that looked so plaguey cool and shady."

I kept on a talking so that he needn't see how tarnal sheepish I felt arter making sich a coot of myself as to believe he'd sold Miss Elssler in rale arnest.

"Why," sez he, as good natured as could be, "here you are right in the midst of all the trees and hills and houses that you saw in front."

"Oh, now, you git out!" sez I, "I aint green enough to swaller that, any how."

He looked round at a pile of old wooden partitions, daubed over with paint, and a standing edgeways and sort of slantindicular under the naked rafters and hay lofts, and sez he—

"I'm in arnest now—this is all the scenery that you saw from the front. You stand on the stage just back of where I sung my comic song, and that is the curtain."

"What, that old sloop sail?" sez I. "How you do talk! I sniggers, but I can't believe it."

"Jist go to the curtain and look through the edge there," sez he.

And, with that, he went with me, and pulled back the edge of the curtain, and I gin a sudden peak through. Sure enough, the theatre was right before me, chuck full of folks, jist as I'd left it; and the pen full of fiddlers was a streaming out the music jist under my nose, till I couldn't hear myself think. When I turned round agin, and see how awful dark and chilly everything looked, and found myself wandering with Mr. Williams among a hull univarse of posts and boards and lamps and painted cloth, I felt chilled through and through, as if I'd got ketched in a rain storm, and had found civer in an alfired saw-mill. Nothing but a rickety old barn, or a lot full of white pine stumps could look half so dismal.

"Wal," sez I, "if this is the theatre, I pity the poor critters that's got to git a living in it, any how."

"It's bad enuf," sez Mr. Williams, a twistifying up his face sort of comical and yet looking as if he'd bust out a crying if you sed two words more, "its bad enuf, but then we put the best side out."

"I should think you did," sez I, a looking round, but jist that minit I got a squint at a gal, a streaking it through the posts and boards, all kivered over with a cloak, but there wasn't no cheating me in the critter. I knew in the dark who it was—nobody on arth but Miss Elssler could walk so teaterish. My heart riz up in my mouth, and without stopping to say good night, I cut away from Mr. Williams and pulled foot arter her like all possessed. She was jist a going out of a dark entryway that led out doors, when I ketched up with her.

"How do you do, Miss Elssler," sez I, all in a twitter, "shall I have the pleasure to see you hum?" With that I crooked my right elbow and looked right straight down into the darnedest, consarned, harnsomest pair of eyes, as coaxing as could be, for I was awfully afeared of gitting the mitten, but she looked up and see who it was a standing there, with the blood a biling up into his face and a trembling all over he was so arnest, and then she up and gin me one a them tantalizing smiles of hern, and so she as nat'ral as life, sez she—

"Oh Mr. Slick, I am so pleased to see you again," and with that she just laid them purty white fingers of hern on my coat sleeve, jist as if I had been her twin brother. Gracious Goodness! how the blood did tingle and cut about up my arm, and all around the vicinity of my life engine, the minit that etarnal purty leetle hand touched my arm, but when I helped her down them dark steps, and had to put my arm kinder round her waist to keep her from slipping up, I never did feel so all-overish in my hull life. It seemed as if I could a danced on one toe with her to all etarnity and never felt a hungry nor a dry. There was a coach stood down by the steps right by the back door of the theatre, and a feller stood by it a holding the door open. Miss Elssler kinder sagged a trifle as I went to help her in, so I sent her the leetlest mite of a genteel boost, and got in arter her, jist as if I felt to hum. The inside of the carriage was chuck full of posies and there I sot right in the middle on 'em, with that consarned harnsum critter a smiling and talking her soft sodder right in my face till I got to the Astor House. Gauly orfilus, wasn't I as happy as a bee on a red clover top. You don't know nothing about it, Par.

JONATHAN SLICK.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1841.

Good Bye.

To those who have favored us with their patronage the present year, we render our warmest goodwill. To those who leave us now and bid us seek new comrades for the remainder of our journey deathward, we say, Good bye, and may "Hope's smiling angel" strew your pathway and fill your hearts with the fullness of blessings.

And you who still go with us shall be greeted with our best when we reach the confines of the coming year.

EMBELLISHMENTS FOR THE NEXT VOLUME.—We have just received from New York a number of embellishments, and intend to give one of them in each number of our new volume. If we mistake not, they will contribute in no small degree to the interest of the volume.