

THE  
**ROCHESTER GEM**

AND

**LADIES' AMULET;**

DEVOTED TO

POLITE LITERATURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, ESSAYS, SCIENCE, POETRY, MORALITY,  
SENTIMENT, WIT, &c.

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VOLUME FIFTEENTH.  
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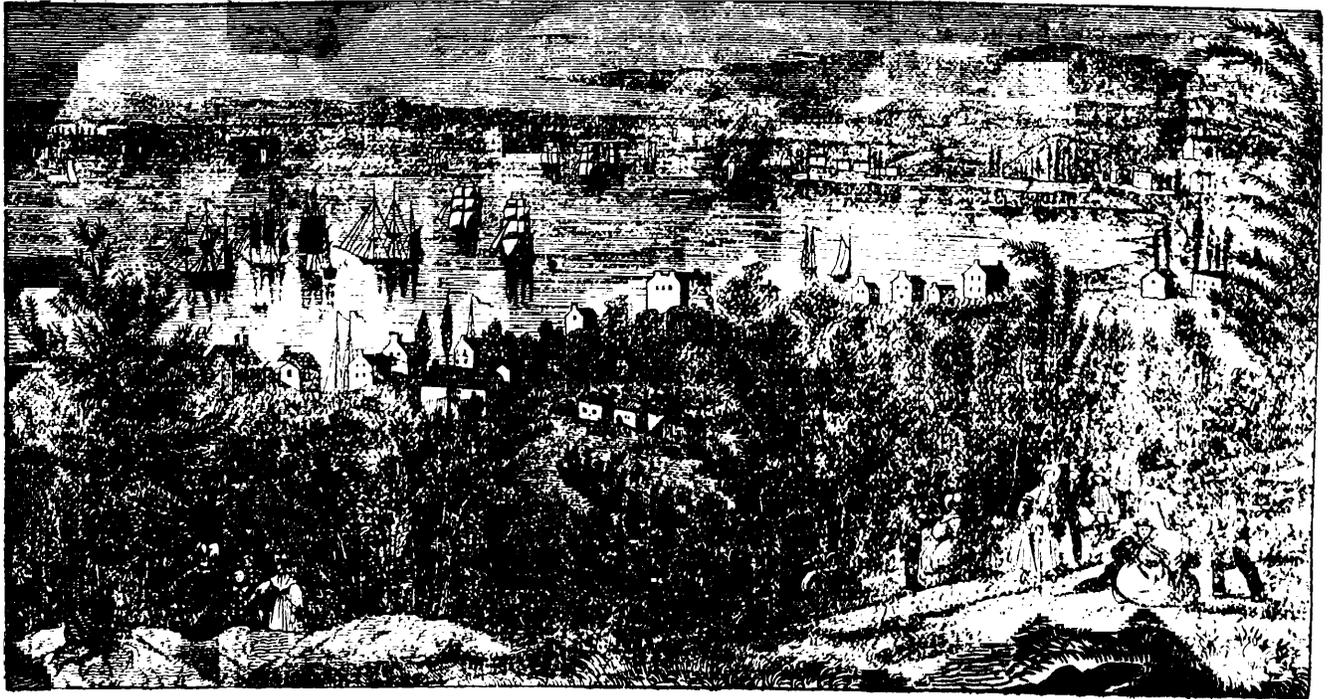


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No. 1.



THE NARROWS.

**THE NARROWS.**

The harbor of New York is justly and widely celebrated, as well for its natural beauties, as for its security and convenience as a roadstead. It was beautiful in the days of Hudson—when that daring navigator explored its waters, to give name to the noble river that pours into it, and when the stillness of uncultivated nature hallowed its shores, when forests, in primeval grandeur, saluted the eye on every side, and the dusky Indian darted through their wilds—it is far more beautiful now, when the charms of civilization have decked the scene; when the only forests are those created by the countless masts of ten thousand ships that float upon its protecting surface; when the pleasant homes of the white man, singly or in villages, stud its borders, and a great and noble city reposes in its lap!

It is true, the environs of New York, particularly towards the harbor, present no bold elevations, but, at the same time, there is no tameness in the aspect of nature; while the peculiar disposition of land and water, creates the charm that has given the harbor celebrity in the eyes of travelers. We present our readers with a delightful view, confined more particularly to the Narrows. It is one of the most signal of the peculiarities of the harbor, which make it vie with the best in the world, that, after its waters should have spread themselves over a space, twenty-five miles in circumference, four, or more, in its greatest breadth,

and eight in length, from the city, at the confluence of the Hudson and East Rivers, to the Narrows, the shores of Long and Staten Islands should converge, until the space, between them, is but about a third of a mile in width; rendering it within the power of government to place the city in perfect security. Fort Hamilton is built on the Long Island shore. Somewhat to the northward of it, is Fort Lafayette, commonly known as Fort Diamond—from its shape—which is erected on a reef of rocks, about two hundred yards from the shore. It has three tiers of guns. On the Staten Island, or western shore, and opposite the fortresses above named, are Forts Tompkins and Richmond. The General Government has expended large sums upon these different fortifications, especially since the last war, and, properly manned, they are sufficient for the defence of the harbor. During the last war, a chain was extended across the Narrows from either shore; and it was here, that, at an earlier period of our history—the days of the Revolution—when General Washington was in possession of New York, the British army, that had been encamped on Staten Island, crossed to Long Island, early on the morning of the twenty-second of August, 1776, and resting their center on Flatbush, their right on Flatlands, and their left on the place of disembarkation, occupied the ground until the twenty-seventh, when the memorable battle of Brooklyn Heights began, the result of which occasioned the surrender of the city to the victorious foe.

All the shipping of the great city, with the exception of a few eastern coasters, pass thro' the Narrows, to and fro—which, with their white and gleaming sails, their almost countless numbers, their grace and beauty, impart a surpassing beauty to the scene.

**Original Sketches.**

Translated from the French, for the Gem, by J. E. D.

**A CHAPTER ON HATS.**

It has often been remarked, that man displays his true character not so much on great and important occasions, as in the ordinary affairs of life. Our demeanor, often even a single remark which we let fall upon a subject apparently frivolous, determines, with much force and truth, the turn of our minds. For this reason, we admire much the happy talent of a writer who, by every well-chosen circumstance, endeavors to portray, at one stroke of the pencil, the character of the person whose history he essays to write.

The passions which agitate us in the course of our lives are too little diversified in their traits to be readily perceived in our characters. Besides, in advancing to the goal to which they impel us, we learn to be upon our guard; we are restrained by public opinion; and constantly under a mask, playing a part as it were; but in the ordinary intercourse of life, in those moments when man, as if fatigued with acting a theatrical part, abandons himself to repose, the mask is often forgotten, and our minds left free to their natural impulses. It is then that those real traits of character escape, which render perceptible the light shades that distinguish us one from another.

I have often thought, and not without pleasure,

that in the manners of a man I could read his character. There are in our existence, in our tastes, peculiarities more connected with our turn of mind than we commonly suppose; especially, when a constant habit has necessarily rendered them familiar to us. I remember that one of my friends who was a great observer of those little things which escape the notice of others, once told me that, in the circle of his acquaintances, he could divine the characteristics of each by his manner of walking, although it might be the result of study and affectation. Moreover, he assured us, that besides the ridiculousness of such an affectation, he whose gait was studied, wished thereby to give himself the appearance of some quality which he had not. "Gravity," says Rochefoucault, "is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the mind." In support of this opinion, I remember having known a certain noble lord, who on every occasion, even when he crossed a room, or passed into another, put on a grave and solemn carriage; but one could not sit at table an hour, with his lordship, without being plainly convinced that his character was destitute of all true dignity, and that he wished to supply the want of it by an imposing exterior.

I was lately invited to a ceremonial dinner, where, as is very common, I found a very large, noisy and tiresome company. In taking our seats, my evil fortune separated me from some friends who were there, and thus I remained in the crowd, isolated, and left to my own reflections upon the tumult and confusion which surrounded me. I happened at last to cast my eyes upon the opposite side of the table, and remarked that each one who sat there had his hat hung upon the wall behind him. I reviewed the row of hats, and although they all had a sort of family likeness to each other, yet each, to the eye of an attentive observer, presented some distinctive characteristic. Then I gave loose reins to my imagination; and fancying that each hat was placed upon the head of its master, endeavored to discover whether the peculiar feature in its form which had attracted my attention, did not correspond to some similar trait in the character and manners of its owner.

I could make nothing of the military hat; it received its form from the same laws which had stamped the characteristics of its owner. It was among the hats next to it that I hoped to find a large field for observation. The first that fixed my observation was new and glossy, and cocked in the latest style. I should have passed it at once, had it been ornamented with a military cockade; but it wanting that, I looked below for its wearer. He was a young lawyer, who was not so desirous of being esteemed a good advocate as a man of fashion — ambitious of being thought above the pedantry of his profession. I am certain that he attained his object.

The next hat was directly the reverse of the preceding. Five years had elapsed since it had been in fashion, and yet it appeared still new. I immediately recognized its proprietor. He was seated just below it, and often looked at its carefully. He is a man miserable in the bottom of wealth; his fortune is the fruit of his avarice; the more he amasses, the less he enjoys, and every day subjects himself to some new privation.

Contiguous to the last, hung a hat which appeared to have suffered more from negligence than from time. As well as I was able to judge, it would have been in fashion, without affectation, had not the carelessness with which it had been treated, singularly deformed it. It belonged to a learned philosopher. Constantly absorbed in his meditations, he gave all his time to study, and none to his dress.

The hat next following, was fresh and appa-

rently new, except at the front corner, where the soiled rim showed a familiar acquaintance with the hand of its wearer. In point of fact, its owner, whom I easily distinguished, is the politest man in the city. He knows all the world, and being constantly in the streets, salutes all whom he meets with the most respectful attention.

The next hat for a long time baffled my penetration. It was neither old nor new; not exactly in fashion, nor much out of it, but somewhere between the two, yet with an apparent effort to be thought fashionable. After a moment of doubt, I succeeded in discovering its owner. He was a man who affected the prevailing style of dress as much as his love of money permitted, inasmuch that his whole life was a continual struggle between his vanity and his avarice.

On the next nail, hung a traveling cap, which had lost half its rim. Around it was a double band, which was out of its place, and floated loosely, like the hoops of a staved cask. It was half-brushed, and besmeared with mire and dust. I immediately recognized a young nobleman as its master, although he sat some distance from me, at the end of the table. His arms were negligently thrown over the back of his chair, and his right leg, enveloped in a huge hunting-boot, rested upon the rounds of his neighbor's seat; nor did he change his attitude, except to respond to the frequent healths proposed to him by our host, whose health he punctually drank in return. I was not near enough to profit by his conversation, of which he seemed to be very sparing, being one of those persons who learn to drink long before they learn to talk.

The next nail was vacant. Looking below, I saw the place on whose hat should have hung there. He was richly dressed, and his elegantly embroidered waistcoat, opening in front, disclosed a shirt edged with lace. Sitting erect upon his chair, he seemed to have neither thought nor animation, except when he started back pale with affright if a bottle of wine chanced to tottle a little upon the table, or a glass were overturned by an awkward neighbor. His hat was nothing but a bit of black silk, whose corner projected from his pocket, too elegantly worked to be concealed; but I needed not a more distinctive indication of his character. This man is in himself nothing. It is his dress which figures in society. As for passion, virtue and science, he puts them, as he does his cap, in his pocket.

After this examination, at which, perhaps, some of my readers will smile, I amused myself in silently reflecting how apt we are to disclose our characters even in our dress, and often, too, impress the very image of our minds upon the morsel of beaver which we wear upon the head. I thought too, with pleasure, that however much men may mask themselves in the more important transactions of life, there are yet moments in the very midst of their disguises, when nature unveils herself to the eye of an attentive observer, and, by a word or a gesture, discloses the real character of a man.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

#### FRAGMENTS.

##### LIFE A BOOK.

We compare life to a book. You may smile at the simile, yet life may be compared to an intensely interesting volume. It is a great, a glorious book, of strange and thrilling incidents of varied and ever varying contents of joy and love, of hope and despair, of light and shade,—of misery—and the grave closes the contents. There are golden passages in the book of life: these are the sunny hours of childhood. The mind loves to rove thro' its flowery meads, and linger amid its fond en-

chantments. The syren Hope, sings in its sunlit bowers, and all is light and redolent of bliss. We read with breathless interest — we take no heed of time — and weep when the chapter closes. Next, a tale of love enchants us — we rove with phrenzied interest through the bewildering bowers of affection. What hope! what love! what fond desires! Yet, its gloomy finale shows us that

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

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

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

Then we open upon a new page; and here is manhood's busy story: and for a while, we are lost in the cares, the turmoils, and business of life — But the page soon tires. It is a monotonous tale, — and we turn again to the — but we cannot review the book in order. Let us turn to the closing chapter. And there, what a sad collection of incidents meet the eye. Sickness — misery — a coffin — the winding sheet! The deep tones of the death bell, falling heavily on the ear, sound a solemn "Finis." And the lids are closed forever.

#### MOTHER.

Endearing, sacred name! Let others die upon the careless lip — let others sink into oblivion — but let not thine be numbered with the busy throng who once were active on the stage of life, but now are slumbering with the silent dead. In every age and clime, the name of mother hath a charm. Who will not turn awhile from pleasure's loudest call, and listen to her kind and soothing voice, which ever and anon steals o'er the senses like the ever-varying strains of music, sweet at close of day?

Reader, hast thou a mother? Moves she with noiseless tread around thy feverish couch at midnight? Watches she with anxious care, while others, weary of the task, repose on downy pillows? Holds she with trembling hand thy aching head? Breathes she a secret prayer to Heaven, for thy protection? Then ever love and cherish her name — for well does she deserve this in return for acts so kind and love so pure.

Or art thou doomed, like him who pens these lines, to wander forth an orphan on the "shores of time?" Then let the name of mother greet thy ear like music floating on the evening breeze, lulling the discordant passions of the heart into a sweet and dream-like calm.

Years have passed since last I listened to a mother's gentle voice — since I beheld her stretched upon the bed of death — but while reason sits enthroned, can I forget her dying look and voice, which whispered in low and feeble accents, "God bless my son — my orphan son!" and then the groan and gasp for life. Can time efface them from my memory — can years of joy or anguish wear their impress out? Let the broad Atlantic wave its liquid sheet between us — let the stranger tread with careless step around her grave, and read with tearless eye the name which art has chisled on the marble column — but never let the name of mother slumber in my heart, die upon my lips, or cease to cause a thrill of joy and anguish through my breast.

"There's music in a mother's voice,  
More sweet than breezes sighing,  
There's blindness in a mother's glance,  
Too pure for ever dying."

"NINA."

Popular Tales.

From Sargent's New Monthly Magazine for Jan. 1843.

THE BLUE STOCKING.

BY EPES SARGENT.

When Madame de Stael asked Napoleon who he thought was the greatest woman that ever lived, he promptly replied; "she who has borne the greatest number of children." My friend Mrs. Flutter differed in opinion from the First Consul. It would seem to have been her conviction, that the greatest woman was she who had written the greatest number of stanzas, no matter what might be their quality. From this you will perceive that Mrs. Flutter was a blue-stocking.

I feel a certain delicacy in approaching this subject; for, to let the reader into a secret, it was in my editorial capacity that I first became acquainted with the heroine of my narrative, which, by the way, is every word true. She would send to me large rolls of manuscript tied with blue ribbons, accompanied by a triangular note, which contained a request that I would read and inwardly digest her effusions, and publish them with "such corrections in punctuation" as I thought proper.—Hard and perplexing is the fate of an editor.—While gallantry urges him to admire, how often will discrimination compel him to condemn!

Professional confidence should be especially sacred. But it is my foible, when I have hit upon a good thing, to be reluctant to keep it to myself.—I will tell you all about the affair at Flutter's; for it "made quite a laugh at the time," as a dinc-out of my acquaintance is in the habit of saying when his jest misses fire.

The shortest way of arriving at a competent knowledge of the domestic history and position of the Flutter family at the period to which I refer, is to listen to a conversation between Flutter himself and Colonel Plugg (you know Plugg?) which took place at the house of the former, while he and his friend were waiting for the appearance of dinner and Mrs. F.

"Well, Flutter, my boy," said Plugg, as he seated himself in an arm-chair before a comfortable wood-fire, and drew both hands from his ankles up over his knees, as if encouraging them to get warm—"Well, Flutter, you are the most enviable dog of my acquaintance. A snug property, safe business, fine house, pretty wife, nice baby, good health, troops of friends—what in creation do you want more to make you happy? Ah, Flutter!—I wish I had got married twenty years ago.—Nothing like matrimony, I am convinced, to smooth the down-hill path of life! Nothing like a sweet-tempered, cheerful, attentive, domestic, affectionate wife to fit a man for heaven! Zounds! If it wasn't for this confounded wig, and these gray whiskers, I would propose for somebody to-morrow."

Flutter suddenly placed his hand on his friend's shoulder, and heaved a sigh. Then patting him gently, he said in a mysterious tone, "Plugg, take my advice, and keep as you are."

"Keep as I am! You are the last man in the world, Dick, from whom I should expect such counsel. Are you not the happiest of husbands?"

"Colonel," said Flutter, lowering his voice and casting a furtive glance around him, "I doubt if there is such a thing as a happy husband. Depend upon it, 'tis all a fable. He no more exists than the phoenix or the merman. When a poor devil is once caught in the connubial noose, pride, policy, and a thousand obvious inducements, prevent his letting the world see his disappointment and discontent. But, O! believe me, there is not one, who doesn't sigh bitterly and often, for his free, gay, careless bachelor life. I speak confidentially, for we are old friends, and you are not quite so poorly off for subjects for merriment as to make a jest of what I am telling you in sincerity of heart."

"To be sure not, my dear boy. You amaze me, however, by what you say. As I hoped to be saved I have looked upon you till this moment as one of the most fortunate of men."

"Ah, Colonel, if you could take a look behind the domestic curtain, you would see that all was not as it should be. Plugg! I cannot well imagine a woman more unfitted to be a wife and a mother than Mrs. Flutter."

"Good gracious! You confound me. What can have happened? What is the matter?"

"You may possibly remember, that when I was an unmarried young man about town, I was afflicted like many other worthy young men, with a sort of rhyming mania, which, like the hooping cough and the measles, attacks certain juvenile

constitutions, some with more and some with less virulence. I had it very badly for a time, as many an album and many a country newspaper will yet bear witness. In the height of my complaint I encountered my present wife, then Miss Myrtle, a pretty, romantic girl—in short a congenial spirit, who admired my poetry (poetry indeed!) and played Eloise to my Aelard. I married her. Wretched blunder! fatal error!"

"Explain yourself."

"Do you not see? My wife was a blue stocking and a blue-stocking she is still."

"Pray, what is a blue-stocking?"

"Alas! I can give you a whole vocabulary of definitions. She is a woman, Plugg, who wears blue stockings instead of white, because they do not show the dirt so soon, whereby she is saved the trouble of changing them as often as cleanliness would suggest. She is a literary character—and a precious litter she keeps about her to be sure. She is an individual, who is too much absorbed in her own sublime imaginings to attend to the vulgar details of a household. She is careless and slatternly in her attire, because she has heard that indifference to dress is a mark of genius.—She neglects her children, because she better loves the offspring of her brain. She prefers the vernal praise of some dunce of a critic to her husband's affection. She would rather have you call her a bad wife than find fault with her Ode to Despair. She bores her visitors by reading her productions aloud, and is too lost in her own complacency to witness their impatience and their sneers. In short she is a sort of Lady Macbeth, who instead of plotting against the life of Duncan murders the Queen's English."

"And is it possible, Dick, that your wife is such a woman as you describe?"

"Without exaggeration she is. Plugg! It was no later than last night that she woke me up from my first dose, saying, that a fine idea had entered her head, and she must note it down. She rose from the bed and lit the lamp—not, however, before she had knocked down a book or two, and smacked the baby by the noise. Without taking the slightest notice of its crying, she sat down at a writing-table, and was soon in a fine frenzy, over some trashy production, which she calls an ode. And there was I sitting upright and shivering in bed, with the baby screaming in my arms, while Mrs. Flutter was jotting down her 'fine ideas.' Fine foolery! By George, it is too bad."

"So it is, Dick. We must find some way of reforming it. I really believe your wife is at heart all correct, as the politicians say."

"I can't help laughing when I think of the ridiculous figure I cut, rocking the baby to and fro, in my night-clothes, while the mother was writing poetry—"piling up the agony," as the western theatrical critic said of Forrest. It was a rich scene for a painter. What a thing Cruikshank would make of it!"

"Ha, ha, ha! I see you can extract some fun from your misery. What a subtle chemist is a sunny temper!"

"Any other man but myself would go mad, I am sure, with such a wife. My dear friend, it was but the other day, (the day of the Croton celebration,) that on coming home, fatigued and sleepy, I learnt that all the servants in the house had been permitted to go to the theatre. Entering my chamber, I found the bed unmade; and will you believe it, Mrs. Flutter insisted on my making it myself, because she was just in the midst of a story, which she had promised to complete for some sickly magazine."

"You made the bed of course."

"What could I do but submit? Every day I am subjected to similar impositions. If a washer-woman is to be hired, or a bauble bought for the baby, I have to execute the commission. My wife's genius soars above such paltry domestic arrangements. She will have to take but one step more to set me to mending stockings, or to washing dishes."

"But Dick—who encourages your wife in these preposterous practices?"

"A few seedy gentlemen in black, hangers-on upon newspapers and periodicals, whom she invites to dinner, and who pay for their grub'n puffs. One of them called her the other day the Madame de Stael of America; and they all make her out the greatest literary phenomenon of the century. What hearty laughs they must have among themselves at her infatuation and credulity! By the way, she has invited some of them to supper this evening. The poor devils are willing to swallow her poetry for the sake of the *agriments* which accompany it—stewed oysters, chicken salad, and champagne."

"Is there no way of unmasking the parasites?"

"I can think of none—can you?"

"Yes. Suppose we—"

Here the entrance of Mrs. Flutter checked the conversation. The lady's manner was abstracted, as she entered the room, and it was not till her husband said—"Colonel Plugg, my dear,"—that she abruptly started as if from a reverie, and looking at her guest with "lack-lustre eyes," exclaimed, in a tone that would have done no discredit to Mrs. Siddons, "How fare you, sir?" Then without waiting to hear his reply, she walked towards the window, and folding her arms gazed up at the clouds. The Colonel, in the mean time, took a survey of her person. Her dress was costly, but carelessly arranged; and an elegant lace cape was parted at her right shoulder instead of her bosom. A rich handkerchief, which she held, was soiled with ink-spots; her shoes were so worn as to exhibit the whole of the heels of her stockings.

"Affectation! the grossest affectation!" muttered the Colonel, as he finished his inspection and turned away.

The Colonel was sincerely attached to his friend Flutter, and seriously revolved in his mind various projects for curing the blue stocking of her infatuation. With this intent he took particular pains to make himself agreeable to her at table, and the dinner passed off cheerfully and acceptably to all. Plugg, to whom no topic came amiss, amused his friends with anecdotes of their mutual acquaintances—discussed the last new novel (he had never read a word of it, by the way,) with Mrs. Flutter, and finally entered upon a disquisition in regard to the merits of Professor Cobweb and Mr. J. Doleful Drivel, whose contributions to the magazines seemed to excite the especial admiration of the blue stocking. Although the Colonel (ignorant fellow!) had never before been aware of the existence of those tremendous luminaries, it was amazing to see with what spirit he entered into a controversy in regard to their writings. Cobweb seemed to be the lady's favorite, but her guest took up the cudgels for Drivel, and maintained the superiority of that prolific author, in the most animated terms.

At length the Colonel adroitly broached the subject of Mrs. Flutter's own delectable productions.

"You expect some literary friends to see you this evening, I believe?" asked he.

"Yes; some gentlemen connected with the press, who are anxious to read some new pieces of mine."

"I have a plan for putting their good taste and critical honesty to the test—will you bear it?"

"Certainly. What may it be?"

The Colonel drew a shabby-looking newspaper from his pocket, and said: "Here is a copy of the *Chunkville Clarion*, a smart little paper published in a town out west, which I bought at auction the other day. The poet's corner is filled with the productions of the *Chunkville bards*. Now, I wish you to give me your poems, and allow me to read them aloud, as if coming from *Chunkville*, while the *Chunkville* poems shall be attributed to you."

"You may try it," said Mrs. Flutter, after a pause; "but I am sure that Dabster and Dott will know my style. They have often told me they could detect it among a thousand."

"We will see," rejoined the Colonel, struggling to repress a smile.

Eight o'clock brought with it Messrs. Dabster and Dott, accompanied by a gentleman in a rusty suit of black, with rather a suspicious tinge of crimson on his face, whom they introduced as the Reverend Mr. Drone, author of the "*Virgin's Vow*," and other poems.

Mrs. Flutter received her new acquaintances very graciously, but was obliged candidly to confess that she had never before heard of the "*Virgin's Vow*;" whereupon the reverend gentleman solemnly informed her, that it had been printed merely for private distribution. As he said this, Mr. Dott was seen to puff out his cheek with his tongue, and tread on Mr. Dabster's toes.

The literary gentlemen being all seated, the Colonel said "I will first read to you a little poem called the '*Forsaken One*,' the authorship of which you will of course recognise;" and here he glanced significantly at the blue-stocking and bowed. Then placing the manuscript behind the newspaper so as to conceal his design, he recited some stanzas, "written by a young Miss of thirteen for the *Chunkville Clarion*."

It is difficult to describe the ecstasy, into which Messrs. Dabster, Dott and Drone were thrown by this effusion. No terms seemed adequate for the

expression of their admiration. They clapped their hands, cried "beautiful! superb! sublime!" and seemed almost disposed to roll on the carpet in the excess of their transport. Mr. Drone, whose eyes had been adoringly fixed upon some champagne bottles and decanters on a side table, suddenly looked up towards the ceiling, shook his head, and heaved a deep sigh. His enthusiasm was obviously too deep for words. Pantomime could alone interpret it.

A contemptuous smile now began to settle upon Mrs. Flutter's lips. It was unnoticed by all except the Colonel, who resumed his elocutionary task, by saying: "Now, gentlemen, I will, with your permission, read you some lines, which I think extremely clever, by a young female friend of mine. I do not consider them unworthy to follow even the polished stanzas of our fair hostess."

The blue-stocking's heart beat high as the Colonel commenced reading her own elaborate "Ode to Despair." She could not but admit that he did perfect justice to it in the recitation; but notwithstanding this, he had not half completed it when the reverend Mr. Drone gave a yawn, and said, in an audible whisper, to Dott: "Sad stuff! sad stuff!"

Dott nodded his acquiescence. Dabster played impatiently with his watch key, and catching Mrs. Flutter's eye, shrugged his shoulders and made a wry face. The Colonel continued to read. Mr. Drone hemmed, laughed sneeringly, and suddenly interrupted him with—

"Stop there a moment if you please, sir. What does the writer say?"

'With frenzied eye he lifts his spear,  
And calls the listening spheres to hear.'

Allow me to expose the absurdity of those lines. The writer, after making Despair go through a variety of absurd antics, represents him as lifting a spear with a frenzied eye. Now it strikes me that a brawny arm would be much more useful to lift with. 'And calls the listening spheres to hear.' If the spheres are listening they must of course hear. Tautology that. Then why have two words so nearly allied in sound as *spear* and *sphere*? I think, sir, if the author is a friend of yours, your friendship should induce you not to expose her frailties any farther."

"It is too sickening," exclaimed Dott.

"Why dose us with such stuff after feasting our ears with 'The Forsaken One?'" asked Mr. Dabster.

Here the blue-stocking, whose color during the last ten minutes, had been rapidly varying from white to red, and from red to white, rose, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and rushed out of the room. She did not appear there again during the evening.

It is not difficult to anticipate the denouement of our story. We found Mrs. Flutter a blue-stocking; but we do not leave her one. A fortnight after the occurrence just described, her husband called upon Colonel Plugg, and said: "My dear friend, I can never sufficiently express to you my obligations for your lesson to my wife. It has entirely cured her of the *metromania*, under which she labored. She thoroughly abhors the sight of pen, ink and paper, and never weers her shoes down at the heel. She is now the best, the most attentive and amiable of wives, and I am the happiest dog that ever trotted through Broadway.—Come and dine with us this afternoon, and you shall see how effectual has been your prescription."

"Is the reverend Mr. Drone to be present?"

"No more of that, Hal. Why do you ask?"

"Because if you want to find him, I may be able to inform you as to his whereabouts. The last time I saw him, he was standing at the corner of Chamber street in the capacity of a peripatetic advertisement, covered all over behind and before with placards, announcing the place of exhibition of the premium ox."

"Ha, ha, ha. Well! Any thing for an honest living. You will come!"

"Yes. With all my heart."

Translated from the Turkish Language for the Knickerbocker, by John P. Brown, Constantinople.

#### THE CADI AND THE ROBBER.

Once in former times a Cadi of Bagdat was seated in his dwelling, absorbed in thought. On a sudden he conceived the idea of taking a short and solitary ride for relaxation, between the hour of sunset and that of repose; and for this purpose ordered his servant to get ready his horse.—The Cadi mounted his trusty animal, and without taking any of his people with him, forthwith set out upon his way. Darkness had begun to ob-

scure the face of the world, and he wandered from his path. "Perhaps," said the Cadi to himself, "there may be robbers by the way side, who would deprive me of my clothes as if they were only peeling an onion!"

Scarcely had he muttered these words, when lo! he perceived a man before him, who exclaimed aloud, "Stop, O Cadi!"

The robber's eye [for it was indeed a robber,] fell full upon the Cadi, and he seized hold of the reins of his horse's bridle, as he said, "Halt, O Cadi! and stir not!"

The Cadi answered: "Why come you forth here to cavil with me? Ah! young man, do you not fear the Most High! Withdraw your hand from off my bridle, and let me pass on."

But the robber replied: "Did I not fear Him, I would now cut you to pieces; therefore, off with your cloak and give it to me quickly, for I have business, and must away to strip others like yourself. I am here in search of prey, and as none can be better than you, off with your cloak."

To this the Cadi only replied, "Depart, and let me be!"

Robber—I am here by divine permission, and destiny must be fulfilled. Besides, as that affair which is, undertaken by divine authority always terminates successfully, and nothing can be done without it, I came here confiding in destiny, and behold what good luck has befallen me! See how God's fatalities are fulfilled. Speak the truth; who are you, where are you going, what is your business, and why are you without attendants?

Cadi—I was going to my vineyard and lost my way.

Robber—Did you not know from the stars, the signs of the zodiac, the position of the planets, and the setting of the sun, that you had wandered from your path?

Cadi—He who believes in astronomy is certainly an infidel.

Robber—Do you want to deny the seven verses of the Korah; and refute them with a tradition?

Cadi—What are the seven verses?

Robber—They are the commands of the Most High, as contained in the following words of the Koran: 1. "I take refuge against the execrable Satan, in God. 2. I adorn the heavens and earth with lanterns. 3. Certainly I have placed the zodiac in the heavens. 4. The moon and the stars shine to obey his order. 5. The moon we have destined to set so as to return. 6. He does not divide the heavens by the distance of the stars. 7. The heavens are the essence of the zodiac."

Cadi—Young man, since you are so learned in astrology, pray tell me whether this hour is lucky or not.

Robber—This hour is the sign of the scorpion, and is favorable to the robbing of those who are on the public way, for thefts, and for stripping men. But it is unfavorable to the going out of cadis, preachers, and muezzins.

Cadi—My dear sir, I have only acted in obedience to the injunction which says: "I love to pray in gardens and vineyards."

Robber—Why did you not act also after the tradition: "First find a companion, and afterwards set out on your journey." Had you now a companion, I could not have attempted to despoil you. But hasten; off with your cloak; for I must be going to attend to my business.

Cadi—Youngster, have you not heard how the prophet said: "He is a faithful man [Musselman] in whose hands and tongue one is safe." How, therefore, are you a Musselman, when I dare not trust you?

Robber—Have you not heard, O Cadi! that the prophet also said: "Your hands and your feet will bear testimony against you in the day of judgment?" Now you come here by your own hands and feet; so off with your cloak, for time presses.

Cadi—Injure me not, O, young man! for "He who injures another is a Deev." [Devil.]

Robber—If I am a Deev, do you not know what you are? The most High has said: "I set the Deevs over the unbelieving."

Cadi—The prophet has said: "Shame is firm belief."

Robber—The Caliph Ali, (on whom be peace) has made the remark that "Shame perverts acquisition;" so if I from shame refrain from despoiling you, I will do an injury to myself. Hasten, therefore, take off your cloak, and be free from my hands; a soldier should never be ashamed, for it would prevent him from taking what he lawfully acquires in warfare. You are a greater soldier than I am, for you take fees for deeds, decrease, and many other things of which I know

nothing; you despoil every one, and yet are dissatisfied, for you afterwards make them legally yours. Now I despoil you according to usage and habit, law and tradition, and if I subsequently make the act legal, it will be but right.

Cadi—But, young man, have you heard how the prophet said: "The learned are heirs of the prophets?"

Robber—O, Cadi, if you are an heir of the prophets, I also am the chosen servant of the Most High; for he has said, "The readers of the Koran are the chosen servants of God;" and I have studied the Koran thoroughly, according to the seven readings.

Cadi—What are these seven readings?

Robber—According to those of the sects of Nafi, Ebenketir, Aban Omar, Iben Ameer, Abon Jaffer, Hulfi Ashir, and Yakubi; each of which are again subdivided.

Cadi—O, friend, I am astonished at your knowledge! How is it that one so learned should be a robber? Since you are acquainted with the commands of God, why do you oppress the public? Is it not said, "Accursed be the power of the oppressor?"

Robber—You have spoken truly, and as you by going on the highway by night have done violence to yourself, off with your cloak.

Cadi—O, light of my eyes, if you do me no harm, but let me go free, I will not again go out at night, but repent me of the sin, and ask pardon for the offence. The Most High will recompense you for it, for he has said, "In the heavens are thy recompense."

Robber—But God has given my recompense in this road, for the learned have said, "Even the robber has his recompense;" so hasten, off with your cloak, for morning is near.

Cadi—O, brave young man! God having given you so much knowledge, is it not said in the Koran: "Are the learned and ignorant equal?"—Certainly not.

Robber—Just so; but what necessity is there that you should come out at night? Now you have fallen into my hands; and is God satisfied that you be Cadi of this country? You who leave its roads unprotected, and its people to be despoiled? Have you not learned that: "The sleep of the learned is the adoration of the Most High?" Also how the prophet has said: "The intention of the faithful man [Musselman] is better than the deed?"

Cadi—O, come! now let me go unmolested, you young comforter in trouble.

Robber—Now, Cadi, it would be but right, should I peel you as I would an onion; for is it right that you who are the Cadi of this country, should call me comforter? Off with your cloak!

Cadi—O, robber, I have a question to ask you.

Robber—Speak, let us hear.

Cadi—Are you not afraid that as you prowl about the public road you will one day be caught and put to death?

Robber—The termination of that affair is always in peace, which occurs by divine permission.

Cadi—I have yet another question to ask you.

Robber—Speak, let us hear.

Cadi—When wandering about what do you eat, when hungry?

Robber—I know the sciences of Galileo and Hippocrates and appease my hunger with them.

Cadi—May I ask you yet another?

Robber—Speak, let us hear it.

Cadi—When you wander about are you not afraid of the Deevs, Perces, and those who are stronger than yourself?

Robber—I know the law of sorcerers, and read the secrets of the scribes.

Cadi—Oh, brave young man! You are both learned in the sciences, a Hafiz (one who has committed the Koran to memory) eloquent, a mufti, poet, and a robber. Fear God, and withdraw your hand from me; cause not the innocent to sigh, for "his supplications are heard even though he be an infidel."

Robber—Just so, but it is not well to speak too much; and moreover it is useless, as nothing can occur but what is predestined; so off with your cloak, that I may be in a good humor.

Cadi—Cannot you forego this affair?

Robber—No; my wish is to despoil you.

Cadi—My dear fellow! do not strip me here on the public way, but let me go into this vineyard, where I will give you my clothes and many presents besides.

Robber—You desire to entice me there with soft words, and then order your servants to seize me, after which you will punish me according to law, or in conformity to the holy verse, which

says: "The arm of the thief must be cut off."—Now, the Most High has said: "Put not thy hand in danger;" and if I go into your vineyard it will be going into danger.

Cadi—No injury shall come upon you in my vineyard. I have sworn it. I will there give you my clothes and many presents besides.

Robber—If a person swears to any thing from necessity or compulsion, it is profanity!

Finally, the poor Cadi not being able to answer the questions of the robber, dismounted from his horse, and taking off his clothes gave them to him; the shirt on his shoulders being all that was left him.

Robber—Our prophet on whom be peace, has said: "He who has two shirts cannot taste of the sweets of faith." [Musulmanism.]

Cadi—How, brother, can I assist at prayer without a shirt?

Robber—The Lord's prophet has said: "Prayers are permitted without a shirt; drawers alone are sufficient."

The Cadi on hearing this gave him his shirt also. He had a ring on his finger, made of a jewel, which meeting the robber's eye, he said; "give me here that ring, O, Cadi! for I am begging at your door; do not, therefore, refuse me. The prophet of God has said, 'Refuse not the beggar's request, even though he be an infidel.'"

The poor Cadi, with feelings of desperation, and shivering with cold, gave up his ring to the robber, who, mounting the Cadi's horse, said, 'Now make legal to me all that I have taken from you,' which the helpless Cadi having done, he rode away!

The Cadi now being left to himself, returned to his dwelling; and greatly astonished his servants, who ran out to meet and ask what had befallen him. But he gave them no answer, and hastened to his chamber; fell despondingly upon his bed, and went to sleep. Scarcely had morning dawned, when the same attendants entered his room and said, "Master, master, awake! there is a man at your door, mounted on your horse, dressed in your clothes, with your own cloak on his back, your cap on his head, your ring on his finger, and a book in his hand, who says, 'Tell your Effendi to hasten out and meet his master.'"

Cadi—Help, help! be careful not to open the door. He stripped me last night without a book, and now he comes with one in his hand, to deprive me of my Cadiship of Bagdat.

The Cadi's wife hearing a noise, came to her husband to inquire the cause of it, and seeing what had happened, exclaimed, 'For shame, Effendi! Cannot you, who are the Cadi of Bagdat, give answer to a robber?'

Cadi—O, wife, do not compare that man to any other, for he is without an equal. He must be carefully guarded against, for I fear if he comes in he will call me his slave, you his female slave, and sell us both with our children in the bazaar.

The robber in the meantime dismounted from his horse and entered the house without permission, where, without saluting the Cadi, he passed beyond him to the upper part of the room, and seated himself on that part of the sofa which is the place of honor.

Cadi—O, youngster, what does this mean?—Last night you robbed me, and now you appear before me without fear of losing your head.

Robber—Ali, on whom be peace, the third Caliph, has said, 'I am the slave of whosoever teaches me one letter.' Now last night I taught you many verses of the Koran, and numerous traditions; you therefore have become my slave, I your master. I have come this morning for the purpose of making up with you in a friendly manner, and then departing. If you oppose or refuse me, I will denounce you as my slave, prove it legally, and then sell you and yours in the bazaar. My science has overcome you. There is a verse which says, 'There would be no harm or injury to man were religion to remain, and the world cease to exist, but in the reverse; and another—'Science and knowledge will free man from oppression, for ignorance is the parent of injustice.'

The Cadi was greatly surprised at the crudition of the robber, and said with animation, 'Hold, friend, say no more. I see you are a truly wise and ingenious man, and I will give you my daughter in marriage.' The robber, on hearing these words, arose quickly and hastened to kiss the Cadi's hand, in acceptance of his offer, and the ceremony was forthwith performed in the presence of her mother and the attendants. The Cadi perfectly immersed his daughter in jewels, and gave the robber one half of all he possessed. On the following morning the robber, after kissing the hand of his father-in-law, agreeably to custom,

seated himself near him, when the Cadi asked him, saying:

Cadi—Oh, wise in God, I am surprised at what you have done, for it is foreign to your cultivated and superior mind. Tell why you have taken up the occupation of a robber?

Son-in-law—Worthy and respected father I am not a robber, nor do I claim the title. My father at his death bed left me great wealth, all of which, not knowing its value, I spent with friends. Soon I found myself without even shaving money, and my companions, knowing that I was penniless, turned their faces from me and forsook me. So one day I put my cap before me, and leaning my head on my hand fell to thinking what I should do. If, thought I, I open a shop and daily cheat my customers, my sins will increase until they rise as high as a mountain. When I repent I must find each of these injured persons and ask his forgiveness—which, from being a difficult undertaking, my situation at the day of judgment would be dangerous, and I should certainly incur divine punishment. I therefore concluded that rather than commit innumerable small sins, I would let it be one great sin, committed at once. So, with this feeling, and confiding in the favor and destinies of the Most High, I set out with the intention of commencing the career of robbery.—He has favored me by placing in my path each noble prey as yourself; and thus, behold, in the very first act of robbery which I commit, my wishes fully completed.

Ves Salam!

### Metropolitan Sketches.

From Sargent's Magazine for December.

#### BROADWAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

All hail, thou ever joyous Broadway! Hail Broadway, my crony! Broadway, my jolly companion! Broadway, my Ganymede, my Mercury, my purveyor of all things pleasurable, and of some things "pleasant but wrong." Inexhaustible old Broadway! Funny old Broadway!—(for personified thou shalt be!)

"Father Thames," they say—and "Father Tiber!" and the boatmen in the "broad horns," talk of "old Mother Mississippi!" But thou, my merry old Broadway, art too promiscuous for our mother—too lax and loving for our exemplary father. Yet more prodigal of wealth art thou than Thames or Tiber—more fecund than Mississippi! How wilt thou be denominated in the apostrophic nomenclature of affectionate patriotism?

#### BROADWAY, OUR UNCLE!

Does that sound well? Tell us, oh Astor and Croton! Tell us, oh Stewart and Thompson! Tell us, Brandreth and Battery, Park, Niblo, and Bowling-green—ye that are the *Dii Minores* of this paved Paradise, the planets of this inverted parallel of the milky-way—tell us what think you of "our UNCLE?"

Halleck, my "croaker"—thou that hast made "Scudder's balcony" immortal as Marco Bozzaris—string up thy specie lyre and clink us a metallic psalm to our "Nuncle" of Broadway!

Bard of "Thanatopsis"—brood with thy wings of solemn incubation upon the mania *shopsis* of our uncle! So shall the "unhappy born to pay" be added to the great company of admirers. (And so, in the next plate of the poets," shall thy head be dut where the *man a-top's is*—and looking less like old Time or thy grandfather!)

Give us the *genesis* of our uncle, oh aboriginal Stone!

Fuse and re-cast him in the great foundry of thy imagination, oh Cooper, creative and combative!

Come, Morris, with thy muse of anti-"hack-it-down"ativeness, and thy anacronisms on the water thou drikest not—Come, Paulding, with thy Icarian wings—Come, Wetmore, with thy few-and-far-betweenities—Come, all the bards of Manhattan, and glorify old Broadway, our Uncle!

For was not the late marriage of our father Knickerbocker Manhattan to Miss Pastora Croton celebrated with song and ceremony, and our uncle (crowded as he was from the even tenor of his way,) was he not pointedly omitted in the laureat's Epithalamium! Truly, Broadway, oh ever-lengthening uncle! our familiarity with thee must have bred contempt. But, alas for distinction!—

\* In the late beautiful edition of the American poets, the frontispiece gives Dana the uppermost niche, while a most venerable likeness of Bryant, our first poet by general acclamation, occupies an inferior place. This we say, not in disparagement of Dana, who was born a poet, and lives the life of a pure and lofty one—but to advert to what he himself doubtless considers an error.

"Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought!"

And now let us down softly from these giddy stilts; and common sense take us into his safer keeping!

We do not write for Autoliquis, nor for Timon. (Thieves and misanthropes do not commonly take the monthlies.) And as all other classes of mankind yield to the gregarious instinct of our race, we feel free to discourse of Broadway as a place beloved. Beloved it is—by the philanthropist, interested in the peccant varieties of his fellow creatures; by the old, who love to look upon the young; and by the young, who love to look upon each other; (ah! the celestial qualities of youth!—by the serious, for whom there would seem to be resorts less thronged with sinners, (if need were;) and by sinners, who are at least guiltless of hypocrisy, for with little disguise, they "love one another." Now, if beautiful women are not laudable objects of contemplation and curiosity, as St. Anthony avers, (and he is welcome to let them alone,) we are not warned against beautiful children, nor beautiful horses, nor the bright sunshine, nor the gay product of the silkworm, nor the "stuffs from Colehis and Trebizond." And we (as many as there are of us) are free to confess our weakness for these sights, (women included,) and our melancholy preference of them to the contemplation of most walls, and some kinds of exemplary reading—for flesh is weak! Are you with us, oh frail reader? Could you, without violence to your better nature, take a walk with us in Broadway? Pray take our arm.

Two o'clock and a sunny day in October!—Whirl! whirl! What a tumult of wheels! Flash! flaunt! What a movement of bright colors—like a walking mosaic, like a maggoty rainbow, like "dry goods" taking the air. Are the shops dis-emboweled? Are our eyes turned to shisms?—Slide—slide; shuffle—shuffle; nod—dodge—"Take care of the cart at the crossing!"—"What a pretty girl!"—"Hush!"—"Morning paper, sir—Tribune and Express?" And now, when you have recovered from your first launch into the crowd, keep steadily to the right, and if I squeeze your arm, look at the person coming toward us.

Very handsome, isn't she? And apparently in a very great hurry, and apparently very much disgusted at being seen in the street at all. You would think, now, that that lady's coachman was ill, and that she was, for this once in her life, walking alone to her mother's. But she is more amused at this moment than she will be again to-day; and to-morrow she will take the same walk to be happy again. She has a husband, however, and a beautiful house, and not a wish (that money can gratify) ungratified. And her drawing-rooms are full of exquisite objects of art. She might stay contentedly at home, you think? No; she was a belle, pampered with admiration when she married, and she married a cynical and cold-blooded parsnip, who sits like a snarling ogre among his statues and pictures—a spot on his own ottoman—a blemish in the elegance of his own house. She married him for an establishment, but forgot he was a part of it—dazzled with the frame, she overlooked the hideousness of the picture. And he knows this, and likes her, with his statues, as his property, and is pleased to have her seen as his wife, though she is the wife to but one part of him, his vanity. She finds it hard to *feel* beautiful at breakfast, with her husband on the other side of the table, and he finds it hard to be very bland with a wife who looks at his acrid physiognomy with a shudder. A superb house with him in it, is like a fine tulip with an adder in it. But she is a woman, and whether she has a heart or no, she has a well cultivated vanity, and, unluckily, the parents who taught her to secure luxury in wedlock, taught her no foresight as to her more needful supply of admiration. Love she would like very well, but admired she *must be!* And too cold and worldly to be imprudent, and too proud to be willing to seem pleased with the gaze of Broadway idlers, she still thirsts after this very stare which is given to her beauty by the passers-by, and has very little happiness beyond her daily hurried walk on the crowded *pave*. She'll make a match of sentiment if she gets another chance, or, at any rate, will marry for *some* love and less money.

Heaven help her through with her present chrysalis!

"How are you?"

"How are you?"

What would a new-dropp'd angel think of these two unanswered questions? Indeed, what would an angel think of that smiling fellow who ex-

changed this nonsense with me? He is one of a thousand in the city who, "like the prodigal, squeezed through a horn," are happy for having got through the tightest place of this mortal life. Though his dimensions are immeasurably smaller than they were not long ago, they are so much casier than they grew to be after, that he feels as if, like uncle Toby's fly, there was room enough in the world for him now. He is easy with the rebound after being broke with overtraining. He was a merchant, reputed to have made money enough. Sensitive and punctilious in all the relations of life, he was particularly *soigne* of his commercial honor. Never was a breath sullied that clear escutcheon! For this he was supposed to be over-careful—for this he was inflexible where his heart would have prompted him to be indulgent—for this it was soberly believed, he would sacrifice his life. His wife was (and has since proved herself by trial) an admirable woman, and with fine children and good looks of his own, he was one of those fallacious contradictions of the equal distribution of mortal happiness. Well—his star began to descend from its apogee, and he courageously lugged at his philosophy and retrenched his expenditure. He could do with less and be happy. His paper was redeemed as yet, and his honor without a flaw. No deprivations to himself could "sour his patient cheek." But

"Who sets back to his meridian throne  
The star descending?"

Friends failed him right and left. Resources, trusted like the pillars of Hercules, gave way. And then began an agony of mind which could only be increased, even hereafter, by the increased capacity of the mind—for, short of reason overturned, he could suffer no more. A thousand years of a common tenor of life would seem shorter than those six terrible months of sinking into bankruptcy. But now comes the curious part of it! He suddenly took the benefit of the bankrupt law. And instead of lying still prostrate upon the ground, crushed and humiliated—instead of hiding his head, as he longed to do while he still promised to pay, degraded, spiritless, lost, to the enjoyment of life—instead of still seeming an object of pity to the most ruthless sufferer by his fall—up, like a snapped spring, he bounds to the empyrean! He could not be gayer with his debts paid and his fortune in his hands again! He walks the street, smiling, and with a light step. He is a little smarter than he used to be in his dress. He eats well, and the wrinkles have retreated, and his eyes have thrown open their windows, and (as you saw when he passed) there is not a merrier or more fortunate looking idler in this merry Broadway: Now, *querre*?—Is there a provision in nature for honor to cast its skin? Becomes it new, scarless and white, after a certain wear, tear and suffering? Does a man remember, till, with the anguish of remembering, he forgets? Has God, in our construction, provided a recuperative, to guard us against over self-infliction? Can we use up our sense of shame with over-working it, and do we come then to a stratum of self-approval and self-glorification? *Eufin*—is this inward white-washing confined only to money-spots, and is nature hereby provided with a corrective check to our implacabilities of pocket?

But adjourn speculation! We will finish our philosophy in Florence's cloister.

Ah! what an exquisite foot—(not feet, for we never see but one foot at a time—but I like not your Polyphemic mention of single eyes, as "her eye was blue.") The American foot shall be as famous in history as the Greek upper lip or Phidian nose. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends!" And somebody—(an Englishman, too, oh *meraviglia*!) remarked the other day that he was struck with the universal *air noble* of American women. As why not, to be sure!—for the next class above them is the next class of angels, "winged and unclad"—but it is pleasant to be assured now and then of a self-evident proposition.)

Are you tired? Broadway is an endless furnisher of both walk and talk. We'll have another stroll and gossip, on another sunny day. For the present, adieu.

*Widow Grizzle*, whose remarkable conjugal affection was chronicled in the Post some months since, had an only sister. That sister is now a widow also. Her lord died lately of cholera. In the midst of his most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him—"Well, Mr. Schlook, you needn't kick round so and wear the sheets all out, if you are a-dying!"—*Boston Post*.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

**DESULTORY READINGS.**—A king was riding along in disguise, and seeing a soldier at a public house door, stopped and asked the soldier to drink with him, and while they were drinking the king swore. The soldier said, "I am sorry to hear young gentlemen swear." The king took no notice, but soon swore again. The soldier said, "Sir, I'll pay my part of the pot, if you please, and go, for I so hate swearing, that if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it." "Should you, indeed?" said the king. "I should," said the soldier. A while after, the king having invited some lords to dine with him, the soldier was sent for, and while they were at dinner he was ordered into the room to wait a while. Presently the king uttered an oath; the soldier immediately (but modestly) said: "Should not my lord the king fear an oath?" The king looked first at the lords, then at the soldier, and said: "There, my lords, is an honest man; he can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit and let me stain my soul by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it."

Never utter an improper expression in the presence of a child who is capable of conversation. Remember that a profane or obscene word thus spoken, will make an impression on the mind of the child, which it will not be in human power to erase, and which will grow up with him, and prove in some degree a curse to him during life. Break glasses, burn papers, or destroy furniture, sooner than soil the tender mind of a child.

**THE ENCHANTED ROCK.**—A gentleman who accompanied General Burleson on his expedition to the Indian country in Texas, gives the following description of the enchanted rock on the 'Sandy,' a branch of the River Perdinales:

"The feeling and imagination swell almost to breathless astonishment on beholding one immense solid rock of dark reddish color, rising to the height of about 400 feet and covering a space larger than a common mile race track, or about 200 acres of ground. Upon its surface there are several excavations or pits, one of which would hold several hundred hogheads of water. The only evidence of the pilgrimage and worship of the Indians were the innumerable amount of deeply worn trails approaching it from every valley and plain, and the small pieces of loose rocks and pebbles found upon its top."

The Houston Telegraph says, that this rock is composed almost entirely of a dark colored mica, and it is probably owing to the reflection of the rays of the sun or moon from the numerous glassy surfaces of the scales of mica, that the brilliant appearance of the rock is attributable.

**AN IRISH ARGUMENT.**—As the late Mr. G., a farmer at Duddingstone, once stood at his gate, an Irish lad came up to him and requested to be employed. Mr. G. "Go away, sir! I will never employ any of your country again." Irishman. "Why, your honor? Sure, we are good workers. God bless you! do give me a job!" Mr. G.—"No sir, I wont; for the last Irishman I employed died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge." Irishman. "Ah, your honor! you need not fear that of me; for I can get a certificate that I never died in the employment of any master I ever served!" There was no resisting such arguments, and poor Patrick got employment, and without the certificate.

**WANTS.**—Virtue wants more admiration, Wisdom more suppliants, Truth more real friends, and Honesty more practitioners.

The trader wants more profit, or less envy of his more fortunate neighbor.

The Printer wants more subscribers, punctual payment, and less duns.

Religion wants less said about the theory, and more done in the way of practice.

Philosophy wants a residence, and Fidelity an asylum.

Love, Charity, and Banks, want to be in better credit.

Pride wants to be discarded, and Modest Diffidence introduced.

**PROFESSIONAL PUN.**—A poor corset maker, out of work, and starving, thus vented her miserable complaint:—"Shame that I should be without bread, I that have stayed the stomachs of thousands."

"Aint you a disciple of Fourier's?" "Not exactly; but father has a tenant who goes on the Owen (owing) system.—*Crescent City*.

**CONNUBIAL HOOKS AND EYES.**—Amelia Simcox in a letter to a Western editor, unbosoms her wrongs as follows:—"I married Simcox eight years ago, at which time my gowns were fastened by eight hooks and eyes. Now, sir, you will readily conceive that no woman can completely hook-and-eye herself. Whilst a spinster, she obtains the aid of her sister, cousin, mother, or Betty, the maid. When she becomes a married woman, the hook-and-eye duty naturally devolves upon the husband. For the first year of my marriage, Simcox like an affectionate husband, hooked and eyed the whole eight; the second year he somewhat peevishly restricted his attention to seven; the third to six; the fourth to five; the fifth to four; and so on decreasing, until this morning—the anniversary of our eighth wedding day—when you would have supposed him possessed by the dearest and fondest recollections, he dropped another hook-and-eye, intimating to me that for the term of his natural life he should restrict himself to one—the hook-and-eye at the top. As I know, Mr. Editor, you have a crowd of female readers, I thought it a duty I owed to my sex to warn them, through the medium of your columns, of the craftiness, and—I must say it—the selfishness of man. They will, I hope, take warning by my condition, and ere they enter into matrimony, stipulate for a due performance of toilette attention on the part of their husbands. Whilst in our pride, we women remember that marriage has its bonds, let not the men forget that it has also its *Hooks-and-Eyes*.

*Dr. Humm.*—Digby, they say you're good at making puns on any subject: make one on this apple.

*Digby.*—I can't; but if you will I'll en-core it.

*Dr. Humm.*—Then make one on that barrel.

*Digby.*—You could bear-ill the puns I might make on that.

*Dr. Humm.*—Try, then, on that carriage.

*Digby.*—That is not a carriage: it conveys but one young man.

*Dr. Humm.*—[Presenting Digby's due bill for ten dollars]—What will you do with this?

*Digby.*—I shall X-it—[Exit.]

*Dr. Humm.*—[solus.]—I tried to procure payment by *humoring* his vein; but, alas! he has bled me.—*Boston Post*.

**HOW TO GET INTO TROUBLE.**—Always keep a sharp look out after your neighbor's concerns; knowledge, you know, is power. Get upon parish committees; if a party question, never mind which side you take, it will show your impartiality—besides it will let you into the secrets of each. Always speak your mind boldly—no matter where or who hears your. Do not refuse bail for poor Bob—it is only a trifle. Take an active part in popular elections. If all these do not succeed, go to law.

Massieu, a deaf and dumb pupil of the Abbe Sicard, gives the following beautiful replies to the questions put to him:

Q. What is hope?

A. The blossom of happiness.

Q. What is Eternity?

A. The lifetime of God.

Q. What is Gratitude?

A. The memory of the Heart.

**HINTS TO MARRIED WOMEN.**—The following anecdote is "going the round" of all the newspapers, that are edited by married men:—When Livia had attained such ascendancy over her husband Augustus, that he could hardly refuse her any thing, though emperor of the world, many of the married ladies of Rome were anxious to know the secret and the source of her success; to whom she replied, "I rule by obeying"

**ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY.**—I heard the hammer of a mechanic that owes me, at four o'clock this morning. I'll trust him till April.

I saw another, yesterday afternoon, who has plenty of work on hand, lounging at the corner. I'll have him before the squire next week.

"Shepherd," said a sentimental young lady, (who fancied herself a heroine in the golden groves of Acadia,) "Shepherd," said she to a rustic, who was tending some sheep, "why have you not got your pipe with you?" "Bekase, ma'am, I ha'nt gotten no backy."

We heard of a polite Frenchman one time, who carried his ideas of gallantry to such a pitch of sublimity, as to run round the other side of a lady, when her shadow fell so that he could not avoid stepping on it.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1842.

OUR 15TH VOLUME.—We enter upon a new volume of the Gem, with the new year. What say our old patrons? Shall we have their approval and their names? We make no loud professions—pretend to no extraordinary merits. What the Gem has been, it shall continue to be—a semi-monthly visiter to the fire-sides of its friends; freighted with useful matter, blended with amusement and instruction. We shall be careful to select the best of the mass of choice literature with which the periodical press is now teeming, and to furnish our own quota of the same material. We believe that the GEM will be attractive, and that none will repent, at the end of the year, that they have been its patrons. As our terms are but \$1 per annum, we believe we can depend, with confidence, upon a large list of subscribers.

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR! The winds of Time have blown thee into the ocean of Eternity. Mighty though thou hast been—crumbling thrones, overwhelming nations, destroying princes and giving birth to kings, emperors and autocrats—thou couldst not avert thine “appointed time.” Though the cherishers of long-delayed hopes, hung upon thy garments, and besought thee, with tears, not to flee while they still were desolate—though the dying have clung to thee, and the disappointed cursed thee, though millions marked every hour of thy progress, and thy months were big with the fate of kingdoms—thou couldst not, any more than the crushed worm, avert thy destiny. It must be said of thee, old friend, as it hath been said of thy five thousand predecessors—“he was, but is not.” But thy memory will live—only, however, as lives the memory of “Tom Thumb”—upon the page of history. Time is a mighty leveller. He maketh the surviving speak alike of all the dead—whether they were kings or beggars. “They have been” tells the brief history of the millions who, as Warriors and Statesmen, have shook the world—and of the depressed and oppressed of the earth, who have groaned out a brief existence of pain and sorrow. “They have been” tells of the occupants of palaces and hovels, who are now the tenants of the tomb, and reminds the living that the present must soon become the past.

In thy flight, Old Year, thou hast witnessed much both of joy and sorrow. Thou has had the young and light of heart, for thine early companions; but ere thy days were exhausted, thou hast stood by their tomb. Thou hast entwined the bridal chaplet and the death-wreath upon the same brow. Thou hast witnessed the extinguishment alike of the hopes of the high-born and the sorrows of the lowly. Thou hast contrasted the corroding emotions which disturb the peace of the miser and extortioner, with the silent joys of the good man, whose heart overflows with benevolence and good will. Thou hast marked the darkness which gathered around the grave of the drunkard, and the heavenly light which beams in the countenances of the wife and children of the reformed. Thou hast stood at the death-bed of the unprepared, the ghosts of whose murdered years have tormented their victim before his time; and thou hast witnessed the calm, joyous sleep of the Christian—the gentle breathing out of the happy soul. All these thou hast seen, and more; and from the text they furnish thee, thou preachest—“Let the time past suffice thee that thou hast wrought the will of the Gentiles; henceforth live, not unto yourselves, but unto Him who hath bought you with his own precious blood.”

And now, farewell, old year. Thou hast al-

ready taken thy place in the archives of eternity. There thou must slumber through unending ages; but the soul cannot slumber.

Nor can we keep back the New Year. The young rascal is upon us. He comes dressed in the white mantle of winter. He is laden with the fruits of Time. Bitter and sweet are promiscuously blended. The bride's dress and the shroud are in the same bundle. He has smiles for one and frowns for another; but over all is this motto—“NOR TIME NOR DEATH CAN DESPOIL THE JOYS OF THE CHRISTIAN.”

STANDARD BELL.—This is a new instrument, invented and manufactured by our friend T. D. JACKSON. It is designed as a Meal Bell for Hotels, and is at once an ingenious and beautiful piece of mechanism. The frame work of the one he has just finished, is about eight feet high. Upon its top is the bell, of an oval, basin form, and is about eighteen inches in diameter. It is highly polished, and, with a star emerging from its centre, makes a very pretty appearance.—About two feet below the bell, and upon the outside of the frame work, hangs a highly polished shaft, which serves as the hammer, and which is propelled by springs and chain-work, enclosed in the case, but which is set and kept in motion by a handle, ingeniously attached upon the outside of the frame. The entire machinery rests upon the floor, and has something the appearance of a beautifully finished clock, with the pendulum outside, ornamented on the top, by a brazen shield.

The tone of the bell is extremely fine—the metal being of a peculiar composition—possessing double the power of the ordinary material of which bells are made.

We are of the opinion that all the large hotels in the cities, would prefer this “Standard Bell” to either gongs or hand-bells. We cannot see, either, why the plan would not work well upon a much larger scale. The contrivance appears perfect; and if our young friend does not reap a rich harvest from this invention, this belle loving world must be much more firmly wedded to the old fashions than we believe it to be.

The machine—for it deserves the appellation—may be seen, for a day or two, at Mr. JACKSON'S shop, over BARTON & SMITH'S edge-tool establishment.

CHOICE OF FOOD.—Every nation has its peculiar and favorite dish. The Tartar quaffs his bowl of mare's milk; the Hindoo relishes assafœtida; a delicate young lady of Canton picks the ribs of a puppy; an Indian at the North Pole turns up his nose at sugar; a Neapolitan delights in his yard of macaroni; and a Greenlander rejoices in blubber and train oil. The Englishman is death upon roast beef and plum pudding, while mush and milk and pumpkin pie is a feast for the Yankee.

TRACTS.—There are few moral efforts calculated to render more effectual religious instruction, than the regular distribution of tracts. They are silent, but often, powerful preachers. The last report in New York gives 300 as the probable number of conversions through the instrumentality of tracts. The distributors also obtained several hundred names to the temperance pledge, and large numbers of children into the Sabbath schools.

IRON AND STEEL.—A Mr. BROADMEADOW has recently shown in a lecture in New York, that, by using anthracite coal, pig iron may be made in this country for \$12 per ton; bar iron, \$29 to \$30; and spring steel, \$10. Mr. B. has been 13 years engaged in this business, and has succeeded in making steel 25 per cent less than the cost of the foreign article. If this theory can be made to work, England may “hang up her fiddle.”

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SELF-CULTURE, BY DR. CHANNING, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.—This is a neat little volume, beautifully got up, as every thing from its distinguished author's pen deserves to be. Its title indicates its object. The lecture was delivered before the Boston Franklin Association; and abounds with strong reasons eloquently expressed, in favor of persevering effort to acquire knowledge. It is applicable to all, but it is peculiarly adapted to young mechanics—for whose particular benefit the lecture was written. It should be made the pocket companion of all who are willing to make an effort to learn.—It may be had at our bookstores.

“THE ARTIST.”—This beautiful magazine maintains all its original beauty. Its engravings are novel and rich—being colored to respond to the pencillings of nature; while in all else it is equal to the best of our monthlies. It may be had at the Arcade Hall News Room.

“LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.”—We have but to repeat our commendations of this work. It is made up of the choicest pieces, selected and original, and is worthy a place upon every lady's piano. Arcade News Room.

AFFLICTIVE.—A friend gives us an account of what he designates an afflictive dispensation, which recently occurred in a western village. JAMES WATERS was a young gentleman of fine talents—liberal minded and noble hearted. All who knew him esteemed him. On the morning of the 28th ult., he arose in his usual health, and during the day appeared in unusual good spirits. But about 6 o'clock, his friends discovered something unusual in his conduct. He retired to his room, and dressed himself in a new suit of clothes, and, at a little after 7 o'clock, left his boarding house, without giving any indication of insanity, or exciting the alarm of his friends. Nor was any alarm felt on his account, until he was found absent from the breakfast table next morning. His room was then visited, and the alarm of the household was still further excited by finding pinned to his hammock—he had been a sailor and continued to sleep in a hammock—a piece of paper upon which was written, “Farewell, old companion, I will have no more use for you.” This indicated the perpetration of some terrible act, and inquiries were immediately instituted; but no intelligence of the young man was obtained, until the servant of a neighboring farmer came to the house with the body—of a large wedding cake, and a card from Mr. and Mrs. WATER'S, requesting the company of their friends at 7 o'clock!

ORIGIN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATE.—The old charter provided for the election of Governor and “assistants” annually, with the representatives. Mr. CHANDLER, in a recent lecture says, that while all were in session together—the Governor presiding—a quarrel arose about compensating a widow for the loss of a pig. Words run high, and the “assistants” withdrew, and organized by themselves. This constituted the Senate, and it has been kept up ever since. The cackling of a goose saved Rome, and a pig was the father of the Massachusetts Senate.

□ There are some men with so much genius that they think it unnecessary to apply themselves to any useful labor;—just as some others deem it unnecessary to read, because they have large libraries.

□ TIMERS is now traveling, with the retinue of a prince, gathering up materials for his history of France. Twelve years ago, he was an obscure newspaper scribbler. Now his fame is as broad as civilization, and he is as rich as Cræsus.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Lines Suggested by the Death of the Late Mrs. W. R. Strong.

Thou art gone to thy last long abode,  
Thou hast entered eternity's rest,  
And the voice of thy well-pleased God,  
Ere now has enraptured thy breast.

Thou hast left us in sorrow—to mourn—  
To sigh for thy presence again;  
But ah! thou wert heavenward borne,  
And our sadness and tears are in vain.

Yet we would not thy spirit recal,  
Nor mourn that thy journey is o'er,  
For beyond the dark gloom of the pall,  
Our eyes toward paradise soar.

We'll think of thy mould'ring form,  
While virtue is worthy of thought,  
While goodness our sentiments warm,  
Or our hearts are by piety taught.

We'll think of the virtuous deeds  
With which thy short life has been crown'd;  
And that holy example, which spread  
Such a heavenly influence 'round.

But what shall our anguish remove.  
Or fill up the chasm thou hast left?  
What shall soothe the fond circle of love,  
Of its loveliest object bereft?

Is there love in thy mansion so high?  
And do earthly attachments still glow?  
O, yes! and thou wilt not deny,  
What was granted so freely below.

Thus our hearts shall still converse enjoy,  
White faith soars to regions above  
Where with glorified tongues we'll employ  
An endless duration of love.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Farewell to my Native Land,

Farewell my friend the time draws near,  
That bids us drop the parting tear,  
Farewell, no more that cheerful smile,  
From gloomy care my heart shall wile.

No more shall we by the moon's pale beam,  
Walk arm in arm by the murmuring stream,  
And pause in the shade of the old oak tree,  
To list' the wild bird's melody.

No more at twilight's pensive hour,  
Shall we cull for each friend a dewy flower,  
Or weave them in a wreath so fair,  
Or place them in each other's hair.

Ah ne'er again those ringing bells  
Shall summons us to the ball room's spells;  
And ne'er again at dawning gray,  
Over clover'd fields, we'll carelessly stray.

Or wander up and down the hill,  
Or rest us by the bubbling rill;  
Ah yes the time is near at hand,  
That bids me leave this lovely land.

Take this dear flower, "Forget-Me-Not,"  
And let it cheer some lonely spot;  
When Autumn flowers are dry and sear,  
Oh moisten it with one sad tear.

Farewell—I hear my brother call;  
Farewell to thee, farewell to all—  
To-morrow eve my home must be,  
On 't'other side the Genesis.

Avon, December, 1843.

F. A. J.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Saratoga.

BY EDWARD SIMMS WATSON.

Our patriot sires in Freedom's cause,  
On Saratoga's plains,  
Obtain'd a haughty world's applause—  
A never-dying fame:  
For there they tore the laurel'd wreath  
From England's tyrant king;  
And the British Lion bowed beneath  
The Eagle's pinion'd wing.

No monumental tributes rise  
To mark the hallow'd spot;  
No column, mingling with the skies,  
Proclaims their glorious lot:  
But Memory's reared a holier shrine,  
In Fame that ne'er departs,  
For deeds that, deeply grav'd by Time,  
Live in a nation's hearts.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Stanzas.

I met thee in the giddy train  
Of life's uncertain maze;  
When nought but cold, indifferent looks,  
Of strangers met my gaze.

I met thee when the chilling bands,  
Of ice had given way,  
And genial spring, with friendly hand,  
Resumed its silent way.

We met as strangers seldom meet,  
With fond hopes budding new,  
And friendship's bright, unsullied star,  
Was rising fair to view.

A long, bright summer pass'd away;  
That star was rising high,  
And hope sat whispering on her throne,  
When cloud-swept o'er the sky.

Sweet autumn came those loving hearts—  
Were mingled into one;  
The harvest of the happy hopes,  
The early spring begun.

Drear winter came, and still that star,  
Was brightening day by day,  
But constant, dark, unfeeling clouds,  
Bedim'd its cheering ray.

A whisper came, and then a breeze,  
A guest, a roaring blast;  
That fond cord trembled by its force,  
It snap'd the tie at last.

Come, come, oblivion, hover near,  
And take these thoughts from me,  
Erase their memory from my mind,  
Forgotten, let them be.

That cloud is passing fast away,  
And through the misty screen,  
Far, far, beyond these transient clouds,  
That star again is seen.

Avon, December, 1843.

F. A. J.

From the Lady's Book.

The Snow—The Snow!

BY J. E. KNIGHT.

The snow, the snow! I love the snow,  
With its wild and frantic curl,  
As it dances along on the frigid blast,  
That flings it about as it whistles past  
In many an eddying whirl!

O give me the snow, the white-winged snow,  
That falls from the wintry sky,  
That robes the earth in a vest of white,  
And sparkles and shines in the sun's rich light  
Like the starry arch on high!

The snow, the snow! I love the snow;  
'T is ever dear to me!  
With the gladness cry of the bright-cheek'd boy,  
Who hails its flight with a shout of joy—  
With a shout so full of glee!

Then give me the snow, the white-winged snow,  
That falls from the wintry sky,  
That robes the earth in a vest of white,  
That sparkles and shines in the sun's rich light,  
Like the starry arch on high!

New-Year's Song.

BY THOMAS POWERS.

I wish thee many happy days,  
And many happy years;  
May hope ne'er hide its gentle rays,  
Nor sorrows bring its tears;  
The flowers that grace life's changing scene,  
As spell of beauty's bloom,  
Will mark one spot of lovely green,  
Though all around is gloom.

Like bright'ning hues of ruddy west,  
That mark the setting sun,  
The parting hours of time still blest,  
Their truest joys have won:  
The rays that touch on ocean's tide,  
As light of beacon star,  
Shine on a true and faithful guide,  
To other climes afar.

Rochester Gem and Ladies' Amulet.

Prospectus for Vol. 15, commencing in Jan., 1843.  
EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

Price only \$1 a year!

THE GEM is a semi-monthly publication of Literature, consisting of Moral and Sentimental Tales, Poetry, Biography, Scientific Articles, History, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Anecdotes, Miscellany, &c. Every pains is taken to make the best selections, as well as to procure Original Articles of excellence.

CONDITIONS.

The Gem is published every other Saturday, at Rochester, N. Y., in quarto form, (eight pages of three columns each, to every number,) making 26 numbers and 208 pages

in the year. A title page and index will be furnished at the close of the year. The whole makes a fine volume for binding.

THE PRICE IS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable in all cases in advance. Any person sending us \$5.00, shall receive SIX copies, or for \$10.00, THIRTEEN copies, sent to any directions desired.

MARK, that subscriptions will not be received for less than a year, and every subscription must commence at the beginning of the volume. Complete sets of back numbers will be furnished at any time within the year.

Post Masters will forward money for any who wish to subscribe.

Any person sending us \$10.00, will have his name published as Agent. Still we will not be responsible for money paid to any one, unless he have a certificate of agency with our written signature.

NO CREDIT to Agents.

Publishers wishing the Gem, will please copy the prospectus.

STRONG & DAWSON.

Rochester, October, 1843.

Marriages.

On the 5th inst., by the Rev. H. J. Whitehouse, Mr. GEO. H. M'KNIGHT, to Miss SARAH ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. M'Knight, Esq., of this city.

Last evening, 27th instant, by Professor C. Dewey, Mr. GEORGE W. HART, of the city of New York, to Miss JULIA M. HAIGHT.

In this city, on the evening of the 25th instant, by Benj. Smith, Esq. of Honeye Falls, Mr. BENJAMIN HARRIS, of Pittsford, to Mrs. FRANCES GILMAN, of this city.

In this city, on the 29th inst., by Rev. James B. Shaw, George H. Bogth, Esq., of Syracuse, to Leonora M. Booth, of this city.

In this city, on the 1st instant, by Rev. P. Church, Mr. James Harris, to Miss Mary Ann Simmons.

In this city, on Monday evening, 3d inst., by the Rev. V. R. Hotchkiss, Mr. Ira G. Leonard to Miss Frances W. Moore, all of this city.

On the 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Richardson, at the 1st Presbyterian Church in Pittsford, J. Henry Carpenter to Miss Mary E. Kaapp, all of Pittsford.

On Sunday morning, Jan. 1st, by the Rev. Dr. Luckey, Mr. Joseph C. Jones, to Miss Mary Agnus Pullis, daughter of Tuncie V. P. Pullis, all of this city.

In this city, on the 29th inst., by Addison Moore, Esq., Abel L. Morgan, of Rush, to Miss Maria Mariatt, of Mendon.

In Brighton, on the 23d ult., by Rev. P. Church, Mr. Elias H. Murray, to Miss Catharine B. Vadder.

In West Walworth, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. Stephen Taylor, Mr. Caleb H. Hicks, to Miss Nancy Ann Birdsall, all of the above place.

In North Rush, on the 1st inst., by Henry B. Hart, Esq., Mr. Eleazer Johnson, of Gainesville, to Miss Lydia Douglas, of North Rush.

In LeRoy, on the 28th ult., by H. H. Carpenter, Esq., Mr. Lorenzo D'Wolf, to Miss Azelia F. Tiffany, both of Avon.

In Bethany, on the 20th ult., Mr. Elias Chapman, to Miss Brundage, daughter of Harvey Brundage, all of Bethany.

In Middlebury, on the 21st ult., by the Rev. R. P. Farmer, Mr. Sexturus Barras, of Linden, to Miss Rachael Merritt, of Middlebury.

In Linden, Gen. co., by the Rev. Mr. Twitchel, Mr. Samuel Webb, of Wyoming, to Miss Martha Ann Patterson.

At Ogden, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. E. Mead, Mr. Henry M. Hescall, of Ogden, to Miss Nancy M., daughter of Samuel Kilborn, Esq., of the former place.

In Warsaw, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Pierson, Dr. L. F. Finch, of Gainesville, to Miss Martha Morse, of Warsaw.

In Cohocton, Steuben co., on the 19th ult., by the Rev. W. R. Babcock, Mr. Anson T. West, of Perry, to Miss Lydia Ann, daughter of Rev. James Bronson, of the above place.

In Gates, on the 27th ult., by S. Yerkes, Esq., George Chamberlin, to Miss Jane McGregor.

At Ypsilanti, Michigan, Dec. 15, 1843, by the Rev. Mr. Powers, Mr. Charles Thompson, of Shiawassee co., to Sarah A., daughter of Gen. John Van Fossen, of the former place.

In Pittsford on the 19th instant, by the Rev. E. Wheeler, Maj. Hiram Russell, of Henrietta, to Clarinda Adella Kinter, of the former place.

In Chili, on the 29th inst., by Rev. Samuel Gronendike, Mr. Porter Vinton, of Wheatland, to Miss Sarah Jane Huff, of the former place.

In Ogden, on the 28th inst., by the Rev. J. M. Cook, Mr. John W. Phillips, of Biga, to Miss Louise, daughter of Mr. Joshua Richmond, of the former place.

In Gates, on the 18th Nov. inst, by S. A. Yerkes, Esq., Mr. Hiram Townsend, of Ogden, to Miss Eliza Balden, of Gates. On the 27th inst., by the same, Mr. George S. Chamberlain, to Miss Jane McGregor, all of Gates.

In Greece, on the 29th Dec., by the Rev. Mr. Shaffer, Mr. Frederick Handford, to Miss Alvira Saxton, both of that town.

In Arcadia, on the 23d inst., by Rev. G. Osband, Mr. Joseph A. Burrows, to Miss Rowena L. Osband, daughter of Rev. Wilton Osband, all of Arcadia.

In Providence, R. I., on the 14th inst., by Rev. Mr. Bacon, John Spencer, Esq., to Miss Avis S. Northup, late of Detroit, and daughter of the late Capt. Joseph Northup of P.

In Palmyra, on the evening of the 22d inst., by Rev. D. Cushing, Mr. Aaron W. Hedges, of Arcadia, to Miss Ruth Aramanta Harrison, of Palmyra.

The parties were both deaf mutes; yet the excellent education made perfectly easy and truly interesting the administration of that mutual pledge which unites them for life.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

Terms—One Dollar per annum, in advance.



# THE GEM

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

Vol. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1843.

No. 2.

## Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

### A TALE OF CONNECTICUT.

A long time ago, the inhabitants of the little village of P. . . ., in the state of Connecticut, were quite excited by the arrival of a family, directly from England, consisting of an old man, his daughter, and three domestics. It was before our Revolution, and communication with the mother country was so rare, that the simple villagers were delighted at the prospect of hearing from home and the friends they had left—nothing doubting but their new neighbor had their pedigree at his finger's ends. But in this they were sadly disappointed; for the old gentleman appeared somewhat averse to answer their questions, and disclaimed all knowledge of heraldry. When this fact, along with the sight of rather gay and costly robes, in which the old gentleman's daughter chose to appear, shortly after their arrival, came to be known throughout the village, there was a falling off, and but few "calls" were made; and by and by, none at all. So the old gentleman and his daughter were left to keep each other company. And, strange to say, they appeared much happier than when the house was thronged with the villagers from morning till night.

Sir Mark Howard (for that was the name the newly-arrived bore) had purchased a tract of land, with a hewn log house on the premises, which lay some half mile out of the village, on the border of a beautiful lake.

In a short time, things assumed a new aspect. Fences were arranged in order; a large garden was prepared for cultivation; a porch was added to the house, and creeping plants twined around its rude pillars. Lights were seen in the parlor windows; roses bloomed in the garden; and an air of peace and happiness seemed brooding over all. The thoughtless urchin, as he drove his cows home at sunset, would pause, and gaze in childish wonder at the old man, seated in the porch, with the rays of the declining sun lighting up his venerable countenance, and the evening breeze lifting the gray hairs from his still lofty forehead, and then in playful coquetry passing to wanton with the sunny tresses that shaded the lovely face of his daughter.

At such times, the old man would gaze with mournful pride upon his daughter, as she sat at his feet, shaking from the chords of the harp such sounds of melody as she knew soothed her father's ear. With ceaseless and untiring care, did Sir Mark watch over his happy child, and well and warmly was he repaid for that care; for even the unpoetical villagers could not but admire the filial care and love with which Grace assisted her father's somewhat feeble steps to the humble house of God.

Near Sir Mark's habitation, dwelt an Indian

chief, with his son and daughter. He was truly a "man of many sorrows," for he had witnessed the extinction of his whole tribe, and though the tide of emigration was "setting in" strongly around him, he would not leave the graves of his ancestors. Sir Mark, in his ramblings, had formed an acquaintance with the old chief, and spent many an hour in his wigwam.

Iseyema, the daughter of the chief, and Grace were inseparable companions; and often did they spend whole days in the woods together. Iseyema instructed Grace in all the accomplishments of an Indian maiden, and she soon became quite an adept at embroidering wampum belts, forming dresses of fur, shooting with the bow and the more deadly rifle. Clad in furs, they braved the wintry storms, and laughed, and talked, and loved on, as young hearts will, regardless of the future. Grace, in her turn, imparted all the knowledge the Indian maiden could comprehend; and Iseyema was not slow in learning to strike with a master hand the chords of the harp. Nothing more beautiful can be conceived, than the sight of the lovely girl, flinging her beautiful though dusky hand over the harp, and singing with a voice whose tones were all music, the wild and poetical songs of her native tongue.

Asseleco, the brother of Iseyema, often accompanied the maidens in their rambles. He was a noble specimen of the aborigines of our country,—tall and straight as the mountain pine, with all the nobleness of mien and countenance that are characteristic of his race. And he loved the pale faced maiden. But never, by word or look, had he betrayed his passion, but ever treated Grace as a sister.

As Grace and Iseyema were one day roaming through the woods, not far from the path that led to the sea-coast towns, they became wearied, and seating themselves on an old log, they commenced weaving garlands of the wild flowers that gemmed the mossy carpet.

Leaving them thus employed, our readers will please give their attention to two persons that were riding along the above mentioned path. They seemed to be master and serving man. The one who rode in advance, was dressed in the rich garb of the times, and bore about him the insignia of knighthood. The serving-man wore a rich though quaint livery. Both seemed ready to repel danger, if it threatened them, for the knight's holsters were garnished with pistols, and at his side hung a short sword. His man, a stout, burly yeoman, wore in his belt a long keen knife.

The young knight appeared buried in thought. But he would now and then raise his eyes and cast a pleased, though quick glance, into the depths of the wood, and then resume his meditations. After proceeding in this manner above an hour, the knight turned to his servant, and said,

"Bethinks thee, Adam Bell, we are near our journey's end? Did not the rascally knaves in

the last town through which we passed, tell thee that we should gain our place of destination ere night-fall?"

"That they did, master; and I think we must be approaching the village, for see, the path becomes more broad and open.

"Thou sayest true, Adam Bell; so, prithee, let us push forward; for see, the sun is well nigh set, and I would fain pass the coming night in the mansion of Sir Mark Howard, instead of 'neath the green wood tree, beautiful as this forest is."

"So had I, master, for our wallet is empty, and it is not very pleasant to go to bed on an empty stomach."

"Why, how now?—what hast done with the provender that was left at noon? There was enough for another good meal, certainly."

"A meal, didst say? Why, master, there was but a few fragments, and whilst thou wert thinking so deeply, I didst solace myself therewith."

The knight burst into a loud, musical laugh, and said,

"Hand me the flagon of malmesby, and here's to the larder of our good host, which I hope is well stored, for thy sake, Adam Bell. A few fragments! ha, ha, ha!"

Adam urged his horse a little closer to his master's, and with the freedom of an old servant, commenced a conversation respecting Sir Mark Howard, endeavoring to fathom his master's reason for leaving the luxuries of the old world for the discomforts and privations of the new. The knight was amusing himself with his servant's inquiries, when he suddenly checked his horse, to gaze upon a lovely group which an opening in the trees revealed to his sight. It was Asseleco, Grace and Iseyema.

Iseyema was twining the wreaths of flowers which they had been forming, around the sunny curls of Grace, while her own dark locks were braided with the rich gems which her friend usually wore. Asseleco was regarding them with a look of mingled pride and fondness. The cavalier had not long to gaze on this lovely scene, for the keener eye of the Indian detected him. He started forward a step, but checking himself, he turned to Grace and said,

"White Rose, dost see yon pale faced warrior?"

Grace looked in the direction in which Asseleco pointed, and the light shot from her eyes at the sight of the young man; for it brought back the recollection of the home which she had left.

The knight sprang lightly from his horse, and throwing the bridle to his servant, advanced to meet the wondering group. Bowing low, he asked if they could inform him if the dwelling of Sir Mark Howard was in the vicinity. Grace returned the salutation by a slight courtesy and said,

"I am the daughter of Sir Mark Howard, and he whom I am addressing must be Sir Guy Haviland, whom my father has daily expected for the last week?"

"The same."

"I bid you welcome, Sir Guy, to our new home; and, if you will allow me to, I will guide you by a shorter path than the one you have been pursuing, to our mansion; and your servant can take your horse around by the road."

The knight offered his arm to Grace; she accepted it, and said,

"Come, Iseyema and Asselecoa, will you not accompany us? I think my father will be glad to purchase your venison of you."

The person addressed had regarded the stranger with a look of the deepest interest, but when, at the question of Grace, the knight turned his eyes upon him, it left his features, and his face assumed the calm and passionless look peculiar to the Indian. Looking down at a dead buck which lay at his feet, he answered in his native tongue, and his deep guttural voice awed the stranger:

"The venison, White Rose, is for my father, who is now too old and infirm to procure it for himself; and Iseyema must go with me to prepare it for him."

Iseyema followed her brother with a blush crimsoning her sunny cheek and bosom; for during her brother's speech, the stranger had regarded her with a look of the most ardent admiration. She had observed his manly bearing and noble proportion with pleasure. And indeed it is not to be wondered at; for the young Baron of Tranhan was formed to win the admiration of all at first sight. His form graceful, yet commanding; his broad white forehead, and eyes of the deepest blue — so deep that, at night, or when in animated conversation, they were mistaken for black. Add to this a nose and mouth of the most perfect symmetry, with beautiful teeth, and it need not be matter for surprise that, short as was the interview, the stranger made a deep impression on the heart of the simple and artless Iseyema.

Asselecoa threw the venison over his shoulder, and strode away with it. Adam Bell looked chaffin, for he had been thinking of the rich pastures the noble monarch of the herd would make. And now to see it carried off, to feed an old Indian, when christian men were so much in need of it, seemed to him like a heinous sin. The Baron guessed what was passing in the mind of his servant, and with an amused look said,

"Fear thee not, Adam, thy supper shall be good and plentiful; for Sir Mark was famed for well-filled larders, and unbounded hospitality, in merry England, and I'll warrant ye, he has not forgotten it." And directing him to follow with the horses, he and Grace struck into a foot-path, and was soon out of sight.

Adam Bell remained precisely where his master left him, for some time. At last, rousing himself, he spurred his horse and rode on muttering,

"Ah! now I see the why my master left old England for this unchristian country — the daughter of old Sir Mark Howard, forsooth. Aye, aye, these women play the devil with a man's brains."

In the mean time, Grace and Sir Guy were proceeding on their way — Grace answering with her usual sweetness the inquiries respecting her father's health, made by Sir Guy; and courteously inquiring, in her turn, if Sir Guy's journey had been agreeable.

A pause ensued in the conversation, which the Baron broke by saying,

"May I ask, Miss Howard, who are those young Indians who were your companions when I disturbed you?"

"They are the children of an old chief, whose wigwam is not far from my father's house. They are the last remnant of a once powerful tribe; and the aged chief remains to guard the graves of his ancestors, though often urged by his noble

son to leave the white man's dwellings and go far from them. His attachment to the place of his birth, and the scenes of his former greatness, is so strong, that he will not go, but fondly looks forward to the time when he shall be at rest with his people. Perhaps you may think it strange, that a daughter of the race who have been so cruel to the Indian should be so intimate with them; but my father, who found no companions among the villagers, formed an acquaintance with the aged chief on our first arrival. Asselecoa once saved me from the paws of a panther, and when my father pressed him to name his reward, all he asked was that we should continue our attentions to his father and sister, whom he tenderly loves. Sweet Iseyema! who would not love her? She is to me a sister, and as such I will love her all the days of my life. But, see! we are at home now! There is my father, seated in the porch — he does not see us yet."

Sir Mark turned his head at the sound of his daughter's voice, and recognized his long-expected guest, whom he welcomed with much cordiality.

"Grace," said he, "go and see that supper is prepared for our guest. You do not mean to deny him the hospitality of a meal, after crossing the Atlantic to see us?"

Grace blushed, and withdrew to give the necessary orders.

Weeks passed away, and the young Baron was still at Sir Mark's. But the knight's daughter — beautiful as she was, fit subject for a poet's pen or painter's pencil, with a mind fitted for such a shrine — wove not the chains that held him there, away from his home, although he had crossed the Atlantic with the intention of winning Grace Howard for his bride. He had seen her once ere she left England, and though but a child, she left a deep impression upon him. In the mean time, his father, a staunch friend of Sir Mark's, died, earnestly conjuring his son to visit America; and although he did not name it, yet he earnestly wished in his heart that his son might marry the daughter of his old, and now somewhat impoverished, friend.

The young Baron, finding himself the owner of a large fortune, and being of a somewhat chivalrous and romantic temperament, thought of complying with his father's injunction. And receiving a pressing invitation from Sir Mark to visit him, he arranged his affairs, and left England, attended by one servant.

Five years had elapsed since Sir Guy had seen Grace, and he now found her all she promised to be — a lovely and loving woman; and yet half a child; a happy, gladsome creature, with a heart overflowing with affection for the few she had to love — idolized by her father and loving Iseyema with that ardor which the young and happy heart only can cherish. That all-absorbing love which renders weak the strongest ties, she knew nothing of. True, she had read of it; but it seemed a something sad and sorrowful — a love not to be desired. But still, when she thought of Asselecoa, feelings which she dared not analyse, told her that her own heart might one day have its own overpowering and engrossing love. She talked to Sir Guy as she would to a brother; showed to him all her woodland haunts, and her favorite paths, and learned him how to wreath the wild flowers after the most approved fashion; and gave him lessons in the Indian tongue.

But the book which Guy liked best to study from, was the speaking eyes and flushing cheek of Iseyema. He followed the chase with her brother, and at night laid the fruit of his success at her feet. Asselecoa soon felt admiration, almost friendship, for the pale face; for he quickly learned all the necessary cautions of the Indian's life

— to bend the tough bow, to shoot with unerring precision, and to guide the frail canoe over the beautiful lake.

Meantime, Sir Mark's health began to fail, and he daily grew more anxious about his daughter. He saw with pain that there existed no affection between Sir Guy and Grace. He could not live much longer; and then what would become of his orphan child? He had all his lifetime cherished the idea that the houses of Howard and Howland were to be united. But he now saw it was not to be so, and the father's heart was troubled.

Winter was now fast approaching, and Sir Guy began to speak of returning home. But his kind host urged him to stay during the winter. Sir Mark felt in his heart that he should not survive the return of Spring, and he wished to confide Grace to his care, on her journey to England — whither she must go, in the event of his death, to reside with a maiden aunt, whom Grace had never seen, she being at her father's death the only relative Grace had; for Grace was the last relic of an ancient though decayed house.

Sir Guy consented to remain through the winter, much to the disappointment of Adam Bell, who was heartily tired of our good country. The winter proved severe, and Grace's worst apprehensions respecting her father's health, appeared about to be realized. He failed in strength every day, till at last he could not leave his room. — Grace was ever by his side. The ringing laugh and sylph-like step of the gleesome girl, had given place to the voice of subdued tenderness and the quiet tread so grateful to the invalid; and when away from his presence, a look of anxiety and solicitude sat upon her fair brow, but it gave way to a smile of holy love, when her father's glance rested upon her, and her voice was cheerful, and her smile ever bright to cheer and console him. It grieved the heart of that fond parent to think how lonely and unprotected he must leave his fair child. And Grace saw with sorrow that, with all her endeavors to render him comfortable and happy, there was something weighing heavily at his heart.

Sir Mark had lain in stupor all day, but toward evening he roused, and was placed in an arm-chair before a blazing fire, by Adam Bell and an old and faithful domestic, who had followed the fortunes of his master. After musing for some time, he called Grace to him and said,

"Sit down, my child, by the side of thy father, for he has much to say to thee."

Grace seated herself on a low stool at his feet, and looked up smilingly into his face. The old man gazed long and fondly on the sweet childish face upturned to his, and murmured,

"Grace! Grace! image of thy sainted mother, I bless thee!"

The tears started to her eyes, and she laid her head on her father's knee to conceal them, while his thin hand strayed lovingly amid her sunny curls. At length he said,

"Grace! dost thou think you could be resigned to the will of the Lord, did He see fit to close thy father's pilgrimage on earth?"

"Dear father!" said she, "we will talk of that now; I trust you have many years yet to live."

"Listen, Grace. Thy father hast but a few days more to remain upon earth, and I would not have thee ignorant of it. I have seen, for a long time, that thou hast thought the return of spring would bring me health and strength; but thou must think so no longer, my child. The flowers of spring will bloom over my grave!"

"Father! dear father! do not say so! You will not, cannot, die!" exclaimed Grace, clinging to her father's knees, and looking wildly into his face — for the idea that her father would really

die, had never entered her mind, and now at her father's words, the black waves of sorrow and despair rolled over her soul with irresistible force.

At length, drying her tears, and calming her emotion, she said, "Why these gloomy forebodings, father? You know the physician says that when the warm weather comes again, you may hope for the return of health."

"It is not so, my child; he is mistaken."

Grace bowed her head and wept in silence, while the old man proceeded:

"It is not for myself that I regret to give up my hold on life; for it has been one of suffering and sorrow: but it is for thy sake, my motherless child, that thy father's heart is troubled, and he would fain live on — but, the Lord's will be done. The spirit of thy sainted mother hast ever been near thee, watching over thee; and when mine is released from this clayey appendage, it will join hers, and we will guide thee aright to the land of the blessed. But I would speak to thee of our young guest. Sir Guy Haviland hath promised to remain here until I am laid in the grave, and then thou and him will depart for thy native land, where thou wilt reside with an aunt of thine. Thy father is poor in worldly goods, but I leave thee enough that thou needst not be dependent. And, Grace, if thou shouldst ever marry, promise me that thou wilt choose one whom thy father would approve, were he alive."

"Oh, father!" said the weeping girl, "Oh, father! talk not to me of marriage, or of going to England, where every face would look coldly on the homeless orphan. If thou diest, as thou sayest thou must, grant me leave to stay here, where I can visit thy grave, and watch that no sacrilegious hand dare profane thy sacred dust."

"Alas! poor child! who would protect thee, here in this desolate wilderness?"

"Asseleco and Iseyema, father, — thou knowest they look upon me as a sister — and their father, the noble and upright Tecanghnetreao. Surely, your Grace will be happier with such friends, rude though they be, than in the splendid mansions of the old world. My wild manners and habits would illy correspond with those around me."

"Thou sayest true, Grace. Thy mode of life, which I myself have encouraged, has unfitted thee for the sphere of life in which thou hast by birth a right to move. But must the last scion of an ancient house end her days in the rude wigwam of an Indian?"

As he ceased speaking, he sighed deeply, and leaning his head upon his hand, sank into a reverie. Grace, hearing an unusual noise in the hall, and seeing that her father was not inclined to renew the conversation, softly left the room, to ascertain whose were the loud tones that had reached her in her father's chamber. She found Asseleco in the hall.

"Why has my brother been absent so long from the house of his pale father?" said Grace, looking into his face with a sweet smile.

But it was met with no answering one. The face of the Indian was dark with conflicting passions, and his eyes flashed such revengeful fire, that Grace shrank back, alarmed at the furious aspect of the Indian. Perceiving her terror, he took her hand, and his eyes rested upon her with a softened glance, and his face assumed almost woman's tenderness. But he turned away and muttered,

"Thou too art of that accursed race — and yet thou art not like him!"

Grace listened in nameless terror to these strange words. But she said,

"What has happened, Asseleco? why is your face so dark? and why do you call my race ac-

curst? Iseyema would not call us accursed; and why should you?"

At the mention of his sister's name, the Indian's face darkened again, and the marks of strong internal anguish were depicted upon it.

"Listen, Sweet Flower!" said he, "listen! Didst thou love the Indian girl?"

"Did I love her? Rather ask, do I not love her. And O! what has happened to her? where is she? — let me go to her this instant!"

"Thou canst not go to her."

"What! is she dead?"

"Dead to us."

"What mean you, Asseleco? Speak, and tell me what has happened to my sister — my friend."

"Well, listen! Iseyema loved the young pale face who was thy father's guest; and she left her forest home to go with the stranger across the big waters — and her sister will see her no more!" As he finished speaking, the breast of the stern Indian heaved, and his lip quivered with the intensity of his emotion.

At this announcement, Grace started, and the color fled from her cheek. Being so closely confined to the chamber of her father, she knew not that Sir Guy was passing most of his time in the company of Iseyema, and breathing in her ear words of love and never-ending devotion.

"Asseleco!" said she, "is this true? Has Sir Guy Haviland been so base, so cruel, as to endeavor to win the love of one whom he is too proud to make his bride?"

"He has!"

A strong shudder ran through her frame, and burying her face in her hands, she wept bitterly: for very dear to the heart of Grace was Iseyema. At length she dried her tears, and urged Asseleco to pursue the fugitives and bring his sister back. He answered her, that was his intention, and he had come to ask of her to send one of her father's domestics every day to the lodge of Tecanghnetreao, during his absence, to minister to the wants of the aged chief. To this, Grace readily assented, comforting the anxious son that she would herself visit the chieftain, and see that he lacked for nothing that could render him comfortable.

Asseleco expressed his thanks. "And now, farewell, sister," said he; "tell not thy father of this: he is too ill to hear such tidings."

Grace attended him to the door, earnestly beseeching him to bring back Iseyema, and to spare the life of Sir Guy.

"Let no blood be shed!" said she. "Let not my brother come back to me with his hands red with the blood of one who has been my father's guest!"

Asseleco gave the desired promise that he would spare the life of his sister's betrayer, and they parted — one to commence a toilsome journey, on foot and alone, and the other to her attendance on her sick parent.

It was the last of March, and the snow that had so long shrouded the earth, was beginning to melt, so the Indian had little trouble in following the trail of the fugitives. They had but a few hours the start of him, and he hoped to overtake them by pursuing a shorter route than the one they had taken — they having gone in the direct route to the towns on the sea-coast.

As he journeyed through the towns, he could hear tidings of those he sought from every one; for the passing of such a cavalcade was an event of some importance in those simple times, and known to every inhabitant on their route. As the towns became more frequent, he left the woods entirely, and struck into the more traveled path.

After a few inquiries on the morning of the fourth day, he advanced more swiftly, for he knew that he now must be within a few miles of those

he sought. As he brooded over the cause of his journey, he almost forgot his promise to Grace to leave Sir Guy unharmed; and he fiercely grasped the handle of his tomahawk, and his face assumed a look of determined revenge.

As he strode forward, the trampling of horses struck upon his sensitive ear. In a few minutes the cavalcade were visible, and he saw it was those of whom he was in pursuit. Sir Guy and Iseyema rode in front, and Adam Bell brought up the rear. They were so deeply engaged in conversation that they did not perceive the solitary individual who stood directly in their path, until their horses stopped, refusing to proceed.

On looking up to ascertain the cause, Sir Guy recoiled; for there, with his rifle within a foot of his breast, stood the injured brother of her whom he had won from her peaceful home.

A piercing shriek escaped from Iseyema, and beating up the rifle, she sprang from her horse, and throwing herself at the feet of her brother, she clasped his knees, exclaiming, "Spare! Oh, spare him! I alone am to blame! Oh, Asseleco! by the love we have borne each other from our childhood — by the pleasant memories of our forest home — by the love you bear our aged father and our sister, I conjure you to desist. Kill me if you like; but spare, Oh! spare my husband!"

Asseleco had remained immovable during his sister's address. He had not even looked at her, but kept his eye, glaring with intense hatred, fixed upon Sir Guy, who had dismounted, and stood with his drawn sword in his hand. But as Iseyema mentioned Grace, his promise to her came back to his memory, and when she finished, by declaring Sir Guy to be her husband, he started, and showed his surprise by uttering the Indian exclamation, "ugh!"

Sir Guy then explained to his Indian brother, how after proceeding some way on their journey, Iseyema suddenly declared her resolution to return home. No entreaties or endearments on his part, could induce her to proceed. The image of her home and its loved ones, came back to her mind with a force and distinctness that could not be resisted, and she had tried to escape from him in the night. Finding her determination was not to be altered, and feeling deep remorse for his baseness in winning her from her friends, to live a life of guilt with him, he conquered the pride which prompted the deed from which his noble soul revolted, and made to Iseyema the only reparation in his power. Yes, the haughty and high born Guy Haviland clasped to his bosom as his bride, the simple and uneducated Indian maiden! They were returning to ask pardon and forgiveness, when they met Asseleco.

The brother was satisfied, and pleased at his sister's happiness, although at times his brow clouded, when he felt that his sister could never be to him again what she had been. Hitherto, her thoughts and affections had centered in the little circle of home. Her father, brother and Grace were all the world to her; and Asseleco, under the calm exterior of his race, had felt a love for Iseyema as deep as beat in the breast of the pale face at her side.

It was toward evening as they arrived near home. As they rode one by one through the narrow path, the sun poured his slanting columns of light through the dim forest aisles. The breeze sighed gently through the waving tree tops, and the early birds of spring were twittering on the boughs above our travelers' heads. The snow had entirely disappeared from the ground; the air was balmy and soft; the trees were putting forth their buds, and here and there a timid wild flower might be descried peeping forth, and then

shrink back again, as if afraid that old winter had not yet resigned his reign.

Our little party were feelingly alive to the beauty of the scene. Sir Guy was ever an ardent admirer of nature, and it stirred up the strong poetical feelings (ever acute in Nature's children) that lay in the breasts of the Indians. Iseyema was wild with delight at the idea of again seeing her father and Grace, and ever and anon, as she gazed around, snatches of sweet wild songs would burst from her lips. Her husband gazed in silent delight upon her, and he thought at that moment that he would be proud to present so pure and beautiful a creature as his wife to the haughty dames of the old world.

Asselecoa kept some paces in advance of the wearied horses, moving on what would be Grace's feelings at the happy termination of Iseyema's love, and thinking how little likely it was his own would end so happily—for he well knew that proud old Sir Mark Howard would never give his daughter to an Indian, noble though he was, descended from a long line of chiefs and kings who had ruled before the deluge. He thought that Grace looked upon him only as a brother, and he saw the bitter necessity there was for mastering a passion that had been silently but steadily increasing for years.

The path here widened into a road, and the whole party moved quickly forward to catch a glimpse of the log mansion of Sir Mark, when nought but a heap of smoking ruins met their sight! They stood for several moments gazing in speechless astonishment at the scene of ruin and desolation. Half-burnt logs and smouldering embers were all that remained of the once neat and comfortable mansion.

The Indians comprehended in a moment the scene in all its particulars, and Asselecoa, with a startling whoop, bounded into the forest, and was lost to their anxious gaze. Making directly for the spot where his own wigwam stood, the same scene of ruin met his eyes. Not a stick was left standing; but his practised eye detected the haste with which the work of the marauders, whoever they were, had been executed, and he readily conjectured that they were a small band of Narragansetts, the ancient enemies of his tribe, who had taken advantage of his absence to kill or carry captive their aged enemy and his pale faced friend.

He was right. They dared not attempt the capture of them while Asselecoa was near to guard them, for his fame had spread far and wide as a brave and mighty warrior. Although their situation was favorable for a sudden surprise, buried as it was in the forest, and seldom visited by any of the villagers, still the terror with which Asselecoa had inspired them, and the remembered wounds dealt their tribe by Tecangnetreao and his warriors, kept them aloof, though those warriors had departed to their hunting grounds, leaving but two lonely and sorrowing warriors.

As Asselecoa rapidly retraced his steps, he matured a plan for action. The villagers must be alarmed and enlisted to go in pursuit of the marauders, and their prisoners. Poor was the prospect of success, for they might ere this have suffered by the murderous tomahawk or writhed at the stake. Yet Asselecoa faltered not from his determination. It was evident the deed had been committed under cover of the preceding night, and he hoped to overtake them.

Although it has taken some time to inform the reader of Asselecoa's conjectures, yet they were made, and his plans matured, during the few minutes of his absence to ascertain the fate of his father. Rejoining the anxious and wondering group, they proceeded on at a rapid pace to the village, and during their ride he detailed to Sir

Guy his plan of operations. Guy readily agreed with him, and Adam Bell swore to roast the "red devils" who had carried off the hospital Sir Mark and sweet Miss Grace.

Iseyema's dark and speaking eye dwelt with apprehension on the troubled countenances of her husband and brother. She well knew that long must be the pursuit, and deadly the struggle, ere her friends could be delivered. But she suppressed her feelings, and appeared composed as usual. Yet was her bosom agitated with conflicting passions. She could not ask her husband to be so base as to remain behind, at ease, when her best friends, and her own father, were in such imminent danger. No! she could not do that. It would be unworthy of her. The daughter of Tecangnetreao, the sister of Asselecoa, the wife of Sir Guy Haviland, would never counsel any one to do a dishonorable deed—much less the husband of her love. And the submissive but sorrowing Indian wife, bowed her head upon her bosom and rode on in silence.

When they reached the village, and their tale was told, all was confusion and consternation. Men hurried to and fro; rifles were snatched from the hooks on which they hung; and each one girding on such weapons as they had, hurried to the centre of the village, where they had been directed to assemble for orders. The whites had so long been at peace with the neighboring tribes, that the inhabitants had in some measure forgotten their fears, and the horrors of Indian warfare now burst vividly upon them. All looked dark and gloomy, compared with the security they had formerly enjoyed. Mothers with pale cheeks clasped their babes to their bosoms, thanking God that He had protected them thus far, and earnestly begged His protection for those who were going forth to take revenge on the savages for their unprovoked aggression, and to rescue the captured from a lingering death.

Hastily collecting a few provisions, and appointing Sir Guy and Asselecoa to lead them, the little band, amounting to twenty men in all, leaving ten men to guard their homes in their absence, took a hurried farewell of their wives and children and sat out before night fall.

As Sir Guy pressed Iseyema to his bosom, and kissed away her tears, he whispered sweet words of consolation, promising soon to return. She earnestly besought him to take her with them.

"It will be nothing to me," said she, "who have lived in the woods all my life. I will not hinder your speed in the least. I am used to long journeys, and can travel fast. Now, Guy, do let me go."

Haviland, even then, in that moment of hurry and excitement, thought he had never heard his own name sound so well as when spoken in that low and earnest tone of entreaty, and he could hardly find words in which to deny her petition.

Asselecoa had stood by apparently not hearing them. He now said,

"The light fawn of the Sadakadensies is fleet as the doe; her step leaves no print on the grass—why should not the wife go with her husband? If she remains here, her father will think her dead, and his anger will be kindled against his white son."

Although Sir Guy demurred, at thoughts of the dangers and privations to which she would be exposed, he at length consented; and with one happy heart beating in their band, they proceeded directly for the ruins.

Asselecoa commenced searching for the trail. It was soon found, and at the rising of the moon, the little band were far on their way. They proceeded at a rapid pace, only stopping to ascertain if they were following in the right track. They

halted at day break to partake of some refreshment. Sir Guy looked anxiously at Iseyema, and he was surprised that she showed no symptoms of fatigue; but answering his inquiring glance with a sweet smile, set about preparing the repast for her husband and brother.

While they were kindling their fires, Asselecoa walked to the top of an eminence that rose directly in front of where they halted, and gazed about him with an anxious eye. The scene was perfectly familiar to him, for he had often traveled over it in his hunting expeditions. He knew from the direction the retreating party had taken, they were Narragansetts. But he conjectured them to be the vagabonds of the tribe, who had associated together for the sake of plunder, and to gratify their desire for revenge on the whites, for the body of the tribe were at peace. As he finished his survey, and turned to descend, a deer started up at his feet, where it had been taking its siesta, and with a proud toss of its antlers, bounded off. Quick as thought, the rifle of Asselecoa was at his shoulder, and the "antlered monarch of the forest" lay weltering in his blood. The skin was quickly taken off, and large pieces of the venison lay roasting on the coals. They ate hastily, and shouldering their guns, were again speeding on their way.

Numerous were the expedients resorted to by the hostile party, to conceal the course they had taken. The hindermost had covered their footsteps with leaves—after going forward some distance, they would then turn back, thus doubling and confounding their trail, and when they came to a stream, walking miles in its bed. But none of their devices could mislead Asselecoa. He pursued them in all their windings with a steadiness and sagacity that could not be baffled. Often was the trail entirely lost, and they would despair of regaining it. But Asselecoa and Iseyema, by patient and diligent search, would strike upon it. They frequently found traces of their fires covered up with leaves.

On the ninth day, about noon, they came upon a spot where the enemy had encamped. They had gone away without taking any precautions to conceal it. The little band halted, and partaking of some game they had shot, started again with renewed vigor.

Not a word of complaint nor murmuring had been heard on their long and toilsome march.—Stopping only to sleep or eat when it was absolutely necessary, these brave men resolutely pursued their way, determining to rescue the captured, even at the risk of their own lives. Iseyema's cheek had lost none of its bloom, and though the young husband watched anxiously, expecting her to show some signs of weariness, yet none were ever allowed to escape her. And her sweet smile and low voice were ever ready to cheer him.

After leaving the above mentioned encampment and traveling a short distance, they lost the trail entirely. Search was in vain, and Asselecoa acknowledged that he knew not what course to take. His men gathered anxiously around him, and at length concluded to search once more. As they were engaged in searching for the lost trail, Iseyema strayed beyond the rest, and stooping over, looked closely along the ground. Near her was a bubbling spring; beyond this they had not searched. She sprang across it, looking closely about her. An exclamation from her caused the rest to look up. She was bending to the ground, looking delightfully at something that lay upon it. She snatched it up, exclaiming "It is found! it is found!" and she held up a crimson fillet with a diamond clasp which she knew belonged to Grace.

All was joy, where before had been nothing but despair. Soon the trail opened broad and clear

before them. It now became an easy matter to follow it, for it was evident that the prisoners were not so closely watched as they had been. Fragments of the dress of Grace were entangled in the brushwood, and Tecangnetreao practised all the subtleties of his race, which afforded much certain knowledge to his son.

On the eleventh day of their journey, they ascended a hill and discovered the smoke of a fire. Asselecoa then commanded his men to lie down among the underbrush and get some sleep, (of which they stood in great need,) while he reconnoitered the enemy's position. Sir Guy in vain begged to accompany him — he would not allow it; but telling him to keep watch during his absence, he departed alone on his perilous mission.

Creeping along to the brow of the hill and looking down to a little valley that lay at its base, he beheld a sight that froze his blood. Fastened to stakes, were the captives, while seventeen dark forms were piling the faggots around them, taunting and reviling them. Tecangnetreao was singing his death song, and boasting of the glorious deeds he had done, telling them how many of their tribe he had slain. Sir Mark's head hung down upon his breast, so that his face was not visible. Asselecoa thought he was insensible. Indeed he was surprised to see him alive, knowing his feeble state. But Providence seemed to have ordained that he should not die a cruel death, instead of the friendly one of nature. The bands that held Grace to the stake were all that supported her. Her hands were clasped as in prayer, but she moved not.

To observe all this was but the work of a moment for Asselecoa. While he gazed, a tall lank Indian, who was piling faggots around Grace, caught her by the arm. She looked up.

"See! is this better than to be the wife of Nun-gancy? Will the pale faced maiden let her old father die?"

Grace turned her eyes and gazed fixedly upon her father. He raised his head and met the eyes of his child.

"Father!" said she, "shall I become the wife of this man, and save our lives? Mine is nothing; but thine, father, thine! — say but the word, and thy child will save thee."

"Never! never, Grace! Listen not to that red-faced savage. He can but kill the body, let him do his worst. The bitterness of death with me is past; and now, my child, put thy trust in God, and he will sustain thee."

The savage had listened in a manner that showed that he understood the language in which they spoke. Casting a look of scorn on the speaker, he raised his tomahawk over the head of Grace. It hung suspended for a moment. He changed his purpose, and returned it bloodless to his belt.

Asselecoa drew a long breath, and crept swiftly and silently back to his men. His disposition for the fray was soon made. The valley wherein they were, was admirably calculated for his purpose. On three sides the hill sloped gently down to the valley, and their sides were covered with thick and tangled underbrush. On the fourth side flowed a small stream, from which rose a high bank. He divided his men into three divisions. Himself led in person the one that was to gain the upper part of the valley. Sir Guy commanded the one that was to station themselves where the chief made his observations; and the last one, under command of one of the villagers, was directed to make an attack on the side opposite the river. They were to get as near the base of the hills as possible, without being discovered, and each one singling out his man, was to rush upon and overpower them at once. The signal was to be the war-whoop, given by Asselecoa.

They then separated, each for his post. Cautiously removing every thing from their path that could betray them, the divisions under Sir Guy and the Englishman gained the desired spot without discovery, and lay anxiously awaiting the signal. There were their friends, bound to the stake, and a savage, squatting on his feet, was keeping alive a small fire. The rest were circled around, singing and dancing, and their leader had just snatched a flaming brand from the fire, and was about to apply it to the faggots, when the startling war-whoop of Asselecoa rang out upon the calm air!

A general discharge of musketry followed, and eight of the savages fell. The whites swept down upon the survivors with the speed of a whirlwind, not stopping to load, fearing they would despatch their prisoners.

Short and deadly was the struggle. The crushing blow of the tomahawk, and the stab of the keen knife, were succeeded by the death groan and the agonizing shriek. Asselecoa had singled out as his victim the savage who had raised his tomahawk over Grace. He bounded toward him with a whoop, sending his keen axe before him. The Indian evaded it, and they closed in desperate strife. Asselecoa in vain endeavored to draw his knife. His foe clasped his arms firmly around him. At length, freeing one arm, he caught his enemy by the throat, and the strained eye-balls and starting tongue, told his agony. His arms fell powerless at his side; the knife of Asselecoa passed slowly into his bosom; the body fell heavily to the earth; and the battle was won. With him perished the last of the marauders.

Need we describe the joy of the rescued? At the first onset, Grace had fainted. Iseyema now came forth from her retreat, where she had witnessed the whole of the horrid scene, and rushing up to Grace, she endeavored to tear away the withes that bound her, frantically telling her to "look up!" to speak to her. Was she not her sister? and she not come back to leave her no more? Grace heard her not. The gentle ear to which her words were addressed, was sealed in oblivion deep as the grave. Asselecoa with his knife cut the bands, and carrying her in his arms to the river's bank, resigned her to Iseyema's care. In a few minutes he returned with a cup of water, which he gave to Iseyema, and then delicately withdrew.

The two aged men were by this time unloosed. Asselecoa approached his father, but neither spoke. He stood by him a short time, and then looking toward the river's bank, he saw that Grace had revived and was leaning on the bosom of his sister. Taking Sir Mark by the hand, he led him to his daughter, who arose at their approach, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, burst into a hysterical flood of tears. The Indians left them alone. Iseyema, who had ere this assured herself of her husband's safety, stood by his side looking timidly and fondly at her father. He did not observe them. Asselecoa drew him aside, from the crowd, and seating him on the trunk of a decayed tree, motioned Sir Guy and Iseyema to approach. They obeyed his signal. Iseyema suddenly left her husband's arm and threw herself at her father's feet. Looking up with her soft, beseeching eyes into his face, she besought him to forgive her disobedience and to love her once more. The old man started, and looked frowningly on the lovely suppliant at his feet. His son spoke a few words to him in their native tongue. At that moment Sir Guy knelt at the side of Iseyema and said,

"Tecangnetreao! pardon your daughter. It is I alone who am to blame. But Iseyema is my

wife; and as your son, I now ask your pardon and forgiveness for myself."

The chief looked bewildered, and said to his son,

"Did I hear aright? — my daughter the wife of a pale face?"

"It is so!" answered Asselecoa.

The breast of the red man heaved for a moment, at the recollection of the wrongs he had suffered from that race. But his emotion subsided, and looking down upon the kneeling pair at his feet, he forgave and blessed them.

Grace had recovered some tranquility, and she now thanked her deliverers in eloquent terms. But when she came to Asselecoa, her voice faltered, and her eyes fell beneath his ardent gaze.

Sir Mark then told him how on the seventh night after Asselecoa's departure, he had felt better than usual, and had set up conversing with his daughter till a late hour. The servants had retired to rest, and Grace was about leaving him for the night, when the door of the chamber was burst open, and they were seized and bound before they discovered who were the assailants; they were hurried out into the yard, where they bound Tecangnetreao and the domestics prisoners. They then set fire to the building and scampered off, travelling as fast as they could. "My poor domestics were all tomahawked the next morning after our capture. Why we did not share the same fate, I cannot tell."

We will not describe the journey homeward; suffice it to say, that after an absence of three weeks they reached their homes, and were warmly welcomed by their families. A magistrate of the town offered the asylum of his house to our homeless party, which was thankfully accepted.

The young spring was now dispensing her blessings to man with a liberal hand. The day after their arrival, Sir Mark and Grace, Tecangnetreao and his children, visited the ruins of their homes. Sir Mark seated himself on a bench that was let into some trees that stood on the lawn, in front of what had once been the house. Grace saw that her father's strength was failing fast. She removed his hat and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Bowing his head upon his staff, he mused for some time in silence. At last he said, "Grace, my child, where art thou?"

"Here, by thy side, father."

"Where is my friend and his noble son, and Sir Guy and his bride? my sight grows dim."

They crowded around the dying man. Grace in tearless grief supported his head.

"Asselecoa, give me thy hand. Thou lovest my daughter; and, Grace, dost thou not love him in return?"

"Father," answered Grace, "think not of me now; God will protect me when thou art gone."

"I do not distrust Him, but I must give thee an earthly protector. Answer me truly, Grace, dost thou not love the young chief?"

But Grace did not answer; her eyes were bent on the ground, and her cheek bore the paleness of death. The eyes of Asselecoa sparkled with joy as he marked her confusion. Taking her hand respectfully, he said, "Sweet Flower need not hesitate to speak her thoughts. Asselecoa can bear to hear her reject him, for he has never allowed himself to hope. Tell thy father thou wilt not wed the Indian, (who loves thee better than life itself;) but wilt return with my sister and her bridegroom to her native land."

The color returned to the cheek of Grace. Asselecoa had said that he loved her. And in the joy that declaration gave her, she nearly forgot that her father was dying. "Father," said she, "I do love the son of thy friend, and with thy

consent, and the consent of Tecangnetreao, I will wed him."

"Be it so," said Tecangnetreao, who had listened intently to the foregoing conversation. He joined their hands. The lovers sank on their knees, and received their parents' blessings.—Iseyema kissed her sister's cheek, and Sir Guy was offering congratulations, when a groan from Sir Mark caused them to turn to him. Asselecoa sprang forward in time to prevent his falling. He kissed his daughter who hung anxiously over him, and murmured, "Meet me in heaven;" and without a sigh, closed his eyes in death. Grace fell heavily to the earth, and lay without motion, but keenly alive to all that passed.

The children and friends of the dead man were exhibiting their grief several ways, when the voice of Tecangnetreao broke the silence. "A great and good pale face hath gone to the Manitou. Why should we mourn? His spirit is in the hunting ground of his people. Spirit of my friend, pray to the Manitou that Tecangnetreao may soon join thee. He thought to have gone before thee, but as thou hast led the way, he will not hesitate to follow."

He took the body of his friend from the arms of his son, and gently laid it on the fragrant turf.—He then kissed Grace and Iseyema, and charged Iseyema in all things to be obedient to her husband; and blessing Sir Guy, he desired him to lead them out of sight of the dead body. He then seated himself on the bench, and calling Asselecoa to him, he said, "Tecangnetreao's race is nearly run; he will soon join his friend; see that the frost doth not nip the white rose that has been left to thy care. Take it to thy bosom, but forget not its beauty and fragrance, thy father and his friend. Cherish their memories—so shalt thou cherish the fragile flowers that sprang from them. And now leave me. I am for the first time in my life to be conquered, and I would that none should witness it."

Asselecoa left him, and joined his mourning companions. He sat down by Grace, but offered no words of consolation—burying his face in his hands and giving himself up to sad meditations.

They remained in this position above an hour, none speaking a word. Asselecoa then roused himself, took Grace by the hand, and motioned Sir Guy and Iseyema to follow. They shortly reached the spot where he had left the aged chief. He sat on the bench leaning against a tree, but he was quite dead. At the sad sight, the grief of the bereaved children broke out afresh. But night was drawing on, and Sir Guy, with Grace and Iseyema, returned to the village, leaving the son to guard the dead bodies.

On their arrival they told of the deaths that had taken place, and a body of men departed and brought in the dead bodies on a rude bier. They were received, now dead, into the same house that had but the day before been tendered them as an asylum while living.

The next day their remains were consigned to one tomb. Sir Guy then prepared to return home; and Asselecoa solicited the consent of Grace to lead her to the altar. Grace saw the necessity of this, if she would not return with Sir Guy to England; for she had no friend in the new world with whom she could remain till the period of mourning had expired, and she assented to Asselecoa's proposal. And ere the departure of Lady and Sir Guy Haviland, they were united by the holy man of God.

The day of their bridal was calm and serene. Not in the dwellings of man were they united, but in the cool and silence of the noble forest they knelt them down and plighted their vows of mutual love and protection. The villager looked on

with curious eyes, and voted it strange that a high born maiden of the old world should voluntarily wed a savage of the new. But one by one they departed, and Sir Guy and Iseyema rambled off, and the newly wedded pair were alone.

Grace stood with her small hand resting in the broad open palm of her lord, and her eyes cast timidly on the ground. Asselecoa gazed upon her with a look of the most ardent and respectful love. Sinking on his knee at her side, he clasped her to his bosom, and murmured in low musical tones, "Sweet Flower, my wife, the spirits of our parents hover near to bless our union, and are we not blessed?" She bowed her head upon the shoulder of her bridegroom, and wept tears of mingled joy and sorrow.

On his arrival in England, Sir Guy received a large share of Sir Mark Howard's property, of which he had been unjustly bereft. He despatched an agent to inform Asselecoa and Grace of his success, with an earnest request for them to visit England. They complied with it; and on their arrival they found Iseyema the happiest of wives; and Sir Guy made them all happy when he declared he had never had reason to regret his marriage.

Asselecoa and Grace, with Sir Guy and his forest bride, were presented at court, and were received with great attention by their majesties. But Asselecoa began to pine for the chase and the excitement of his roaming life, and Grace for their forest home. To the children of nature the insipid pleasures of a court had no allurements, and they sailed for their home.

On the spot where the mansion of Sir Mark formerly stood, Asselecoa reared another of superior elegance, and furnished it in the style of the dwellings of the rich in the old world. But a wigwam was constructed where Tecangnetreao's stood, and the splendid European mansion was often deserted for the Indian lodge.

Here we must leave them. Happy in their mutual love and the love of their children, they lived to an advanced age, beloved and respected by all. And some of the first families of Connecticut are proud to trace their descent to them.

The lives of Sir Guy and Iseyema were equally prosperous. They lived to a good old age, and left a numerous offspring, the descendants of whom are still alive, and on their "coat of arms" is blended, with the saucy lions of Haviland, the wampum belts and other insignia of a strange and mighty race.

GENEVIEVE.

Miscellaneous Selections.

WESTERN ORATORY.—Here is a new and rich specimen of that peculiar eloquence so characteristic of Western Legislators, which now and then finds its way into the newspapers to the shame and confusion of the "regularly educated." We find it in the St. Louis Ledger. It purports to be, "verbatim et literatim," the speech of a member of the Missouri Legislature.

"Mr. Speaker:—I'm Wolf Jim from one of the upper counties. I can whip off the toe-nails of a grizzly bear, and depopulate the wolf diggins of their inhabitants, just as fast as a skinflint St. Louis Yankee would wiggle himself into a money corporation—therefore, I go, hide, hair, and eighteen squeals agin this invasion of eternal rights. What, sink the liberties of the whole north-eastermost part of our country, by *reputating* the bounty on them varmint's head dressers; and all this, that the Governor's little boy, Bill, may wear ruffle shirts, and that sunkin shavin shop, St. Louis, may keep her inhabitants chawin up the river corn at a cheap price? Why, it is monstrous! Do you happen to know, Mr. Chairman, that they have got in that place a combination? You need not look as if a wild-cat had lit on you, for they have fire engines, steam saw-mills, patent machines, two hundred lawyers, as many doctors, a shop to make more in, with a row of steamboats, all combined in one un-

dissolved philanth, to wage an exterminating, never-ending, grab-all-you-can-git war-fare agin the rights of the upper counties, and the north-eastermost part of our state, not forgettin the unalienable rights of Wolf Holler, and its staple productions in particular. Is this any longer to be tolerated? No sir! Rather let us be exile'd to the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, where corn whiskey is not to be found, and where the light of civilization can't penetrate, they are so far down; rather let us submit to become lightning rods to the snow-headed summits of these bluffs of the Pacific, than to be melted like thin cakes of ice, by the fire of this aristocratic cooking stove.

DANG IT, THESE MATCHES WON'T GO.—Mr. B. was seized with a bad turn in the stomach the other night, and got out of his bed to look for his hot drops. From the usual place on the mantel piece, he took up what he supposed to be a row of matches, and, one after another, he snapped them off without effect, and as he threw down the last, he gave vent to his vexation by exclaiming—"Dang it, these matches won't go." His wife now came to his assistance, and upon the other end of the mantel piece found some matches, and having obtained a light, the first object which met the astonished eyes of both was the head of her best tortoise shell comb, with every tooth broken out, and thrown upon the floor. As Mr. B. stood looking aghast at the destruction worked by his own misguided hands, Mrs. B. cast a reproachful glance at him, and retired to her bed without uttering a syllable.—*Boston Post.*

A BIBLE ANECDOTE.—A Bible agent called at a house in Buffalo, which he found empty, and turning to leave a lady followed him to the back of the yard and thus addressed him. "I have a word to say to you. You sometimes meet agents in the course of your work; be not discouraged by such cases. When the agent was around some years ago, I abused him to the best of my ability, but he left me a Bible. I am now ashamed of myself for my treatment of him. The Bible which he left me has taught me to lament this and all other sin. I am thankful that in spite of all my opposition, one was left me. But for this, I should now be, in all probability, on the road to death and hell."—*Boston Recorder.*

A RICH POET.—Wordsworth, the poet, who had just received a pension of £300 per annum, has, says a correspondent of the New York Union "for the last 30 years, been distributor of stamps for the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, at an annual salary of about £1000. He has been a saving man, and is worth money. He resigned his place lately, and his son has got it."

A philosopher gravely and truly remarks that "eels have been skinned ever since Noah came out of the ark, and printers have been cheated out of their dues ever since the Orientals printed with blocks of wood; yet neither do eels get used to being skinned, nor printers to being fleeced.

A farmer living about twenty miles from the city, having purchased some goods, requested the store keeper to pack them up as soon as possible, and not detain him a moment, for said he I have a Lady's Bonnet, of the latest make in my wagon and I fear the fashion will alter before I get home.

"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, Sir. Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of adhesion prevents him from getting up again."

"I'd have you to know, Mrs. Stoker, that my uncle was a bannister of the law!" "A fig for your bannister," retorted Mrs. Crabb, turning up her nose, and putting her arms a-kimbo, "havn't I a cousin as is a corridor in the navy?"

Fish are said to be fond of music, but have no voice themselves.

"Gently the Jews are o'er me stealing," as the man said when five due bills were presented to him at one time, says the N. O. Crescent City.

There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—nothing more steadfast than faith.

The Quebec Gazette says, "the Bankrupt trade has been very active throughout the United States."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JANUARY, 21, 1842.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- "THE KNICKERBOCKER," New York.
- "THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION," Philadelphia.
- "THE LADIES' COMPANION," New York.
- "ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM," Boston.
- "THE RAINBOW, OR ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE," New York.
- "THE PIONEER," Boston.
- "MISS LESLIE'S MAGAZINE," Philadelphia.

The four first of these Magazines are old friends, and each of them more than maintains its well-earned popularity. They are filled up with excellent matter, from the best pens in the land.

The "Rainbow" is a new candidate for popular favor. Its illustrations are well executed, and its articles breathe a spirit of pure morality and benevolence. H. GREELEY is among its contributors.

The "Pioneer" takes rank, in typography and embellishments, with the most beautiful of our magazines. Its peculiarity consists in its discrimination. It sets out with the opinion that there is too much effeminacy in our periodical literature, and its professed object is to remedy the defect. We hope it may succeed.

"Miss Leslie's Magazine" takes the place of the Young People's Book. It contains four beautiful illustrations, and sells at half the regular price of the larger magazines. It will soon become a universal favorite.

"CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN MONTHLY."—This Magazine is made up of the best material furnished by the periodical literature of Great Britain. It culls the good from the bad—throws out the chaff, and gives its readers nothing but the full kernels of literature. The present number, besides a beautiful portrait of the famous THOS. HOBBS, contains a long but able article from Frazer's Magazine, upon the "Ashburton Treaty," in which His Lordship is handled without gloves. "The Affghan War" is another interesting article. The paper on "the Study of Languages" is exceedingly practical, and must be useful. The lover of the ancients will find a rich feast in "The First Philosophers of Greece." The discussion of "The Origin and progress of the United States" is full of interest, as are the ten or twelve other leading articles which this number contains—particularly the article on the "Movements of the Church," in which the famous "Tracts for the Times," and the policy which sanctions them, comes in for a large share of consideration. This Magazine has acquired a deserved popularity, and is one of the very best publications of the day.

We observe, by a prospectus which accompanies the present number, that its publisher proposes to issue a series of works, under the appellation of "The Select Library of Religious Literature." The first work is to be "D'Aubigne's History of the Great Reformation in Germany and Switzerland"—a work which has received the warmest commendations of all Protestant denominations. It will be issued in Nos. of 240 pages each, at 15 cts. a number, or \$1 80 a year. Address Jas. M. Campbell, 98 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

MESSRS. JONES & MOORE, Arcade Hall, are agents for all the above works. They have, besides, just received a supply of Mrs. GORE's new novel entitled "Abednego, the Money Lender"—a story of great interest.

"THE NAUTILUS."—This is an extra from the New World, and is made up of six or eight exciting Sea Tales—all interesting, and some of them written with great power. They can be had of MOORE & JONES, Arcade Hall.

"THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES."—D. HOYT has received the January number of this Standard Medical work. It contains a vast amount of useful medical information, from the able pens of its editor and contributors.

In connection with this Quarterly, a monthly is to be issued in Philadelphia, under the title of the "Medical News and Library." Its terms are \$1 per annum. In addition to ordinary medical intelligence, it will contain full reports of Clinical Lectures, accounts of the different Medical Schools and Hospitals, with notices of cases and operations in those institutions. It will doubtless prove of great value to practitioners. D. HOYT is agent.

"SARGEANT'S MAGAZINE," No. 1.—This is a gem. It must succeed. JONES & MOORE are agents.

"THE MOTHER'S JOURNAL."—This is one of the most useful and excellent of our periodicals. It is edited by Mrs. ELIZA C. ALLEN, a lady fully competent to the task. Every mother should take the Journal. Mr. MARTIN, in Sage & Brother's bookstore, is the agent.

The "Vocal Guide" is a new work for learners. It is highly recommended, and must meet with a ready sale. We have received a copy from WM. ALLING.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—Among the most striking evidences we have seen, of the influence of the Rev. Mr. Miller's views as to the near approaching end of the world, is the following anecdote related by the Courier of Claremont, in N. H. That paper says:

In a town not far from Concord, a young friend of the editor, an excellent teacher, commenced keeping a school on the 8th ult. at which time there was in the district but little, if any excitement about the "end of the world." The people were kind, the scholars obedient, and the school pleasant; but there soon came into the town a Baptist minister, who had embraced Millerism, and by day he preached in the meeting house, and evening in the school house—and such was the excitement before Christmas, or in about fifteen days after the school commenced, that it broke up the school entirely, and the teacher left, without one word of complaint having been uttered or any dissatisfaction felt towards him by parents or scholars. A singing school taught by a worthy person, shared the same fate. All work looking to coming years is at an end there; and the logs cut for the mills are not to be drawn, nor wood for another summer drawn to the doors.

The following is a copy of the paper handed the teacher when he left the scholarless school. We omit names and place only, which appear in the paper, blank:

To all whom it may concern:

This may certify that I, \_\_\_\_\_, of \_\_\_\_\_, N. H., was a committee chosen by the people of this District [No. 8] to employ a person to teach our school the present winter:—that I engaged Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, of \_\_\_\_\_, to keep the same, agreeing to give him \$18 per month and his board;—that I consider Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ to be a young man of good moral character, and well qualified to teach, and that no fault has been found with him as a teacher; but that in consequence of all in this district believing in the Second Advent doctrine, that the end of all things is near at hand, even at the door, we thought proper that the school should be discontinued in order that our children may attend to the salvation of their souls.

This writing is giving to clear Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ from any suspicions that may arise, that the school has been discontinued from any deficiency of duty or ability on his part.

\_\_\_\_\_, Committee.  
\_\_\_\_\_, Dec. 26, 1842.

There are ten thousand females in London, who are shirt makers. It takes 14 hours to make a superior shirt, for which they get 12½ cents, and are compelled to find the thread. For what is called shop shirts, they receive only one penny, (not two cents,) to make them and find thread.

N. P. WILLIS has connected himself as a weekly contributor to the Brother Jonathan.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

"EARLY MARRIAGES."

There is no step which married gentlemen are wont to urge upon their single brethren with such vehemence of exhortation, as an early submission to the yoke of matrimony. It is a stultic to observe the melancholy pertinacity with which this class of persons insist that there is neither happiness nor respectability beyond the pale of married life. Perhaps it is scarcely a matter of surprise, that they who are caught themselves, should desire to see others no better off—for such is human nature.

But it cannot fail to excite astonishment, to hear a bachelor, of no questionable standing, exhort his brethren in "single blessedness" to forego all the advantages of their position, and incontinently bow their necks to the yoke which he has himself been sagacious enough to shun.

I must appeal, in behalf of my single brethren, to the humanity of all who take any interest in our fate, to let us alone. We are an inoffensive, and too often abused, class of the community.—We constantly yield, without hesitation or complaint, many of our rights to the exactions of the married; for we are conscious of peculiar privileges and immunities sufficient to overbalance our loss. It is proverbial, that in all public assemblies, hotels and conveyances, the rights of the bachelor community are grossly and habitually disregarded. Nor is this all. It is only one of a thousand kinds of annoyance which the wifeless are accustomed to receive, and (such is their magnanimity) submit to without a murmur, at the hands of the worse halves of matrimonial units.

But there is another mode in which we are assailed, infinitely more unpleasant, and one which we are bound to resist. We are represented as dangerous persons in the community, and intimations are not wanting, that we should give bail for our good behavior, or be expelled from human society. Such injurious attacks upon our character and respectability, we shall strive to repel at all hazards.—We can see nothing in the fact of our solitary condition to justify such hostilities; nor is it clear to our minds, that a bachelor may not be a blameless, and, in his humble way, an useful member of the body politic.

But on the part of our married fellow-citizens, the case is prejudiced against us, and it is assumed that we are not to be tolerated. The most we can look for,—as we are given to understand,—is a limited respite, graciously vouchsafed, in the faint hope that speedy repentance and reformation may terminate at once the persecution we suffer, and the "single blessedness" we had hoped long to enjoy.

CELEBS,

Not in Search of a Wife.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.—A Society of youthful rowdies who claim of course to be philanthropists, has been organized in Cambridge, Mass., under the name of "Bustle Cutters," who effect their object by the dextrous use of a sharp knife, and reduce the ladies waists to their natural shape and fair proportions!

FRANCIS S. KEY, a distinguished lawyer in Washington, and author of the "Star Spangled Banner," died suddenly in Baltimore on the 11th instant.

The geological survey of New Hampshire has resulted in the discovery, among other valuables, of a copper mine, which yields 35 per cent of pure copper of a very superior quality.

THE MIND.—A straw will make an impression on the virgin snow; let it remain but a short time, and a horse's hoof can hardly penetrate it. So it is with the useful mind.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

**On the Death of Robert Haines,**  
Who died the 10th of 2nd mo., 1842, aged 25 years, surviving a brother and an only child but a few days.

Gentlest of spirits, fare thee well!  
Thou 'rt gone, in happier scenes to dwell,  
"Gone to thy Heavenly Father's rest,"  
Numbered among the pure and blest.  
For by thy every virtue mild,  
Thy lowly life of faith and love,  
We deem that glory, undimmed,  
Is now thy bright reward above.

The holy smile thy spirit left  
Upon that cold and placid brow,  
In dearer still to hearts bereft,  
Than even in life 'twas want to be,  
When by each kindly virtue, thou  
Didst bind the hearts of friends to thee.

Yes, thou hast gone from earth away,  
Amidst thy early usefulness,  
In the bright morning of that day  
Which promised fair the world to bless.  
Affection's flowers were blooming round thee,  
Affection's tenderest ties had bound thee,  
Yet who could ask thy longer stay,  
Within a world where grief may come,  
When the bright gates of endless day  
Were opened, to receive thee home?  
Pure spirits, just escaped from this,  
Called thee to yonder world of bliss,  
And thou hast joined, on that bright shore,  
The loved ones who had gone before;  
That brother, round whose dying bed  
Thy love each comfort sought to shed,  
And who, amid youth's brightest hours,  
With joy could leave each scene below  
To dwell among those fadeless bowers  
Where streams of peace for ever flow;  
And that sweet bud of innocence  
Which heavenly love transplanted hence  
To blossom in a fairer clime,  
Beyond the withering reach of time.

With them, with thee, how sad to part,  
Is felt by many a mourning heart!  
But oh! for her, whose lot with thine,  
Was linked in life's most holy tie,  
Whose deep affection still enshrines  
With tenderest grief, thy memory,  
For her, whose heart strings twice were wrung,  
When that round which they closely clung  
Was severed from their strong embrace:  
Oh, may the power of heavenly grace  
Soft streams of consolation pour,  
To sooth her soul in sorrow's hour.

That lovely one whose infant charms  
Were fast unfolding to the eye,  
When taken from a mother's arms,  
To worlds of purity on high,  
Was summoned first. Then thou, the friend  
In whom each earthly hope found rest,  
With whose each thought and wish could blend,  
In whom her life was truly blest,  
Even thou hast said thy last "farewell,"  
Hast sought on high that "better land,"  
And one lone heart remains to tell  
Of a once happy household band.  
Even thou art gone. Yet sweet, oh sweet,  
The hour when she again may meet  
Her Robert, on that blissful shore,  
Where parting tears are shed no more.

Oh, when each fleeting scene below  
Is blended with the shadowy past,  
When this undying past shall go  
To seek its spirit home at last,  
May those whom thou hast left on earth,  
To mourn thy young departed worth,  
Then join thee, where beyond the tomb,  
The severed wreath again may bloom,  
Till that blest hour each grief shall quell—  
Gentlest of spirits, fare thee well!

Shelby, 1842.

P. M. H.

**From the Italian of Metastasio.**

If ev'ry one's internal care  
Were written on his brow,  
How many would our pity share  
Who have our envy now!

The fatal secret, if revealed,  
On every aching breast,  
Would show that only when concealed,  
His lot appeared the best.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

**My Mother.**

I had a mother—and my earliest thought,  
With memory of maternal love is fraught;  
Infancy owns her more than anxious care,  
And child-hood answers to her earnest prayer.

I had a mother—and my wayward youth  
Was taught by her to tread the paths of truth;  
Oft have her councils turned my wand'ring way,  
And urged me kindly, never more to stray.

I had a mother—but the opening tomb  
Received her to its dark and silent gloom:  
Ah! no,—she lives, and triumphs with the just,  
Though flesh decays, and dust returns to dust.

I have a mother—and while life remains,  
I'll think of heaven, where her spirit reigns,  
And when the journey of my life is done,  
I'll joy to meet her before God's bright throne.

Rochester, January 16, 1843.

O.

**The Home Valentine.**

"Jeweder tragit in sich den Tod,  
Ist ussen noch so lust'ger Schein." HENNER.

Still fond and true, though wedded long,  
The bard, at eve retired,  
Sat musing o'er the annual song  
His home's dear Muse inspired:  
And as he traced her virtues now  
With all love's vernal glow,  
A gray hair from his bended brow,  
Like faded leaf from autumn bough,  
Fell to the page below.

He paused, and with a mournful mien  
The sad momento raised,  
And long upon its silvery sheen  
In pensive silence gazed:  
And if a sigh escaped him then,  
It were not strange to say,  
For Fancy's favorites are but men,  
And who e'er felt the stoic when  
First conscious of delay?

Just then a soft cheek pressed his own  
With beauty's fondest tear,  
And sweet words breathed in sweeter tone  
Thus murmured in his ear:  
"Ah sigh not, love, to mark the trace  
Of Time's unsparring wand;  
It was not manhood's outward grace,  
The charm of fruitless form and face,  
That won my heart and hand.

"Lo! dearest, mid these matron locks,  
Twin-fited with thine own,  
A dawn of silvery lustre mocks  
The midnight they have known;  
But time to blighted cheek and tress  
May all his snows impart;  
Yet shall thou feel in my caress  
No chill of waning tenderness,  
No winter of the heart!"

"Forgive me, dearest Beatrice!"  
The grateful bard replied,  
As nearer and with tender kiss  
He pressed her to his side;  
"Forgive the momentary tear  
To manhood's faded prime;  
I should have felt, had'st thou been near,  
Our hearts indeed have nought to fear  
From all the frosts of time!"

**A Melancholy Tale.**

TUNE—"The Peaky Serpent."

Near Springfield mountain there did dwell  
A lovely damsel known full well.

Lefenant Carter's only gal,  
Her father's joy! and named Sal.

One day this damsel tript it quick  
Down to a stream to berries pick.

She had'nt picked but two or three,  
When her foot slipped and in went she.

And when into the stream she fell  
She uttered an awful yell,  
And then sank down beneath the wave  
Because no hand was near to save.  
Her lover saw the horrid sight  
And to her ran with all his might;  
But when from out the stream he tooker  
All signs of life had quite forsaker.

He rolled and rolled her all about  
And quickly bro't the water out.

But when he found her soul had fled  
He wrang his hands and cried and  
And then her lifeless form he bore  
Un'o her anxious mother's door  
Saying Mrs. Carter here you see  
All that is left of your Sall—  
The awful news shot thro' her brain,  
And down she fell nor spoke again.  
The lover he some poison took  
And upward took an earnest look.

And told his ghost to follow arder  
His own dear Sall and Mrs. Carter.

**A Flame.**

Rusticus wrote a letter to his love,  
And fill'd it full of warm and fond desire;  
He hop'd to raise a flame—and so he did;  
The lady put the nonsense in the fire.

**The Maiden's Farewell.**

BALLAD COMPOSED BY MISS JANE SLOMAN.

Mother, I quit thy pious care, the youthful maiden said,  
And I am his, the stranger's now, till number'd with the  
dead,  
Oh! he has sworn to cherish me, and smooth my path of  
life,  
And, mother, I must leave thee now, to be the stranger's  
wife.

'Tis even so, my youth has passed, so jocund and so free,  
I mourn'd in spirit, to believe I might be torn from thee.  
Yet, mother, now willingly I leave thy matron side,  
And turn to him who leads me forth, a trembling, fearful  
bride.

It may be he will never cheer my path, as thou hast done,  
It may be he will slight at last the being he has won,  
But I am his, the stranger's now, and I am thine no more,  
And, mother, on my path I go, as thou hast done before.

It may be he will cherish one, who leaves her home of  
rest,  
To solace him, the one beloved, and she may yet be blest,  
And mother dear, emotions rise which I must strive to  
quell,  
Another pang, and it is o'er—embrace me, and—farewell.

**Rochester Gem and Ladies' Amulet.**

Prospectus for Vol. 15, commencing in Jan., 1843.

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THE GEM is a semi-monthly publication of Literature, consisting of Moral and Sentimental Tales, Poetry, Biography, Scientific Articles, History, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Anecdotes, Miscellany, &c. Every pains is taken to make the best selection, as well as to procure Original Articles of excellence.

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NO CREDIT to Agents.

Publishers wishing the Gem, will please copy the prospectus. STRONG & DAWSON, Rochester, October, 1842.

**Marriages.**

In Clarkson, on the 11th instant, by Rev. Mr. Hannibal, Capt. J. H. WARREN, to Miss OLIVIA CRAWY, all of Clarkson.

In Canillus, Onondaga county, on the 20th ult., Mr. Ezra L. Northrup, of Albion, to Miss Emily Brockway, late of Parma, Monroe county.

Tuesday evening, 10th instant, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Elmer J. Dennis, to Miss Elizabeth Hart. Also, by the same, on Wednesday, the 11th inst., Mr. Abram Post, to Miss Caroline Dennis, and Mr. C. DeWitt, to Miss Paulina Dennis, all of Henrietta.

In Rutland, Vt., on the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. M. White, Mr. William J. Adams, formerly of this city, to Miss Julia Elizabeth, daughter of Judge Pierce, of the former place.

In Kendall, on the 27th ult., by R. Clark, Esq., Mr. John Oliver, of Clarkson, to Miss Jane Morse, of the former place.

In Wheatfield, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. M. Brooks, Mr. Charles E. Hoyt, to Miss Elizabeth Blanchet, all of Fat town.

In Perry, on the 28th ult., by Rev. Mr. Tileston, Mr. Geo. W. Mettler, to Miss Louisa Briggs.

On the 31st ult., in Perry, by Rev. Mr. Pierson, Mr. Samuel W. Takebury, to Miss Mary Benedict, all of that town.

In Warsaw, on the 28th ult., by Rev. Mr. Pierson, Dr. L. P. Finch, of Gainesville, to Miss Martha Morse, of the former place.

In Lockport, on Monday evening, the 2d instant, by the Rev. Philo E. Brown, Mr. Edward G. Morrison, of Porter, to Miss Caroline Fletcher, of the same place.

In Bergen, on the 6th instant, by Samuel Richmond, Esq., Mr. William H. Parker, of Byron, to Miss Melissa Goodrich, of the same place.

In Toledo, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. G. R. Haswell, George R. Perkins, M. D., to Miss Elizabeth Jenks Acres, all of Toledo, Ohio.

In Attica, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. J. B. Preston, Mr. Sylvester G. Parmenter, of Perry, to Miss Lois G. Temple, of that town.

In Attica, on the 10th instant, by the same, Mr. Benjamin Wilson Knight, to Miss Mary Jannette Tanner.

At Friends' Meeting House, in Millville, Orleans co., on the 21st ult., James M. Thistlethwaite, of Shelby, to Mary H. Haines, of Ridgeway, Orleans co.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

Terms—One Dollar per annum, in advance.

# THE GEM

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

Vol. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 4, 1843.

No. 3.



THE WANDERING MUSICIAN

### THE WANDERING MUSICIAN.

The scene represented in the above picture, is more familiar to English than to American readers. The grinders of music, who attract about them crowds of boys and girls, nurses and servants of every description, in our cities, are a different and much less poetical class of beings than the boy who sings and turns the handle of his portable organ in the presence of a listening, eager group of country urchins. Yet such as he may sometimes be seen wandering through our villages, and stopping to play wherever entertainment, however lenten, can be obtained, and a few pennies can be collected. He was born in the Tyrol, and he warbles forth the airs of his native land to the accompaniment of his unvarying instrument.—Poor boy! little skill hast thou in the concord of sweet sounds; yet did Malibran or Sontag, by their most magnificent bravuras, ever confer more delight than thou, by thy shrill, clear and steady tones? did ever the most gorgeous displays of scenery at the Italian Opera entrance the eyes of spectators more than these moving puppets?

See with what eagerness the smaller urchins gaze upon the little show! The tallest girl appears to be sedately enjoying the music, while the baby in her arms is hushed into a suppressed state

of infantile contentment. Let us try to embody in verse the sensations of our young friends, on hearing the strains which first proclaim the appearance of the musician, and in anticipation of the rare pleasure which he is about to impart.—

The girl who leans forward was the speaker:

Brother, hark! I hear him coming—  
Let us hasten to the street,  
There to see the pretty organ  
Playing music soft and sweet;  
And the puppets all a dancing—  
Don't you think they are alive,  
Since they move about as busy  
As the bees in mother's hive,

Sister, come! and bring the baby,  
And as happy it will be  
As the little birds in summer  
Perched upon the leafy tree.  
Never stop for hat or bonnet,  
For the sun is in a cloud;  
Listen! he is coming nearer,  
And the tune is sounding loud.

Oh, I see him! there he's standing  
All alone outside the gate!  
Let us faster hasten onward,  
'Tis not kind to make him wait!  
Gentle minstrel, he has wandered  
From afar beyond the seas!  
And he sings the pleasant music  
Of his native Tyrolese.

An Alabama editor makes an apology for a lack of "editorials," because Sal, his better half, has the scissors. The babies, he says, "must have shirts, and Sal won't cut out shirts with a hand-saw, no how it can be fixed."

### Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR:  
OR, THE OLD MAID'S TRIUMPH.

"Archy! mind that you be at the office at sun down this evening, or I'll whale you within an inch of your life. I have business, Archy—business!"

"Thunder! Mr. Barnes; did n't I agree to go and see Betty, to-night?—and did n't I promise to call on Peggy Dorrance?—and did n't I pledge my honor to?"—

"To the devil with your honor, you illiterate vagabond! and see that you call here at sun down, or I'll wring your neck, for your impudence, and throw your carcass to the dogs!"

Mr. Ralph Barnes— I should say Ralph Barnes, Esquire—was a lawyer—therefore, he was a gentleman of talent, and possessed great knowledge of human nature. He emigrated from the state of Massachusetts in 1830, and declared that the only reason he could name for leaving his native soil was, that his "transcendent talents were not duly appreciated by those"—who knew him best. Besides, he was in search of a wife—one young, lovely and amiable, and possessing ten

thousand dollars in clean cash! He said he would never marry a woman that did not possess these necessary qualifications — particularly the *cash* qualification — and that he would remain a bachelor until the millenium dawned, before he would marry on any other considerations. Ralph had an office — of course he had — and he would sit at his window for hours, watching the girls as they passed, and wonder if they had the *cash*! — He paid no attention to his business; for, said he, “when I get my wife, and my ‘ten thousand’ in the bargain, I shall be a gentleman: and as I mean to have both, why, blast the odds!”

Ralph was considerable of a favorite with the ladies: because he was a lawyer, because he had an office, because he once delivered a lecture before the Village Lyceum — subject, the *Power of Love* — and last, not least, because he was reputed rich, and was *so* handsome! The ladies were laying their traps for him; but they were one after another informed, *sub rosa*, that they must bait their traps with “a cool ten thousand,” or the animal would not bite!

At last, it became notorious that, when Ralph married, he would marry for money, and not for love. The girls of the village looked on him, or began to look on him, with suspicion, and for a long time, Ralph despaired of finding him a *suitable* wife in the village. He determined to pull up stakes and leave for some other place, and would have done so, had not an important event occurred, which prevented him carrying his resolution into effect.

“Good evening, Mr. Barnes. I am glad to see you!” said Miss Peggindoff, as Ralph entered the mansion of the speaker, where was to be assembled an unusual number of ladies and gentlemen. “I was afraid you would n’t come. Do walk in, — and allow me, Mr. Barnes, to introduce you to Miss Tabitha Chasenbuck.”

Mr. Barnes bowed, and said “How do you do?” and so did Miss Tabitha Chasenbuck; and then they commenced conversation. Miss Tabitha was the “centre of attraction” that evening, for she had just returned from the east, where she had been visiting for some time. Ralph thought she was dreadful handsome, and he said so. Her eyes were black, very black; and her hair, which was also black, hung in glossy ringlets down her pretty face. She had a most splendid “row of teeth” — so white that every one in the room noticed them, and pronounced them beyond comparison. And then her form was *so* elegant — her gait *so* graceful — her conversation *so* polished, that if Ralph had known at the time that she possessed an income of “ten thousand a year,” he would have “proposed” to her at once.

“I think Miss Chasenbuck a beautiful girl,” said Miss Peggindoff.

“She is beautiful,” said Ralph, “only —”

“Only what?” asked Miss Peggindoff.

“Oh! nothing,” rejoined Ralph. “I was going to observe that she is the prettiest girl in the village. She is a *splendid* girl!”

“So I think,” said Miss Peggindoff.

“So do I,” said Miss Marblehead.

“Well she *might* be splendid!” indignantly exclaimed Miss Jones; “for she has a *fortune* to make her so?”

“A fortune?” inquired Ralph.

“Yes, a fortune!” said two or three. “Ten thousand a year!”

This was enough for Ralph, and he immediately retired to his office, where he might ruminate on the scenes of the evening, and think of his already adorable Tabitha. He raised the window of his room, and seated himself thereby, where he could look out upon the moon, which was shin-

ing with unusual brilliancy, and the heavens, which were filled with glittering stars. He was in love — poor fool! He thought of Tabitha; of her sparkling eyes; her braided hair; her beautiful teeth; and then the “cool ten thousand!” There he sat for hours. He would occasionally sing a verse; then think of another; and finally, having made up his mind to call on Tabitha the very next day and “propose,” he fell into a sound slumber, from which he did not awake until morning.

Archy — I do n’t know his other name — was a man whom Ralph had hired to do chores about the “office,” and as he was a faithful fellow, and withal somewhat eccentric, Ralph determined to reveal his secret to him, and demand his assistance. Accordingly, he demanded his attendance at the office at sun down, as we have before recorded, and when the time came, Archy stood before Ralph for orders.

“Archy! do you know Miss Tabitha Chasenbuck?”

“Not as I knows on,” said Archy, drily.

“Can you find her out?” asked Ralph.

“P’raps, in the course of the week, Sir!”

“But,” said Ralph, “I want you to carry this note to her house, and bring me an immediate answer. Go to No. 76 Hanover street, and inquire for Miss Tabitha Chasenbuck, and if you come back without an answer, I’ll discharge you.”

“No danger as to your dischargin’ till you pays up,” said Archy drily, as he stumbled out to do his errand.

He was gone about an hour, and came back with an answer, which he delivered to Ralph, and then decamped. Ralph was overjoyed at the contents; for “Miss Tabitha would not only be at home, but would be exceedingly happy to receive a call from Ralph Barnes, Esq.” Did n’t Ralph laugh? did n’t he run from one end of the room to the other? did n’t he overturn chairs? did n’t he upset his bed, tread on the cat, kick the dog — and did n’t he declare his victory already won? Of course he did; and so, after thinking to Tabitha’s health, he started on his first love excursion, determined to say nothing about the “ten thousand,” but “talk love” to perfection.

He stood before Miss Tabitha’s residence! How his heart did beat though! How happy he was already — how overjoyed at the partial success of his plan! He knocked at the door, and it was opened by his own “adorable.” She was dressed precisely as she was the night before, and to Ralph at least, she looked somewhat *older* than when he before had seen her.

“Mr. Barnes, I am sure you will walk in, Mr. Barnes — do come in, and — and — I shall be *so* happy!” said Tabitha.

“And I am *so* happy that you will allow me to come in!” said Ralph, almost overcome with joy.

Of course Ralph went in, and of course he made “proposals.” They were accepted on the part of Tabitha; and that no time may be lost in recounting these events, we will state briefly the substance of the conversation. Lovers, when together, say a great many foolish things — and who would n’t talk foolish, or in any other way, when “ten thousand” were at stake? Ralph did n’t care a *straw* about Tabitha, personally — her money gone, and he would never have called on her.

“I was twenty-four years old, yesterday,” said Ralph, thinking of nothing else to say.

“And I — I —” said Tabitha, “I was *twenty* day before yesterday.”

“Is that all?” inquired Ralph.

“That is enough!” said Tabitha.

“Tabitha!”

“Ralph!”

“Dear Tabitha! I love you with all my heart!”

“Dear Ralph! if you will but be mine, *all that I have* is thine!”

Ralph kissed her, he did; and to cut the story short, they agreed to be married the very next week, and Ralph was to make the necessary arrangements. Ralph returned to his office, and found Archy asleep in a chair, and he roared aloud to wake him up.

“Well, master, what luck with the o’ld maid?” asked Archy.

“Luck? you scoundrel! ain’t we to be *married* next week? do n’t I get the girl, and ten thousand dollars a year in the bargain? Won’t I be a man, though! Here, Archy, take this dollar as a gift from your master, and go off and get drunk, and celebrate the luck! Ten thousand a year! Whew!”

“Well! well!” roared Archy; “ten thousand a year! *Won’t* I live now? won’t you get me the boots you promised, eh? and won’t I have the trowsers? and won’t I cut a swell? — and — thunder!”

“Of course you will,” said Ralph; “of course you’ll live like a king!” and he knocked him off his chair with one hand, and knocked him on again with the other, as a token of his love.

“Hurrah!” roared Archy.

“Hurrah!” shouted Ralph, “ten thousand a year!”

“Hurrah, again!” roared Archy; “one in *ten* years!” as he raised his silver dollar to his eyes, and shook it at his master.

They had a glorious celebration, for they supposed their fortunes made: and Ralph had secured the fortune for which he had labored so long. As for the girl, why, she was *tolerable*; but Ralph swore she lied about her age! However, she might take a notion to die some day, and he would n’t urge her to stay on earth longer than she tho’t proper; and, besides, a mad dog might bite her, and she would die of hydrophobia; or she might be accidentally drowned, or she might drop down and die without asking leave! All this Ralph hoped for, and much more.

At the appointed time, Ralph Barnes, Esq. and Miss Tabitha Chasenbuck were married; and of course were happy.

The next day after the wedding, Ralph was sitting in his office, thinking of his good luck, and the manner in which he should make way with his “ten thousand a year,” and was about to make a calculation on paper, when a rap at the door interrupted him.

Dr. James, the dentist, entered.

“Good morning, Mr. Barner. I have a small bill against your wife, which you will pay, of course. The amount is *seventy-five dollars*, and is for ‘setting and furnishing two rows, complete, of portable false teeth.’”

“False teeth! false teeth!” roared Ralph; — “What does *she* want of false teeth, sir?”

“I can’t say,” replied the Doctor, “unless because age has ruined her old set, she has need of about a peck of those of my manufacture. There are none better, sir, and —”

“Curse your false teeth, sir!” roared Ralph again. “She is but twenty years old, and has no use for them —”

“Ho, ho, ho!” roared the Doctor. “Twenty years old! By my faith! I have known her thirty-one years, and she must have been — But, never mind, Mr. Barnes; you should pay the bill — ’t will save me calling again.”

Ralph paid the bill, and the Doctor left him to his reflections. Bills to the amount of three or four hundred dollars were presented in the course of the day, and paid by Ralph — such as doctor’s

bills, milliner's bills, &c. &c. — all of which Ralph charged to the "ten thousand" fund.

He went home at night, remembering all he had heard, and believing that his wife was old enough to be his mother. He entered his new home — the new house he had rented — and sat down beside his wife.

"Well, Tabitha," said he, "I have paid these bills for you; and are they right?"

"All right!" was the reply.

"And do n't you think I had better take charge of your income now, my dear?" asked Ralph.

"My income!" replied Mrs. Barnes. "I have no income, Ralph — not a farthing!"

"What! have n't you an income of — of — of ten thousand a year?"

"Why, no, my dear! Why do you ask that?"

"Why do I ask that?" thundered Ralph. "By heaven! have n't I reason to ask it? Did n't you say you possessed this income?"

"Never, never, never!" shrieked Tabitha. "I have n't been worth a farthing since I was *thirty-five years old!*"

"Furies! Didn't you say you was *but twenty years old!*" asked Ralph.

"Twenty? Ho, ho, my dear! I am forty-one next week!"

"Gods!" cried Ralph; "I wish you was *ninety-one to-day!*"

"I'd outlive you then, my dear!"

"Who are you calling *dear!*" said Ralph. — "Your old heart is as false as your teeth. Why did n't you tell me all this before? Where is the 'ten thousand a year,' you old hag?"

Mrs. Barnes made no reply; and Ralph returned to his office. He found Archy there, of course;

"Ar-chy!"

"Well, sir."

"Ar-chy!"

"Say on. Do n't feel too big to talk, 'Squire Barnes!"

"Ar-chy!"

"Here 's Archy. Blow away 'ten thousand!" Ralph made for Archy, and Archy made for the door.

"Come back, you scoundrel!" cried Ralph; "or I'll compel you to eat furies!"

Archy obeyed; and then all the vengeance of the master against his wife, was wreaked on the innocent Archy!

"Archy! you rascal!" continued Ralph, "I'm *ruined*. Four hundred dollars I've paid out for the old hag, and she's poor as — as — the fact is, Archy, she has n't a cent — she is forty-one years old — has n't a tooth in her head — is deaf in one ear, and I hope she'll be blind in both eyes before night — is every thing that 's bad — and I'm tied to her for life! Whew!"

....."Thunder!"

J. L. S.

## Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

### HOPE,

BY A SCHOLAR IN SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. VI.

"Like the foam on the billow,  
As it swells o'er the deep,  
Like the tear on the pillow,  
As we sigh while we sleep,  
Like the siren that sings  
We ne'er can tell where,  
Is the fond hope that brings  
The night of despair."

What is hope? This question may be answered by visiting the fond mother as she sits by the couch of her sick infant. Day and night has she watched by its bedside and administered to its wants, while its short and quick breathings failed not to reach her ear. Nine days have passed, and the fever has finally arrived at its crisis; and now, sleep has closed the eyes of the little suffer-

er. How fervently does she hope that death may not take from her her darling child! This hope relieves her from anxiety only for a moment, for whilst thus hoping, sleep is departing from the eyelids of the feverish babe. It has already slept an hour, and its fate is soon to be determined. — As she arises, and bends over its couch, she sees that her hope was vain — for Death has fixed for his victim her beautiful child — that child who, in former days, when it lay upon her, rapt, excited the fondest hopes, and for whom she pictured bright prospects of the future. But death has destroyed her fond hopes, and her tears are shed in vain! Sorrowing mother, weep not! Though thy babe was to thee as a precious diamond, enclosed in a beautiful casket, yet remember, though the casket is broken, the diamond is not left here to be defaced by the injuries of this world, but is safely deposited in the hands of its Creator, where its brilliancy shall increase through all eternity.

What is earthly hope?

'Tis but a billow,

Soon it passeth away:

'Tis like the leaf

Of the weeping willow,

Which speedily falls to decay.

But heavenly hope

Is pure and even,

And never passeth away:

In that let us trust,

And peace will be given,

Though sorrows oppress us each day.

### THE SAILOR BOY.

I will first present him at home. He wishes to see the various ports of the world. He cannot be contented unless he goes. He prepares to start on a voyage. What are the feelings of his kind mother, father, sisters and brothers? No one can describe them but those who have felt them.

I have experienced them as a sister parting with a brother. How can they tell but some rude wave may strike the ship in which he is to sail, and dash it into a thousand pieces, and all the unfortunate crew be lost? At last they are forced to give the parting separation, and all are in tears. He is on his way to New York, and he meets many of his friends who try to persuade him not to venture. But all in vain; he is determined to go. He at last reaches New Bedford, the port where ships are stationed. He looks, perceives a noble ship, and thinks, "Oh! if I could but be master of that ship, how happy I should be!" — He goes in pursuit of the captain. At length he meets him; and what are his joys to find that he can be employed.

The ship is to sail to-morrow. Now the sailor boy thinks of his parents — how unhappy they must feel, from his absence. His heart nearly fails him; but he thinks he will have courage, and go on one voyage. To-morrow comes — he is prepared — the ship is stretching her sails to the wind. He takes a farewell glance of his native land; but ere the ship is in the broad ocean, where land is invisible, he thinks of his home, and he would give all he could procure to be under the sheltering roof of his parents. He goes through a great many hardships, 'too numerous to mention;' but at last he becomes more attached to the waters, and looks on the rolling billows with wonder and delight. Many a time he has sat in despair when the huge waves rolled mountain high, and struck the ship with such force as to bend it downward, and nearly touch the sails to the water.

What a perilous moment this! No one can tell but the one who has experienced it. The storm continues one day and night, without ceasing. — In the morning the sun rises, and the sea is very calm. Not a ripple plays on the broad ocean. — After a long journey, he returns. He goes to his

dearly loved home, his parents meet him with a cheerful greeting, and he feels happy that he is once more returned. He is now contented to remain under the parental roof, in plenty and happiness.

"A Life on the ocean wave,  
And a home on the roaring deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave  
And the winds their revels keep."

## Popular Tales.

From the Lady's World of Fashion.

### THE EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS.

BY MRS. C. M. FORD.

"How shrilly the storm whistles around the corners of the streets, or howls down the chimney: and hark to the sleet pattering furiously against the casement! Oh! the poor — what sufferings must be theirs on such a night as this."

The speaker was one in whom such language, would have seemed to common ears strange. He was attired with great nicety, almost amounting to foppishness, and his broad forehead and handsome face betrayed none of the furrows of care. Rich, courted, and as yet a stranger to sorrow, Charles Harcourt had still a heart open to the miseries of his less favored fellow beings, and now, as he sat before the cheery fire in that luxurious parlor, his thoughts turned involuntarily to the homeless outcasts who might be wandering the streets. His words were partly to a lady who sat opposite to him on the sofa, her delicate foot buried in the soft velvet Turkey carpet, and her jewelled hand resting ostentatiously on the arm of the seat beside her. She was dressed fashionably, and with exquisite taste. Her face was lovely, surpassingly lovely, with regular features, and eyes, eyebrows, and forehead of unrivalled beauty.

A small chain of gold crossed her brow, fastened in front by a diamond of great price, which blazed and flickered like a star. It was evident from the look with which Harcourt turned toward her, that his heart had been touched, if not overcome by her beauty. She returned his fond look and replied:

"Yes! poor wretches — I fear enough has not been done for them this winter. You don't know Mr. Harcourt, how my heart has bled, during the explorations I have lately been making among the lanes and alleys of the suburbs. Such scenes of destitution and sickness. Oh! I shudder even to recur to them," and she covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out some disagreeable object. Harcourt's fine eyes expressed deeper admiration at this evidence of her sympathy; and had they been alone, perhaps his feelings would have hurried him into the declaration he had been long meditating. But there was a third person in the room, whom we have hitherto forgotten, though to be thus postponed to her cousin was the usual fate of Edith Melville. And yet, when one came to look at her, the causes of this neglect seemed doubtful. True, she was not as splendidly beautiful as Clara, but her soft, dove-like eyes shone with an expression which seemed more angelic than earthly; and her whole countenance impressed the beholder with feelings of purity and awe. She was sitting at a table, a little apart, busily plying her needle; and seemed to take no part in the conversation, though when her cousin answered Harcourt, she started and looked up, first at her and then at him, and catching the expression on his face, she turned deadly pale. Bending over her work to hide her feelings, she remained silent and almost unconscious of what was going on, until Harcourt rose to take his leave.

"You have been quite still to-night, Edith," he said, "but I attribute it all to that beautiful pair of slippers you are working. I never knew before you loved embroidery."

Edith blushed, and without raising her eyes, replied quietly,

"They are not for myself."

Harcourt colored, and it was evident from his manner, that what he heard was, from some cause, disagreeable to him. He looked inquiringly at Clara, and then answered,

"Whoever the person is, Miss Edith, he has great reason to be proud, and would be even more so if he knew how devoted you have been to your work," and without waiting for a reply, he bowed to both ladies and left the room, without noticing the flash of triumph in Clara's eyes. The instant the door closed on him Edith sprung from her seat, and left the parlor by the opposite entrance, while Clara flung herself again on the sofa, and following her cousin with her looks, burst, when

she had departed, into a clear, ringing exulting laugh. Edith, the instant she left the parlor, burst into tears, and hurrying up stairs, locked herself in her room. Then flinging herself passionately on her bed, she wept as if her heart would break.

"Oh! cruel, cruel," she added, "to tell me I am working the slippers for another, when only he is in my heart. He little knows that I am embroidering them to raise a few dollars to assist nurse in her poverty. And Clara! heartless Clara! to talk about her sympathy for the destitute when she will do nothing for our almost second mother, who is now sick and in poverty.—Could Charles only know the truth!" and she wept afresh.

Edith, unlike her cousin, was not an heiress, for the little pittance left her by her deceased parent barely sufficed for her most necessary wants; and had not her uncle offered her a home, her scanty annuity would have been insufficient even for these. Thus, though her heart was open as day to charity, she had no means of relieving the necessitous, unless by the manufacture and sale of such articles as the embroidered slippers, on which she had been working that evening. These were intended, as her words implied, to relieve the wants of a sick, and perhaps dying old servant, who had formerly been a nurse in her father's family, and who was now in the lowest depth of poverty.

Our readers have already suspected the state of Edith's heart. Her love for Harcourt had grown up insensibly to herself. He had long been in the habit of visiting at her uncle's and for awhile his attentions had been equally divided between Clara and her cousin. And his warm heart, high intellect and extensive acquirements rendered him just the person to win the heart of such a girl as Edith. She would sit whole evenings listening to his eloquent conversation, never speaking unless spoken to, but busily plying her needle. Nor did she become aware of the nature of her feelings for Harcourt until the increased particularity of his attentions to Clara, awakened her to the fact that she loved him. Then she strove against her passion, but alas! it had become so interwoven with her gentle heart that only death could remove it.

Clara had long desired to become the wife of Charles Harcourt, for his standing in society was high, and his fortune almost that of the millionaire. She had early seen that he wavered between her cousin and herself, and all her arts had been exerted to win the prize. She, therefore, assumed feelings she did not entertain, as in the conversation we have just recorded; and, at length, by such duplicity, united to her extraordinary and striking beauty, she succeeded so far as to regard her ultimate triumph certain. The consciousness of this, caused the exulting laugh with which she saw Edith depart from the parlor.

The next day Charles Harcourt called, and invited the cousins to go with him to a beneficial concert that evening. Edith would have declined, but had not sufficient plea; besides, her uncle, who was present, insisted on it. After the concert, there was an address for the poor, to be followed by a collection. The speaker was one of the most eloquent men in the city, and on this occasion he surpassed himself. The enthusiasm he awoke was perceptible when the plates were passed through the assembly. Many who had left their purses at home, took off their rings and threw them down for alms. Among these persons was Clara, who drew a valuable diamond from her finger, and thus gave it away. Harcourt saw the action, and mentally resolved to wait on the committee in the morning and redeem the ring, and with this determination glanced at Edith to see what would be her offering. Ignorant of her pecuniary situation, he saw with disgust that she merely bowed and suffered the plate to pass on, though a deep blush mantled her cheek.

"How mean!" was the inward ejaculation of Harcourt, "well have I chosen between the two. But, selfish as she is, she has yet the feelings of shame."

Edith caught his look, and understood it; and when she returned home she spent the night in tears.

The next morning, Edith entered the parlor with a note in her hand.

"It is from nurse," she said, "she has got the poor woman who waits on her to write it. She is failing fast, and wishes, dear Clara, to see you, for, she says, she had not forgotten when we both were in her arms together."

"I cannot go," said Clara, peevishly, "the carriage is in use this morning, and the snow is

a foot deep on the ground. I would not walk out in the suburbs, to the dirty den where she lives, for any thing. Besides, how unreasonable she is! Did I not send her five dollars when she was first taken sick?"

"But that was a month ago."  
"And what if it was?" said Clara sharply, "one isn't made of money."

"But for our old nurse."  
"For our old nurse," said she, mimicking Edith, "why, I can't see what peculiar claims she has on one. I shan't go to see her, that's certain; and as for giving her any more money, I can't afford it. I gave away a ring last night worth a hundred dollars, and shan't give a cent again for years. The county takes care of the poor, and we all pay taxes for them. Let aunt Betty go to the poor-house."

Edith sighed, but said nothing. She took up, from the table, the embroidered slippers, and, wrapping them in paper, was about to leave the room; but, with her hand on the door, she turned and said hesitatingly,

"Aunt Betty doesn't ask you, dear Clara, for money—she only asks to see you; it would be such a comfort to her, she says, before she dies."

Clara turned around, for she was looking at the fire, and with an angry tone answered,

"Do shut the door—the chill air of the entry makes me shiver. If you are fool enough to go out on such a bitter day as this, go—but assuredly I shan't go with you."

With a sad heart Edith departed, and arraying herself warmly, and in a partial disguise, left the house. She first went to the rooms of a society which purchased fancy articles from indigent females, and resold them to those wealthy persons who preferred patronizing a benevolent institution to buying elsewhere. This society was the one whose concert she and Clara had attended the night before, and when she entered the sale room, Harcourt was, by chance, in an inner apartment, where he had been shewn while the ring which he came to buy had been sent out to be valued by a jeweller. He was listlessly reading a newspaper, when his attention was arrested by a voice in the outer shop.

"Can you buy these slippers?" said the voice to the shop-woman. A pause ensued as if the woman was examining them, and then came the reply.

"Why, Miss, they are not finished."  
"I know that, I know that," quickly said the other in emotion, "but I am in want of money for purposes of charity. The comfort, perhaps the life of an aged person, is at stake. If you will advance me the money now, I will finish the slippers."

"This is a strange request," said the matron, "but as you seem honest, and wish the money for charity, I will accede to your terms if you give me your name and residence."

There was a pause, as if a struggle was going on in the other's breast; then she asked for a pen and a piece of paper to write her address.

"Miss Edith Melvill," said the matron, in some surprise, "I have often heard of her, though I do not know her personally. Surely, Miss, there is some mistake here. That lady, if I mistake not, is the niece of Mr. Townley."

But Harcourt had risen from his seat, for now recognising the voice of Edith, he was about to enter the shop. He checked himself, however; but the matron, hearing him rise, fortunately left the shop to see if he wished her. In a few hurried words he told her to buy the slippers, placing his purse in her hand. He then waited until Edith had left the shop, when he followed her at a safe distance, until she entered a narrow lane, and pressed into a dirty, rickety house. He could not resist going in after her, and cautiously opening the door, saw her approach the bedside of an old woman.

"God bless you, Miss Edith," she fondly said, "your visits are the only comfort I now have.—But where is Miss Clara? won't she come once to see her old nurse?—I thought I heard a second step on the stairs."

"No, it was only the echo of mine. Clara can't come to day, but I have brought you my little purse to buy a few comforts for you. You know it is a scanty one, but all I have you are welcome to."

"I know it. God bless you, for an angel as you are. And so Clara is not well, else surely she would have come to see me, after my dying request."

Edith avoided an answer, which Harcourt noticed, though the invalid did not. He had seen enough, and gently withdrawing from the door, was soon in the street.

"How have I misjudged this angel! And Clara, oh! how I loathe her hypocrisy. I cannot believe she is sick, but I will go at once and see."

Harcourt found Clara at home, and to an inquiry about her health, she declared she had never been better in her life. Convinced of her duplicity he departed, grateful for his escape, and resolving to give his hand and fortune to Edith, if she would accept them. What her answer was, our readers, who know her feelings, can imagine.

"How I wronged you, dearest," said Harcourt to his young bride, a day or two after their marriage, "when you gave nothing, while Clara threw in her ring. I little thought what sacrifices you were making at that very moment."

"Poor Clara!" said Edith, looking fondly up to her husband.

From the World of Fashion.

THE LADY CLARA.

BY J. H. DANA.

My friend Beaumont was the descendant of one of the oldest and proudest families of England, his forefathers having fought at Cressy, Poitiers, and for ought I know, at Hastings itself. He could trace his descent from one silk and ermine clad earl to another, and then, through a long succession of steel clad barons, up to a certain Rolla Beaumont, of Normandy, who, in his turn, had a whole army of sea-kings for ancestors at his back. If blood, therefore, could do any thing for a man, Beaumont was charged to the brim with it. But alack a day! blood will not put meat in one's mouth; and so Dick knew to his cost. The earldom—never very rich at the best—had been growing poorer and poorer through a long series of generations, like an old spinster becoming thinner and more angular with every year, and now the estates scarcely afforded a decent competence to the proud elder brother of Dick, while Dick himself was left with a most "beggarly account of empty boxes." But if he was poor he was philosophic, and care never caught him with a wry mouth. His character, however, will develop itself in the course of my story. I will only premise that I was, at this time, in London, and that it was drawing toward the close of the season. We met at the door of my rooms, when Dick, linking his arm in mine, in his familiar way, accepted my invitation to spend an hour over a flask of Sillery.

"Are you going down to Arlford Castle?" I said, "my invitation was so warmly given that I cannot resist it. I understand that you too were invited?"

"So I am, but I don't think I shall go. I know Arlford Castle is the greatest bore of my life. I have never been there and never intend to go."

"Not intend to go to Arlford Castle—why, I should think the fame of Lady Clara's beauty would carry you there at the first chance. Faith! my dear fellow, she is said to be a perfect Juno."

"Very possibly, but it is the Lady Clara who keeps me away. You seem surprised, and I will explain. You know the custom here—in your republican land it may be different—to trade birth for gold in matrimony. Well, any father and the father of Lady Clara were intimate at school.—But Lord Seaforth's peage only dated back to the Revolution, while ours was as old as the Norman Conquest. The Seaforth estates, however, are very extensive, and the dower of the daughter greater than the whole wealth of our earldom.—So, when the Lady Clara first saw light, a few years after my birth, it was arranged that she and I should be married. Things went on very swimmingly, as the old folks thought, until a few years ago, when my parent died and I began to think for myself. Then it struck me that this being traded away like a horse was incompatible with my manhood, however compatible it might be with ancient blood, for you must know that I am on that subject a bit of a democrat. I forswore Arlford Castle, and never could be coaxed or driven there. When I grew up, however, and began to feel the value of money—that '*da sabbis cum*' of civilized life—my resolution began to stagger, and would have, perhaps, given way, had not an incident occurred which put all thought of Lady Clara to flight."

"It was at a country ball, when I was just twenty, that I met the most beautiful of creatures, a dark-haired, ebony-eyed, goddess-like woman. I call her woman, because, though two years younger than myself she was even then no longer a girl. If I live to the age of Methuselah I shall never forget those liquid eyes, that divine form, or the melodious music of her tongue. I sought and obtained an introduction. She was a Miss

Cleveland—doubtless from the name the descendant of some honest burgher. My lordly elder brother would have sneered at her, but what cared I for aristocratic ancestry?—for, to tell the truth, our titled forefathers were no better than robbers, and deserved to be hung, while the same despised burghers were the only honest men in the land.—I danced with her, promenaded with her, and hung round her the whole evening. In a word, I was entranced, and, to cut a long story short, experienced, for the first time, what love really is.—There is a world of romance in me—if one will go deep enough to find it, and therefore, you will not be surprised when I tell you that, from that hour to this, though I have never seen Miss Cleveland since, her image has been uppermost in my thoughts. She passed away like a dream from that assembly, and no one knew whence she came or whither she was going. All I could learn was she stopped in a traveling carriage at one of the hotels, and hearing of the ball took a whim to stay. Early the next morning she had recommenced her journey, with no traveling companions except the maid, and an old gentleman who had chaperoned her to the ball. Now there's a romance in real life for you."

"I had long suspected the existence of a secret passion for some unknown lady in Dick's breast, so I was not as much surprised as I otherwise would have been."

"But have you never found any clue to this mysterious lady-love?"

"Never—and there's the deuce of it. I have hunted high and low, and been in almost every county of England, but no Miss Cleveland can I find, who answers to my description. I begin to suspect she is an American, and you must not be surprised if, one of these days, I cross the Atlantic in search of her."

"I should give up the chase, especially with Lady Clara Arlford in the prospective. Come—go down to the Castle with me—you haven't seen her since you were both children, and, from all I hear, she has grown up a perfect goddess. Who knows but she may drive this plebeian Miss Cleveland out of your head?"

"Her dower would certainly be comfortable," said Dick, with a shrug. "I hate a profession, but must soon do something, or starve. But then I dislike marrying an heiress."

"But perhaps Lady Clara recollects you only too well for her own peace. They say she has refused a score of suitors."

"I confess a wish to see her, though I don't want her to see me—but there's the bore."

"Ah! I have it," I said, after a minute's thought, "there is an inn, in the village near the Castle, where you can stay disguised—say as a travelling artist, for you sketch well, and the scenery about Arlford is celebrated for its picturesque character. Follow me down, and trust me to give you an opportunity to see the Lady Clara."

Dick paused for a minute in deep thought, and then looking up, exclaimed,

"Faith, I'll take your advice. There's a bit of romance about your plan that commends it to my imagination. When do you start?"

"On Monday."

"Then I'll precede you down, so as to prevent suspicion. I shall leave town to-morrow," he said, with his usual decision of character, when once aroused.

I heard no more of Dick until I reached Arlford Castle. The company was large and select, comprising some of the most beautiful women in England, but among them the Lady Clara shone pre-eminent. All that I had heard of her loveliness was far surpassed by the reality. Her person was tall and queenly, perhaps too much inclined to *en bon point*, but still exquisitely graceful and having a majesty that overawed the senses. And then her eyes!—dark, full, and lustrous, they had in them the spell of a sibil. Never had a woman approached so nigh to my standard of lordly beauty, and I wished a dozen times every half hour that my friend Dick could see her. I felt convinced that he was more than mortal if he did not at once forget Miss Cleveland, and bow at the shrine of the Lady Clara.

"Confound the fellow," I said to myself, "here is a goddess with a fortune at his feet, and he goes whining through the country after some unknown and wandering damsel who may, for all he knows, be married ere this, to some dull, common place soap-chandler. But we'll see what can be done in the way of a cure."

Two days had elapsed before I thought it safe to visit the little inn, and there, sure enough, was Dick, tricked out in a disguise through which his own parents could scarcely have detected him. I

followed him up stairs into his room, and when the door was locked we mutually related our adventures. I spoke of the Lady Clara in enthusiastic terms.

"Can't we bring our farce to a close soon?" said Dick, yawning, "for I'm becoming dencedly tired of being cooped up here, like a sheep for the slaughter, or trudging over rocks and through copses, with a sketch book, to keep up my character. The first of September will be here to-morrow, and there is prime shooting on my brother's preserves, but if I loiter here much longer, I shall lose much of the sport. The landlady, too, begins to look suspicious, and has once or twice given me a look that said, as plainly as looks could say, that I was too fastidious for a traveling artist."

"Well," said I, "suppose we try it now. Come with me to the Castle. We'll loiter about, as if to pick out a good moonlight view, and who knows but we may catch a glimpse of the Lady Clara."

"Done," said Dick; and we started.

The Castle lay in deep shadow as we approached it, and as the moonlight silvered the old gothic towers and tipped the abutting edges of the carved work that every where adorned the noble pile, the scene presented to the eye was one that reminded me of the enchanted palaces of the Arabian Nights. We stopped as if by common impulse, to gaze on the spectacle. Suddenly the figure of a lady appeared in an open gallery above us, where she stood, for some minutes, totally unconscious of our vicinity, for we were hidden under the shadow of a huge oak that threw its thick foliage far and wide over us. The moon was shining high in the heavens, and on that bright luminary the lady gazed as if in rapt admiration. The first glance at the fair apparition assured me it was the Lady Clara; and never had she appeared more lovely. Attired in a magnificent robe of velvet, with her hair falling in luxuriant tresses down her neck, and her snowy and rounded shoulders seeming whiter than driven snow in the moonlight, she looked a divinity, holding communion with upturned eyes, with a sister divinity of the skies. She wore a string of pearls round her neck, and a white rose nestling in her bosom—fit types of her maiden purity. I was so entranced by the sight that for a minute, I had forgotten my companion, when I felt him nervously clutch my arm. I looked around.

"Heavens! how magnificent—it is—it is—I have found her!" he said agitatedly.

"Found who?"

"Miss Cleveland. Isn't she a superb creature? By George, the Lady Clara, with her dower, may go to the dogs."

I burst into uncontrollable laughter, for if a world had been the price of restraint, I could not have refrained. The fair apparition disappeared in an instant.

"Confound you," said Dick, half angrily, "what makes you so merry? You have frightened away my Sultana."

"Merry," said I, "why here you've been avoiding the Lady Clara for years, and searching all England for Miss Cleveland, when they're but one and the same person;" and again I laughed until the tears ran out of my eyes.

Dick gazed at me in blank wonder. Never did a poor fellow look more like a fool. This only increased my mirth, and at length Dick joined in it as heartily as myself, capering about in his extravagant joy until I almost began to think his wits were deranged.

The next day a post chaise and four dashed through the park of Arlford Castle, and my friend Dick paid his first visit since boyhood to the Lady Clara. Some little surprise was felt, though not evinced at his visit; and the lady herself betrayed decided embarrassment. Dick prospered wonderfully in his wooing, and the next summer he led to the altar the Lady Clara.

It was not until after his marriage that his bride explained to him the little plot connected with her assumption of the name of Miss Cleveland. She was traveling, with her father, from Arlford Castle to London, when she heard of the county ball, and of Dick's intended presence. Piqued at his studied neglect of her, she resolved to visit the assembly under an assumed name. This was easily effected. The result is known. But alas! in striving to win Dick, the lady Clara lost her own heart. Delicacy forbade her afterward to reveal her disguise, and so she was compelled to trust to accident. But years elapsed, as we have seen, before she again met her lover.

The Lady Clara is now a matron of thirty, and the last steamer informs me that Dick has fallen heir to the earldom, his elder brother having died during the Queen's visit to Scotland. Lucky!—wasn't he?

From the N. Y. Express.

#### AN INCIDENT IN THE REVOLUTION.

"Not rest with this for many a passing fray,  
Tradition records for a future day."—Byron.

"It is held that valor is the cheapest virtue, and most dignifies the haver: if it be the man I speak, it cannot in the world be singly counterpoised."—Shakespeare.

'Twas night. The landscape reposed in tranquil beauty, the silvery rays revealing each nook and mossy dell, while fancy might summon up elfin fairies from their dreamy homes, in some flower's fragrant cell to sport beneath the moonlight on the green sward; or, in sportive play, bathe in the dew drops that seemed distilling from leaf and flower.

The scenery in the back ground added the sublime to the beautiful in the picture. The mountains rearing their heather-crowned tops, which had battled with the storms of past ages, now encanopied with the mantle of night—their forms in graceful outline, gradually receding in the distance, like frowning shadows of the past; while the most finished work of man might stand shadowless beneath the perfect penciling of nature.

The Connecticut river at a distance, resembled a sea of sparkling diamonds, reflecting on its broad bosom the countless eyes of night, that from the commencement of time have watched over the sleeping earth.

Far across might be seen the dim shores of I. Island, where lay encamped a foreign foe.—The white canvass of their tents reflecting back the moon's rays—not a sound disturbs the stillness, the drowsy sentinels seem to have caught something of the general quiet, and are nodding at their posts.

In a tent, which seems the principal, a light burning round a table within, are seated men in earnest conversation, whose uniform bespeaks them British officers. The death of the gallant Major Andre, and the treachery of the traitor Arnold, form the topic of their discourse. At length it was proposed, if carried through with success, to obtain the person of the gallant General Silliman, in command of the Connecticut side, and hold him prisoner in retaliation for the death of Andre.

It was a hazardous project, but four bold men pledged themselves to undertake it. John Hartwell, a brave young officer, was selected as their leader.

Soon as arranged, they proceeded to a boat and made the best progress they could across the river; on gaining the shore they make for a small clump of underwood where they lay concealed until they note what direction it is best to take.

Here too may be seen tents where repose the brave men who have sworn to protect their homes and country, or die in its defence against the invaders, who seek to control their free rights.—Near by may be seen a spacious farm house, the abode of General Silliman, the brave soldier and faithful friend, who now slept, unconscious of danger. Through some neglect, the sentinels on duty had wandered from their posts, never dreaming it possible that any one would risk a landing, or could pass the tents unobserved. By a circuitous route they gained the house, and here the faithful watch-dog gave the alarm, but a blow soon silenced him; and ascending the piazza, Capt. Hartwell opened the casement, and followed by his men, stepped lightly into the sitting room of the family.

They now struck a light, and with caution proceeded on their search—they passed through several apartments, while strange to relate, the inmates slept on unconscious of this deed of darkness.

They at length reached the General's room—two of the men remained outside, while Captain Hartwell, with another officer, entered and stood in silence, musing on the scene before them.

A night lamp burnt in the room, dimly revealing the faces of the sleepers—whose unprotected situation could not awaken a feeling of pity in their callous hearts.

"Jack," whispered his companion, "by Heaven I wish this part of the business had been entrusted to some one else—I could meet this man face to face, life for life in the field of battle—I will this savor too much of cowardice."

"Hold your craven tongue, Low," answered J. Captain Hartwell, "perform your part of the play, or let some one else take your place—you forget the scrape we are in, at the least alarm. We might happen to salute the rising sun from some of the tallest trees on the General's farm—an idea far from pleasing."

"For my part, I could wish myself back on

Long Island—but our General expects every man to do his duty—let yours be to prevent that female from screaming, while I secure her husband."

The ear of woman is quick, and from their entering the room, not a word had escaped Mrs. Silliman. At first she could scarce refrain from calling out, but her uncommon strength of mind, enabled her to master her fear—she scarce knew what to think, her husband's life, herself and family were at stake, and her courage rose in proportion as her sense of danger increased.

It is ever so with woman, in the hour of danger or affliction her weakness will become her strength, and what nature has withheld in her physical organization, is fully made up in her mental powers, her devoted love will hallow the subject of its affection, and enshrine him in her heart's pure sanctuary.

She scarce dared to breathe, and even the infant at her breast seemed to partake of its mother's anxiety, and nestled closer to her bosom.

The curtains partly shaded where she lay, and breathing a prayer to Heaven for protection, she silently stepping from the bed, scarce knowing how to proceed.

Her woman's tact led her to appeal to their sympathies, if sympathies they had. If she died, she but risked her life for one dearer than herself, whose existence to his country was invaluable—and perhaps by this means enable him to escape. In an instant she was before them, and her infant at their feet, her pale beseeching face imploring what speech refused to utter.

The officers started—this sight was unexpected—the least hesitation and all would be lost.

Captain Hartwell threw aside his heavy watch-coat, and said—

"Madam, let this uniform be the warrant for our honor—our object is to take your husband alive, if possible—that depends, however, on your silence."

At this moment General Silliman awoke, and finding his wife in the hands of men, whose calling he knew not, his good sword was soon in his hand, but a strong arm wrested it from him—handcuffs were placed on his wrists and he stood their prisoner. He inquired by what right they entered his house?

"Our object, sir," replied the officer, "is to convey you to Long Island—the least expression of alarm from you, that moment you breathe your last—if peaceable no violence will be offered." Mrs. Silliman threw herself before them, and intreating for mercy, (gushed from her agonized heart:) "Oh! spare him—take what money is here, but leave me my husband, the father of my children. Think, if you have wives, or families, what their sense of bereavement would be to see some murderous band tear you from their arms, and they left in horrible uncertainty as to your fate. Take all that we have, but leave him." A sneer of scorn curled the officer's lips, as he coolly replied—

"Madam, we are neither robbers nor assassins—the compliment on our part is quite undeserved. We are British officers."

"Then, sir," exclaimed Mrs. S., starting to her feet—her eyes flashed—her proud form trembled, as her own wrongs were forgotten in those of her country, "shame on the cause that sanctions such a deed as this—in the silence of night to enter a peaceful dwelling and take an unoffending man from the arms of his wife and family. Truly such an act as this would need the covering of darkness. You may call yourselves servants of Britain—that is your fit appellation. Take him—another victim is required of my country. But the vengeance of Heaven is abroad, and ere long, the men who war for the price of blood, will find the arm who fights for his fireside and liberty, nerved by a stronger consciousness of right."

"Madam," interrupted the officer, awed by the stern majesty of her manner, "I came not here to interchange words with a woman—or, I might speak of warring against your lawful king. But you know, Tom," turning to his companion, "I never was good at preaching."

"Not to a woman, certainly," said Tom, laughing, "or rather you never could bring one to your way of thinking."

A slight noise warned them of the impropriety of longer remaining. The General, having completed dressing, took an affectionate farewell of his wife, assuring her he would soon be enabled to return. They left the house, but to gain the shore was a matter of some difficulty. The General was rendered incapable of making the slightest noise if he had wished to, and they had tied Mrs. S. and bound her mouth to prevent her giving any alarm. But the tents were not so easily passed. The

morning was fast approaching, and the route they came would occupy too much time in retracing it: their only plan now was to make as straight a line as possible to the shore. Already had they passed one tent when the cry of "Who goes there?" was heard. In a moment they gained the shadow of an adjoining tent, when a man suddenly stepped before them, and demanded their business. No time could be lost; the two officers proceeded on with the General to the boat, while the remainder overpowered the sentinel and gained their companions as the dawn was faintly perceptible in the east. By the time an alarm was given they were far beyond the reach of pursuit.

The prisoners were borne in triumph to their commander, who intended waiting superior orders as to the disposal of them.

In the mean time Mrs. Silliman was not idle. A council was called, and every plan was proposed that could tend to liberate her husband.

The womanly wit of Mrs. Silliman suggested that they should cross the river in the same manner as the British had done, and seize the person of one of their influential men, and hold him as a hostage until terms could be agreed upon for the exchange of prisoners. It was a risk, and if discovered no mercy could be expected.

The nephew of the General, a young officer of merit, and several others volunteered their services. The following night was arranged for the purpose.

The difficulty when the time arrived, was to procure some mode of getting there. A whale boat was at length found, into which the adventurers got disguised as fishermen. They soon arrived at Long Island and proceeded to the residence of Judge Jones.

With some difficulty they secured that worthy functionary, and notwithstanding his assurances of being a good patriot, which they assured him they did not in the least question, conveyed the good man to the boat in spite of his wish to finish his sleep out, and embarked pleased with their success. On reaching the house of Mrs. Silliman, they introduced their prisoner. Mrs. S. courteously apologized for the necessity they had been under for requesting his society without due time for preparation; assuring him the house and all in it was at his service while he honored it as his abode.

The Judge was taken quite at a loss. At any time he was a man of few words, but the sudden transition had quite bewildered his faculties. At times he doubted whether the good old cognac, of which he had taken a plentiful supply before retiring to rest, had not turned his head.

He stood in the centre of the apartment gazing listlessly around him, until the voice of Mrs. Silliman, politely inquiring if her guest stood in need of any refreshment, recalled his fleeting thoughts. The tempting repast set before him did wonders in restoring his good humor, his sail having given him quite an appetite, and at any time a lover of the good things of life; and knowing argument could produce no alteration in his fate, he submitted with as much good grace as possible, a little alleviated by the reflection that a woman's care was not the worst he could have fallen into. By a singular coincidence, Mrs. S. learnt that her husband was an inmate of the house of the Judge, an assurance in every way relieving, having been placed in his charge until conveyed from Flatbush.

Letters were soon interchanged, the Americans refusing to yield their prisoner without the British doing the same. Terms were accordingly entered into, and the Judge prepared to take leave of his fair hostess at the same time her husband was taking his leave of the Judge's wife. The Judge had been highly pleased with the manners of Mrs. S., who did every thing in her power to render his stay agreeable.

The two boats with their respective prisoners at length set sail, and meeting on the river, they had an opportunity of congratulating each other on the happy termination of their imprisonment, which, thanks to woman's wit, so fertile in expedients, had saved them from what might have proved a tragedy. With assurances of friendship they parted, the wives soon having the pleasure of embracing their husbands. Subsequently letters couched in terms of warmest gratitude were exchanged between the two ladies, for the attention paid to their respective husbands.

Thus a good man was restored to his family, and a gallant soldier spared to fight the battles of his country, while he lived to hear the shout of liberty re-echo from North to South, from East to West, and the fierce invaders, expelled from his country, which took her place among the nations of the earth.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

**AN OLD TEAPOT.**—Passing along the street yesterday, an old teapot attracted our attention, and we fell into a philosophic study on its past career. True, it was only a cracked teapot, but how many brilliant scenes that teapot may have figured in; how many tales of scandal it might have heard, had it been capable of hearing; now many flashes of wit and merriment have enlivened the board over which it reigned; how many glances have been cast across it from the fair eyes of some fair maid, whose beautiful hand was ministering from its spout the soucheong or poucheong to the surrounded mahogany? Again we thought, may it not have been some boarding-house teapot, the economical owner of which distilled within it the smallest quantity of the China herb, to the largest given amount of water it could contain; and after sweetening it with brown sugar, and hiding the color with a little skim milk, has looked defiance at her scowling boarders?

Alas! thou old receptacle of tea,  
Of soucheong, poucheong, and bohea;  
Could nothing cause thy glory stay,  
And save thee from this fell decay?  
You're lost to fame, and so you ought,  
If from you came that sweetened water.

We cannot believe this to be so unromantic a teapot. Some fair hand in the bosom of a happy family first used it, accident broke a piece off, and that consigned it to common use; then the spout suffered, which consigned it to the kitchen—the bottom fell out, and into the street it was cast, to be ground to powder by the passing vehicle.

How like man, who is at first romantic, then useful, soon cracked, worn out and useless, and at last cast into the maw of the past to be ground to dust, perhaps to be put to some such ignoble use as "stopping a hole to keep the wind away."—*St. Louis Ledger.*

**CROPPING SYSTEM IN FRANCE.**—According to the Parisian journals, it appears that the wholesale dealers in human hair have had a most successful harvest this year, not less than 200,000 lbs. weight having been procured. Brittany is the province of France, in which the traffic is mostly carried on, and all the fairs are regularly attended by purchasers, both male and female.—The Breton peasants have particularly fine hair, and generally in great abundance; their beautiful tresses they are perfectly willing to sell, and it is no uncommon sight to see several girls sheared one after the other like sheep, and many others standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. Every successive crop of hair is tied up into a whip by itself, and thrown into a large basket, placed by the side of the operator. The highest value given by these abominable hair merchants for a fine crop of hair, is 20 sous! but the more frequent consideration is a gandy, but trumpety cotton handkerchief worth about 16 sous! The profits thus netted by these hair-mongers must be enormous.—*London paper.*

**HORNS OF THE AMERICAN MOOSE.**—The New Orleans Picayune speaks of a pair of elk horns from the Rocky Mountains, exhibiting in that city, which from the extreme tips of the outer prongs, following the curve round, measure about ten feet, while their weight is forty-three pounds. On Pine Creek, in Tioga county, in this State, we have seen elk horns which if placed in an upright position, with their points sticking in the ground, a middle sized man could pass through them without stooping. In the same neighborhood were a pair of tame elks which were used in harness, and one of which weighed 800 pounds. They were very servicable animals, and could out-trot most horses in the vicinity.

**DESOLATION.**—The following exquisite bit of the poetic is from the Picayune, of course:

Midnight upon the tempest wave is desolate,  
yet there is grandeur and sublimity in the scene;  
the starving outcast upon the blasted heath is a  
pitiable object for humanity to contemplate; desolation  
is in the howl of the hurricane; and the  
scream of the night bird in the wilderness is dreadful;  
but a tap on the shoulder from a dog, with  
not a cent in your pocket, is a thunder peal from  
the regions of mortal terror menacing man with  
the dismal horrors of a jail!

"Paddy, my jewel, why don't you get your  
ears cropped; they are too large for a man!"—  
"An' yours," replied Paddy, "are too short for  
an ass."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1842.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**"SELECT LIBRARY OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE."**  
 Since the commencement of the new and successful enterprise of publishing standard works in numbers at so cheap a rate as to place them in the hands of almost every individual, we have seen none more deserving of encouragement than the proposal of Mr. James B. Campbell, of Philadelphia, to publish in this form a "Select Library of Religious Literature." Hitherto this enterprise has been entirely confined to histories and novels. There has been abundant supply of these, especially of the latter class of book. In fact the public have been surfeited with tales and romances—many of them weak and trashy concerns, while the lovers of substantial literature have been left wholly unprovided for. The select Library commences with D'AUBIGNE'S *History of the REFORMATION*—the well known standard translated from the French. It will be published in monthly numbers at 15 cents each, or \$1.80 per annum. We have received from the publisher the January number, containing 80 pages of close printed matter in double columns. Those who wish to procure a valuable library in a cheap way will do well to subscribe. We presume the work may be had at the Books stores.

**MESOPOTAMIA AND ASSYRIA.**—We have received from FISHER & Co. a history of "Mesopotamia and Assyria, from the earliest ages to the present time, with illustrations of their natural history, by J. BAILEY FRAZER, Esq." The design of the work is to bring under one view all that is known in the history and aspect, moral, physical and political, of those provinces; and to give, at the same time, a sketch of the causes that have produced the revolutions of which they have been the theatre. From the hasty glance we have given the work, we cannot but think that the author has fully succeeded in his object.

In addition to a neatly engraved map of Mesopotamia and Assyria, the work contains four handsome engravings—The Birs Nimrod, Tanké Kesra, View of Bagdad, and Mesopotamian Arabs and their Tents.

**GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.**—This periodical for February, is one of the richest in style and material ever issued from the periodical press. It stands confessedly at the head of monthlies of this class. Three superb engravings adorn this number, and twenty-five original papers from the pens of such writers as Bryant, Cooper, Dana, Bird, Longfellow, Willis, Herbert, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Seba Smith, "Mary Clavers," C. Hoffman, and others. This magazine richly deserves the patronage it enjoys. To be had at Moore's.

**"SISTER ANNE"** is the title of a new Novel, translated from the French of Charles Paul De-Kock. This author's works have been objected to on account of their licentious tendency.—But "Sister Anne" forms an exception. She is a sweet, humble, confiding creature, who bears affliction with patience and prosperity with moderation. The work will repay a perusal. To be had at MOORE'S.

**BOYS' AND GIRLS' LIBRARY.**—Vol. 1 commenced Jan., 1842. It is published monthly, 32 pages to a number, for \$1.25 a year. It approaches the plan of Parley's Magazine, and it may be as good. It contains too much of what is intended for amusement, by about four-fourths. The January No. has some good articles; and it will doubtless interest and instruct the "boys and girls."—HOTT'S.

**DAILY LABORS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.**—His life is grave, industrious and serious. He often rises before daybreak; as soon as he wakes his work begins. He reads the despatches of his Ambassador; he prepares the labor of the day; you see that he acts from a knowledge of the importance of one additional day in his reign. He reads very few newspapers, except the English ones; but he tolerates them all. You would find in the King's ante-chamber, by the side of the sheets which defend his government with the greatest amount of conscience and courage, the vilest and most atrocious pamphlet against his person. He says that every one must live, that a pamphlet never killed any but dead men, and that he accepted the inconvenience of the liberty of the press in accepting its advantages.

His breakfast is soon finished; after which it's his Ministers's turn: with these he lives in the greatest familiarity. The man whom he adopts has at once, at all times, a free admission to the King; he is received at any hour of the day or night. The King espouses the cause of his Minister, as he would his own; he takes an interest in his successes, in his rostrum, in his success of every kind; he defends him warmly and sincerely, and when he is obliged to displace he never says "Adieu," but "Au revoir." These gone, he adopts those who come, as he had adopted their predecessors; so accustomed is this constitutional King to the complicated and difficult mechanism of a representative government.

**A FACT.**—The ready wit of a true born Irishman, however humble his station, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A few days since, says an exchange paper, we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hands of its owner; and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be his etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emerald dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of its Ellsler gyrations, and presented it to the loser with a low bow, which reminded us of poor Power. "Faith, Ma'am," said he, as he did so, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you."

"Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady smiling.

"Troth, ma'am," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both!"

**POMPEII.**—A letter from Naples, received at Paris, states that, in continuing the researches at Pompeii, there have just been found in the Via Fortuna four fine paintings in fresco adorning the walls of as many contiguous houses. One of them is distinguished above the rest by the superior correctness of its drawing and beauty, and freshness of color, and will, therefore, be taken from its place to be deposited in the Bourbon Museum in the capital. It represents Bacchus and Faunus pressing grapes brought to them by a young slave, while a boy is directing the flow of the juice into an amphora imbedded in the ground. This painting, which measures 2½ feet by 1½, is supposed to have been the sign of an inn or wine-house. It has already been copied in lithograph.

**COUSINS.**—There is nothing like a cousin; it is the sweetest relation in human nature. There is no excitement in loving your sister, and courting a lady in the face of a strange family requires the nerve of a martyr; but your dear familiar cousin with her provoking maidenly reserve and her bewitching freedoms, and the romping frolics, and the stolen tenderness over the skein of silk she will get tangled—and then the long rides, which nobody talks about, and the long letters on which nobody pays the postage—no, there is nothing like a cousin—a young, gay, beautiful witch of a cousin.

**BONHOMME.**—In the opinion of the Atlas, Commodore Jones, by his behavior at Monterey, laid himself "decidedly open to censure." Just so an aged citizen of Boston, well known as milk and water Greenwood, when his arm was broken by a ball from a platoon under Capt. Preston, just before the revolution, exclaimed, "I declare, these people ought to be taken to."

Chang Fen, the astronomer, observed, that just at the moment of putting the "vermilion pencil" to the treaty of Nanking, the "Man in the Moon" was dreadfully agitated. No doubt he was aware that "he" had been making a fool of him-

**NEW PUBLICATION.**—One of the Boston Magazines notices a new work, now in press, and to be out in a few days, entitled *ANTIOCH, or Increase of Moral Power in the Church of Christ*—by Rev. P. CHURCH, of this city, with an Introductory Essay, by Rev. BARON STOW, of Boston.

**THE "NAUTILUS"**—MOORE & Co. of the Nws Room, have received a supply of the "Nautilus" a collection of select Tales, and Sea sketches with a full narrative of the Mutiny of the Summers.—The work is edited by John K. DUER of the U. S. Navy. Those who love the thrilling tales of the mighty deep, will be much pleased with this work. The price is but one shilling.

The "Indicator" is the title of a periodical devoted to self-improvement. It contains a number of valuable essays. To be had at MOONS.

☞ "Who reads an American Book?" was asked by an English Review, a few years since. A late London Times announces the *eleventh* edition of Stephens' Central America, as in press. The former London editions have amounted to 10,000 copies. The price is eight dollars!

The third edition of Catlin's North American Indians has also appeared in London.

The Sun advertises, as just out of the London press, a reprint of two of Rev. Mr. Gallaudet's works of Hartford, two of Peter Parley's works and two works of Abbott's, Mrs. Sigourney's Poems and Mrs. Sedgwick's and Mrs. Seba Smith's works.

☞ A gentleman who is lecturing upon Elocution in Utica, has been drowned out by a Millerite who is making a great stir with one portion of the population, and a learned pig who engrosses the attention of the other portion. To compete with his swinish competitor, he has been obliged to bring his pieces to the same standard.

**PLAID DRESSES.**—When Queen Victoria visited Scotland she assumed the plaid dress, and has worn it ever since her return. It has consequently become the prevailing fashion in England, and has found its way to New York.

☞ The London correspondent of the New York Union, mentions that Stephens' Central American, although sold at eight dollars a copy, has gone to the eleventh edition.

**GREAT DAY'S WORK**—A Yankee recently married a wife, ate five pumpkin pies, licked a negro, told a lie, went to church, and tore his trousers, all in one day.

**BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE,** for December '42—(the first number for '43, has not yet appeared) contains a great many excellent papers, and a searching, but two favorable review of Dickens American Notes. The review closes in the following language:

Thus ends Mr. Dicken's book on America, and it is so very flimsy a performance—we must speak the disagreeable and painful truth—that nothing but our strong feelings of kindness and respect for a gentleman of his unquestionable talents, and of gratitude for the amusement which his better and earlier works have afforded us, could have induced us to bestow the pains which were requisite to present so full an account of it as that which we have above given our readers. Let the eagerest admirers of these turn again to his very injudicious "Dedication," and they will feel how unwarranted it is by the substance and body of the work;—if, indeed, any substance, if any body, it has. Can it stand, for one moment, a comparison with Captain Marryat's book, or those of Mrs. Trollope or Fanny Kemble, faulty in many respects as are the latter two in point of taste and execution? Mr. Dickens should have either written no account at all of his visit to America, or a vastly different one. His work will surprise and disappoint his readers both there and here.

## Poetry.

## The Thrush.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"I'll pay my rent in music," said a thrush,  
Who took his lodging 'neath my eaves in spring,  
Where the thick foliage droop'd. And wall he kept  
His simple contract. Not for quarter-day  
He coldly waited, nor a draft requir'd  
To stir his memory, nor my patience tired  
With changeful currencies, but every morn  
Brought me good notes, at par, and broke my sleep  
Wish his sweet coin.

Sometimes, a burst of song,  
All wildly thrilling through his dulcet pipes,  
Falling, and caught again, and still prolong'd.  
Betray'd in what green nook the warbler sat,  
Each feather quivering with excess of joy,  
While from his open beak and brightening eye  
There seemed to breathe a cadence—"This is meant  
For your especial benefit." The lay  
With overruling shrillness, more than once  
Did summon me to lay my book aside,  
And wait its close; nor was that pause a loss;  
But seemed to tune and shape the inward ear  
To wisdom's key-tone.

Then I had asbare  
In softer songs, that cheer'd his brooding mate,  
Who in the patience of good hope did keep,  
His lengthen'd vigil, and the voice of love  
That flow'd so fondly from his trusting soul  
Made glad my own.

Then, too, there was a strain  
From blended throats, that to their callow young  
Breath'd tenderness untold, and the weak chirp  
Of new-born choristers, so deftly train'd  
Each in the sweet way that he ought to go,  
Mixed with that breath of household charities  
Which makes the spirit strong.

And so I felt  
My rent was fully paid, and felt myself  
Quite fortunate, in these our days, to find  
Such honest tenants.

But when autumn bade  
The northern birds to spread their parting wing,  
And that small house was vacant, and o'er hedge,  
And russet-grave, and forest hush with years,  
The hush of silence settled, I grew sad  
To miss my kind musicians, and was fain  
To patronize with a more fervent zeal  
Such fire-side music as makes winter short,  
And storms unheard.

Yet, leave within our hearts,  
Dear melodists; the spirit of your praise,  
Until ye come again; and the brown nest  
That now its downy lining to the winds  
Turns desolate, shall thrill at your return  
With the loud welcome home.

For he, who touch'd  
Your breast with minstrelsy, and every flower  
With beauty, hath a lesson for his sons  
In all the varied furniture that decks  
Life's banquet-board; and he's the wisest guest  
Who taketh gladly what his God doth send,  
Keeps each instrument of joy in tune,  
That helps to fit him for the choir of heaven.

## "The Daughter of Herodias."

BY MISS LUVY HOOPER.

Written on seeing a painting representing the daughter  
of Herodias bearing the head of John the Baptist in a  
charger.

Mother! I bring thy gift  
Take from my hand the dreaded boon—I pray  
Take it, the still pale horror of the face  
Hath left upon my soul its living trace,  
Never to pass away;—  
Since from these lips one word of idle breath,  
Blanched that calm face—oh! mother, this is death!

What is it that I see  
From all the pure and settled features gleaming?  
Reproach! reproach! My dreams are strange and wild,  
Mother! had'st thou no pity on thy child?  
Lo! a celestial smile seems softly beaming  
On the hush'd lip—my mother, can'st thou brook  
Longer upon thy victim's face to look?

Alas! at yesternoon  
My heart was light, and to the viol's sound  
I gaily danced, while crowned with summer flowers,  
And swiftly by me sped the flying hours,  
And all was joy around;—  
But death! oh! mother, could I say thee nay?  
Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon away!

Take it;—my heart is sad,  
And the pure forehead hath an icy chill—  
I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven  
Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given,  
And the pale face appalls me, cold and still,  
With the closed lips, oh! tell me, could I know  
That the pale features of the dead were so?

I may not turn away  
From the charmed brow, and I have heard his name  
Even as a prophet by his people spoken,  
And that high brow in death bears seal and token,  
Of one whose words were flame;  
Oh! Holy Teacher! could'st thou rise and live,  
Would not these hush'd lips whisper, "I forgive!"

Away with lute and harp,  
With the glad heart forever, and the dance,  
Never again shall tabor sound for me,  
Oh! fearful Mother, I have brought to thee  
The silent dead, with his rebuking glance  
And the crushed heart of one, to whom are given  
Wild dreams of judgment and offended Heaven!

## My Love.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Not as all other women are,  
Is she that to my soul is dear,  
Her glorious fancies come from far  
Beneath the silver evening star—  
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,  
Which lesser souls may never know,  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair;  
No simplest duty is forgot,  
Life hath no aim and lonely spot—  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone or despise;  
For nought that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,  
And though she seems of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings,  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so,  
And deeds of weak-day holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto  
Her life doth rightly harmonize,  
Feeling or thought that was not true  
Ne'er made her beautiful the blue—  
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

On nature doth she muse and brood,  
With such a still and love-clear eye—  
She is so gentle and so good,  
The very flowers in the wood,  
Do bless her with their sympathy.

She is a woman—one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life's path room  
For many blights and tears.

And youth in her a home will find  
Where he may dwell eternally;  
Her soul is not of that weak kind,  
Which better love the life behind,  
Than that which is, or is to be.

I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might,  
Which by high tower and lowly mill,  
Goes wandering at its own will,  
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full deep breast serene,  
Like quiet isles my duties lie;  
It flows around them and between  
And makes them fresh, and fair, and green,  
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

## The Married Man and the Bachelor.

Happy and free are married men's reveries,  
Cheerily, merrily passes his life;  
He knows not the Bachelor's reveries,  
Cared for and blessed by his children and wife:  
From lassitude free, too—sweet home to flee to;  
A pet on his knee, too, his kindness to share;  
A fire-side so cheery, the smiles of his deary—  
O this, boys, O this is the Married Man's Fare.

Wife, kind as an angel, sees things never range ill,  
Busy promoting his comfort around;  
Dispelling dejection with smiles of affection,  
Sympathizing, advising, when fortune has frowned,  
Old stories relating, droll tales ever stating,  
Little ones prating, all strangers to care;  
Some romping, some jumping, some punching, some  
munching,  
Economy dealing the Married Man's fare.

Thus in each jolly day, one lively holiday;  
Not so the Bachelor, lonely, depressed—  
No gentle one near him, no home to endure him;  
In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if no guest;  
No children to climb up—'twould fill all my rhymes up,  
And take too much time up—to tell his despair;  
Cross his nose keeper meeting him—cheating him, beating  
him—  
Bills pouring—maids scolding, devouring his fare.

He has no one to put on a sleeve or a button—  
Shirts mangled to rags—drawers stringless at knee,  
The cook, to his grief, spoils pudding and beef too,  
With overdone, and underdone, and undone is he.  
No sor, still a treasure, in business or leisure;  
No daughter, with pleasure new joys to prepare;  
But old maids and cousins, kind souls! rush in dozens,  
Relieving him soon of his Bachelor's fare.

He calls children asses, Sir, (the fox and the grapes Sir,  
And fain would he wed when his locks are like snow;  
But widows throw scorn out; and tell him he's worn out;  
And maiden's deciding, cry, "No, my love, no!"  
Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle, and sorrow,  
No hope in to-morrow—no one sympathy spare;  
And when unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies up—  
None closes his eyes up—he dies—and who cares?

## The two Gate Keepers.

The Doctor receives us from birth at bedside,  
And forwards us on towards Death, his pale brother,  
Thus life is a railway on which we all glide,  
With the Doctor at this end, and Death at the other.  
[Beasley's Miscellany.]

## The Seasons of Love.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

The Spring-time of love  
Is both happy and gay,  
For joy sprinkles blossoms—  
And balm o'er our way:  
The sky, earth and ocean  
In beauty repose,  
And all the bright future  
In *coulis de rose*.

The summer of love  
Is the bloom of the heart,  
When hill, grove and valley  
Their music impart,  
And the pure glow of heaven  
Is seen in fad eyes  
As lakes show the rainbow  
That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love  
Is the season of cheer,  
Life's mild Indian summer  
The smile of the year;  
Which comes when the golden-  
Ripe harvest is stored,  
And yields its own blessings,  
Expose and reward.

The winter of love  
Is the beam that we win,  
While the storm howls without  
From the sunshine within.  
Love's reign is eternal,  
The heart is his throne,  
And he has all seasons  
Of life for his own.

The following is, we believe, one of the humorous and  
exquisite vibrations of the hump of Sheridan. We find it  
straggling through the papers without a name. The fame  
of the author will attract the attention of the reader, and  
the piece itself will abundantly repay him for its careful  
perusal.—[New Era.]

## Origin of Man.

Affliction one day, as she hark'd to the roar  
Of the stormy and struggling billow,  
Drew a beautiful form on the sands of the shore,  
With the stem of a weeping willow:  
Jupiter, struck with the noble plan,  
As he roam'd on the verge of the ocean,  
Breath'd on the figure and calling it man,  
Endow'd it with life and with motion.

A creature so glorious in mind and in fame—  
No stamped with each parent impression—  
Among them a point of contention became,  
Each claiming the right of possession.  
"He is mine," said Affliction, "I gave him his birth,  
I alone am the cause of creation."  
"The materials were given by me," answered Earth,  
"I gave him," said Jove, "animation."

The gods, all assembled in solemn throng,  
After hearing each claimant's petition,  
Pronounced a definite sentence on man,  
And thus settled his fate's disposition:  
"Let Affliction possess her own child, till the woe  
Of life cease to harass and grieve;  
After death, give his body to Earth, whence it rose,  
And his spirit to Him who bestowed it."

## Marriages.

At St. John's Church, in this city, on Sunday evening,  
the 22d inst., by Rev. Dr. Luckey, HENRY S. BROWN  
to Miss MARY M. MARSH.  
In this city, on the 29d ult., by the Rev. James B. Shaw,  
Mr. William E. Hunt, to Miss Ardenia E. Clark, all of  
this city.

In this city, on the 24th instant, by Rev. P. Chubb, Mr.  
John McVey, to Miss Julia Ann Sammon.

In this city, on the 24th instant, by Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr.  
Gerry Copeland, to Miss Maria Thompson.

On the evening of the 26th ult., in Palmyra, by Isaac E.  
Beecher, Esq., Mr. Franklin Lakey, to Miss Terrisa  
Page, both of that town.

In Warsaw, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. S. Judd, Mr.  
Allen J. Reddish, to Miss Mary Throup.

In LeRoy, on the 19th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Parsons,  
Mr. Rayson Willkie, of Batavia, to Miss Electa Pratt,  
eldest daughter of Elias Pratt, Esq., of Pembroke.

In Medina, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. R. K. Bolamy,  
John Hopkins Denio, Printer, to Miss Celinda Weather-  
war, of that place.

In Millport, on the 18th instant, by the Rev. Mr.  
Davis, Mr. David Huff, to Miss Hannah S. Wheeler, all  
of that place.

In New York, on the 16th instant, in St. Bartholomew's  
Church, by the Rev. S. M. Hastings, Mr. CLARENDON  
MORSE, of this city, to Miss CORNELIA A. JENKINS,  
daughter of the late Rev. A. L. Clarke, of the former  
place.

In Lyons, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Cooke,  
Mr. Frederick Morley, Senior Editor of the Wayne County  
Whig, to Eleanor, daughter of the late Rev. William  
Niles, of Baltimore.

In Greece, on the 19th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Olcott,  
Mr. John Rowley to Miss Celicia Davison, all of that town.

In Brockport, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Charles J.  
Todd, Mr. Ezra H. Graves, of Brockport, to Mrs. Julia  
Pickett, of the city of New York.

In Byron, Michigan, Ezekiel Gallup, to Mrs. Rebecca  
Gallup. Also, Ezekiel Gallup, Jr., to Miss Eliza Gallup.  
The two last were married on the same evening of the  
former. Thus the father and son, marrying the mother  
and daughter.

In Bristol, Mr. George A. Green, to Miss Rose Dehay.  
What a blessed lot! no more decay—  
This one is now an ever green.

BY STRONG &amp; DAWSON.

Tones—One Dollar per annum, in advance.



# THE GEM

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## Popular Tales.

From the *Lady's World of Fashion.*

### THE TRIFLER.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I heard yesterday that you were engaged to Eveline Valliere, and to-day I hear that you are to marry Sophy Greene. Which report is true?" said Edgar Thomas to his friend Harry Colbert, and taking his cigar from his mouth, he suffered the smoke to curl slowly to the ceiling, gazing meanwhile on the face of his friend.

"The fact is," said Harry, throwing himself back in his chair, "I am engaged to neither,"—and then he paused.

"But you are *very* attentive to Sophy, and those who go in Miss Valliere's set say you are devoted to her," and again the speaker's eye was fixed inquiringly on Harry, who looked down momentarily disconcerted.

"Why the truth is," he said, looking up, "I am a little in love with both the ladies, and so can't make up my mind to marry either, lest I should lose the other. I wish the good qualities of both were combined in one; then I should soon decide. Miss Valliere is amiable, pretty and rich, and so far forth is just what I want; but she has no wit, and would never be a wife to make one proud of abroad. Sophy is poor, and without Eveline's fine figure, though, perhaps, with a prettier, certainly with a more intellectual-looking face. Then she has a fine wit, and is decidedly a girl of talent. With a little tact she might be made a perfectly fascinating creature. I don't say which has the most womanly heart—I suppose either could love deeply enough," and here the speaker adjusted his collar. "When I am with Sophy, I am in love with her; but when I see Miss Valliere, and think of her fortune, I cannot resist paying her attention. I had gone pretty far with Eveline before I met Miss Greene; but since then I have been more careful, and, I confess, am often puzzled how to decide. If Eveline had Sophy's intellect, or Sophy had Eveline's fortune, I should propose to-morrow; but the fates have ordered it otherwise, and so—poor dog that I am—I must wait events, and trust, as Napoleon said, to my destiny."

"Did you ever commit yourself to Miss Valliere?" said his companion, after a pause.

"Not exactly," answered Harry, slowly and doubtfully; "to be sure I *did*, at one time, pay her considerable attention, but then, you know a pretty girl is used to such things, and, if she has sense, never thinks you serious unless you make love in words. Now, I never did that exactly, and in that I'm lucky, though I do confess to sundry sentimental walks, and shy attentions when the old folks were away—you understand, just enough to keep her thinking of me sufficiently to ensure success if I should, at any time, make up my mind to marry her. I began to think lately I ought to back out, and I am not half so attentive as I once was; for the fact is, since I met Sophy Greene, I have felt that Miss Valliere is not exactly the girl to suit me as a wife. I wish something more spicy and intellectual, something not to be ashamed of in the society of people of talent. I wish the gods had given Sophy a fortune; for—confound it—I'm too poor, like most young physicians, to wed a portionless wife."

Harry Colbert had frankly explained the difficulty in which he had involved himself; but he had not told the whole truth; for his attentions to both girls had been ardent and devoted, and of such a character as to leave no doubt on their

minds of the serious nature of his attentions.—Moving in different sets, in opposite sections of a large city, each was ignorant of his attentions to her rival; and thus, for several months, he had carried on his deception undetected. He had already wooed and won Eveline Valliere, though he had never told his love in words, before he met Sophy Greene: from that hour his heart had been divided, and the conflict in his breast had raged with increasing force daily. Interest, and perhaps some little remaining conscience, urged him to marry Eveline; while, if he had consulted only his feelings, he would have wedded Sophy.

"But," said his friend, after an embarrassing silence of some minutes, "do you not think sometimes that you may have won the affections of both?"

"I never proposed to either," replied Harry, staring at his companion.

"But does a lady never place her affections on a gentleman until he proposes in form? Is there no such thing as winning a lady by looks and tones, which though not explicit in one sense, are susceptible of but a single definition?" asked his friend, searchingly.

"Oh! perhaps sometimes girls do lose their hearts thus; but it's only when they know nothing of the world. Gentlemen will be attentive to the ladies, and so—and so—"

"And so sometimes a heart will be broken by the criminal coquetry of our sex," indignantly interrupted the other. There was a pause, during which Harry regarded his friend in surprise. At length he spoke.

"Why, really, you look at the subject too warmly; but calm your fears; neither Sophy nor Miss Valliere will break their hearts for me, thank heaven! If either is at all smitten," and he complacently puffed the smoke slowly from his mouth, "she would never be the worse of it, even if I shouldn't marry her—a mere preference, nothing more, believe me!"

"Well, I hope so," said his companion, and here the conversation ceased.

Days and weeks passed, and still Harry was torn by conflicting emotions, one while inclined toward the heiress, and another while yielding to the fascination of her rival. Often, during this period, his conscience reproached him for his conduct to Eveline, and he resolved to forget Sophy; but again he yielded to the temptation, and neglected his first love. He could no longer conceal from himself that Miss Valliere loved him, since her every look and action when in his presence, and her despondency at his absence and neglect, revealed it. His heart smote him, when he thought this was his work; but, he asked himself, ought he to wed one whom he did not love? Should he sacrifice happiness with Sophy, who had an intellect to sympathize with him, for indifference with Eveline? He did not remember, when he thus reasoned with himself, that he had, at one time, thought Miss Valliere better fitted for a wife, by her gentleness and unreserved devotion, than one of a more brilliant, but less amiable character.—He forgot too that her affections had been yielded slowly, and only in return for the most ceaseless attentions. But, like too many of his sex, he tired of an object when won.

But the struggle at length was terminated, and with the fickleness which characterized his conduct, terminated in favor of the new object of his love. He resolved to cease visiting Eveline, and devote himself wholly to Miss Greene. His visits accordingly increased in frequency at her house; and he soon became satisfied that her attentions to him were more marked than those she bestowed on other young men. Thus encouraged, he did

not hesitate to declare himself one evening when a favorable opportunity presented.

Sophy listened to his ardent protestations with a burning cheek and a beating bosom; but when he ceased, she slowly raised her eyes from the ground, and said,

"Before I can consent to become your wife, will you answer me one question?" and fixing her eyes searchingly on his face, though her cheek crimsoned deeper as she did it, she asked, "do you know Eveline Valliere?"

Had a specter started up before him, Harry would not have looked more aghast. What could she mean? Had she heard of his attentions to and his desertion of Miss Valliere? Did she resent the latter?—or had she merely learned the former, and wished to solve her doubts before answering. This last idea was the most flattering, and therefore the one adopted. He smiled as he replied,

"Yes! I once knew a lady of that name."

"Once knew her," said Sophy, with marked emphasis; and do you know her no longer?"

"I can scarcely say I do," said Harry, his embarrassment returning at the decided manner of his questioner. "But she has long forgotten me, and I have ceased visiting there."

"There needed but this baseness," said Sophy, rising, with flashing eyes, the whole expression of her face changing to indignant scorn, "to make you as contemptible in my eyes, as you were before criminal. Know, false and fickle man, that I have heard the whole history of your acquaintance with Miss Valliere—how, by slow and winning attentions, you possessed yourself of her heart—how, when you met another, who for the time pleased your selfish nature better, you became attentive to this new acquaintance—and how, notwithstanding the love you knew Miss Valliere bore for you, you at length left her to pine in despondency, until her life is now despaired of by her friends. And you come here and dare to insult me with an offer of your love," she spoke this word with bitter scorn—"you! the almost murderer of one woman, and the wronger thereby of our whole sex. Ay! more—you hesitated long because, forsooth, I was too poor, as if love, that holy sentiment, of which such wretches as you can know nothing, was to be profaned by base thoughts of lucre! I tell you, Harry Colbert I have known all this for weeks, and have waited patiently for this hour, stooping to a deception which I despise, that I might avenge my sex at the last. I seek a woman's love!—why you know no more of that pure sentiment than the meanest hind that crouches at his master's whip! A true woman scorns the hand of a man like you, who, for the gratification of a petty vanity, or of his own selfishness, would desert a heart that he had won. The time was when I might have loved you, but it was when I thought your heart noble. I now see its baseness, duplicity and littleness, and, bad as you are, I cannot hate you from very scorn. Go! and go, knowing this, that a woman can avenge her sex even at the cost of so petty a lover as yourself."

The withering contempt with which these last words were spoken, was the last drop in the cup of the lover's shame. While Sophy continued speaking, he had stood abashed before her, not daring to lift his eyes but once to her face, and then the indignant flash of her eyes, and the bitter mockery on her lip, were no temptation for him to repeat the experiment. And when she ceased, he rose and almost rushed from the room, too utterly confounded to reply, though boiling with rage and shame. He reached his room in a tempest of rage indescribable. But his passion

was too high to allow him to see the justice of his fate.

"Curse the girl!" was his first exclamation, "she raved like a Pythoness—but why did I not retort scorn for scorn! To refuse me, when she is not worth a cent, and all because of Eveline," and he breathed a malediction on her as the cause of his discomfiture, and with bitter exclamations strode to and fro his room.

Gradually, however, his passion calmed itself, and a desire for revenge possessed his mind. But how should he be revenged? Should he woo and win some other lady at once, or go back to Miss Valliere and secure her? After pondering long, he determined on the latter course.

"Yes!" he said, "if I marry Eveline, to whom it is known I have been attentive, this termagent will never dare to tell of my proposal, for we had no witnesses, and no one will believe her, if it should be announced soon, say to-morrow next day at furthest, that I am engaged to the heiress. She loves me no doubt—there this vixen was right—and will be glad to accept me. I will despatch a note at once. A little dissimulation to conceal the cause of my late neglect, a little penitence adroitly thrown in, and a little ardor will win a favorable answer, or I know nothing of the trusting nature of Eveline Valliere."

The proposal was written and sent; but the next day, and the next, and a whole week passed with out an answer. Harry began to repent of his precipitancy, and wish that he had never seen either Eveline or Sophy. But at length came the long looked for reply. He opened it with renewed hopes, which, however, were crushed on its perusal. The answer was short and cold, and contained a refusal couched in terms which forbade a second attempt. "Miss Valliere," the note ended with saying, "declined all further acquaintance with Mr. Colbert."

Stung to the quick, the rejected lover vented his rage on both the women he had abused, and determined yet to avenge himself by a speedy marriage. But he soon found that his conduct was known in society, though not from any thing which Eveline or Sophy had said, but from rumors originating probably with their relatives, and gaining strength from what had been observed in Harry's conduct. At length the tide of scorn and rebuke became so strong that he left the city and removed to another section of the country.

Harry never knew the struggle in Eveline's heart, nor the noble firmness with which she conquered it. His letter reached her on a sick bed, where she had been laid by his perfidy, but, tho' her weak heart pleaded for him, her convictions of what was right prevailed, and she rejected him, because she felt that she could never find happiness with one so base, fickle and selfish. Both she and Sophy Greene lived to love truly and worthily, and the friendship began by their mutual disappointment, was cemented by intimacy, and endured through long and happy lives.

As for Harry, he carried with him his own punishment. Providence rarely interferes in the affairs of ordinary life, except by enslaving us with our evil habits, and thus making us work on ourselves our own retribution. These habits Harry carried with him, nor could he shake them off.—His character soon became as well known in his new residence as in the city he had left. At length, however, he married, but as he wedded without love, he lived without happiness. Well were his victims avenged on THE TRIFLER.

**Swindling a Husband, or the bitter bitten.**

Never met a merrier crowd than gathered at the "Bull's Head Inn," situated in one of the prettiest villages of a sister State, some several years since, to witness the performance of the nuptial ceremony between a frigid old bachelor of some seventy years of age, and a buxom lass of "sweet sixteen." As is usual in villages on such occasions, this affair had been thoroughly sifted by the good friends of both parties for the hundredth time, and the universal conclusion was, that *Mammon* had exercised more influence on the lady than *Cupid*, when she consented to this unequal marriage.

Such being the general belief, a number—some ten or fifteen—of the hot-headed youths in the village, had collected together, and arranged a plan by which they were to have some fun at the expense of the groom. Their plan was this. All of them were to collect around the "old man" on the evening of the ceremony—were to congratulate him on his marriage—to ply him pretty freely with liquor and get him as drunk as possible, before the ceremony was performed. This done,

one of them—who, for special reasons, we will style Hiram Jones—was to manage to displace the old man on the floor—to occupy the station of groom—to marry the woman, and then finally consent to let the old man purchase her at an extravagant cost. The girl, or lady, was let into the arrangement, and consented to the plan very cordially, especially as Jones was very young, and besides, a devilish good looking fellow.

Well, the evening roll'd around,—the scheme was "sprung" upon the victim, and worked most admirably. Long before the hour arrived, the old man was as drunk as a loon, and when the parties got upon the floor, our hero was in the place which the old man should have occupied. The ceremony was duly performed—the ring was passed, and the young lady was to all intents and purposes, Mrs. Jones.

The dance was then started, and kept up until near midnight. About that time, the influence of the liquor was rapidly leaving the brain of the old man, and he became anxious to retire to his room. He accordingly made such a suggestion to our friend Jones, who very promptly told him, there was no room for him at the Inn.

"No room for me," said the old man; "why, what do you mean, sir?"

"I mean exactly what I say," said Jones. "There's no room for you at this house, sir. If you wish to retire to bed, you had better hunt some other place than this."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the old man—"surely, sir, you do not mean to turn my wife and myself out of doors at this time of night!"

"Your wife—what the devil do you mean—when did you get a wife?" said Jones, sucking in his cheeks and biting his tongue in his efforts to suppress the laugh which was rising in his breast.

"Why, my dear sir, you surely must be crazy; wasn't I married in *this* room but three hours ago, and didn't you officiate as my waiter?"

"You married—and I serve as your waiter!—Well, by Jove, that *is* rich!" exclaimed Jones, giving vent to a burst of laughter which he could no longer suppress.

"Yes, I insist that the marriage ceremony *was* performed between that lady (pointing to the bride) and myself, in *this* room, not three hours since."

"Why, my dear sir," said Jones, "the lady you speak of, is *my* wife—not yours, as you seem to think."

"What do you mean, sir, I am at a loss to understand you. Surely you are not drunk, nor am I crazy. Do you suppose that I am so perfect an idiot as not to recollect a circumstance of such recent occurrence, and one too, that interests me so deeply? Do you think I am mad sir?"

"No—I do not," said Jones, catching up the old man's last remark. "I don't think you are very mad; but I do think that you are making a cursed fool of yourself when you pretend to claim the lady in question as your wife."

In order, however, to settle the doubt which seems to exist in your mind about the matter, I wish you to ask my friend McDonald, whether or not, the circumstances are as I have related them. Whatever he says, I will agree to."

Now it happened that McDonald was one of the parties to the hoax, but the old man did not know this, and so he posted off to ask Mac whether he was married or not. Of course the statement of Jones was confirmed, and the old man was then really mad—mad as a March hare. He could not, however, bear the idea of losing his bride, and asked Mac how it was possible for him to get her back again. In accordance with the arrangement Mac told him to purchase her—to bid high, or he could not get her. With this, "the old unmarried" started to the chief actor in the farce, and asked,

"Is it possible, sir, that you can be induced to abandon your new bride, and resign her to me? If so, what are the means that I shall adopt to bring about this much wished for consummation?"

"It is possible, sir, for you to prevail upon me to resign the lady, and you have the means to do so."

"How, and what are they?" gasped the heart-broken wretch.

"Money!" grunted out Jones, with an accent that would have conferred honor upon the closest shaving Jew in existence.

"How much? Will five hundred satisfy you?"

"No!"

"A thousand?"

"No!"

"Will two thousand?" gasped the old fellow in the most piteous tone imaginable.

Jones was about to grunt out a negative again, but Mr. McDonald loved a joke much more than

old Jones did, so he drew the old man aside, and told him that Jones' marriage was a hoax, and that the lady, like a good many others, "was no better than she should be." He advised the old man to return to Jones, and intimate to him that he had no disposition to receive the bride, but was entirely willing that Jones should keep her, as he took her, "for better or for worse."

In obedience with his instructions, the old man returned to our hero, and remarked, that he was willing to resign all claims to the lady, and hoped that Mr. Jones would find her a dutiful and affectionate wife.

This frightened our hero. He didn't exactly understand the meaning of the old man. The "boot, now, was on the other leg," and as the blood sank from his cheek and rushed to his heart—then back again with startling rapidity in his face, he tremblingly asked:

"Will you not give two thousand dollars for so beautiful a bride?"

"No!" said the old man, patting his foot pectulently upon the floor.

"Won't you give a thousand?"

"No!" growled the deceived.

"Won't you give five hundred?"

"No—d—n you, I wouldn't give the first red cent for her."

"Well, then, you may have her for nothing, for d—n me, if I intend to support her," said Jones, as he grabbed his hat and rushed out of the room.

Subsequently a conversation was held between the parties, and the old man finally consented to take his treacherous bride back to his heart.—The best of the joke was, that Jones was as badly hoaxed as the old man, for the ceremony was performed by a fictitious Justice of the Peace.

This little incident is yet a thorn in the side of our hero, and many a time have we had the pleasure to enjoy a "treat," which he has agreed to stand, in order that the subject might be changed for the moment.

**The Old World.**

**A TIGER HUNT.**

BY R. R. ADDISON.

The anticipated delights of this royal chase so filled me with excitement, that during the night preceding it I could hardly get a wink of sleep, jumping up every ten minutes to see whether it was yet daybreak. At length the appointed hour arrived, and I sallied out, on horseback, as far as the Political Resident's, whence the whole party were to set forth in regular order. When I arrived at least a dozen elephants stood ready in the compound (field) before the door. Some had *howders* (we call them in England castles) for the ladies and elderly sportsmen; others had mere pads, resembling a couple of well stuffed mattresses, fastened on their backs with strong iron girths. One of these animals was already mounted by half a dozen musicians, and another was laden with fireworks, and persons to discharge them should the tiger refuse to leave the jungle. About fifty men on foot were lolling about, or talking to the *mohuts*, (the men who, riding on the elephant's neck, guide him, and urge him on with a sharp pointed instrument,) bringing out their masters' rifles, and stowing away provisions in the *howders*, while a large party of English gentlemen and ladies looked on from the verandah. A more soul-stirring scene I never saw; it was certainly the most picturesque affair I ever beheld in India.

After a light breakfast, we proposed to mount our elephants, who each came forward in turn, and knelt down, while we ascended by a short ladder to our *howders* and pads. Every gentleman carried two rifles. In high glee the whole party set out.

I confess that I felt somewhat alarmed when, arriving at a deep *nullah* (stream,) the animal on whom I was seated coolly plunged into it. In a second he was off his legs. I could not help fancying he was sinking; for only about six inches of his back, and the extreme end of his trunk, appeared out of the water, level with which I was actually floating along. The animal, however, swam steadily forward, guided by his *mohut*, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The rest of the party crossed in equal safety.

In passing through a native village immediately on the other side, we came up to a poor little infant, of only a few months old, lying unguarded in the middle of the road. The elephant which led the van, without stopping, suddenly picked up the poor child just at the moment I thought he must inevitably have crushed it, and in the mos-

gentle manner placed it on the roof of one of the thatched cottages. This which I thought an occurrence of extreme interest and astonishment, seemed to inspire no surprise in my fellow sportsmen, who afterwards assured me that these splendid creatures are always marked by their love for young children and persons who are kind to them. No wonder then that I felt annoyed and disgusted when I beheld, shortly afterwards, a mohut wantonly and barbarously amuse himself by prodding the head of one of the elephants with an iron skewer, digging it into the flesh with a fury and a savageness, which to this moment I cannot account for. The persons on the elephant called out to him, and remonstrated with him on his unnecessary cruelty, reminding him of the revengeful temper of the animal. After a time he desisted, and, as the elephant showed no signs of anger, we hoped that no unfortunate circumstance would follow.

The motion felt by persons thus traveling is strange, and extremely fatiguing to those unaccustomed to it. To sit stiffly, or attempt to resist the sway of the body caused by each step of the elephant, is painful and wearisome beyond description. The best way is to yield to his motion, as a sailor does on board a ship, and, swinging backwards and forwards with his stride, save yourself from the rude jerks which an attempt to keep steady subjects you to. After a ride of about an hour, we arrived at the edge of a thick jungle, in which the royal beast was said to lurk. We therefore took different points, in order to view him as he left the covert. Here we waited for some time; at length a couple of elephants entered the jungle and began to beat about.

At this instant we heard a shrill and piercing cry. We looked round. An elephant was in the act of trampling a poor wretch to death. It was the imprudent mohut, who had shortly before so savagely goaded the elephant he rode. An instant all was silent, when every one was eagerly looking to behold the tiger break cover, the revengeful elephant had suddenly twisted his trunk round his rider, and with the greatest ease first raised him in the air, then dashing him with force to the ground, lifted him again, and a second time threw him to the earth; then, suddenly advancing, he began to trample on the now insensible Indian, who in another moment was a shapeless, disgusting mass of human clay, his ensanguined and disfigured corse bearing no resemblance to that of a man. Satisfied that his vengeance was complete, the elephant raised the remains of his victim, and throwing it into the jungle, quietly and safely trotted home, without guide or restraint, to the no small terror of those seated on his back.

The self-avenging elephant had scarcely got out of sight, when suddenly a royal tiger bounded out of the brushwood, close by the animal I was seated on. My companion and myself instantly fired at him. The nearest party to us also did the same, which I could not help looking on as a most dangerous act, since the slightest mistake in this cross firing must inevitably be attended with the most fatal consequence. On the present occasion, however, nothing of this kind occurred. The tiger had evidently been hit; but springing forward, he galloped along. We now began to pursue him; but it was very much after the manner that a goop shot in England marks down his game, and follows it, for to keep up with the royal animal was impossible. We trotted about eight miles an hour; the tiger about sixteen at the least. We therefore contented ourselves with following him, and dislodging him whenever he got under cover. Finding a village in front of him, the people of which had turned out, and fired several shots, the hunted animal endeavored to double. In effecting this manoeuvre, he came within shot of others of the party, who discharged their rifles with such effect that in a few moments the tiger lay senseless on the ground. We now descended from our posts, and approached to view our prize, which seemed of more than ordinary size.

We had just come up to it, when Lindsay, by way of explaining some remark he had made relative to it, touched it with his gun. Imagine our horror and consternation when suddenly the beast sprang up, and with one bound cleared the circle. For an instant we stood paralysed, stupefied with excess of fear; then, rushing towards our elephants, we got under them; this being a comparatively safe shelter, no tiger daring to approach within reach of their trunks, the enormous animal being ever ready and eager to kill the royal beast should he make the attempt. The tiger, who had just risen, suddenly finding himself hemmed in on all sides, glared around him for an instant. Several shots were discharged at him, some of

which taking effect, so maddened the already infuriated brute that he made a sudden spring upon the back of the elephant, on which sat the musicians, and bit at the principal performer, who was nearest the croup. The poor man naturally shrank back. The tiger, however caught his foot, and tore off a considerable portion of it; then darted into the jungle, and despite of a volley fired at him, succeeded in gaining the thick covert; from which for some time we vainly attempted to dislodge him.

Finding all other means fail, we at length sent in the elephant that carried the fireworks, and began to throw them lighted into the reeds and brushwood, in order to frighten the tiger from his hiding-place. Presently, to our great horror, the jungle took fire. The mohut in vain, urged the elephant, by goading him, to leave the spot.—Alarmed by the flames, he stood perfectly still; nothing could induce him to move. The mohut, therefore, and those on his back, were fain to slip down, and risking even a rencontre with the tiger, make their way out of the now burning cover. This they did in safety.

Never in my life did I look on a more magnificent sight than the conflagration now before me. Disturbed by the fire, animals of the every kind, serpents of every hue, burst from the burning jungle. The cries of lesser creatures, mingled with the roar of the affrighted elephant, struck awe into our hearts. The flames were high; the whole country before us presented one mass of fire. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scene. Standing on the plain hard by, secure from danger, we looked in on silent astonishment and admiration.

Presently a louder roar was heard, and the elephant dashed out of the fire. He had evidently been severely burnt. The pads and trappings on his back were in flames, burning and rankling in to his flesh; the iron girths were actually red-hot, eating into his sides. He was roaring with agony, and ran bounding along the open space, his trunk elevated, lashing his back with his disproportioned tail. Screaming, mad with torture, in vain we attempted to pursue him, or close him in.

Pain had driven him mad, and as the huge animal galloped forward, the wind, acting, on the flames, caused them to devour still quicker his thick flesh. His mingled roars and cries I can never forget. At length, dashing into a nullah, he instantly cooled the iron chains, which fixed in the water, and in returning once more to their natural color, added one more pang to the wretched animal. We now attempted to offer him succour; but it was too late. The elephant dived. The fire was extinguished; but as he came up he tumbled on his side, and, with one convulsive roar, expired.

We now proceeded to return home. The whole way the cries of the poor musician were occasionally heard. His pain was intolerable. He was but too well aware of his doom. There is a venom in the bite of a tiger almost always fatal. So, alas! it turned out in this man's case. He died within eight and forty hours.

Our breakfast party again assembled at dinner; but, alas! much of their gaiety was gone. The tiger hunt was anything but a subject of congratulation. Jameson had lost one of his best and most faithful mohuts; one of the most valuable elephants had been burnt to death; the principal musician in the resident's service was now dying.

#### ERUPTION OF MOUNT ÆTNA.

[By the steamer *Caledonia* we received intelligence that, after many years repose, Ætna had, during the month of December, poured forth immense masses of fire. This had drawn to the spot a great many visitors from England, one of whom thus graphically describes the interesting scene.]

PALERMO, Dec. 15.

I have been at the burning mountain, and here is an account of our excursion:—

We started from Palermo, by the Messina road, at half past seven o'clock on Monday morning, December 5, and toward sunset on the following day arrived and Aderno (144 Sicilian or 115 English miles from the capital,) and thence, while changing horses, we had the first view of the eruption. We could plainly discern the fiery stones rising and falling, but at that distance looking like sparks. A ball of fire seemed to roll up from the crater, swelling, as it rose, into the form of a vast balloon, from the top of which proceeded a blazing column, which at length burst at its summit, and fell in soft showers of slowly descend-

ing fire. In the midst of the solid blaze there appeared a sharp, well-defined pillar of dark cloud, which was the smoke. The distance from the crater at which these appearances presented themselves was about twenty English miles. Nothing could exceed the very singular and peculiar beauty of the tree-like form of the loftier wreaths of smoke, illuminated to a blood-red color by the setting sun. This vivid redness changed first to pink, next to gold, and then to a death-like ashy paleness, at once beautiful and ghastly.

By the faint light of the young moon, now risen, we could see that we were crossing several streams of lava poured down by former eruptions, and, indeed, that the whole face of the country, as we posted on toward Paterno, was covered with blocks of old lava, which sometimes rose to the height of several hundred feet on either side the road. The moon soon fell, and the only light we now had was from the volcano, which blazed fitfully, sometimes darting up to a great height above the cone, and again fading down to a deep red glare, lighting up the sky. We entered Catania by the Porta Syracusana at nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, and drove to the Corona (Abate's hotel,) where we dined, and with no little difficulty procured beds, the house and the town being crowded with travelers on the same quest as ourselves.

Next morning we arranged for our excursion up the mountain, and started at 12 at noon. Passing out of Catania, by the Porta Ætna, and following the Nicolosi road for half a mile, we reached two obelisks erected in memory of the eruption of 1669, by which Catania was destroyed. Here we turned across a country covered with old lava, but on which were growing, as in a garden, apples, pears, cherries, olives, almonds, grapes, and all kinds of fruit, as well as all sorts of corn. The first vegetable that appears in the cooling lava is the plant *genista*, or broom, and next the *opuntia*, or *scold's India*, which we usually call the cactus, or prickly pear. Keeping along this side road, which was very good, we reached in two hours, via Grande, a little village half way from Catania to Zafferano, whither we were bound. From this point we enjoyed a magnificent view of the Calabrian hills in the horizon, Taormina, with its bold and beautiful promontory in the middle distance, and the fertile slopes of Ætna (to the woody region of which we had now ascended) immediately below. Looking back we saw the fine city of Catania with Monte Rossi towering above it, Nicolosi on the slope, and farther off Mount Hybla, with the headland which forms the port of Augusta, stretching out into the sea.

The same sort of garden ground continued as we advanced, with, however, countless numbers of extinct volcanoes, on the cones of which were vines, and on the warm sides of these cones extensive woods of sweet chestnut, now leafless, and the landscape much like autumn in England, with a cold damp misty atmosphere, and very little promise of fine weather for the coming night.

We arrived at Zafferano at four, p. m., and drove to a kind of inn kept by a certain Donna Rosa, which for a Sicilian osteria proved far cleaner and better than we could have expected. Here we dined on our own provisions, and they gave us fruit with a very drinkable red wine of the country. We now made a bargain for mules and guides, at 3s. per mule and 2s. per man, for eight hours up the mountain. The weather still looked unpromising, heavy Scotch mists loomed over the heights, and falling down the mountain sides; nor were the accounts of the guides at all encouraging. However, we had come thither to make the ascent, and go we would at all hazards, so just at dusk we set out.

Turning up a side street of the village Zafferano, we soon came to the open country, and began to cross plains of lava. We followed the bed of a fumara, or wide mountain torrent, the mules slipping back at every step, while the foremost mules, as they tumbled along, knocked down the loose stones along the slope against the feet and shins of those behind. We soon entered a wood, and met a large flock of sheep and goats, driven home for the night to Zafferano. We heard numerous dogs, too, barking in the distance, but were ourselves surrounded by the thick, damp, blinding mist.—After half an hour's uncomfortable riding, we came to a deep ravine at the foot of a steep and apparently insurmountable precipice. Here the guides, after a rest, bade us hold fast by the manes of the mules. We had no saddles, save two or three straw-stuffed sacks, and no bridle but an old one-sided cord, and of course no stirrups. But for the precaution of holding fast by the manes, we must have fallen off backward, such was the

steepness of the mountain. However, putting a stout heart to a stey brae, we went forward in the name of God, with a shout for St. George and merry England, as George is a very good saint when difficulties are to be overcome.

On our left was a frightful precipice, and we had only a narrow sheep path to keep by, the least step out of which would have precipitated us into the gulf below, which, like the Bay of Portugal, had an unknown bottom. After half an hour in this way we reached the Porticella, at the foot of the highest peak of Cosmici, the mountain we were ascending. Here the guides cried out, "Chiarisce," (it clears), and on looking round we saw the moon emerging from a cloud, the stars stealing out one after another through the mist, and in front a strong light brightening a spot in the sky, which the guides told us was the reflection of the lava.

This light grew stronger as we advanced, and on turning a projecting point of the mountain, the crater and the upper part of the stream of lava burst upon our sight in all its magnificence. We were now 4500 feet up the mountain, and, by the air line, about six miles distant from the crater; I do not think it looked grander at any higher point.

The volcano was spouting out fire and red hot stones to a prodigious height (fully twice as great as that of the cone, which is 1100 feet high,) in a huge column, apparently of the size of a marble tower, at the mouth of the crater, and distending, as it rose, to enormous bulk, till at its utmost height it burst into myriads of fiery fragments, those on the left being particularly conspicuous, because there was no lava there, and the red hot stones contrasted with the dark side of the mountain. As they fell they cast a bright glow on the snow, and each particular fiery fragment lighted up its own portion of the snowy surface, while a column of illuminated steam arose wherever the hissing balls of fire sank upon the ground.

From the crater slowly ascended a huge volume of smoke, black at the bottom but whiter as it rose, which seemed to be lighted up as with thousands of torches from within the volcano, till from beneath the rush of fire dissipated every thing but its own bright flood, and burst into the air, with myriads of molten stones, at which the guides pointed, exclaiming, "behold the mouth of hell."

Below the crater (about a hundred yards beneath the summit of the cone,) we could see [when the flame was not burning so fiercely] another body of smoke or steam, not so great as that at top, but nearly as white as the snow itself.—From the base of this column really rushed the lava, a part only of the stream of which we could then see [about half a mile long] looking like a chain of fire stretching down the mountain in a tolerably straight line. The higher we climbed the longer line we saw of lava; and after another hour and a half's ascent we reached a plain of scaming sand [being in fact, pulverised scoriae,] of about a mile square in extent, and studded with genista or broom, the only plant that grows at this height which was above that of the Casa del Bosco. Here the guides required us to stop, as it would be highly dangerous to proceed farther during the night, because the next thing to cross was a wild tract of ground thickly strewed with blocks of sciarra viva [live lava] which means not, like our live coal, burning lava, but moving blocks, that at a touch would topple over and crush one. Between these rocking stones were also deep fissures like the crevices in the glaciers of the Alps.

We were, however, well content to halt in the position we had now attained, as we enjoyed a complete view of the crater, and of the whole stream of lava from its source to the lowest depth it had yet reached. The crater thus seen resembled an enormous bowl brimming over with molten metal, such as one sees in the Carron foundries, which streamed down in cascades of living fire, and as it struck against some stupendous rock upon the mountain side, separated into various currents, twisting and winding into rivulets of fire, snakelike, along the surface of the mountain; so tortuous in its course that where the stream of lava was full ten miles long, no part of it had yet reached above two miles from its source in the volcano.

Along with the volume of flame incessantly vomited forth by the crater, we now heard at every burst a booming sound like the roaring of the sea against an iron-bound coast, gradually swelling louder and louder, as if beginning far down in the bowels of the earth, and bellowing more fearfully as it approached the outlet, whence it issued ever and anon with fresh explosions like terrific peals of thunder.

In the prodigious blaze of light we could not for some time perceive that the lava did not, as we had at first supposed, brim over the lip of the cup, but burst a passage through the side of the cone, some 300 feet below the top, whence it gushed forth in an impetuous flood, and presently flowed in bubbling tunnels of liquid fire, that ran along the ground, at first in narrow streams, sometimes as fine as chains of forked lightning linked together, flashing and darting along the snow, but these, as they descended, fell into one another, and united in one wide meandering lava flood.

Another current swept down the hill-side with a statelier march, the flood of fire occasionally overflowing its banks, and flinging a golden glare upon the surrounding snow, till at a distance of about two miles from its source it struck against a tall rock overhanging a beetling precipice, many hundred feet deep, and splitting itself on the rock into two divided torrents, like the falls of the Rhine at Scheffhausen, it leaped in twin cascades of fiery flood shot down into the gulf of desolation that yawned below. Occasionally we could see huge rocks spouted out from this fall of fire, and shot away in separate masses into the ravine, thundering along the blocks of old lava in the Val del Bove, into which this fresh stream poured, and stretching like strings of burning beads along the distant snow.

When the first excitement which this awful sight, "horribly beautiful," produced, had partially subsided, we began to feel the pinching cold insufferable. Our feet were stony, as if all circulation had departed, and on dismounting from our mules it was with great difficulty that we could stand. Indeed, no wonder, for we were within a few hundred feet of the line of perpetual snow, and the wind, though happily very moderate, cut through us like a razor, bringing water to our eyes and freezing our ears and noses. But any temporary suffering, any toil would have been amply repaid by the splendor and magnificence of the majestic sight upon which we were gazing.

We laughed at all our petty discomfort—our numbed feet, iced noses, and sore bones—sore from riding without saddles over the long tract of rolling stones and slippery scoriae, which we had just surmounted, stumbling through them by the faint glimmer of the moon and the glare of the distant crater—to say nothing of the previous thirty-eight hours' incessant posting from Palermo to Catania, a distance of a hundred and sixty something miles, and crossing a multitude of flumare in a hired carriage of the country—one of the springs of which carriage broke by the way.

It is pleasant to know that the eruption has not caused, and is not likely to cause, much damage, by reason of the desolate soil over which the lava has this time directed its course. It is not expected to last much longer.

### Revolutionary Relics.

#### Washington's Sword and Franklin's Cane.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Feb. 7.

Mr. Summers of Virginia, rose and addressed the House as follows:

Mr. Speaker: I rise for the purpose of discharging an office not connected with the ordinary business of a legislative assembly. Yet in asking permission to interrupt, for a moment, the regular order of parliamentary proceedings, I cannot doubt that the proposition which I have to submit will be as gratifying as it may be unusual.

Mr. Samuel T. Washington, a citizen of Kanawha county, in the commonwealth of Virginia, and one of my constituents, has honored me with the commission of presenting in his name and on his behalf, to the Congress of the United States, and through that body to the People of the United States, two most interesting and valuable relics connected with past history of our county, and with men whose achievements, both in the field and in the cabinet, best illustrate and adorn our annals.

One is the sword worn by George Washington, first as a Colonel in the Colonial Service of Virginia, in Forbes' campaign against the French and Indians, and afterwards during the whole period of the War of Independence as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army.

It is a plain couteau or hanger, with a green hill and silver guard. On the upper ward of the scabbard is engraven, 'J. Bailey, Fish Kill.' It is accompanied by a buckskin belt, which is secured by a silver buckle and clasp, whereon are engraven the letters 'G. W.' and the figures '1757.' These are all of the plainest workmanship, but

substantial, and in keeping with the man and the times to which they belonged.

The history of this sword is perfectly authentic, and leaves no shadow of doubt as to its identity. The last will and testament of Gen. Washington, bearing date on the 9th day of February, 1799, contains among a great variety of bequests, the following clause:

"To each of my nephews, William Augustine Washington, George Lewis, George Steptoe Washington, Bushrod Washington, and Samuel Washington, I give one of the swords or couteaux, of which I may die possessed; and they are to choose in the order they are named. These swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence, or in defence of their country and its rights; and, in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed, and prefer failing with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

In the distribution of the swords hereby devised among the five nephews therein enumerated, the one now presented fell to the share of Samuel Washington, the devisee last named in the clause of the will which I have just read.

This gentleman, who died a few years since in the county of Kanawha, and who was the father of Samuel T. Washington, the donor, I knew well. I have often seen this sword in his possession, and received from himself the following account of the manner in which it became his property in the division made among the devisees:

He said that he knew it to have been the side-arm of Gen. Washington during the Revolutionary war; not that used on occasions of parade and review, but the constant *service sword* of the great chief; that he had himself seen General Washington wear this identical sword, he presumed, for the last time, when, in 1794, he reviewed the Virginia and Maryland forces, then concentrated at Cumberland under command of General Lee, and destined to co-operate with the Pennsylvania and New Jersey troops, then assembled at Bedford, in suppressing what has been called the "Whiskey Insurrection."

General Washington was the President of the United States, and as such was commander-in-chief of the army. It is known that it was his intention to lead the army in person upon that occasion had he found it necessary, and he went to Bedford and Cumberland prepared for that event. The condition of things did not require it, and he returned to his civil duties at Philadelphia.

Mr. Samuel Washington held the commission of a captain at that time himself, and served in that campaign, many of the incidents of which he has related to me.

He was anxious to obtain this particular sword, and preferred it to all others, among which was the ornamented and costly present from the great Frederick.

At the time of the division among the nephews, without intimating what his preference was, he jocosely remarked, "that inasmuch, as he was the only one of them who had participated in military service, they ought to permit him to take choice." This suggestion was met in the same spirit in which it was made, and the selection being awarded him, he chose this, the plainest, and, intrinsically, the least valuable of any, simply because it was the "Battle Sword."

I am also in possession of the most satisfactory evidence, furnished by Colonel George Washington, of Georgetown, the nearest male relative now living of Gen. Washington, as to the identity of this sword. His information, as to its history, was derived from his father, William Augustine Washington, the devisee first named in the clause of the will which I have read; from his uncle, the late Judge Bushrod Washington, of the Supreme Court; and Major Lawrence Lewis, the acting executor of Gen. Washington's will; all of whom concurred in the statement that the true *service sword* was that selected by Capt. Samuel Washington.

It remained in this gentleman's possession until his death, esteemed by him the most precious memento of his illustrious kinsman. It then became the property of his son, who, animated by that patriotism which so characterized the 'Father of his Country,' has consented that such a relic ought not to be appropriated by an individual citizen, and has instructed me, his representative, to offer it to the nation, to be preserved in its public depositories as the common property of all, since its office has been to achieve and secure the common liberty of all.

He has, in like manner, requested me to present this Cane to the Congress of the United States, deeming it not unworthy of public acceptance.

This was once the property of the philosopher and patriot Benjamin Franklin.

By a codicil to his last will and testament, we find it thus disposed of:

"My fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head, curiously wrought in the form of the Cap of Liberty, I give to my friend, and the friend of mankind, Gen. Washington. If it were a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it."

General Washington, in his will, devises this cane as follows:

"I give and bequeath the gold-headed cane left me by Dr. Franklin in his will."

Capt. Samuel Washington was the only son of Charles Washington, the devisee from whom he derived, by inheritance, this interesting memorial; and, having transmitted it to his son, Samuel T. Washington, the latter thus seeks to bestow it worthily, by associating it with the battle sword in a gift to his countrymen.

I cordially concur with Mr. Washington in the opinion that they each merit public preservation; and I obey, with pleasure, his wishes in here presenting them, in his name, to the Nation.

Let the sword of the Hero and the staff of the Philosopher go together. Let them have a place among the proudest trophies and most honored memorials of our national achievements.

Upon that staff once leaned the sage, of whom it has been said, "He snatched the lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants."

A mighty arm once wielded this sword in a righteous cause, even to the dismemberment of Empire. In the hand of Washington this was "the sword of the Lord, and of Gideon."

It was never drawn except in defense of public liberty; it was never sheathed until a glorious and triumphant success returned it to the scabbard, without a stain of cruelty or dishonor upon its blade; it was never surrendered except to that country which bestowed it.

[At the conclusion of this address, the galleries, which were crowded, sent forth emphatic manifestations of approbation.]

Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS then rose and addressed the House as follows:

In presenting this resolution to the House, it may perhaps be expected that I should accompany it with some suitable remarks; and yet, sir, I never rose to address this House under a deeper conviction of the want of words to express the emotions that I feel. It is precisely because occasions like this are adapted to produce universal sympathy, that little can be said by any one, but what, in the language of the heart, in tones not loud but deep, every one present has silently said to himself. My respected friend from Virginia, by whom this offering of patriot sentiment has been presented to the representative assembly of the nation, has, it seems to me, already said all that can be said suitable to this occasion. In parting from him, as, after a few short days we must all do, it will, on my part, be sorrowing that in all probability I shall see his face and hear his voice no more. But his words of this day are planted in my memory, and will there remain till the last pulsation of my heart.

The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with those names! Washington, the warrior of human freedom—Washington, whose sword, as my friend has said, was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the ploughshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! Washington and Franklin! What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time! Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In War, contending by the wager of battle for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race: ever manifesting, amid its horrors, by precept and example, his reverence for the laws of Peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity: in Peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword now presented to his country a charm more potent than that attributed in ancient times to the lyre of Orpheus.

Franklin! the mechanic of his own fortune, teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of ignorance, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast, and wresting from

the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression! while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving in the dead of winter the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe the olive-branch of peace, the mercantile wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace on the pathless ocean from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted Commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the Representatives of the North American People, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic—these sacred symbols of our golden age.

May they be deposited among the archives of our Government! and may every American who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world, and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of His providence, to our beloved country from age to age, till Time shall be no more!

[The same tokens of approbation which had greeted the address of Mr. Summers were exhibited at the close of Mr. Adams' remarks.]

Mr. Adams concluded by offering the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously:

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of this Congress be presented to Samuel T. Washington, of Kanawha county, Virginia, for the present of the sword used by his illustrious relative, George Washington, in the military career of his early youth in the seven years' war and throughout the war of the National Independence, and of the staff bequeathed by the patriot, statesman and sage, Benjamin Franklin, to the same leader of the armies of Freedom in the Revolutionary War, George Washington. That these precious relics are hereby accepted in the name of the Nation; that they be deposited for safe keeping in the Department of State of the United States, and that a copy of this resolution, signed by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, be transmitted to the said Samuel T. Washington."

On motion of Mr. Taliaferro, the addresses of Mr. Summers and Mr. Adams were ordered to be entered on the Journals, and copies of both transmitted to Mr. Samuel T. Washington.

### Miscellaneous Selections.

From the N. O. Picayune.

#### A New Orleans Lawyer Puzzled.

Lawyers sometimes make mistakes, and, what is quite singular, so does the law. There is a lawyer in New Orleans who once made a mistake, and a very droll one it was. On a certain occasion he became casually acquainted with a gentleman of singularly nice propriety of deportment, who cultivated most successfully a mammoth phrenological development of self-esteem. This gentleman was, perhaps, one of the finest specimens of absolute, unspeakable, unapproachable, transcendental, magnificent and imperturbable self-satisfaction that ever condescended to bless with his presence this mundane sphere. There are many varieties of mania among men, and it may be possible for a man to fancy himself the rock of Gibraltar or an Egyptian pyramid. If such an idiosyncrasy can exist, the individual of whom we speak was a sublimated sample of something of the kind. *Noli me tangere* (keep your distance) was written in staring capitals upon his forehead, and "touch me not" was traced with variations, in every line of his very classical phizog.

Well, this gentleman, on some odd occasion, met with a promiscuous introduction to our New Orleans lawyer, and an acquaintance of about three minutes was formed, ending in a cordial farewell, the interview having been precisely long enough to make each party wish never to see each other

again. So they shook hands warmly at starting, and hoped to see each other often.

Our man of law had a somewhat extensive practice in the criminal court, and many sojourners within the stone walls of Baton Rouge remembered well the eloquent manner in which he thundered forth their purity and innocence at the bar. Some weeks after the introduction just named, the lawyer and his dignified new acquaintance met again, the latter fully recognizing our practitioner in criminal cases, while he in turn only remembered enough of the person before him to confound the facts immediately with that of a notorious burglar sent some three years since to Baton Rouge.

"Hallo! how are you now?" was the blunt address of the lawyer to the stately and now astonished personage before mentioned. "Why, when did you get out?"

"Get out, sir?" was the reply, delivered in tones of bland and dignified inquiry.

Our "party of the second part" had some days before been confined with sickness, and concluding the odd question must refer to this fact, he very innocently told the lawyer that he had "been out four or five days."

"Ah! Well, how did you stand it?"

"Um, well, sir, I believe I stood it about as well as could be expected."

"That's right—you look well. Is the other chap out too?"

"Sir!"

"But he got five years, I think, didn't he?"

"Five years?"

"Yes, I remember he did, and you had only three. Well, did they work you hard?"

"Work me?—the prescriptions were of a mild nature, sir, that were ordered in my case."

"Prescriptions?"

"Yes, sir."

"Prescriptions!"

"Prescriptions, sir."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"What do you mean, sir? I don't understand you at all!" exclaimed our "card and calendar of what a gentleman should be," in a rather haughty and indignant manner.

"O, come my covey! don't try that on with me," said the lawyer, putting his thumb to his nose, "don't I know you?"

"Sir, I don't think you do know me, was the answer to this, spoken in tones of decided passion.

"Who am I, sir?"

"Who are you? Why, you're an ungrateful scoundrel that I defended in the criminal court for burglary, three years ago; and I got your sentence to Baton Rouge set down at three years when you richly deserved ten!"

"Sir Oracle" was utterly speechless, and stared at the lawyer as if his gaze was set upon a new Gorgon, till at length he turned abruptly upon his heel and moved off as if Miller's millenium was at his heels.

"What was your confab with that big bug, lawyer?" said an acquaintance stepping up.

"Big bug! why, who is he?"

"Rich as Croesus, lawyer; his name is ———, a connection of several of our first families here."

"*Whe-Whooh?* Our New Orleans lawyer says that was the only n mistake he ever made; and the first time in his life that he was ever puzzled.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Union, says, extraordinary pains are now taking, in and around the palace of the Tuilleries, to protect the person of Louis Philippe. The sentinels are all doubled, and their boxes so contrived as to give them a view of every thing passing in any direction in the adjacent neighborhood. Accommodation has been made, within the palace, for double the usual number of soldiers—in fact, it will be as crowded as a garrison. Before this, the vicinity of the palace was crowded with soldiers. Go where you would, there were six or seven grim looking soldiers with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets. When the new arrangements are completed, it will be impossible to walk a dozen yards, near the Tuilleries, without meeting as many soldiers as, in England, would be employed to put down a riot.

OLD MAIDS vs. YOUNG MAIDS.—Say what you will of old maids, their love is generally more strong and sincere than that of the young inconsiderate creatures, whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the dissipations of the ball-room. Until the young heart of woman is capable of settling firmly and exclusively on one subject, her love is like a May shower, which makes rainbows, but fills no cisterns.

## AURORA BOREALIS.

From the accounts which have been collected of the polar lights, it would seem that the phenomenon was less frequent in former ages than it is now; but it must be kept in mind that meteoric observations have not always been so much attended to, as at present. Aristotle, who died 322 years B. C., describes the phenomenon with sufficient accuracy in his book of Meteors. Allusions are also made to it by Pliny, Cicero and Seneca; so that it must have been often witnessed by the ancients, even in the climates of Greece and Italy. The descriptions of armies fighting in the air, and similar prodigies observed in the dark ages, doubtless owed their origin to the striking and fantastic appearances of the Northern Lights. It is remarkable, however, that no mention is made by any English writer of an Aurora Borealis having been observed in England from the year 1621 to 1707. Celsius says expressly that the oldest inhabitants of Upsala considered the phenomenon a rarity before 1716. In the month of March in that year, a very splendid one appeared in New England, and by reason of its brilliancy attracted universal attention. It has been described by Dr. Halley in the Philanthropic Translation, No. 347. Since then, the meteor has been much more common. A complete account of all the appearances of Auroras recorded previous to 1754 may be found in the work of Mairan, "Traite dell' Aurora Boreale."

The Aurora is not confined to the Northern hemisphere, similar appearances being observed in high southern latitudes. An aurora was witnessed by Don Antonio d'Ulloa, at Cape Horn, in 1745; one appeared at Cuzco in 1744; and another is described by Mr. Foster (who accompanied Captain Cook in his last voyage round the world,) which was seen by him in 1773, in latitude 58 deg. south, and resembled entirely those of the northern hemisphere, excepting that the light exhibited no tints, but was of a clear white. Similar testimony is given by subsequent navigators.

No satisfactory theory has yet been given of the cause of the polar lights. Mairan ascribed the phenomenon to the sun's atmosphere; Euler, to particles of the earth's atmosphere driven beyond its limits by the impulse of solar light. Beccaria, Canton, Franklin, and others, refer it to electricity, an agent to whose mysterious influence all the inexplicable phenomenon of meteorology are conveniently ascribed. An absurd theory proposed by M. Laves (Dictionnaire de Physique,) formerly met with considerable favor. He had observed that, on passing an electric spark through a compound of oxygen and nitrogen, nitrous vapors of a redish color are produced. He therefore supposed that the higher regions of the atmosphere near the pole contained little or no hydrogen; and that consequently the discharges of electricity, which, by producing a combination of oxygen and hydrogen, form water in the lower strata, in the more elevated strata produce nitrous vapors, which constitute the polar lights. That some connection subsists between the aurora and magnetism, or rather electricity, which is now regarded as the primary cause of magnetism, is made certain, by the fact that during the continuance of brilliant auroras the magnetic needle is generally disturbed, sometimes violently agitated. The air at the same time is often observed to be higher charged with electric matter. An experiment-contrived by M. Canton also seems to indicate an electric origin. If a glass tube be partially exhausted of air, hermetically sealed, and applied to the conductor of an electric machine, the whole tube is illuminated from end to end, and continues luminous for a considerable time after it has been removed from the conductor. If, after this, the tube be drawn through the hand, the light will be remarkably intense through its whole length;—and if it is grasped in both hands, near the extremities strong flashes of light will dart from one end to the other, and continue many hours without fresh excitement. The only conclusion which, in the present state of our knowledge, we are warranted in deducing, is, that the aurora borealis must be ascribed to the agency of electricity in the upper regions of the atmosphere: in what way the excitement is produced, it remains for future discoveries to make known.

A Vermont editor thus advises the young ladies in those dignities: "When you have got a man to the sticking point, that is, when he proposes, don't turn away your head or affect a blush, or refer him to pa, or ask for more time; all those ricks are understood now; but: just look him right in the face, give him a hearty smack, and tell him to go and order the furniture."

THE TOOTH ACHE.—Hear how the editor of the Utica Daily Gazette talks about "hell o' a' diseases," the tooth ache:

"Who has the tooth ache? Pulverized alum, mixed with salt, moistened with water, and placed on cotton in the hollow tooth, stops the pain."—*Exchange paper.*

To all editors who are continually parading before the suffering public such things as the above, as remedies for the tooth ache, we only wish a visitation of a few such twinges of pain in his molars as we have enjoyed. Any man who will recommend "pulverized alum and salt," as a cure for the tooth ache, deserves to have his whole dental system racked with pain till he learns to "do better." The only cure for the tooth ache is *extraction*. You may cram, jam, and ram, all the alum, salt, cotton, creosote, arsenic, cloves, and the hosts of other remedies that have been recommended, into your teeth, till they burst with the pressure, and although they may cause a temporary cessation of pain, they never can effect a lasting cure. When you find that a tooth will persist in a malicious and obstinate ache, have it pulled out at once and at all hazards—'tis the only remedy. We venture to say we have had more tooth ache than any other human being living—we have tried every thing, and found but one sure cure; this is the "pulling irons." As well might you strive to patch up a rotten system of government, by temporising with its abuses, as to cure a tooth ache by indulgences, i. e. by tinkering it up with such palliatives as "alum, salt," &c

SMALL MISTAKES.—As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, said the minister to the lawyer, "Sir, do you ever make mistakes in pleading?" "I do," said the lawyer. "And what do you do with the mistakes?" inquired the minister. "Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go," said the lawyer. "And pray, sir," continued he, "do you ever make mistakes in preaching?" "Yes, sir, I have."—"And what do you do with the mistakes?"—"Why, sir, I dispense with them in the same manner as you do—I rectify the large and pass the small ones. Not long since," continued he, "as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the devil was the father of liars; but made a mistake, and said, the father of lawyers. The mistake was so small that I let it go."

NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT PARIS.—The construction of the Tomb of Emperor Napoleon is about to be commenced, and for the last few days a model of the work has been exposed to public view at the Invalides. An equestrian statue of the Emperor is to be placed in the middle of the great court, and on the pedestal will be represented the arrival of his ashes at the place where they now lie. The entrance of the crypt destined to receive the Emperor's mortal remains, will be ornamented on each side by two gigantic statues and two lions couchant. This entrance will be surmounted with an altar on spiral columns.—The present grand altar and its canopy, must be removed to admit of this arrangement.

MANNERS IN MARSEILLES.—The people of this ancient French town have the unenviable reputation of being very ugly tempered and cross-grained. Their character is illustrated in a proverbial story. A boy, walking peaceably down the street, receives from a Marseillais a rude kick, which leaves him sprawling. The boy rises, and with lamentation asks, what had he done to his aggressor to deserve such a blow. "What have you done to me?" responds the Marseillais. "Only imagine what a kick you would have got had you done any thing to me."

A monument has been completed over the remains of Burn's Highland Mary in the West Church, Greenock. Previously there was nothing to mark the resting place of the maid whose love inspired some of the most impassioned lyrics in our own or any other language. A bas-relief of Burns and Mary Campbell, plighting their truth, and exchanging bibles across "the stream around the castle of Montgomery," bears the inscription, "Sacred to genius and love—to Burns and Highland Mary."

DIGNITY.—We dislike what the world calls a dignified man—one whose intense vanity and egotism makes him inaccessible. Such a precious piece of mortality is like a hedgehog—approach him as you may, the bristling quill of self stands out in such bold relief, that even though you offer the fellow food, you are certain to get your fingers pricked.

SOCIAL AFFECTIONS OF ANIMALS.—A professor, in delivering a scientific lecture, related the following anecdote. "A horse had become diseased with an ulcer which no remedies could cure, and so he was left in the stable to pine away and die. It happened that a friend paid a visit to the owner, and his horse was put into the same stable. The sick horse appeared more cheerful, and during the visit evidently grew better. When the stranger horse was taken away, the sick one drooped again. The owner had sagacity enough to catch at the truth, and procured another horse to keep permanent company with his own, whereupon the sick horse became better again, and ultimately well."

A friend has told us the following story. He took passage for a distant voyage. On board the vessel were two small pigs, which consorted together as the voyage went on, and seemed to take no little comfort in each other's society. One day the Captain directed that one of the pigs should be killed. Our friend objected, on account of the affection of the pigs for each other; but the Capt. was unmoved, and one of the pigs was seized for slaughter. The other, with great anxiety, kept close to his companion, until he saw the blood fly from his neck, when he betook himself to a distant part of the vessel, and skulked. He would afterwards eat nothing, and in a few days died.—*Jour. of Com.*

A DIALOGUE.—The following dialogue actually occurred a few days ago between a clergyman and a small lad, in Boston:

"Well, my lad, what is your name?"  
 "My father's name is W——."  
 "And where do you live?"  
 "I live with father."  
 "And where does your father live?"  
 "He lives with mother."  
 "And where does your mother live?"  
 "O, she lives where father does."  
 "You little rogue, where do you all live?"  
 "I know—we live at our house, when we are at home."

THE END OF THE WORLD.—The editor of the Marengo Patriot, after giving his readers a long catalogue of reasons in the shape of the recent earthquake, the hard times, his own indebtedness, Miller's doctrine, the impossibility of collecting, &c., &c., has finally come to the conclusion that the world is really coming to an end, and he does not appear to care much how soon. He says he is in debt even to his devil; so it seems there is "the devil to pay" all round with the editor of the Patriot. No wonder he is in a desponding way.—*Boston Res.*

SPECIMEN OF WESTERN ORATORY.—A stump orator is said to have used the following language on a recent occasion: "If I am elected to this office, I will represent my constituents as the sea represents the earth, or the night contrasts the day. I will unrivet human society, clean all its parts, and screw it together again. I will correct all abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the enemies of our party like a rat through a new cheese. My chief recommendations are, that at the public dinner given to me, I ate more than any two men at the table."

PARISIAN DIAMONDS.—Those beautiful imitations of the "priceless gem," which have lately attracted so much attention, are made by a chemist in Paris, and are only the oxide of tin. It is to be regretted that the brilliancy which has rendered their imitation so famous cannot be depended upon, as, after exposure for some time, they become as dull as common glass.—*Mining Jour.*

A manager of a strolling company was recently fined for exhibiting in Connecticut. The charge was, that "said Morris, with force and arms, and with a view of gain, did cause certain females, dressed in woman's clothes, to whirl round swiftly on one foot, with the other extended at right angles, and in a horizontal position!"—*Alb. Atlas.*

A young woman never looks so pretty as when she has on her check apron, making warm biscuits for supper.—*Ex. paper.*

Oh psilaw!—we think she looks far prettier with a brick bat in one hand and a cabbage stalk in the other, chasing a hog out of the door yard.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

An officer of an army after reading an account of a horrible murder of a whole family by an individual, said, "I don't know what other folks may say about it, but I think that was a very bad man."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1842.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SARGENT'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—We rejoice at the success of this work. The distinguished publisher seems determined to place his magazine at the head of periodicals of this class. No less than five splendid engravings embellish this number. The "Jealous Wife" is a line and stipple engraving by Jackman. The "Parting of Jeanie Deans and Reuben Butler" when about to commence her perilous journey to London is a beautiful mezzotint, which brings to mind the constancy and self-devotion of the Heroine of the "Heart of Mid Lothian." The "Latest Fashions," the "Man with the Carpet Bag," a comic etching on steel—"Mope," another steel etching—and No. 1 of the "Wild Flowers of America"—make up the collection for this number. There is also a fine piece of music. There are characteristic articles from the pens of Willis, Osgood, Hoffman, Grattan, Sargent, J. Q. Adams and a host of others. To be had at Moore's—Arcade Hall.

Physicians can obtain at the same place cheap reprints of the London Lancet for December. This is a valuable work.

A large supply of Douglass' popular work on Mesmerism has been received at Moore's. Price 18 cents.

The most voracious devourer of magazine literature will find food enough to last him this month by calling at the News Room of Moore & Co.—In addition to the regular monthlies, he will find the latest works published in the cheapest possible forms. We can only point out a few:

The "LADIES' COMPANION" contains, besides the fashions, two superb engravings. The first is a portrait of Diana Vernon on horseback, one of Scott's ideal creations in the beautiful romance of Rob Roy. The other is "Jeanette the Swiss." Both are excellent specimens of art. The reading matter is of a superior quality.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The New World reprinted this work entire, shortly after the arrival of the last steamer. Price 18½ cents. The same publishers have issued, in a single number, the "Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit"—"Windsor Castle"—"Tom Burke of Ours," &c. all of which are to be continued as fast as they arrive from Europe. Price 12½ cents.

LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—MOORE & Co. have just received the cheap edition of this work. The details of the campaigns of this celebrated Commander, are in the highest degree interesting and valuable. The work includes a complete history of the Peninsula War, with personal anecdotes and incidents of that memorable contest. It is illustrated by 43 engravings, and sold at 25 cents.

"BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY."—This work has been reprinted by GEORGE ROBERTS, of Boston—price 12½ cents. To be had at Moore's.

"INDIANA," a beautiful French Romance, by the celebrated GEORGE SAND, can also be procured at the same place.

Some of the leading men of Philadelphia contemplate starting a subscription paper to pay the interest on the public debt, of Pennsylvania, which was dishonored last week. The ladies are making offers through the papers to give up all their jewels and plate, rather than suffer it to be repudiated. Good.

The Boston Post speaks of a couple of young men who shook their fists in a sexton's face, and think they will be quiet enough when he pays them his last visit.

TROPHIES.—Gen. STORMS, Commissary General of this state, in his report to the Legislature, mentions the fact that there are at the Arsenal in Batavia, some two hundred broken muskets, thrown together in a pile, the same as when sent in from the battle fields of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. He has directed them to be sent to New York, to be put together and kept as mementos of those sanguinary conflicts. Gen. STORMS also states that there are some hundreds of other trophies, such as muskets, cannon, swords, &c., scattered throughout the state, taken from Burgoyne and other distinguished commanders. He recommends the erection of a small building for their reception and preservation, in order that relics like these may not be scattered over the whole state, unnoticed and unseen, but collected together and kept in a proper place, as memorials of our revolutionary struggle.

Some of these relics must be great curiosities, as, for instance, the forty muskets deposited in the arsenal at Watertown. They were taken from Burgoyne, and are over one hundred and thirty years old, having been manufactured in the time of Queen Anne.

In the arsenal at Elizabethtown, Essex co., are 285 English tower muskets and 15 broadswords, taken from Burgoyne.

DIVISION OF LABOR.—The Abington Statesman has the following:

"The junior editor of this paper, who is a preacher in the Methodist Protestant Church, on a tour through Lee county last week, had the satisfaction of adding to the church the names of seventy-nine persons, at least half of whom professed to have passed from death unto life—let the junior fight the devil abroad, and we (the senior) will fight his political imps at home, with all the energy that God has given us."

A young lady in Mobile dreamed that her lover had snatched from her a rapturous and burning kiss. She awoke and found a rat nibbling at her lips.

"The Poets and Poetry of Connecticut" is the name of a new volume, that will soon appear, ed ited by Rev. Charles W. Everett.

A learned attorney of New Orleans has taken for his motto the Latin words—*sum cuique*, which he thus renders in English—*sue 'em quick*.

TOAST.—At a recent dinner given by the Firemen of St. Louis, the following toast received three hearty cheers. "The Ladies—God bless them! The only incendiaries who kindle a spark into a flame with no intention to destroy—their sole object being to set hearts on fire with love and quench them with matrimony."

At a celebration of the "glorious eighth," in Norwich, Conn., the following was perpetrated:

By P. M. Judson. The Ladies—Who, reversing the order of Old Hickory's defence, place the cotton bags in the rear.

If the ladies don't make *abusite* when they read this toast, then we are mistaken.—*Norwich Aurora*.

HUSBANDING RESOURCES.—A man with eleven daughters was lately complaining that he found it hard to live.

"You must husband your time," said the other, "and then you will do well enough."  
"I could do much better," was the reply, "if I could husband my daughters."

ENJOYING IT WHILE IT LASTS.—A good lady in a neighboring village, a convert to the Miller theory, has cut up a rich and costly silk dress for kitchen window curtains. She says "It's no use to keep any thing to be burnt up; we might as well enjoy this work while it lasts.—*Essex Tran*."

RATHER EQUIVOCAL.—"I don't say as how master drinks, but I do know that the demijohn in the dark closet don't keep full all the time."

A wife who loses her patience must not expect to keep her husband's heart.

Sunday Reading.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MISS M. A. FAIRMAN.

How quietly the still hour of twilight steals on. The sun's last golden ray, which lingered so long upon the eastern mountains, as "if parting were sweet sorrow," has disappeared. The last rosy tint is fading from the evening cloud. A deeper shadow settles over the valley. One by one "night's unwearied watchers" shine out in their "far off depths." The bird folds its weary wing within its little nest. The murmur of the bee is still. "The busy hum of man" is hushed. For a brief space the restless world reposes. It is the hour of prayer and meditation, the Sabbath of the day.

It breathes its own blessed quiet over the Christian's spirit, and disposes him to deep and earnest communings with himself, and with his Father. The world loses its hold upon his heart; wealth, pleasures, honors, earth's vain array, seem now but what they are—illusions, fleeting shadows. Cares and vexations, which, perhaps too much occupied his mind, and ruffled his temper during the day, now sink into their real insignificance. He lifts his eyes to the magnificent firmament above him, and feels he is but a speck, an atom, in the vast creation; he thinks of his immortal spirit, and the priceless ransom paid for it, and knows it outweighs the worth of worlds.

Then serious but pleasant thoughts possess his mind; the rapid flight of time—how soon its last hour shall have struck for him; and his ransomed spirit breathing its last prayer, and dropping its frail tabernacle, shall rise to its blissful home in heaven. Oh, what light breaks upon the tomb! what an effulgence of glory beams beyond it!—His is indeed the common lot, "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," and the clods of the valley are piled upon his once living and breathing form.—But what then, it is only the senseless clay which moulders there; death cannot touch the immortal spirit; that is not shrouded in the grave.

But the twilight fades, darkness gathers, a deeper silence pervades all nature. It is to him the "still small voice" of his Father, and he "wraps his face in his mantle," and bows down in prayer.

There is a power in the voiceless eloquence of the hour even for the wordling. Its gentle influence, like a messenger from Heaven, breathes on his unquiet spirit, and the warring of the elements within is hushed. Unwonted thoughts press upon his mind. The bubbles he has just been so eagerly pursuing, seem now but bubbles. He throws back a hasty glance to wasted weeks, months, years that are gone like a vision of the night never to be recalled. Life, life, oh what a very vapor 'tis; a quickly passing dream; toil and care, jealousy and strife, hopes and fears, a weary struggle for some unsubstantial good have made up almost its sum.

Ah, how seldom are its early promises fulfilled; and even if they were, even if the world spread all its gifts before men, yet they are transient as the morning cloud, and melt away like the morning dew. Yes, the Christian has chosen the "better part;" his hope shall not fade away. Well, well, when I have reached that envied elevation, when I have gathered a little more wealth, when I have brought a few more worldly schemes to a successful termination, then my affections shall lose their hold upon the world; I will think of serious things; I will be a Christian.

Ah, how many such promises, and such reasonings, beguile of Heaven!—*Godley's Lady's Book*.

The Duke of Wellington, who has survived many a well fought and bloody field, came near falling a victim to a partridge bone, which became lodged in his Grace's throat, and was, with some trouble and no little pain, finally forced down in to the stomach. The accident is thus commemorated in a London journal:

OCCASIONED BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S LATE ACCIDENT.

Strange that the Duke, whose charmed life—  
Defying death by ball and cartridge—  
Uninjured stood amidst battle's strife,  
Should be endanger'd by a partridge!

'Twould surely melt the heart most stony  
That ever history has known,  
Had the great conqueror of Bonny  
Himself been conquer'd by a bone!

Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank heaven, who has given her health and spirits to be one. 'Tis better to be a romp than to have a distorted spine or hectic cheek.

Poetry.

Song of Marion's Men.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Mariou's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good green-wood,  
Our tent the cypress tree,  
We know the forest round us,  
As the sailor knows the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldier,  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light, at midnight,  
A strange and sudden fear,  
When waking to their tents on fire  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again;  
And they who fly in terror, deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil;  
We talk the battle over  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
As if a hunt were up;  
And woodland flowers are gather'd  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine top grieves,  
And slumber, long and sweetly,  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life our fiery bars to guide  
Across the moonlit plain;  
'Tis life to feel the night wind  
That lifts their tossing manes;  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs,  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band,  
With liveliest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear those trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Britons  
Forever from our shore.

The Wife.

BY MRS. DINNIE.

"She flung her white arms around him—Thou art all  
That this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,  
And borne the rich one's sneer,  
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,  
Nor shed a single tear.  
I could have smiled on every blow  
From Life's full quiver thrown,  
While I might gaze on thee, and know  
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think, I could have brooked  
'E'en for a time, that thou  
Upon my fading face hadst looked  
With less of love than now;  
For then I should at least have felt  
The sweet hope still my own,  
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt  
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,  
Thy brightening eye and cheek,  
And watch thy life-sands waste away,  
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;  
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,  
And catch the feeble tone  
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,  
And feel, I'll be "alone;"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,  
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,  
As filled with heavenward trust, they say,  
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"  
"Nay, dearest, 't is too much—this heart  
Must break when thou art gone;  
It must not be; we may not part;  
I could not live "alone!"

Black Eyes and Blue—Contrasted.

Black eyes most dazzling in a hall;  
Blue eyes most please at evening fall.  
The black a conquest soonest gain;  
The blue a conquest most retain.  
The black bespeak a lively heart,  
Whose soft emotions soon depart;  
The blue a steadier flame betray,  
That burns and lives beyond a day.  
The black may features best disclose;  
In blue may feelings all repose.  
Then let each reign without control—  
The black all mirth—the blue all soul!

The Future Life.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home,  
The wisdom that I learu'd so well in this—  
The wisdom which is love—till I become  
Thy ste companion in the land of bliss.

From Graham's Magazine for March.

The Crowded Streets.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Let me move slowly through the street,  
Filled with an ever shifting train,  
Amid the sound of steps that beat  
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the glittering figures come!  
The mild, the fierce, the stony face!  
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some  
Whose secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest,  
To halls in which the feast is spread,  
To chambers where the funeral guest  
In silence sits beside the dead.

And come to happy homes repair,  
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,  
With mute caresses still declare  
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,  
Shall shudder as they reach the door  
Where one who made their dwelling dear,  
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,  
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!  
Goest thou to build an early name,  
Or early in thy tasks to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow,  
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?  
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,  
Or melts the glittering shape in air?

Who of this crowd, to-night, shall tread  
The dance till day-light gleams again?  
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?  
Who writhe, themselves, in mortal pain?

Some, famine struck, shall think how long  
The cold dark hours, how slow the light!  
And some, who flout amid the throng,  
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each, where his tasks or pleasure call,  
They pass and heed each other not,  
There is who heeds, who hold them all  
In his large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life that seem  
In shifting, aimless course to tend,  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its predestined end.

A Heart to be Let.

To be let at a very desirable rate,  
A snug little house in a healthy estate;  
'Tis a Bachelor's heart, and the agent is Chance,  
Affection, the Rent, to be paid in advance,  
The owner, as yet, has lived in it alone,  
So the fixtures are not of much value; but soon  
'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself, if a wife  
Take a lease for the term of her natural life.  
Then ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget  
An excellent Bachelor's heart to be let.  
The tenant will have few taxes to pay,  
Love, honor, and (heaviest item) care.  
As for the good will, the subscriber's inclined  
To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind;  
Indeed, if he could such a matter arrange,  
He'd be highly delighted to take in exchange,  
Provided true title by prudence be shown,  
Any heart unincumbered, and free as his own.  
So ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget  
An excellent Bachelor's heart to be let.

Winter Pictures.

BY MRS. J. J. HALE.

Gently, as lilies shed their leaves,  
When summer suns are fair,  
The feathery snow comes floating down,  
Like blossoms on the air;  
And o'er the earth, like angel's wing,  
Unfolding white and pure,  
It shines the shield of power divine,  
When faith may read it sure,  
That He who rules the year, can bring  
The life, the loveliness of Spring.

And when the bleak and storm-rob'd day,  
Seemed sealed with cares and fears,  
Or, through his prison house of clouds,  
The setting sun appears—  
And to the pensive watcher's gaze,  
A beam of glory bears,  
Which in the noontide summer's prime,  
He never, never wears;  
Like hope, that pours her light most clear,  
When grief's dark clouds are gathering near.

Even the minds, like wavering hosts,  
The dark night fill with dread,  
Still Love may trim the genial fire,  
The mind's rich banquet spread.  
And as life's storms of sorrow draw  
Kind hearts more kindly near,  
So Nature's cold stern frowns will make,  
Dear home more deeply dear—  
Thus Faith and Hope, and Love, are given,  
In Winter Pictures, limned by Heaven.

Childhood, Youth, Manhood and Age.

Fountain, free fountain, in beauty op springing,  
Shedding thy gems on the sweet mountain heather,  
In thy lone birth place rejoicing and singing,  
Thou, and the wind, and the wild bird together;  
What hath its likeness, free fountain, in thee?  
Hope, when it springs in the bosom unlighted;  
Joy, in the heart that hath ever delighted;  
Childhood, by fear of the future unfrighted—  
These their bright image may see.

Streamlet, wild streamlet, through leafy glades flowing,  
Piercing thy way to the heart of the forest,  
Chiming in music when the summer is glowing,  
Brawling in wrath, when in tempest thou warrest;  
What hath its likeness, wild streamlet, in thee?  
Courage, that fears not, though shadows enclose it;  
Love, in its joy, and when sorrows oppose it;  
Youth, that is ever impatient, and shows it—  
These their strange image may see.

River, broad river, fair fields are around thee,  
Thou, in thy stately course, rollest untroubled,  
While the pure heavens, and bright accents that bound thee,  
In the still depths of thy waters are doubled,  
What hath its likeness, broad river, in thee?  
Pride, the calm pride of the pure and high hearted;  
Peace, that may never be broken or thwarted;  
Manhood, with memories of days long departed—  
These their still image may see.

Ocean, wide ocean, they sink in thy bosom,  
Fountain, and streamlet, and beautiful river—  
Ocean, thou hast them—their birthplaces most lose them,  
None from thy waves may their crystal streams sever;  
What hath its likeness, wide ocean, in thee?  
Age, that respects not things lovely and pleasant,  
Death, that must seize both the prince and the peasant;  
Life, that shall stretch far beyond the dim present—  
These their vast image may see!

To my Shadow.

Shadow, just like the thin regard of men,  
Constant and close to friends while fortune's bright,  
You leave me in the dark, but come again  
And stick to me as long as there is light.  
Yet, shadow, as good friends have often done,  
You're never stepp'd between me and the sun;  
But ready still to back me I have found you,  
Altho', indeed, you're fond of changeful sides,  
And, while I never yet could "get around" you,  
Where'er I walk my shadow with me glides.  
That you should leave me in the dark is meet  
Enough, there being one thing to remark,  
Light calls you forth, yet, lying at my feet,  
I'm keeping you for ever in the dark!

Marriages.

At the Brick Church, in this city, on Sunday, February 6th, by Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. HIRSH BRUBIN, to Miss SARAH J. CHAMPENEY, both of this city.  
In this city, on the 6th instant, by Rev. Barnard O'Brien, Mr. Patrick James Spellman, to Miss Mary Ann McDonough, all of this city.  
In this city, on the evening of the 28th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, William K. Hollowell, and Mary H. Post, both of this city.  
At Utica, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Spencer, Mr. John Randall, to Miss Susan M. Stevenson, of the former place.  
In Warsaw, on the 1st inst., by Rev. S. Judd, Mr. B. B. Conrath, to Miss Sulvira Morris. On the 26th ult., by Rev. H. K. Stimson, Mr. David Snyder, to Miss Eleanor Reddiah. On the 29th ult., by H. Gibbs, Esq., Mr. Charles D. Nichols, to Miss Susan Doolittle, all of Wethersfield.  
In the town of Seneca, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Raymond Underdonk, of Seneca, to Miss Esther Ann Dickson, of Hartland, Niagara co.  
In Geneva, on the 6th inst., by E. Hogarth, Esq., Mr. David Angus, of Selina, to Miss Eliza Delaunoy.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

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# THE GEM

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VIEW OF NEW HAVEN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

## NEW HAVEN.

This place lies at the head of a harbor, which sets up four miles from Long Island Sound; seventy-six miles from New York, thirty-four from Hartford, and one hundred and thirty-four from Boston. It is the capital of a county of the same name, and the semi-capital of Connecticut. The site of New Haven is a plain, lying between two ranges of hills, on the east and on the west; and limited, partly, on the northern side, by two mountains, called the East and West Rocks; a spur from the latter, named Pine Rock, and another from the former, named Mill Rock, which descends in the form of a handsome hill to the northern skirt of the city. Between these mountains the plain opens into a valley, which extends northward seventy-six miles, to Northampton; and between the East Rock and the eastern range of hills, into another valley, terminating at Wethersfield, thirty-two miles. Both these valleys coincide at the places specified, with the valleys of Connecticut river. The mountains are bold bluffs of greenstone rocks, with summits finely figured, and form a delightful part of the New Haven landscape.

The harbor of New Haven is created by the confluence of three rivers with the Sound; Wallingford or Quinnipias river on the east, Mill river on the north, and West river. The two last are merely mill streams. Mill river is a very fine one, being plentifully supplied with water during the year. Wallingford river, originally called Quinnipit, rises in Farmington, and after running a winding course of thirty-five miles, empties its waters into the Sound. These streams are also ornaments of the landscape.

New Haven was originally laid out on the north-western side of the harbor, in nine squares, (ac-

crossed by streets fifty-three rods on a side; separated by streets about four rods in breadth; and thus formed a quadrangular area of one hundred and sixty rods on a side. The central square is open, and is styled the Green; and the upper or north-western half, is a beautiful slope. It was formerly used as a burying ground, but in 1821 the monuments were removed to the new burying ground, and the ground levelled. The lower part of the square is fifty-two rods long, and twenty-five wide. It is surrounded on all sides by rows of stately elms, and is considered one of the most beautiful in the United States. The surrounding squares are, by law, divided each into four, by streets running from N. W. to S. E. and from N. E. to S. W. the direction of the original streets. Besides these thirty-two squares, the town contains considerable tracts bordering upon them, and is constantly extending.

New Haven contained in 1830, 10,678 inhabitants. In Dec. 1833, the population was 12,201, of which 11,634 were within the city limits. The area occupied by the city, is probably as large as that which usually contains a city of six times the number of inhabitants in Europe. Many of the houses have court yards in front and gardens in the rear. The former are ornamented with trees and shrubs; the latter are filled with fruit trees, flowers and culinary vegetables.

The houses are generally two stories high, built of wood, in a neat, handsome, but not expensive style. Many of those recently erected, however, are good and substantial edifices of brick and stone. The public edifices are, the College buildings; twelve churches, viz: six Congregational, two Episcopal, two Methodist, one Baptist, and one Roman Catholic; a tontine, a state house, a jail, four banks, a custom house, and a State hospital. There are ten printing offices, from which are issued one daily and three weekly newspapers; and two weekly, one monthly, and one quarterly, religious publications; and the American Journal of Science and Arts, conducted by Prof. Silliman.

## Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

### A SKETCH.

It was a still autumnal evening, when, as I was taking my usual walk, I met a grey-haired old man. There was something remarkable in his appearance, which attracted my attention. He stopped on perceiving me, and raising his hand to his forehead, seemed lost in thought. I stood for some moments watching his movements. He was a small man, bent down with age and infirmities, his long hair floated loosely upon his shoulders, and he leaned upon his staff for support. At last, recovering from his reverie, he accosted me thus:

“Friend! you have just set out in the morn of life—knowest thou that this world is full of changes? Thy pleasures are as fleeting as time itself. Seat thyself beside me, on this hil’ock, while I offer a few remarks for your observation.”

I obeyed; and the old man continued:

“Once I was young. Like you, my mind was filled with fond anticipations—never did a youth have brighter dreams of future happiness; and never, perhaps, were they more perfectly blasted. Look at me now! See these white locks—these shrivelled limbs and tattered clothes. You may be led to think me completely miserable—but I tell you, this is one of the happiest moments of my existence. But my happiness is not of this world. I have seen prosperity, and I have drained the cup of adversity to its very dregs. I have been rich, and I have been poor. I have seen a thriving family springing up about me, and I have seen them all snatched away by the cruel hand of the spoiler. I have seen a mother playing with her infant child—they seemed bright with smiles, and my heart beat for joy—I said to myself, there is true happiness, it is innocent pleasure. I looked again, and that mother was laid low in the grave, and her child was cast on the billows of life without a guide. I have passed through the lonely walks of life when they were cheered by friends, and I have passed through them when they were surrounded by foes. I have seen happiness and misery in every form. I have seen a lovely maiden and her more robust companion plight their vows at the marriage altar. She leaned upon his arm, and their hearts beat in unison. I thought, here, surely, is lasting happiness. I followed them to their homes. I saw the young bride bid adieu to her parents, brothers and sisters, and accompany the lover of her youth to his dwelling on the banks of the Ohio. The father blessed his child, and prayed God to protect her; the mother raised her hands toward Heaven, and feebly articulated, ‘May she never know sorrow like this!’ I then accompanied the youthful couple to their distant home, and saw them settled, prosperous and happy. The husband spent his leisure time at home, and the wife made that home

pleasant. I left them enjoying all the delights of connubial felicity, and visited the parents of the bride. The father grasped my hand, and I read in the mother's eager eye even more than she would ask. I told them of the happy and prosperous state of their child, and they thanked God for it. In a few years, I returned to the West, intending to visit the youthful couple. As I walked toward their dwelling, that was once surrounded by every blessing, it looked desolate. The little garden, that was once filled with flowers, was now overgrown with weeds; no welcome faces greeted my approach. I entered: no cheerful fire burned upon the hearth; all was silent and desolate. I went out and walked onward. I inquired of the first man I met where the family that once lived in yonder cottage now resided. He pointed, with apparent unconcern, to a little hut. I drew near, and there beheld a scene from which my heart recoiled. Stretched on a small, mean bed, lay the blighted form of the once lovely bride. A cherub child was by her side. She started at my approach, raised her meek eyes to my face, and faintly lisped the name of mother. I took her pale white hand. She said, 'I cannot waste much thinner.' There was an expression on her countenance of meek submission to the will of God. I asked for her husband. She shuddered, was silent for a few moments, and then answered, 'He has gone to another world—and I must shortly follow; but there is no terror in death now. I will tell you my history:

"For a long time, I enjoyed myself well. At length my husband's time was spent less and less at home, till I scarcely saw him but at meal times. Many times have I staid here alone, watching his approach; but I say nothing of his unkindness. Soon our home was gone, and we removed here. He then left me entirely. The next I saw of him he was brought home sick, and a penitent. I watched by him continually, till he breathed his last. Nature could do no more, and I was soon reduced to the situation in which you see me now.'

"She here finished her melancholy tale. She had only one request to make; that was, that I should carry her infant to her mother, and conceal from her her troubles. I promised; and fulfilled my promise. You may believe me, when I tell you I have seen happiness and misery in every form. Where I looked for happiness, there have I beheld misery also. I have visited the prison, and seen the lonely inmate in his cell; heard his chains clank, and his prison doors creak upon their hinges. I have seen that prisoner's chains taken off, and his prison doors opened for the last time; and he was cast destitute upon the world for support. This have I suffered in my own life: These limbs have been fettered, and these eyes have been for months without for once beholding the light of the sun.

"But I will talk no more of my miseries. I will repeat to you again that this is one of the happiest moments of my existence. By my troubles, I have been brought to the right fold, and under the guidance of the Good Shepherd; and now, though I am cast upon the world without an earthly friend, yet I am perfectly happy, for I shall soon find rest in Heaven. But think not, from what I have told you, that there is no happiness here on earth; for we can be happy in any situation, if our minds are fitted for it; but we expect too much. Friend, receive this advice from an old man: be contented, wherever Providence places you; let not your affections be placed on the world, nor the things that are in the world."

The old man here left me to my own reflections, and I walked toward home. The night dews were falling on me, and the chilly wind whistled over my head; I entered my dwelling. I beheld the

merry face of my young brother, and received a welcome from my mother, as I seated myself at the fire. I thought of our family, as it had been in days that had gone by, when with our elder brother and sisters we had at evening all assembled around a cheerful fire. A bright fire still burned upon the same hearth; but our family circle was broken. Then I remembered the advice of the old man: "Let not your affections be placed upon the world, nor the things that are in the world." Soon will our circle become extinct.—The friends that know us now will know us no more; the places that we now have in society will be held by others; a different race will fill the earth; for a short time they will preside over it, till death shall rob them of their earthly heritage, and lay the mighty prince as low as the rustic peasant. Thus shall generation succeed generation, till the last trump shall sound, and the dead are raised to a newness of life—then will a circle be formed in Heaven which shall never be broken.

A. W. S.

## Fact and Fiction.

From G. Aham's Magazine for March.  
THE END OF THE WORLD.

A VISION.

BY JAMES K. FAULDING.

Happening, the other day, to meet with an account of a mighty gathering of the disciples of a certain great prophet, who, I believe, has, in spite of the proverb, rather more honor in his own country than any other, I fell upon a train of reflections on the probability of this world coming to an end the first of April next, as predicted by that venerable seer. That it will come to an end, some time or other, is certain, for nothing created can last forever; and that this event may happen to-morrow, is, for aught we know, just as likely as that it will take place a hundred or a thousand years hence. The precise hour is, however, wisely hidden from all but the eyes of our inspired prophet, and the first of April is quite as probable as any other, although, for the credit of the prediction, I could wish it had been fixed for some other day than that so specially consecrated to making fools.

It appeared to me, however, on due consideration, that there were many startling indications that this world of ours was pretty well worn thread-bare, and that it was high time to lay it aside, or get rid of it altogether, by a summary process, like the Bankrupt Law. Nor am I alone, among very discreet, reflecting persons, in this opinion. I was lately conversing with an old gentleman of great experience and sagacity, who has predicted several hard winters, and who assured me he did not see how it was possible for this world to last much longer. "In the first place," said he, "it has grown a great deal too wise to be honest, and common sense, like a specie currency, become the most uncommon of all commodities. Now I maintain that, without the ballast of common sense, the world must inevitably turn upside down, or, at least, fall on its beam ends, and all the passengers tumble overboard.—In the second place, it is perfectly apparent that the balance wheel which regulates the machine, and keeps all its functions in equilibrium, is almost worn out, if not entirely destroyed. There is now no medium in any thing. The love of money has become a raging passion, a mania equally destructive to morals and happiness. So with every pursuit and passion of our nature. Every man is 'like a beggar on horseback,' and the old proverb will tell where he rides. All spur away, until they break down, ride over a precipice, or tumble into the mire. If a man, as every man does now-a-days, pines for riches, instead of seeking them in the good old-fashioned way of industry, prudence and economy, he plunges heels over head in mad, extravagant and visionary schemes, that lead inevitably, not only to his own ruin, but to that of others, and in all probability, in the end, leave him as destitute of character as of fortune. Or if he is smitten with a desire to benefit his fellow citizens, he carries his philanthropy into the camp of the enemy, that is, to the opposite extreme of vice. His sympathies for one class of human suffering entirely shut his eyes and his heart to

the claims of others, and he would sacrifice the world to an atom. His pity for the guilty degenerate into the encouragement of crime, and instead of an avenger, he becomes an accomplice. No man, it would seem, in this most enlightened of all ages, appears to be aware of what is irrefragably true, that an honest abhorrence of guilt is one of the most powerful preservatives of human virtue; and that the most effectual way of engendering vice in our own hearts, is to accustom ourselves to view it merely as an object of pity and forgiveness. It seems to be a growing opinion, that the punishment of crime is an usurpation of society, a despotic exercise of power over individuals, and, in short, a relic of the dark ages."

My excellent old friend is a great talker, when he gets on a favorite subject—though he rails by the hour at members of Congress for their long speeches—and proceeded, after stopping to take breath, as follows:—"There are other pregnant indications of this world being on its last legs, in the fashionable cant—so my friend called it, most irreverently—"of ascribing almost all the great conservative principles of the social state to 'the dark ages.' The laws, indispensable to the security of property, the restraint of imprudence and extravagance, the safety of persons, and the punishment of their transgressors—those laws, in short, that constitute the great pillars of society, and without which barbarity and violence would again overrun the world, are, forsooth, traced by the advocates of 'progress,' to those very dark ages, whose ignorance and barbarism they contributed more than all other causes, to dissipate and destroy. An honest man who resorts to those laws which are founded on the first principles of justice, for the recovery of that which is necessary to his comfort, perhaps his very existence, or for the purpose of punishing some profligate spendthrift for defrauding him, is now denounced by philanthropic legislators, and mawkish moralists, as a dealer in human flesh, a Shylock demanding his pound of flesh, and whetting his knife for performing the sacrifice. The murderer—the cool, premeditated murderer—is delicately denominated 'an unfortunate man,' lest we should wound his fine feelings. Our sympathies are invoked when he is called upon to pay the penalty of his crime, while the poor victims, living and dead, are left, the one without pity, the other without relief.

"Not only this," continued the worthy old gentleman, who gradually waxed warmer and warmer as he proceeded—"not only this, but as if to give the last most unequivocal evidence of dotage, we have become puffed up with the idea of this being the most enlightened of all the ages of the world, for no other reason, that I can perceive, than that we are become very great mechanics, and have, in consequence of the wonderful perfection to which machinery has been brought, depreciated the value of human labor, until it has become insufficient for human support, and beggared ourselves and our posterity, in making canals for frogs to spawn in, and railroads from interminable forests to flourishing towns that never had existence. It is perfectly evident to me, that matters are speedily coming to a crisis, and that a world, in which there is no other pursuit but money, where all sympathy is monopolized by guilt, and where common sense and common honesty are considered as relics of the dark ages, cannot last much longer, unless," added he, with a peculiar expression of his eye, "unless Congress takes it in hand, and brings about a radical reform, by speechification. The truth is, it owes so much more than it can pay, that the sooner it winds up its concerns the better."

Saying this, my worthy and excellent friend, after predicting a hard winter, left me to cogitate alone in my old arm chair, very much inclined to a nap, as I generally am, after listening to a long harangue. It was in a quiet back room, where I could see nothing but the smoke of my opposite neighbor's chimney; nothing disturbed me but a fly, which notwithstanding the world was wide enough for us both, I should have utterly exterminated, if I could; and I continued to ponder over the subject, till, by degrees, sleep overpowered me, and the following vision passed over my bewildered brain:

Methought the eve of the first of April had come, and with it every indication that the prediction of the prophet was about to be fulfilled. The waters of the rivers, brooks and springs became gradually warmer and warmer, until some of them began to boil; hot currents of air issued from the fissures of the earth, whose surface became heated so that the bare-footed urchins rather danced than walked upon it; a thick, dun-colored vapor,

by degrees, involved the world from the horizon to the skies, and there prevailed a dead, oppressive calm, without a single stirring breath of air. The earth became, as it were, one vast heated oven. The air was dry and parching; the turkeys lay sprawling on their breasts, with expanded wings; the dogs strolled wistfully around seeking some cool retreat, panting and lolling out their tongues; the little birds hid themselves in the recesses of the woods, and ceased to sing; the leaves of the trees and flowers wilted and shrivelled up under the excessive heat of the burning sun—and the world ceased to revolve, either from a suspension of the laws of nature, or for fear of dissolving in a profuse perspiration.

Other fearful auguries proclaimed that the hour had come. The sun was like a red ball of living fire; the whole firmament rocked and trembled, as if panting with the throes of suffocation; ever and anon, long flashes of zig-zag lightning shot athwart the heavens in dead silence, for no thunder followed; and all nature, rational and irrational, animate and inanimate, seemed awaiting in death-like silence the hour of their fatal dissolution, as predicted by the prophet.

methought I wandered about in that unhappy and distracted state of mind which generally ensues when we are haunted by some dim, half visible spectre of undefined misery, whose presence we feel, but whose persecution we cannot avoid. It seemed that I strolled to the river side, in the hope of inhaling the cool, refreshing breezes from its bosom, but it sent forth nothing but scalding vapor, like that from a steam engine. The fishes lay sprawling and panting, and dying on its surface; and a hungry hawk, that had plunged down for his prey, being exhausted by the consuming heat, lay fluttering helplessly on the waters.— From the mountains of the opposite shore, columns of blood-red smoke and flashes of sulphurous fire issued with an angry roaring vehemency; and in some of the deep fissures of the rocks, methought I could see the raging fires, as through the bars of a furnace. Then came rolling out of the bowels of the earth torrents of liquid flame; then came on the dread struggle of the rebel elements, released from the guiding hand of their great Master. The dissolving earth rushed into the waters; a noise, like the hissing of millions of serpents, succeeded, and when I looked again the river was dry.

I fled from the appalling spectacle, and sought the city, where all was dismay and confusion.— Some were shrieking and tearing their hair, in guilty apprehension of the horrors of death, and the sufferings of the world to come. Others sat in mute despair, awaiting dumb insensibility the fate of all the rest of the race; while others, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, and forgetful of the inevitable doom that awaited them, were devising various expedients for escaping, and securing their most valuable articles about their persons. A little love-sick maiden had hung the picture of her lover about her snowy neck; an anxious mother sat weeping and wringing her hands by the side of a cradle, where lay a little laughing cherub playing with a kitten; while another was rushing madly about, with a child in her arms, which she had squeezed to death in her convulsive writhings. Thousands of scenes like these occurred all around, but I delight not to dwell on horrors, and will proceed to state what I saw of the exhibitions of the various modes of grief, disappointment and despair, which served to convince me that the ruling passion will struggle in the last agonies of existence, and triumph at the moment of the dissolution of nature herself.

In the course of my wanderings, methought I encountered the celebrated Fire-King, who was sitting at home, quietly smoking his cigar, and calculating that being the destined survivor of all his race, he would succeed to an immense landed estate, and become lord proprietor of the whole earth. Having agreed upon the terms, he furnished me with an antidote against the heat of the most raging anthracite furnace, and being now assured of safety, I made my observations with more coolness and precision. Being of rather a prying disposition, I conceived that as every thing was in a state of utter confusion, the doors and windows all open, and no police officers on duty, there was no occasion to stand upon ceremony.

I accordingly made my way into the most private recesses of various habitations, where I saw many things which I would not disclose, were it not that all this is nothing but a dream. Entering a handsome house, rather splendidly furnished, I saw an old man of upwards of fourscore, who was bitterly complaining of being thus suddenly cut off, without time to make his will or repent of

his sins; while an elderly woman, whom I took to be one of Job's comforters, was upbraiding him for not taking her advice, and attending to these matters long ago. In another miserable house, without furniture, and destitute of every comfort of life, I discovered a shrivelled, cadaverous spectre, hugging a bag of gold, and lamenting the hardship of being called away just a day before the interest became payable on his bank stocks. I met in another place a speculator, with the perspiration rolling down his face in torrents, who was calculating the immense profits he might have made if he had only foreseen this sudden catastrophe. A little farther on, I saw a glutton devouring a pair of canvass backs, and heard him at intervals mumbling to himself—"They shan't cheat me of my dinner." The next person I particularly noticed, was a staunch believer in "progress," who was terribly out of humor that the world should be destroyed just as it was on the high road to perfectibility. He had an essay in his hand, which he was rolling up to enclose in a bottle, hermetically sealed, in the hope that it might float down to posterity, and make him immortal, forgetting, as I supposed, that the world was now about to perish by fire, and not by water. In the course of my farther peregrinations, I fell in with a father, very busy in making a will, dividing his property among his children: and another disinheriting his son for marrying against his wishes. A usurer was lamenting that he was not aware of what was coming, as he would certainly have borrowed a good round sum, and thus escaped paying the interest. A worthy dealer in political haberdashery, who had been seeking office, I believe ever since the flood, was exclaiming against fate for casting him off, now that he had actually received a promise of succeeding a gentleman who was only five years younger than himself, immediately on his death. This example, by the way, brought to my recollection a circumstance that actually happened in real life, and within my own knowledge, where an old man of upwards of three-score and ten actually hanged himself on the marriage of his daughter, to whose fortune he looked forward to becoming heir, providing she died without issue. It is somewhat singular that people always calculate on outliving those by whose death they expect to be benefited.

In the course of my peregrinations, I encountered some of the disciples of the prophet, who, one might have supposed, would have been prepared for the event they had so long confidently anticipated. But it seemed they were as much taken by surprise as their unbelieving neighbors, and were running to and fro in great consternation, or preparing in all haste for what they had been expecting at leisure, according to the ways of the wise people of this world, who see farther into futurity than their neighbors. Entering the chamber of a middle-aged widow, a staunch follower of the prophet, who had retreated somewhere, I found an open letter, not quite finished, which purported to be an answer to a proposal of marriage from another disciple, and in which the prudent dame very judiciously postponed her final decision until after the first of April. I own I proceeded to other unwarrantable indulgences of curiosity, only pardonable in a person fast asleep, in the course of which I made certain discoveries, which, now that I am awake, I scorn to disclose to the world. All I will venture to say is, that I saw enough to convince me that if the widow really believed in the approaching dissolution of the world, she had determined to make the most of it while it lasted. It is impossible to say what other discoveries I might have achieved if I had not heard footsteps approaching; and apprehending it might be the lady herself, I retreated with considerable precipitation, in doing which I encountered, and overthrew, a fat cook maid, who was coming up in great haste to apprise her mistress that the kitchen was so hot she could not breathe in it any longer, and who, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, gave me a most awful benediction.

The next house I entered was that of a notorious usurer, who was never known to do a kindness to any human being. He had accumulated millions by a rigid, inflexible system of preying upon the wants of his fellow creatures, and denying himself the common necessities of life, except on rare occasions, when his vanity got the better of his avarice; and he would give him some great party or ostentatious feast, in order to excite the envy of his neighbors, and get puffed in the newspapers, always making himself amends for his prodigality by squeezing additional sums out of his unfortunate clients. I found him busily employed in making his will, and talking to himself

by fits and starts, from which I gathered there was a great contest going on between the ruling passion and the fear of the future, which prompted him to make reparation, as far as possible, for his past transgressions. From what I could gather, he had come to a determination to restore the principal of all the money he had screwed from his debtors by his usurious practice, but could not bring himself to give back the interest on these exactions, which he said would utterly ruin him. As the heat became more intense, he seemed gradually to relax: but the moment it subsided a little relapsed again. This happened several times, until at length the old man quieted his conscience by leaving his whole estate for the purpose of erecting a hospital for the reception of the families of all those he had reduced to beggary by his frauds and inhumanity, at the same time saying to himself, "I shall go down to posterity as a great public benefactor." As I looked over his shoulder, I observed, however, that the bequest was conditional on the fulfilment of the prophecy.

Leaving the house of this repentant sinner, I proceeded on my way without any definite object, and met a fellow in irons, who had taken advantage of the confusion which reigned every where around, to make his escape from prison. He had committed a wanton and atrocious murder; and his execution was fixed for the next day. He seemed so elate at his escape, that I could not forbear reminding him that he had only got out of the frying-pan into the fire. He briskly replied, "O, but you forget I have escaped the disgrace of hanging." On my reminding him that the disgrace was in the crime, not in the punishment, he answered, "I differ with you entirely in this matter," and proceeded on, rattling his chain as if in triumph.

My next encounter was with a person who had distinguished himself in several controversies on questions which, admitting of no demonstration either of facts or arguments, afford the finest scope for interminable discussion. He had written more than one dissertation to prove that the prophet knew nothing about what he had predicted, and gone nigh to convince his readers that he was in the same predicament. I was proceeding to converse with him on the unexpected catastrophe so rapidly approaching, when he impatiently interrupted me: "Unexpected, indeed!" said he, "I have been so busy in proving it to be all humbug, that I am sorry to say that I am altogether unprepared. But that is not the worst. The most provoking part of the business is, that this old block-head should be right and I wrong. My reputation is entirely ruined; and I shall go down to posterity as a teacher of false doctrines and a bad reasoner." "Don't be uneasy on that score," I replied, "posterity will know nothing of the matter." Upon which he left me in a great passion, affirming that I had reflected on himself and his works, which, upon my honor, was not my intention.

The philosopher had scarcely left me when there approached an old man of rather venerable appearance, who seemed an exception to the rest of the world—being evidently elated at what filled all others with horror and dismay. He was rubbing his hands in great glee, ever and anon exclaiming, "I told them so; I predicted all this years ago, but the blockheads wouldn't believe me. They have got it now, and may laugh as much as they please." Anxious to know the meaning of all this, I ventured to ask an explanation:—"What!" said he, "don't you know I am the prophet who foretold the destruction of the world by fire, the first of April, 1843? The clergy preached against me in their pulpits; the philosophers laughed; and the would-be wise ones hooted at me as a fool, or an impostor. But they have got it now—they have got it now—ha! ha!" and the worthy old prophet went on his way delighted at the fulfilment of his prediction. He had not proceeded far, however, when he came in sight of the bed of the river, which was now one vast volcano of consuming fires, and encountered such a scorching blast from that quarter, that he turned round and approached me again with great precipitation. On inquiring where he was going in such a hurry, he replied, "Going? why to make preparation for this awful catastrophe, which, to tell you the truth, I have entirely neglected, being altogether taken up with predicting it. Bless my soul! I had no idea it would be so hot!" At that moment it seemed that he took fire, and in a few minutes was consumed to ashes, exclaiming to the last, "Well, well! it matters not, I shall go down to posterity as the last of the prophets!"

The last person I recollect meeting, was the worthy old gentleman who railed against the world

so copiously at the commencement of this vision. He was puffing and blowing, and fanning himself with his hat at a prodigious rate. "Well, my friend," said I, coolly and quietly, "well, my friend, you were quite right in your opinion that the world was pretty well worn out, and on its last legs. It is in truth, an old superannuated concern, not worth mending; and as you truly stated, so over head and ears in debt, that the sooner it winds up its affairs, and calls its creditors together, the better." The old gentleman, however, did not seem altogether to agree with me in this opinion. He hesitated, wiped his brow, and at length replied: "Why, ay—yes—to be sure! I confess, I thought so yesterday, but had no idea it was going to happen so soon; and besides, really when one comes to consider the matter coolly," and then he puffed and panted as if almost roasted to death; "when one, I say, considers the matter coolly, this world, after all is said and done, is not so bad but an honest man might have made up his mind to live in it a little longer. It might have been mended so as to be tolerable; and considering the pains every body is taking to make it better, I don't think the case was altogether desperate. Really, it has scarcely had a fair trial, and with a few scores of years more, what with the great improvements in machinery; the wonderful facilities in traveling; and the exertions of a comprehensive philanthropy, I see no reason to despair of the millennium. But it is all over now; the advocates of 'progress' will never know whether they were dreaming or awake; and I shall die without ever predicting another hard winter."

How much farther my good old friend would have carried his recantation, can never be known; for just at that critical moment, methought he blew up with a prodigious explosion; a glare of light, so intensely brilliant as to be beyond endurance, flashed before my eyes, and a sense of suffocation came over me with such overwhelming force that I struggled myself awake; and the first sounds I heard in the street, were those of the little boys crying out, "April fool! April fool!"

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ANECDOTES RELATED BY JOHN ADAMS, SENIOR.

The following account of the appointment of General Washington to the supreme command of the continental army, June 18, 1775, has been placed in our hands by a gentleman in whose veracity we have full confidence. We cannot doubt the authenticity of the anecdotes he gives. This subject has of late years been brought before the public under various versions, and has in every shape attracted attention. The private journal narrates a conversation with John Adams, senior, before that great and good man was called to his final rest. The relation is more in detail than that which has hitherto been made public; but it substantially corroborates the former version of the causes which led to the appointment of Washington. Let us should in any way affect the anecdote, we give it in the words of the narrator.

The army was assembled at Cambridge, Mass., under General Ward, and Congress was sitting at Philadelphia. Every day new applications in behalf of the army arrived. The country were urgent that Congress should legalize the raising of the army; as they had, what must be considered, and was in law considered only a mob, a band of armed rebels. The country was placed in circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger. The struggle had begun, and yet every thing was without order. The great trial now seemed to be in this question: Who shall be the Commander-in-Chief? It was exceedingly important, and was felt to be the hinge on which the contest might turn for or against us. The Southern and the Middle States, warm and rapid in their zeal for the most part, were jealous of New England, because they felt the real physical force was here; what then was to be done?

All New England adored Gen. Ward; he had been in the French war, and went out laden with laurels. He was a scholar and a statesman. Every qualification seemed to cluster in him; and it was confidently believed that the army could not receive any appointment over him. What then was to be done? Difficulties thickened at every step. The struggle was to be long and bloody. Without union all was lost. The country and the whole country must come in. One pulsation must beat through all hearts. The cause was one, and the army must be one. The members had talked, debated, considered and guessed, and yet the decisive step had not been taken. At

length Mr. Adams came to his conclusion. The means of resolving it were somewhat singular and nearly as follows: he was walking one morning before Congress Hall apparently in deep thought, when his cousin Samuel Adams came up to him and said,

"What is the topic with you this morning?"

"Oh the army, the army," he replied. "I'm determined to go into the hall this morning, and enter on a full detail of the state of the colonies, in order to show an absolute need of taking some decisive steps. My whole aim will be to induce Congress to appoint a day for adopting the army as the legal army of these united colonies of North America, and then to hint at my election of a Commander-in-Chief."

"Well," said Samuel Adams, "I like that, cousin John; but on whom have you fixed as that Commander?"

"I will tell you—George Washington, of Virginia, a member of this house."

"Oh," replied Samuel Adams, quickly, "that will never do, never."

"It must do, it shall do," said John, "and for these reasons: the Southern and Middle States are both to enter heartily in the cause; and their arguments are potent! they say that New England holds the physical power in her hands, and they fear the result. A New England army, a New England commander, with New England perseverance all united, appal them. For this they hang back. Now the only course to allay their fears, is to give them nothing to complain of; and this can be done in no other way but by appointing a Southern Chief over this force, and then all will rush to the standard. This policy will blend us in one mass, and that mass will be resistless."

At this, Samuel Adams seemed greatly moved. They talked over the preliminary circumstances, and John asked his cousin to second the motion. Mr. Adams went in, took the floor and put forth all his strength, in the delineations he had prepared, all aiming at the adoption of the army. He was ready to own the army, appoint a commander, vote supplies, and proceed to business. After his speech had been finished, some doubted, some objected, and some feared. His warmth increased with the occasion, and to all these doubts and hesitations he replied:

"Gentlemen, if this Congress will not adopt this army, before ten moons have set, New England will adopt it, and she will undertake the struggle alone—yes, with a strong arm, and a clean conscience, she will front the foe single handed."

This had the desired effect. They saw New England was neither playing or to be played with, and they agreed to appoint a day. A day was fixed. It came, Mr. Adams went in, took the floor, urged the measure, and after some debate, it passed.

The next thing was to get a commander for his army, with supplies, &c. All looked to Mr. Adams on the occasion, and he was ready. He took the floor, and went into a minute delineation of the character of General Ward, bestowing on him the encomiums which then belonged to no one else. At the end of the eulogy, he said, "but this is not the man I have chosen." He then went into the delineation of the character of a Commander-in-Chief, such as was required by the peculiar situation of the Colonies at that juncture. And after he had presented the qualifications in his strongest language, and given the reasons for the nomination he was about to make, he said—

"Gentlemen, I know these qualifications are high, but we all know they are needful, at this crisis, in this Chief. Does any one say they are not to be obtained in this country? In reply I have to say they are; they reside in one of our own body, and he is the person whom I now nominate, GEORGE WASHINGTON, OF VIRGINIA."

Washington, who sat on Mr. Adams' right hand, was looking him intently in the face, to watch the name he was about to announce, and not expecting it would be his, sprang from his seat the minute he heard it, and rushed into an adjoining room. Mr. Adams had asked his cousin Samuel to ask for an adjournment as soon as the nomination was made, in order to give the members time to deliberate, and the result is before the world.

I asked Mr. Adams, among other questions, the following:

"Did you ever doubt of the success of the conflict?"

"No, no," said he, "not for a moment. I expected to be hung and quartered if I was caught; but no matter for that—my country would be free: I knew George III. could not forge chains long enough and strong enough to reach around these United States."

## YANKEE SHREWDSNESS:

### OR A PEDLAR'S TRICK.

Among the singular and multifarious characteristics by which New Englanders are peculiarly distinguished, that feature of character usually known under the original and very appropriate cognomen of "cuteness," stands proudly pre-eminent. No person who has ever had a residence in the eastern section of our Union, can be ignorant of the meaning of this term. It is a very expressive term—condensing, solidifying and blending all that is shrewd, cunning, "clever" and persevering. It is not only expressive, but the character which it is designed to point out, enters into the composition of all Yankee minds, with as few exceptions as can be found to every general rule. In fine, this quality of mind exhibits itself as soon as is strongly developed, and comes to maturity as quickly, even as the whittling propensities for which our people are so celebrated.

This characteristic feature seems to be inherent in the nature of the Yankee, indeed, it seems to be with him a kind of animal instinct. Does a hen require any one to remind her of her infantile progeny, when some impending calamity threatens them? Does the beaver need the assistance of the guiding hand of some master workman in constructing his dam? Neither does the Yankee need the promptings of a second or foreign nature, to guide him in turning to the most profitable account the most adverse circumstances.

It has been somewhere remarked, or it is a freak of my own fancy, that if a Yankee be placed upon a desert island, with nothing but his ever-present jack-knife to help him, he will whittle himself a subsistence, whittle his way through the world, whittle out for himself a grave, and, finally, whittle an inscription for his own tomb-stone. This I can hardly have a face to doubt, knowing the indomitable perseverance of the class of characters which I am describing; but what gives efficiency and power to the jack-knife? The question is easy of solution—his "cuteness," most obviously. This gives the old blade an edge sufficiently keen for the cutting thro' of mountains of difficulties.

If this characteristic is more strongly marked in one class of individuals than another, it is particularly observable in the Yankee pedlar. The saying that a pedlar has more cunning than honesty, is so peculiarly applicable to a large portion of the peddling tribe, that it almost partakes of the triteness of a Proverb. In short, to secure success in his calling, the pedlar must have shrewdness to plan, cunning to carry out his designs, and rustic simplicity enough to keep the penetration of his views from piercing through his well laid schemes. But all are well aware of the pedlar's tact and management; I will therefore hasten to my story.

A biped of the genus above alluded to, was once, during a time of unusual vigilance among the custom house officers, prowling about the Vermont frontier, on the confines of Canada, watching an opportunity to deceive the unslumbering eyes of the said officers, and smuggle across the line valuable articles of commerce. There was a heavy duty laid upon articles brought from the Canadas to the United States; considering this, the avarice of the pedlars instinctively suggested that it would be highly conducive to the growth of their wallets, if they could by any means evade the necessity of paying the government tax.

Various were the expedients resorted to, ingenious were the artifices adopted, and subtle was the cunning employed, for the accomplishment of this desirable end. Whole nights of active and intense exercise of the inventive powers, were passed in devising some novel and original method of bamboozling the officers. The plans of the smugglers were not infrequently carried into successful execution, notwithstanding all the persevering exertions of the "gentlemen of authority," in preventing the clandestine transportation; but the lawless citizens were occasionally "nabbed" by the officials, and made to suffer the severest penalties of the violated laws. This caused among the offenders "a certain fearful looking for of judgment," when engaged in their law-defying course, and implanted in their breasts a kind of fear of their detested enemies, the tax-gatherers, who are even more hated than the publicans in the scriptures.

The man of whom I have spoken, having a rank hatred of the officers within his bosom, and wishing while gratifying his revenge to replenish his pockets with a supply of "the needful," resolved to carry into execution a novel design, planned by the most consummate ingenuity of which he was master, relying upon his well-known presence of

mind for success. Although a courageous man, he was not without some fear of detection—but he resolved to lend his utmost energies towards the accomplishment of his object. His mode of operation was this :

Procuring a large quantity of the richest silks, and other valuable articles, on which was laid a heavy duty, he safely deposited them in an unfrequented place, near the line of the two countries; then, providing himself with a respectably built coffin, and an accurate representation of the human head and face, modelled from plaster-of-paris, he proceeded to his place of retreat, packed his goods into his new-fashioned conveyance, placed the artificial skull in its appropriate position under the coffin-lid, screwed down the lid, and jumping astride the fearful box, rode boldly into a village—even into the very presence of the custom house officers, who were ever on the alert, and ever awake to the duties of their station.

Riding up to the village inn, he dismounted, tied his horse in the shed, and after refreshing himself, was preparing to resume his journey, when an officer accosted him with the following inquiry :

"What have you for loading, sir?"

"I am conveying the corpse of a deceased friend to the place of his former residence."

The officer looked incredulous, and turning a searching glance upon the hearse driver, said, "I will look at the corpse."

"Very well, sir," replied the man, and leading the way, he conducted him to his carriage. Unscrewing and opening the lid, he invites the stranger to satisfy his curiosity, at the same time very calmly observing, as he glanced at the slightly colored plaster-of-paris,

"The face looks remarkably natural, considering the disease of which he died."

The officer having cast a hasty look at the face of the deceased, was prevented from making a more minute examination by this remark, which caused him instinctively to shrink back. With an anxious expression of countenance, he quickly inquired,

"What was his disease, sir?"

"Yellow fever!" replied the pedlar, very coolly.

If the officer had received a shock from an electrical battery, no greater effect could have been produced upon him than was caused by this announcement. Turning upon his heel, he was out of sight and hearing in an indefinitely short space of time.

After indulging in a hearty roar of laughter, the pedlar jumped upon his carriage, rode off, sold his goods and pocketed the proceeds, well pleased with the trick which he had played upon the outwitted custom house officer.

**WHAT IS A PRINTER LIKE?**—He is like a physician, for he has many cases to attend to; he is like a butcher, for he often handles the sheep's foot; he is like a carpenter, when he planes down the form; like a musician and a poet, when he composes; he is like a pressing man, and although he generally is on his feet, while rocking he is selling; he is like a chamber maid or a laundress when he handles the sheets; he is often pious and daily distributes; like a dandy, he is seldom without a stick; like a correct man, he universally works by the rule; we might write columns in his favor were we not afraid to be too voluminous in our remarks. Suffice to say, that like most men of letters he, with few exceptions, dies without a coin in his pocket, although he is making use of quoins in the way of his profession.

**A VALUABLE NOSE.**—A constable in Boston, having arrested a sailor on suspicion of stealing a coat, which the latter persisted in calling his own, sought to nose out the truth in an ingenious manner. He applied his nasal organ with great precision and intensity to the coat, and discovered to a certainty that the last owner must have been a butcher. In the same manner by a single snuff from the predominant odor of the man, he discovered that the coat did not belong to him. It was afterwards ascertained that the coat was stolen from a butcher's wagon. This is an ingenious way to scent out a rogue, and the inventor must have a genius for his profession.

**DIVERS.**—The St. Louis Republican says, that diving bells, each with a full complement of hands, have lately been employed on the Mississippi river and its tributaries, taking out property lost in the wrecks of boats. Some of them have found it a profitable business, and expect still larger profits next year from the great losses of this season.

**HOW TO DO GOOD.**

The duties of life are not all of the great and exciting sort. There are many duties in every day; but there are few days in which one is called to mighty efforts or heroic sacrifices. I am persuaded that most of us are better prepared for great emergencies, than for the exigencies of the passing hour. Paradox as this is, it is tenable, and may be illustrated by palpable instances. There are many men who would, without the hesitation of an instant, plunge into the sea to rescue a drowning child, but who, the very next hour, would break an engagement, or sneer at an awkward servant, or frown unjustly on an amiable wife.

Life is made up of these little things. According to the character of household words, looks, and trivial actions, is the true temper of our virtue. Hence there are many men reputed good, and, as the world goes, really so, who belie in domestic life the promise of their holiday and Sunday demeanor. Great in the large assembly, they are little at the fire side. Leaders, perhaps, of public benevolence, they plead for universal love, as the living principle of the social compact: yet, when they are among their dependents, they are peevish, morose, severe, or in some other way constantly sinning against the law of kindness.

Why do you begin to do good so far off?—This is a ruling error. Begin at the centre and work outwards. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peccadillo, some undesirable gesture, sour your visage toward a sister or daughter, pray cease to preach beneficence on the large scale.

What do you mean by "doing good?" Is it not increasing human happiness? Very well! But whose happiness? Not the happiness of A, B, or C, in the planet Saturn, but that of fellow terrestrials; not of the millions you never see, so much as that of the hundreds or scores whom you see every day. Begin to make people happy. It is a good word—it is the best work. Begin, not next door, but within your own door; with your next neighbor—whether relative, servant, or superior. Account the man you meet the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. "How can I make him or her happier?" This is the question. If a dollar will do it, give the dollar. If advice will do it, give advice. If chastisement will do it, give chastisement. If a look, a smile, or warm pressure of the hand, or a tear will do it, give the look, smile, hand, or tear. But never forget that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributory atom almost every moment.

I would hope that such suggestions, however hackneyed, will not be without their influence

"On the best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love."

In a sense of great reverses and real suffering in the mercantile and manufacturing world, there is occasion for the luxury of doing good. The happiest mechanic I ever knew was a hatter, who had grown rich, and who felt himself thereby exalted only in this sense, that his responsibility as a steward was increased. It was sacred wealth.

"For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart  
To sanctify the whole, by giving part."

The poorest man may lessen his neighbor's load. He who has no gold, may give what gold cannot purchase. If religion does not make men who profess it more ready to render others happy, it is a pretence. We are to be judged at the last by this rule. The inquiry is to be especially concerning our conduct toward the sick, the prisoner the pauper, and the foreigner. The neighbor whom we are to love is our next door neighbor: that is the man who falls in our way. The Samaritan knew this. It was but a small pittance he gave; the poorest among us may go and do likewise. Do not allow a townsman, or a stranger, or ever an emigrant, to suffer for lack of your endeavors. It will cost you little, but it will be much to him.

"Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water; yet its draught,  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,  
More exquisite than when nectarian juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort which by daily use  
Has all lost lost its sense; yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmournd 'twill fall  
Like choicest music."

Let no one be surprised at my quoting choice poetry to mechanics. Servile boors may stare in

amazement; but the American mechanic is no boor. Who shall dare to say that the poorest journeyman may not reach forth his hand in the garden of the muses? And whoshall deny to the honest laborer the solace of doing good? It is the best work in the worst times. Help others and you relieve yourself. Go out, and drive away the cloud from that distressed friend's brow, and you will return with a lighter heart. Take heed to the little things—the trifling, unobserved language or action—passing in a moment. A syllable may stab a blessed hope; a syllable may revive the dying. A frown may crush a gentle heart: the smile of forgiveness may relieve from torture. He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much. CHARLES QUILL.

**AN APPARITION.**—A few days since a gentleman, residing in Harlem, took the small pox in its most violent form. Much consternation prevailed in the neighborhood, and several families removed from the infected street. One night last week, while apprehensions of the spread of the fearful plague were the chief topic in the village, a tremendous knocking at the store door of Dr. Pennoyer, in the Third Avenue, brought him from the "Land of Nod" with great celerity.

It was very late, dark, and cold, and therefore a most undesirable summons; but the outrageous racket at the door, demanded attention so immediately that dressing, or preparation to meet an enemy was out of the question; and supposing that some drunken fellow had been attracted by the light in the storm, he went up to the sash-door, through which he saw the figure looking, and ask, "who's there?" The Doctor has seen some peril in his time, and would stand to the death, before a regiment of bayonets; but when the mysterious being, in a sepulchral voice, gave the name of the fated victim whose case excited such alarm, he instinctively drew back with horror. But sure enough, there he was—the loathsome disease, in full development, rioting, as it were, all over his person. He was delirious, and had escaped from his bed with a slight covering around him, and thus found his way, a distance of several squares, to the Doctor's office. He said he wanted help to put down an uproar among some women at his house; and assistance being promised, he went away, and was shortly found by his faithful, afflicted wife, and conveyed home. He is now recovering.—Tribune.

**MARRYING BECAUSE THE WEATHER IS COLD.**—The Philadelphia Ledger advises bachelors to get married because the winter is coming upon us. How does he know they will be bettered by the change? There is no certainty of getting a warm wife. We sleep soundly enough if we sleep alone. There is no such botheration with us as married men have—such as your wife bawling out in the middle of the night when you are enjoying a sweet dream—

"John, take away your elbow!"

"James, lie further on the other side! You'll have me out of bed."

"Joseph, you've kicked the kiver off."

"Billy, get up you lazy dog, it's day-break."

"Richard, turn out and put on the tea-kettle."

Nothing of this kind ever troubles us. There we lie in our little cot, which is just large enough for one, with its clean white sheet spread over our person, tucked comfortably in about the sides and our head raised to a dignified height by having our corduroys stuffed under the pillow. How comfortable! We wish we were there now, instead of here. When we get to bed we never have occasion to exclaim, with the virtuous, yet self-upbraded Roman,

"We have lost a day."

On the contrary, we stretch our weary body out to its full length, (we don't curl ourself up in bed as vulgarians do,) and say in a tone of self-satisfaction—

"Well, here lies a single gentleman and an honest editor, type-sticker and devil, after a hard day's work."

We then say our prayers, turn over on our left side, and go to sleep. We always sleep soundly, because there's no stain or grease spot on our conscience to prevent it.

We notice in Pennsylvania the marriage of Mr. Wright to Miss Betterway. Mr. Wright had no doubt read Pope's Universal Prayer, particularly the following verse of it :

If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
To find the better way.

From Allison's History of Europe.  
**THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.**

The history of the Empress Josephine, had been very remarkable. She was born in the West Indies, and it had early been prophesied by an old negress, that she should lose her first husband, be extremely unfortunate, but she should afterwards be greater than a queen. (The author heard the prophecy long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne, from the late Countess of Ancram, who was educated in the same convent with Josephine and had repeatedly heard her mention the circumstances in early youth.) This prophecy, the authenticity of which is placed beyond a doubt, was fulfilled in the most singular manner. Her first husband, Alexander Beauharnois, a general of the army on the Rhine, had been guillotined during the reign of terror; and she herself, who was also imprisoned at the same time, was only saved from impending death by the fall of Robespierre. So strongly was prophecy impressed on her mind that while lying in the dungeon of Conciergerie, expecting every hour to be summoned to the revolutionary tribunal, she mentioned it to her fellow prisoners; and to amuse them, named some of them as ladies of the bed chamber; a jest which she afterwards lived to realize on one of their number.

Josephine herself narrated this extraordinary passage in her life, in the following terms, in her memoirs:

"One morning the jailor entered the chamber where I slept, with the Duchess d'Aguillon and two other ladies, and told me he was going to take my mattress to give it to another prisoner. Why, said d'Aguillon eagerly, will not Madame d'Beauharnois obtain a better one? No, no, he replied, with a fiendish smile, she will have no need of one, for she is about to be led to the Conciergerie, and thence to the guillotine. At these words, my companions in misfortune uttered piercing shrieks. I consoled them as well as I could; and at length, worn out with their eternal lamentations, I told them that their grief was utterly unreasonable; that not only I should not die, but live to be Queen of France. Why then do you not name your maids of honor, said Madame d'Aguillon, irritated at such expressions at such a moment. Very true, said I, I did not think of that; well my dear, I make you one of them.— Upon this the tears of one of these ladies fell apace, for they never doubted I was mad. But the truth was, I was not gifted with any extraordinary courage, but internally persuaded of the truth of the oracle.

"Madame d'Aguillon soon after became unwell, and I drew her towards the window, which I opened to admit through the bars a little fresh air. I there perceived a poor woman who knew us, and who was making a number of signs, which I first could not understand. She constantly held up her gown, (robe,) and seeing she had some object in view, I called out *robes*, to which she answered yes. She then lifted up a stone and put it in her lap, which she lifted up a second time, I called out '*perle*.' Upon which she evinced the greatest joy, perceiving that her signs were understood. Joining then the stone in her robe, she eagerly imitated the motion of cutting off the neck, and immediately began to dance and evince the most extravagant joy. This singular pantomime awakened in our minds a vague hope that possibly Robespierre might be no more.

"At this moment, when we were floating between hope and fear, we heard a great noise in the corridor, and the terrible voice of our jailor, who said to his dog, giving him at the same time a kick, "Get out, you cursed Robespierre." That coarse phrase at once taught us that we had nothing to fear, and that France was saved."

**CAUSE OF QUARREL.**—"I wish I owned all the pasture land in the world," said Bob.

"I wish I owned all the cattle in the world," said Ned.

"How could you feed them?" asked Bob.

"I'd turn them into your pasture."

"No you would'nt."

"Yes I would."

"You shan't."

"I will!"—And then came the fistcuffs—oh, how they did fight!

**HOW TO BRING UP CHILDREN.**—"Mama," said a little fellow, whose mother had forbid him drawing horses and ships on the mahogany sideboard with a sharp nail, "mama, this aint a nice house. At Sam Rockett's we can cut the sofa, and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet, but here we can't get any fun at all."

**BASTILES OF PARIS.**—The Commerce, Paris newspapers, infer from the anxiety manifested by government in the purchases of land necessary for the new fortifications commanding the City, and the despatch with which these operations were conducted previous to the assembling of the Chambers, that the ministry are apprehensive of a refusal by the Deputies to sanction the extravagant expenditure requisite for these gigantic works, so formidable to the public liberties. The moment a purchase was concluded, workmen were employed, pickaxes applied, and materials accumulated.

The country around the citadel of Mont-Valerien is intended to be perfectly reticulated with military roads. One of these, commencing at the gate of the fortress, traverses the village of Suresnes, whence it emerges over suspension bridge, passes into the wood of Boulogne, and connects with the avenue of Neuilly at the Maillot gate. A carriage driven rapidly will pass from the Tulleries to Mont-Valerien in sixteen minutes.

This fort, composed of five enormous bastions, is completely enclosed. It is bomb proof, and already contains two extensive barracks, and four powder magazines, each of sufficient capacity to hold 75,000 kilograms.

The activity of the government is not confined to the construction of the detached forts. The most strenuous exertions are also making in the several founderies throughout the kingdom for their equipment. At Nievre, Charente, and Ruelle, pieces of the largest calibre, which, on being proved, turn out of excellent workmanship, are constantly cast. The foundry at Ruelle delivers two Paixhans' guns per week, besides a variety of other cannon. The detonation of the former is said to be tremendous. It is expected that the forts will be fully equipped in August next.—*Jour. Com.*

**SWEARING.**—It is not easy to perceive what honor or profit 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? Low 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 lecher, his mistress; the satirist, his revenge; the ambitious man, his preferences; 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, nor interwoven with the texture of the body, nor anyhow allied to our frame. For, as a great man (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 in 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 this practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it.—*Lamont.*

**A FEW HINTS TO KEEP AWAY HARD TIMES.**—Rise early in the morning and be diligent during the day in attending to our business, and not worry ourselves about our neighbors concerns.

Instead of following the fashions of Europe, let us cultivate a spirit of independence, and decide for ourselves how our coats and hats and boots shall be made.

Keep out of the streets, unless business calls us to transact that which we cannot do in our stores, shops, or dwellings.

By all means keep from drinking and gambling houses.

When we buy an article of clothing, study commendable economy; at the same time get a good article and when made take good care of it, and wear it out regardless of fashion. Fashion is a great tyrant and men are great fools to be a slave to it.

Stay at home nights, improve ourselves by reading or instructive conversation, and retire to our beds early.

Be kind to relations, obliging to our friends, and charitable to all.—*Ball. Clip.*

What makes black sheep eat less than white ones? D'ye give it up?

'Cause there's fewer of them.

Narrow souled people are like narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.—*Pope.*

**CANTON AND VENICE.**—Captain Basil Hall has noticed a remarkable resemblance in many respects between the cities of Canton and Venice. There is an exact similitude between one of the canal bridges of the latter city and one in Canton.

The streets in both places are paved, he says, in the same style; they are of the same width; have the same degree of light; the shops are just of the same dimensions and forms; the houses are equal in height. The only difference seems to be in the signs. In China, each shop has a large, finely japanned board, six feet long, with gilt letters, hanging, not horizontally, like ours in Europe, but perpendicularly, and left loose to flap about with the wind, on one side of the door.—Neither in Venice nor in Canton are there any wheeled carriages or horses; the same method of carrying loads at the end of poles across the shoulders, being practised at both places; a circumstance that tends greatly to heighten the unexpected resemblance between two places remote from each other, and so differently circumstanced.

**DANIEL LAMBERT'S CLOTHES.**—The Leicester Journal states that at a recent sale of the property of the late Mr. Owstan, a suit of clothes which had been worn by the celebrated Daniel Lambert was disposed of. The clothes consisted of a coat, waistcoat, and nankeen small clothes, and the dimensions were as follows: the coat—twenty-nine inches across the back, twenty-three inches across the elbow; in the waistcoat there are eighteen button holes, two inches asunder, circumference of the arm-hole forty-six inches, round the waist ninety-six inches, length forty-six inches; width of small clothes ninety-six inches, round the knee-band thirty-three inches, top of thigh fifty-five inches.

**SCULPTORS AND HEROES.**—Sir Robert Peel has confided the execution of the Statues which Parliament voted last session to the memory of three modern heroes, to three sculptors from the capitals of the three kingdoms. Mr. McDowall, A. R. A. of London, has been selected by him to model that of Lord Exmouth; Mr. Steele, of Edinburgh, that of Lord de Saumarez; and the monument to Sir Sidney Smith is entrusted to the skill of Mr. Kirk, of Dublin.

**NEW CASE.**—"What can a man do?" asked a green one yesterday, "when the sheriff is seen coming to him with a writ in his hand." "Apply the remedy," said another one gruffly. "Remedy! What kind of a remedy?" "Heeling remedy, you goose—run like the devil."

"John," said a Quaker to his extravagant son, "I'm afraid you're getting to be a rake."—"Nay, father," returned the youth drily, "it's thee that hath raked, and I'm spreading it for thee."

**REFINEMENT.**—A boarding-school miss, being unwell, thought it was not genteel to say she was *Billious*, so she complained of being *Williamous*. Oh!

"How do you suppose," said a sexton's wife to a market man, "that I can afford to buy ducks, when my husband has not buried a living soul for three months past!"

**GOETHE.**—The German Diet has taken a resolution to purchase the house of the poet Goethe and to preserve it as a public and national monument.

**ALGERIA.**—This territory, during the twelve years of its occupation by the French, has cost the nation one hundred and twenty millions of dollars, and upwards of twenty thousand lives.

The Western Editor who was kissed by two girls at once, has recovered from the effects of the accident.

There is a wise and beautiful proverb among the Hindoos: "Strike not even with a blossom a wife, though she be guilty of an hundred faults."

**HOSPITALITY.**—"I hope you can make it convenient to dine with us to-day, sir—if you do, we shall have a goose at dinner."

"I love you for your worth," as the fellow remarked when he courted the richest heiress in the country."

A wag remarks that bankrupts, like other men have their *failings*.—*Picayune.*

"Don't you feel flat?" as the griddle said to the buckwheat cake.

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1843.

OREGON.—The discussions on the bill now before Congress, for the occupation of Oregon, seem to give interest to every thing connected with that Territory. The following, which will at least be new to some of our readers, we gather from a communication in the National Intelligencer, by J. K. TOWNSEND, Esq., who was one of a party visiting that country in 1834:

Travelers, naturalists, and all who are not traders, are kindly and most hospitably treated by the officers of the British fort at Vancouver, (on the Columbia, 80 miles above Astoria;) but the moment the visitor is known to trade a beaver skin from an Indian, that moment he is ejected from the community, and all communication between him and the officers ceases. The company have a sum of money, amounting to several hundred thousand pounds sterling, laid aside at Vancouver, for the sole purpose of opposing all who may come to interfere with their monopoly, by purchasing at exorbitant prices all the furs in possession of the Indians, and thus forcing the settler to come to terms, or driving him from the country.

In the vicinity of Fort Vancouver, the cattle graze during the whole winter; no stabling or stall-feeding is ever requisite, as the extensive plains produce the finest and most luxuriant crops of excellent prairie grass.

The trees of Oregon grow to a gigantic size, some of the pines being 300 feet in height and 50 or 60 in circumference.

Wheat, corn, rye, barley, peas and culinary vegetables of all kinds, are raised in ample quantities. The wheat is particularly fine. From 80 to 100 bushels of corn to the acre, is an average crop. Apples, peaches, plums and most other kinds of fruit, do remarkably well.

The long-pronged antelope, the black-tailed or mule deer, the large prairie hare, and grouse of several species, are abundant in the vicinity of the fort. Ducks, geese and swans are warm in great numbers. They are killed by the Indians and taken to the fort as articles of trade. For a single duck, one load of powder and shot is given; for a goose, two; for a swan, four. For a deer, ten loads of ammunition or a bottle of rum, is the usual price.

Early in May, the salmon are first seen entering the river, and in about a fortnight the Columbia and all its tributaries teem with the delicious fish, which are seen leaping from the water continually.

The Wallemmet or Multnomah river, which empties into the Columbia about 20 miles above Vancouver, is navigable for vessels drawing ten or twelve feet, for some 40 miles from its mouth. About a mile above the mouth of the Klakamas, which empties into the Wallemmet, at this point, is a fall of about 35 feet, which affords several admirable mill sites. The land here is of the first quality. Some 20 miles above this, in the Wallemmet valley, is the Methodist Missionary establishment. The climate here is very mild, and the soil rich beyond comparison. Indeed, the inhabitants of this valley regard it as a terrestrial paradise, and can hardly be persuaded to leave it on any consideration.

There is another small settlement on the Kowalisk river, a stream which flows from the north, and empties into the Columbia, about 30 miles above Vancouver. The soil is said to be as rich as that of the Wallemmet valley, and the country even more picturesque and beautiful.

A FORT CAPTURED.—Sometime last month, Mr. John Shannon was married to Miss Nancy Fort.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"LAST OF THE BARONS."—This long expected work of BULWER's has made its appearance. The chief incidents of the story are laid in that stirring and eventful period of England's history—the wars of the Houses of York and Lancaster. The Earl of Warwick, known in history by the title of "King Maker," figures as a principal character in the work. King Henry and his great rival, Edward the Fourth, are also leading actors in the Drama. The book is published in cheap form by the Harper's, and is for sale by SAGE & BROTHER in this city, at the low price of 25 cents.

"Dr. Hamilton's Valedictory to the Graduates of General Medical College, delivered Jan. 22, 1843."

We have hastily glanced over the pages of this Address, and find it abounding in useful maxims and wholesome advice, with just enough of abstruseness about it to make it smack of "science." It cannot fail to be useful to the young practitioner as well as student—as it certainly is creditable to its talented author.

"THE BIBLE IN SPAIN."—Moore & Co., Arcade Hall, have just received the cheap edition of this work which is a full and interesting account of the trials, adventures and imprisonments of an English gentleman who attempted to circulate the scriptures in Spain. The work has been pronounced by the leading reviews one of the most interesting publications of the day—throwing a great deal of light upon the manners and social and religious condition of Spain. The cheap edition comprises 112 octavo pages, and is afforded at the usual price of 25 cents. We predict for this work an immense sale.

The same agents have also a quantity of the "Mysterious Chevalier," by James.

AFFECTING.—A very affecting incident, and one which excited intense sympathy for the time, occurred in the vicinity of Andrews street bridge, on Monday morning. Some of the passers-by discovered, upon a strip of ice which rested against the pier, a small bag or sack which seemed to contain a living being, apparently of the size of a young infant, struggling for life. A crowd of some 200 people, consisting of men, women and children, immediately collected around the spot, and some of the more adventurous clambered down the side of the bridge, at the risk of their lives, and piloted a portion of the ice to the shore. By this time the excitement was at its greatest height. The men looked grave, and the sympathising women ever and anon applied the corner of their aprons to their eyes, and every thing betokened a grand explosion of horror and indignation at the unnatural mother who had thus deserted her innocent and helpless offspring.

Meantime, the struggles in the bag became more violent, accompanied by a low and faint moaning somewhat resembling a suffocated human voice. A gentleman rushed forward, and with his jack-knife ripped open the sack, when out sprang, with a wail that might have done honor to a hyena, a large and respectable looking male cat! Glad to find himself on "Terra Firma," and in the "free air of heaven," he bolted through the affrighted crowd, which opened right and left to let his cat-skip pass, and made the best of his way to the top of the nearest house, where, like an ungrateful brute, he commenced breathing defiance at his humane rescuers.

We then came straight home—never looking back but once, and then we saw the women and children waddling up the hill as fast as their legs could carry them, laughing heartily at the sympathy which had been wasted upon poor Tommy.

MUCH AND LITTLE.—At a whig meeting held in Southwark the other night, Adam Much was chairman and George P. Little secretary.

THE ARCHIMEDIAN SCREW PROPELLER.—Papers received by the Acadia, give an account of the triumphant success of this propeller in a recent experimental trip of the new steam frigate "Great Northern," from Londonderry to London. The frigate made, by the joint application of steam and sails, 13½ miles per hour, and was managed with great ease. The greatest speed yet attained by the British and North American Mail Steamers, is said to have been from 11 to 11½ miles per hour.

This propeller is divided into two half turns, its length being 7 feet and its diameter 11. It is placed longitudinally in a hole cut in the dead-wood immediately before the rudder, the keel being continued along under the screw. By disconnecting the screw, which is the work of a minute, the ship becomes, to all intents and purposes, a sailing vessel.

GERMAN PEASANTRY.—WM. HOWITT, whose works are well known and extensively read in this country, has written a work on the condition of the German Peasantry, as compared to the same class in England. The following is an extract:

"In Germany, the peasants are the great and ever present objects of country life. They are the great population of the country, because they themselves are the possessors. This country is, in fact, for the most part, in the hands of the people. It is parcelled out among the multitude; and wherever you go, instead of the great halls, the vast parks, and the broad lands of the nobility and gentry, as in England, you see the perpetual evidences of an agrarian system. The exceptions to this, which I shall afterwards point out, are the exceptions; they are not the rule. The peasants are not, as with us, for the most part totally cut off from property in the soil they cultivate, totally dependent on the labor afforded by others; they are themselves the proprietors. It is perhaps from this cause that they are probably the most industrious peasantry in the world. They labor busily, early and late, because they feel that they are laboring for themselves. The women and children all work, as well as the men, for it is family work; nay, the women often work the hardest. They reap, thrash, mow, work on the fallows, do any thing. In summer, without shoes and stockings, clad in a dark blue petticoat and body of the same, or in other colors, according to the costume of the neighborhood, and with their white chemise sleeves in contrast with their hair burnt of a singed brown, or into different hues, with the sun, they are all out in the hot fields. Nay, you may even see woman driving a wagon, in which two or three men are sitting at ease smoking. They take their dinners to the fields, frequently giving to the lesser children a piece of bread, and locking them up in the cottage till they come home again, the elder ones being at school till they join them in the afternoon.

"This would be thought a hard life in England; but hard as it is, is not to be compared with the condition of laborers in some agricultural parts of a dear country like England, where eight or nine shillings a week, and no cow, no pig, no fruit for the market, no work in the winter, but dependent for every thing on a master, a constant feeling of anxiety and the desperate prospect of ending his days in a union workhouse, is too commonly the laborer's lot. The German peasants work hard, but they have no actual want. Every man has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees, as we have seen, commonly so hung with fruit that he is obliged to prop and secure them in all ways, or they would be torn to pieces.—He has his corn, plot for mangel wurtzel, for hemp, and so on. He is his own master; and he, and every member of his family, have the strongest motives to labor. You see the effect of this in that unremitting diligence which is beyond that of the whole world besides, and his economy, which is still greater."

"Stand one side," as the locomotive said when it threw a cow off the track.

Why should a teetotaler never have a wife? Because he will not *sup porter*.—*Crescent City*.

"[I] look into it," as the judge said when he opened a pot-pie.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]  
Genius.

As virtue smiling in some lonely vale,  
Or wafted oft on more luxuriant gale;  
As worldly wealth is scattered o'er the earth,  
With plenty there, and here perhaps a dearth;  
So Genius, wandering o'er the world of mind,  
To no condition, race, or hue confined,  
Scatters her seed in every favored land,  
Dispensing blessings with no partial hand;  
Knows no distinction, owns no honored name,  
Regards not e'en the birth-right princes claim.

No wealthy sire, when his career is run,  
With gold can buy her treasures for his son:  
No favourite of genius, born to fame,  
Can clothe his offspring with immortal name;  
No race of heroes ever graced the world;  
One Alexander Grecia's flag unfurled;  
No youthful Shakespeare felt a father's fire,  
No son of Milton tuned th' immortal lyre;  
No Cromwell rose a father's power to sway,  
No second WASHINGTON has blessed our day.

The paths to glory, honor and renown,  
The steps which win an ever glittering crown,  
Are only known when nature doth inspire  
The poet's verse, the hero's martial fire;  
Or when she guides the philanthropic heart,  
Or doth to patriots noble zeal impart;  
When mind that soars to lofty themes is found,  
And bosom with celestial passion warmed;  
When Genius plants within the human breast,  
Immortal seed, a glorious bequest.

Perhaps her ship all fitted for the gale,  
With noble build and wisely fashioned sail,  
O'er foaming billows well prepared to ride,  
To stem the current and with-stand the tide,  
Smiles on the fruitless foaming of the storm,  
And mounts the billows with majestic form;  
Still rising higher as the waves ascend,  
While watery mountains in her progress bend;  
Till pleased the harbour of her hopes to gain,  
She casts her anchor in undying fame.

Perhaps o'er milder, smoother sea she glides,  
With wondrous skill her noble vessel guides,  
Spreads out her canvass to the favoring wind,  
And sails o'er oceans of immortal mind;  
No storm arises to obstruct her path,  
No tempest threatens its devouring wrath;  
But all the elements her voice obey,  
And streams of praises cheer her onward way;  
So all the honors of a conqueror gain,  
And on the throne of easy triumph reigns.

But ah, too oft though nature's generous dame,  
Has warmed her cabin with a genial flame;  
Though fair the wind,—as venturing from the shore,  
She gladly leaves it to return no more;  
While breezy morning breathes a soft perfume,  
Propitious of a more triumphant noon;  
Too oft the storm appears in early day,  
Before she learns to tread the dangerous way;  
Scatters her sails in fragments o'er the deck,  
And strews old ocean with a piteous wreck.  
Rochester, Feb. 17, 1843.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Dying Father's Charge.

Wilt thou remember, oh! wilt thou,  
My fair boy, e'er forget  
The mother's holy influence,  
That lingers round thee yet?  
And wilt thou not, when manhood writes  
His form upon thy brow,  
Remember still the father's love,  
That shines upon thee now?

My boy, the hand that feebly rests  
In blessing on thy head,  
Will soon, oh! far too soon for thee,  
Lie mouldering cold and dead.  
Then thou, my son, thou wilt be left,  
In this wide world alone;  
Thy mother's fervent tenderness,  
Thy father's love, both gone.

Thy mother, child, thou wast so young,  
When she was called away,  
I fear me that her influence  
With thee may never stay.  
And yet it cannot but abide,  
For is not hers the smile

Which dwells so sweetly on thy lip,  
And lights thine eye the while?

And are not hers the silvery tones  
That fall to cheer and bless,  
And hers the gentle heart that beats  
With love and truthfulness?  
Is not her spirit written forth  
Upon thy cherub brow?  
Thou must be pure and heavenly,  
Thou art so like her now.

Far better could I leave thee here.  
Wert thou of sterner mould;  
For, child, thou art too frail a thing  
To stem a world so cold.

Yet He who guards the fatherless,  
And hears the orphan's cry,  
Will guide thee safe through every snare,  
To worlds of light on high.

West Bloomfield, N. Y. S. W\*\*\*\*\*

[For the Gem and Amulet.]  
Washington's Sword.

Thou "Battle Sword" of Washington,  
Unsheathed against oppression,  
Thy victories, our freedom, won,  
At every blow, the tyrant foe  
Fell thick around.

Drawn to defend a nation's right,  
Wielded but for liberty;  
Resistless in the field of fight,  
The invading host, no arm could boast  
Thy pow'r to stay.

Thou, taught proud Britain's haughty king,  
Freedom's rights and freeman's pow'r;  
Daring the minions, he could bring  
Break the tyrant's chain, our rights to gain  
And made us free.

Thou hast no like in history,  
Unstained thy deeds by cruelty;  
'Twas freedom's warrior, wielded thee,  
When free our coast, from Britain's host,  
Then sheath'd again.

A nation now possesses thee,  
Proud emblem of liberty;  
The chief, who bade the nation free,  
Said, rest thou here, till foes appear,  
Then be unsheath'd.

Now rests the mighty Washington,  
On Vernon's summit, sleeping;  
His deeds, immortal laurels won,  
Still lives he here, his name, how dear  
To liberty.

Brockport, Feb. 19, 1843.

The White and the Red Man.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

The white man toils from day-to-day,  
And sweats his weary life away,  
To leave his children great estates,  
Or pamper wants that wealth creates,  
Which, when supplied, engender more,  
Just as one leech begets a score.

The red man roves the forest wide,  
Where all his wants are cheap supplied,  
And in cool shades, sunshine, or breeze,  
Dozes away a life of ease,  
Unburthen'd by dull care or sorrow,  
And reckless of the coming morrow.

Which is the sage—the slave that toils,  
For ever amid feuds and broils,  
Or the free man with wants so few,  
They leave him scarcely ought to do?  
One wears both soul and body out,  
For what the other does without,  
Tell, ye adepts in wisdom's school,  
Which is the sage, and which the fool?

Song—"I Saw Her Once."

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

I saw her once; and still I see  
That placid eye and thoughtful brow,  
That voice! it spoke but once to me—  
That quiet voice is with me now.

Wh'er'er I go, my soul is blest;  
She meets me there—a cheering light;  
And when I sink away to rest,  
She murmurs near—"Good night! good night!"

Our earthly forms are far apart;  
But can her spirit be so nigh,  
Nor I a home within her heart?  
And Love but dream her fond reply?

Oh no! the form that I behold—  
No shaping this of memory!  
Her self, her self is here enshoul'd!—  
I saw her once; and still I see.

Childhood, Youth, Manhood and Age.

Fountain, free fountain, in beauty up springing,  
Shedding thy gems on the sweet mountain heather,  
In thy lone birth place rejoicing and singing,  
Thou, and the wind, and the wild bird together;  
What hath its likeness, free fountain, in thee?  
Hope, when it springs in the bosom unlighted;  
Joy, in the heart that hath ever delighted;  
Childhood, by fear of the future unfrighted—  
These their bright image may see.

Streamlet, wild streamlet, through leafy glades flowing,  
Piercing thy way to the heart of the forest,  
Chiming in music when the summer is glowing,  
Brawling in wrath, when in tempests thou warrest;  
What hath its likeness, wild streamlet, in thee?  
Courage, that fears not, though shadows enclose it;  
Love, in its joy, and when sorrows oppose it;  
Youth, that is ever impatient, and shows it—  
These their strange image may see.

River, broad river, fair fields are around thee,  
Thou, in thy stately course, rollest untroubled,  
While the pure heavens, and bright scenes that bound thee,  
In the still depths of thy waters are doubled,  
What hath its likeness, broad river, in thee?  
Pride, the calm pride of the pure and high hearted;  
Peace, that may never be broken or thwarted;  
Manhood, with memories of days long departed—  
These their still image may see.

Ocean, wide ocean, they sink in thy bosom,  
Fountain, and streamlet, and beautiful river—  
Ocean, thou hast them—their birthplace must lose them,  
None from thy waves may their crystal streams sever;  
What hath its likeness, wide ocean, in thee?  
Age, that respects not things lovely and pleasant;  
Death, that must seize both the prince and the peasant;  
Life, that shall stretch far beyond the dim present—  
These their vast image may see!

The Green Mountain Boys.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

Here we halt our march, and pitch our tent  
On the rugged forest ground,  
And light our fire with the branches rent  
By winds from the beaches round.  
Wild storms have torn this ancient wood,  
But a wilder is at hand,  
With hail of iron and rain of blood,  
To sweep and scathe the land.

How the dark waste rings with voices shrill,  
That startle the sleeping bird;  
To-morrow eve must the voice be still,  
And the step must fall unheard.  
The Brito flies by the blue Champlain,  
In Ticonderoga's towers,  
And ere the sun rise twice again,  
The towers and lakes are ours.

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides  
Where the fire-flies light the brake;  
A ruddier juice the Briton hides,  
In his fortress by the lake.  
Build high the fire, till the panther leap  
From his lofty perch in flight,  
And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep  
For the deeds of a new night.

From the National Forum.

The Loafer's Soliloquy.

Now is a rent here to my discontent  
Made three times larger by that ugly nail;  
And may some tallor or his son in York,  
Or some fair tallor's pity on me take,  
And mend it, that I may walk the streets  
Without beholding all the rags  
And tatters flaunting in the winds,  
And dancing to the drear and frosty notes  
Of wintry music. Then may I, when thirst  
Demands, all buried in the coat's deep pockets  
Detect a levy. 'Tis a consummatum u  
Devoutly to be wished. FELIX.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 19th inst., by Rev. J. Chase, Mr. John B. Slocum, of this city, to Miss Mary A. Little, of East Bethany.

In this city, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Shaffer, Mr. Jarvis Griswold, to Miss Catharine Van Brunt.

In Penfeld, on the 16th inst., by Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. GARNZ BROWN, of Rochester, to Miss MARY L. BROWN, of the former place.

In Pittsford, on the 19th inst., by the J. B. Fletcher, Mr. Thomas D. Kirby, to Miss Emily Lawton, both of this city.

In Avon, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Robert Burch, Mr. MARVIN HOVEY, of Lima, to Miss PHOEBE J. BROWN, youngest daughter of the late John D. Brown, Esq., of the former place.

In the town of Batavia, at the residence of Capt. S. S. Foster, Feb. 16th, by the Rev. Allen Steele, Mr. Ebenezer B. Morgan to Miss Sarah B. Jenson, all of that town.

In Sweden, on the 23d inst., by the Rev. Zenas Case, Mr. Hiram Hood, to Miss Mary Weed, all of Sweden.

In Attica, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Preston, Mr. James W. Woodruff, to Miss Catharine H. Olmsted.

In Holley, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. S. A. Estee, Mr. George Dodge, to Miss Mary Crocker, all of that town.

In Lyons, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. John Kipp, of Benton, Yates county, to Miss Jane Burt, of that village.

In Greece, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Ralph Clapp, Mr. Salmon Beebe, to Miss Abigail Parrish, all of Greece.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

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No. 6.

## Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

## EXPERIENCE THE BEST TEACHER.

"I tell you we must have a coach to ride in," exclaimed Mrs. Raleigh, in something of a pet to her young husband, to whom she had only been united a month. "Mrs. Saunders, and all our fashionable neighbors, keep coaches; while we have to trudge along a-foot, as vulgar people do."

"But you ought to consider, my dear, that we are poor, and shall inevitably break down, unless we are economical," answered her young husband, in a tone which indicated more love than resolution.

"Poor, indeed!" said Mrs. Raleigh; "we are as well able to keep a coach as our neighbors, and for my part, I am determined to have one."

A dark shade passed over the brow of William Raleigh. He wished to gratify the wishes of his young bride, but prudence forbade it. He had but just commenced the mercantile business, and had even become somewhat involved in the purchase of his goods. But Mrs. Raleigh was aware that he could easily be persuaded into the gratification of her wishes, and she resolved to overcome his avaricious scruples. Assuming a most melancholy look, while the tear of penitence stood upon her cheek, she thus addressed him:

"Alas! how unfortunate I am now reduced from affluence to beggary! I am compelled to beg a trifling favor of my husband—and yet he refuses! Gracious heaven! what an insupportable state of misery!"

"I would willingly gratify you, had I the means," answered Raleigh, "but it is much better to live within the means now, than to be reduced to beggary, and compelled to live without the means hereafter."

"Then you will not buy a coach?" exclaimed his wife, bursting into tears.

"I positively am not able," he answered.

"Oh dear! that's the old poverty struck tale, which has been worn out and patched up more than fifty times!" returned Mrs. Raleigh, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause.

"But would you have me ruin myself, to purchase a mere unnecessary pleasure?" he asked.

"Yes!—if such a trifle will ruin you."

"It certainly will bring ruin upon me, and disgrace to my family; and I hope you will allow reason to dictate."

"No! no! I want a coach! I must have a coach!"

"And so you will not let reason rule?"

"Reason tells me to have a coach."

"Well, you are certainly very fluent in arguments," said Mr. Raleigh. "I only wish you were in favor of prudence instead of prodigality."

Raleigh would have told his wife that she was obstinate and imprudent, wholly regardless of his or her own interest, and extravagantly fond of a

mere superfluous luxury; but love drew the veil over her imperfections, and so he concealed his real sentiments.

Grave old matrons, and young wisacres, will be apt to censure Raleigh for his irresolution and lack of energy. But let such persons reflect that it is very natural for young married men to be manacled by the chains of love; especially when the fair beings with whom they are connected have such sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks as Mrs. Raleigh had.

But to return. She *did* gain her point. By dint of reproaches, tears, smiles, eloquence and passion, she excited Raleigh's feelings so much, that he started right off and bought a magnificent carriage, with horses to draw it.

It is needless to say that his prognostications of ruin proved too true. He got deeply involved; oceans of debts came upon him, and threatened his ruin; his property, including the fine carriage, was all sold; and he, together with his young bride, lived in a small cottage, regretting that extravagance had brought them into the valley of poverty. But although they had met with a heavy pecuniary loss, experience, that slow but sure teacher, taught them a lesson which they never forgot. And Mrs. Raleigh afterwards declared that, "Although Experience was a rough school-master, yet it was the best one she ever went to."

E. E. A.

## Popular Tales.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TWO HOURS OF MYSTERY.

## CHAPTER I.

One bright day, last June, one of the London coaches rattled at an amazing rate down the main street of a garrison town, and, with a sudden jerk which threw the smoking horses on their haunches, pulled up at the Waterloo hotel. A beautiful sight it is—a fine, well appointed coach, of what we must now call the ancient fashion, with its smart driver, brilliant harness, and thorough bred team. Then it is a spectacle pleasing to gods and men, the knowing and instantaneous manner in which the grooms perform their work, in leading off the horses and putting fresh ones too—the rapid diving for carpet bags and portmanteaus into the various boots and luggage holes—the stepping down or out (as the case may be) of the passengers—the tip to the coachman—the touch of the hat in return—the remounting of that functionary into his chair of honor—the chick, chick! with which he hints to the pawing grays he is ready for a start—and, finally, the roll off into the dim distance of the splendid vehicle, watched by the crowd that have gathered round it, till it is lost from their sight. A steam-coach, with its disgusting, hissing, sputtering, shapeless, lifeless engine, ought to be ashamed of itself, and would probably blush for its appearance, if it were not for the quantity of brass that goes to its composition.—On the above mentioned bright day in June, only two passengers got out from the inside of the Celerity. The outsiders, who were apparently pushed for time, urged them to make haste; and the lady, the first who step: on the pavement, took

their admonitions in good part. With only a small basket on her arm, and a dark veil drawn over her face, she dropped half-a-crown into the hand of the expectant coachman, and walked rapidly up the street. The gentlemen, however, put off a good deal time in identifying his carpet-bag, then his pocket seemed to be indefinitely deep, and his hand appeared to have some difficulty in getting to the bottom of it. At last he succeeded in catching hold of some coin, and, while he dropt it into the extended hand of the impatient John, he said, "Hem! I say, coachie, who is that lady? Eh! fines eyes—hem?"

"Can't say, sir—no name in the way-bill—thank ye, sir."

"Then you can't tell me any thing about her? Prettiest critter I ever saw in my life. As to Mrs. Moss—"

But before the inquisitive gentleman, who stood all this time with the carpet bag in his hand, had an opportunity of making any further revelation as to Mrs. Moss, or any more inquiries as to his unknown traveling companion, the coachman had mounted the box, and, after asserting in a very complacent tone that all was right, had driven off, and left him in the same state of ignorance as before.

"Sleep here, sir? Dinner, sir? This way to the coffee-room," said a smart young man, with long hair and blue coat, with a napkin over his arm.

"Oh! you're the waiter, I suppose. Now, waiter, I want to find out something, and I dare say you can help me."

"This way, sir. You can have a mutton-chop in twenty minutes."

"No—listen to me—I'm going to ask you some questions. Did you see the lady that got out of the coach when I did? She's a beautiful critter; such black eyes! such a sweet voice! such a small hand! We traveled together the whole way from town. She spoke very little, and kept her name a secret. I couldn't find out what she came here for. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir—perfectly," said the waiter, at the same time evidently understanding nothing at all about it.

"Well, you see, I don't know what you think of it down here; but, for my part, I think ladies at forty-five are past their prime. Now, my next neighbor in London—Mrs. Moss is her name—she's exactly that age. You hear what I am saying, waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, I don't think this young lady, from her eyes and mouth, can be more than twenty-three—a charming age, waiter—hem! You never saw her before, did you?"

"No, sir—never."

"Well, its very astonishing what a beautiful girl she is. I am retired from the lace and ribbon business, but I think she's the sweetest specimen of the fair sex I ever saw. And you don't know who she is, do you?"

"No, sir. You'll sleep here, sir, I think you said? shammaid."

"No—I haven't said so yet," said the stranger, rather sharply.

"Oh!" said the waiter, who had not attended to a syllable the gentleman had spoken—and retired under the archway into the hotel.

"The only way to get information," mused the gentleman with the carpet bag, still standing on the pavement, "is to have your eyes about you and ask questions. It's what I always do since I have begun to travel for improvement—I got all the waiter knew out of him in a moment—I ought to have been an Old Bailey barrister. There

ain't such a cross-questioner as I am in the whole profession."

The person who possessed such astonishing powers of investigation, was a man about fifty years of age, little and stout, with a face of perfect good nature, and presenting the unmistakable appearance of a prosperous man. The twinkle in his eye spoke strongly of the three-and-a-half per cents, and a mortgage or two might be detected in the puckers round his mouth. I should not at all care to change banker's books with him on chance.

"How luckily I haven't proposed to Mrs. M. ! Charming woman, but fat—decidedly fat—and a little dictatorial, too. Travel, says she—enlarge your mind—why, how big would she have it? expand your intellect—docs she think a man's brains are shaped like a fan? I wish to heaven I could find out who this beautiful!"

But, as if his wish was that moment to be gratified, a small light hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, on turning round, he saw his fair, fellow traveler.

"Excuse me, sir," she said in a very sweet, but slightly agitated voice, "excuse me for addressing you, but I am emboldened by your appearance to"

"Oh, ma'am—you're very polite—I feel it a great compliment, I assure you."

"The benevolent expression of your countenance encourages me to"

"Oh, ma'am, don't mention it, I beg"—  
"To ask your assistance in my present difficulty."

"Now, then," thought the gentleman thus appealed to, "I'll find out all about her—how I'll question her!"

"You will help me, I feel sure," continued the lady.

"Oh, certainly—how can you doubt it?—(Hem—what white teeth! Mrs. M. is a martyr to toothache.) How can I be useful ma'am?—Don't you think it's a curious coincidence we traveled together, ma'am, and both of us coming to the same town? It strikes me to be very singular; doesn't it you ma'am?"

"I shall be glad of it, if"

"Ah! by-the-by—another queer thing is your applying to me—a man past the bloom of boyhood, to be sure, a fact a little beyond"

"The prime of life," added the lady, not regarding the disappointed look with which her interpolation was received; "it is for that reason, sir, I throw myself on your kindness; you have, perhaps, daughters or grand-children, who"

"Devil a one. Gad, ma'am, I wish you heard Mrs. M., a neighbor of mine—why, she's always talking of my wildness and juvenile liveliness, and all that sort of thing; an excellent woman, Mrs. M., but stout—certainly stout."

"Are you acquainted with this town, sir?" said the lady.

"God bless ye! read an immense account of it in the Penny Magazine ever so long ago; but whether it is famous for a breakwater, or a harbor, or a cliff, or some dock-yard machinery, I can't recollect; perhaps it's all of them together; we shall find out soon; for travelling, as Mrs. M. says, enlarges the mind and expands the intellect."

The lady looked in the face of the disciple of Mrs. M. with an anxious expression, as if she repented having addressed him.

"But are you acquainted with the localities here?" she said at last. As to myself I am utterly ignorant of the place I have to go to; and if you knew what reason I have to"

"Ay, that's the very thing; give me your confidence, and I can refuse you nothing."

"My confidence! alas, the business I came on can only be interesting to the parties concerned. I came from London for one sole object; and if I fail, if any delay occurs, the consequences may be—oh, I dread to think of them!"

"You don't say so? Lord! what a thing it is to travel!"

"It was of the utmost consequence that my journey here should be unknown. I had no one to trust. Alas, alas! I have no friend in all the world in whom I could confide."

"Hem, hem!" said the little man, moved by the earnest sadness of her tone and looks, "you have one friend, ma'am; you may trust me with any thing in the world; yes, me, Nicholas Clam, No 4, Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park, London. I tell you my name that you may know I am somebody. I retired from business some years ago, because uncle John died one day, and left me his heir, got into a snug cottage, green verandah, trellice porch, green door, with bell

handle in the wall; next door to Mrs. Moss—clever woman, but large—very large. And now that you know who I am, you will perhaps tell me"

"I have little to tell, sir; I came here to see an officer who was to have landed this morning from foreign service; if I don't see him instantly there will be death—ah!"

"Soldiers—death—ah!" thought Mr. Clam; "wild fellows them officers—breach of promise—short memories—a lovely critter, but rather silly I'm afraid; I should like to see a soldier coming the sentimental over Mrs. M. Well, ma'am?"

The lady perceived something in the expression of Mr. Clam's face (which was radiant with the wonderful discovery he thought he had made) which probably displeased her; for she said, in a very abrupt and almost commanding manner—

"Do you know the way, sir, to the infantry barracks?"

"Not I, ma'am; never knew a soldier in my life." (Think of Mrs. M. paying a morning visit to the barracks! What a critter this is!)

"Then you can't assist me, sir, as I had hoped, and therefore"

"Oh, by no means, ma'am; I can find out where the barracks are in a moment. There's a young officer crossing the street; I'll ask him, and be back in a minute."

So saying, Mr. Clam placed his carpet bag in safety inside the archway of the hotel, and started off in pursuit of information. While her Mercury was gone on his voyage of discovery, the lady looked at the officer he was following. He was a young, handsome man of two or three-and-twenty, lounging slowly along, with the air of modest appreciation of his own value to Queen and country—not to mention private dinner parties and 'country balls—which seems soon to become a part of the military character in a garrison town. As he turned round to speak to Mr. Nicholas Clam, the lady half shrieked, and pulled her veil more carefully over her face.

"I'm lost! I'm lost!" she said; "tis Chatterton himself! Oh, why did I allow this talkative old man to trouble himself with my affairs? If the meeting takes place before I can explain, my happiness is gone for ever!"

She turned away, and walked as quickly as she could up one of the side streets. Not daring to turn round, she was alarmed by hearing steps rapidly nearing her in pursuit; and, from the heaviness of the sound, concluded there was more than one person close behind. It turned out, however, to be nobody but her party, and now breathless companion, Mr. Clam.

"Stop, for heaven's sake, ma'am! that ain't the way," he said. "What a pace she goes at! Ma'am! ma'am! She's as deaf as a post, and would drive me into consumption in a week; and this in a hot day in June, too! Mrs. M. has more sense—stop!"

"Have you discovered the way, sir?" she inquired, hurriedly.

"Haven't I?" I certainly have the knack of picking up information. I told the young man I had traveled with you from London; that you had some secret business at the barracks; that I didn't know what it was; and the moment I asked all these questions"

"Questions, sir?" said the lady, spitefully; it strikes me you were telling everything, and asking nothing"

"The moment he found out, I say, that there was a lady in the case, and that you wanted to know the way to the barracks, he insisted on coming to show you the way himself—a civil young man."

"Oh, why did you speak to him?" exclaimed the lady, still hurrying on; "to him of all men? you have ruined me!"

"Me ruined you! That's going it a little too strong. I never ruined any body in my life.—How did I know you knew the man? There's some awful mystery in this young woman," muttered Mr. Clam, puffing like a broken-winded coach horse; "and if I live I'll find it out.—There's nothing improves the mind, as Mrs. M. says, so much as curiosity."

"Is it far to the barracks, sir?"

"I mustn't meet him, sir—do do you hear me? I must not be recognized."

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Clam, "there's no great harm done yet; I did every thing for the best—following the dictates of an unblessed judgment, as Mrs. M. says; and if I've brought you into a scrape, I'll get you out of it. Take my arm, ma'am, turn boldly round, and I'll soon set him about his business."

The lady did as she was told, and they retraced

their steps. The young officer now approached, and touching his hat with an air of unspeakable elegance, and then swinging his cane, said, "You asked me, sir, to show the way to the barracks."

"Quite a mistake, sir," replied Mr. Clam, dryly; "we know the way perfectly well ourselves."

"It isn't far," pursued the officer; "and I shall be delighted to accompany you. Any thing that you, sir, or your beautiful companion, may require, I shall be happy to procure for you. Is there any one you wish to see at the barracks?"

This question was addressed to the lady, who drew back, and made no reply.

"If there's any body we want to see," said Mr. Clam, "we'll ask for him; but we're in a hurry; sir. This lady traveled all the way from London expressly on purpose to"

But here a pinch in the arm prevented any further revelation, and made Mr. Clam wince as if he had been stung by an adder.

"You needn't grip so hard," he said to his companion; "for it's my solemn conviction you've taken the bit out. Let us go, sir," he continued, addressing the officer once more. "We don't need your assistance."

The young man looked surprised. "Well, sir," he said, "it was entirely to do you a favor that I came."

"You'll do us a greater if you'll go," replied Mr. Clam, becoming boisterous and dignified, after the manner of a turkey-cock.

"Sir, I don't understand such language," said the officer.

"Then your education has been neglected, sir. It's English—plain downright English. We have no desire for your society, sir. Right about wheel—march."

"You are below my notice," said the young man, flushing up; "and your instant vulgarity is, therefore, safe. At the same time, if the lady needs my assistance"

"She doesn't need your assistance—far from it—she told me she wished never to"

Another pinch, more powerful apparently than the former, from the writhing of the sufferer, interrupted once more the stream of his eloquence; and he was worked up into a tremendous passion, partly, perhaps, by the cool contempt of the young officer, and principally by the pain he suffered in his arm.

"You are an impudent fellow," he said. "I don't care two pence for all the puppies that ever wore red coats, sir. My name is Nicholas Clam, Esq., No 4, Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park, London; and I can shoot as well at a popinjay as another."

"You shall be acquainted with me, sir," said the officer, biting his lips. "My name is Chatterton—Lieutenant Chatterton—good day, sir."

He touched his hat proudly, and walked away.

"A good riddance, ma'am," said Mr. Clam.—  
"Them young chaps think to have it all their own way. I wish I had seen a policeman or a sergeant of soldiers; I would have charged him as sure as a gun!"

"Oh, come, quick, quickly!" exclaimed the lady, pressing more hurriedly on his arm. "Take me to the barracks! I must see him instantly!"

"Who?" inquired Mr. Clam. "I'm all on the tenters to understand what all this is about. Who is it you must see? Now, for my own part, I don't want to see any one; only I wish you to tell me what"

"Oh, spare me the recital at present. I'm so agitated by recent events, that, that—indeed you must excuse me. Oh, come—quickly, quickly, come!"

There was no answer possible to such a request, more especially as by suiting the action to the word, and drawing her companion forward at a tremendous rate, she had entirely taken away the quantity of breath required to carry on a conversation. Mr. Clam's cogitations, however were deep; and, among them, the most prominent was a doubt as to the great advantages to be derived from travel, and a firm persuasion that it is a very foolish thing to become the champion of any lady whatever, more especially if she conceals her name, and refuses to satisfy one's curiosity in the smallest point.

CHAPTER II.

The young man who has been introduced to us as Lieutenant Chatterton, pursued his way up the main street in no very equable temper. A little, grey-eyed, snub-nosed civilian, to have insulted an officer and a gentleman! the disgrace was great all bearing, especially as it had been inflicted on him in the presence of a lady. Burning with the indignation boiling his age and profession, and determined to call out the insulter, his present ob-

ject was to meet with a friend whom he might send with the message. Luckily for his purpose, he was met by Major M'Toddy.

"Ha! major—never was so happy to see any one in my life," exclaimed Chatterton, seizing the hand of his friend—a tall, raw-boned, red-faced man, with a good-natured expression of face, not unmingled with a considerable share of good sense.

"I really," replied the major, in an accent that was a great deal more redolent of Renfrew than Middlesex—"I really jist at this moment diana happen to have a single guinea about me, so ye needna go on w' your compliments; but at hame in the kist—the *area*, as a body may say."

"Poh! I don't want to borrow just now—except, indeed, your assistance in a matter of the highest importance. You have always been so kind, so obliging, that I am sure you won't refuse."

"Weel, say awa', speak on; *perge, puer*, as a body may say," interrupted the major, who seemed resolved to show what command of language he had; for he uniformly began his speeches in his vernacular, and translated them, though with an effort, into English, or any other tongue he chanced to recollect.

"Did you see a lady near the Waterloo? tall, graceful, timid; by heavens, a shape to dream of, not to see?"

"Then, what for did ye look at it? answer that if you please—*responde, s'il vous plait*."

"A creature so sweet, so beautiful; ah, M'Toddy!"

"What's a' this about. What's the meaning of all this? It's in some wild play about a woman—*une femme*—a *femina*, as a body may say, you want my help? Gae wa' wi' ye—be off with you, *apege, Sathanas*, as a body may say—I'm owre auld in the horn for sic nonsense—*nou mihi tantis*."

"I tell you, major, she is the loveliest creature in Europe. Such a *Piot*—such shoulders—such a walk—by heavens! I'll shoot him as dead as Julius Cæsar."

"Who are you going to shoot? is't a woman in man's claes?" inquired the major, astonished.

"I'll shoot him—the curst, fat, pudgy, beastly, rascal, her husband. I've never seen her face, but—"

"Lord seffus! heaven preserve us, as a body may say. Is that a respectable reason for shooting a man that you never have seen his wife's face? Come, come, be cool, John Chatterton—be cool; *animum rege*, as a body may say."

"Cool? a pretty thing for a body old stager like you, to tell me to be cool! Well you've been insulted, threatened, and—"

"Who laughed at ye?" inquired the major.

"The woman. I'm certain, she must have laughed. How could she avoid it? I know she laughed at me; for though I couldn't see her face for the horrid veil she kept over it, I saw from the anxiety she was in to hide it, from the shaking of her whole figure, that she was in the convulsions of a suppressed titter. I'll shoot him as I would a partridge."

"But ye've nae license, sir, nor nae qualification either that I can see—for what did the honest man do?" said the major, amazed at the wrath of his companion.

"Do! He didn't actually call me a puppy, but he meant it. I know he did—I saw it in the twinkle of his light, prying, silly-looking eyes—the puckling up of his long, red, sneering lip."

"But ye canna secht a man—you can't challenge a person, as a body may say, for having light eyes and long lips—what mair? *quid ultra?* as a body."

"He asked me the way to the barracks."

"Weel, there's no great harm in that—*non nocet*, as a"—

"I told him the way, and offered to direct him there; I offered to be of any use to them in my power, for I knew every officer in the garrison, you know, except your own regiment, that only came in to-day; and just as I was going to offer my arm to the lovely creature at his side, he said that they didn't need my guidance, that they did not desire my society—that he could shoot a popinjay; now, what the devil is a popinjay?"

"I'm thinking jay is the English for some sort of a pyet—a tale-bearer, as a body may say—a blab."

"A blab! by heavens, Major M'Toddy, I don't know what to say—if I thought the fellow really meant to insinuate anything of that kind, I would horse-whip him though I met him in a church."

"Oho! so your conscience is pricked at last—*mens tibi conscia*, as a body may say," answered

the major. "Noo, I want to speak to you on a point of great importance to yourself, my young friend, before you get acquainted with the regiment. Hoo long have you been in the depot here, John Chatterton?"

"Eighteen months."

"Weel, man, that's a year-and-a-half, and you must be almost a man noo."

The youth looked somewhat inclined to be angry at this mode of hinting that he was still rather juvenile—but the major went on.

"And you were engaged, six months ago, to the beauty you used to tell me so much about, Miss Hope of Oakside."

"Yes—yes—well?" replied the youth.

"And what for have ye broke off in such a sudden manner? *unde rixas?* as a body may say."

"I broke off, Major M'Toddy? I tell you she broke off with me."

"Did she tell you so?" inquired the senior.

"No—do you think I would condescend to ask her? No; but doesn't every body know that she is married?"

"Have you seen the announcement in the papers?"

"I never look at the papers—but I tell you I know from good authority, that she is either married, or is going to marry an old worn-out fellow of the name of Smith. A friend of Smith's told me so, the last time I came down by the coach."

"A man on the top of the coach told you that she was going to be married—that is, in *vulgum pargere voces*, as a body may say—capital authority! And what did you do then?"

"Sent her back her letters—with a tickler to herself on her conduct."

"And was that a'?" did you not write to any of her family?"

"No. Her eldest sister is a very delightful, sensible girl, and I am certain must have been as angry at Marion's behavior as I was."

"And now her brother's come home to-day—you're sure to meet him—it'll be an awkward meeting."

"I can meet him or any man in England," replied the youth. "If there's any awkwardness about it, it shan't be on my side."

"Noo, John Chatterton, my young friend, I'm going to say some words to you that ye'll no like. Ye're very vain o' yourself—but maybe at your time o' life it's not a very great fault to have a decent bump o' self-conceit; you're the best-hearted, most honorable-minded, pleasant lad I know any where, and very like some nephews of my own in the Company's service; ye'll be a baronet when your father dies, and as rich as a Jew. But oh, John Chatterton, ye're an ass—a regular donkey, as a body may say, to get into tiffs of passion, and send back a beautiful girl's letters, because some land-louping vagabond on the top of a coach told you some report or other about a Mr. Smith."

"Captain Smith," said Chatterton, biting his lips; "he's a well-known man; he was an ensign in this very regiment, succeeded to a large fortune, and retired; he's a very old man."

"He's a very fine fellow, and as gallant a soldier as ever lived," answered the major; "and if you think that a man of six or seven-and-thirty is ow'r auld to marry, by my troth, Mister Chatterton, I tak' the liberty to tell you that you labor under a very considerable mistake."

Chatterton looked at the irate face of his companion, in which the crow-feet of forty years were distinctly visible, and perceived that he had gone on a wrong track.

"Well, but then, major, what the deuce right had she to marry without giving me notice of her intentions?"

"Set ye up, and push ye forrit! marry come up! as a body may say—who made you the young lassie's guardian? If you were really engaged to her, why didn't you go to Oakside at once and find out the truth, and then go instantaneously and kick the fellow you met on the top of the coach, round and round the barrack yard, till there was not enough of him left to plant your foot on?"

The young man looked down as if a little ashamed of himself.

"Never mind, major," said he, "it can't be helped now; so do, like a good fellow, go and find out the little rascal who insulted me so horribly just now. It would be an immense satisfaction to pull his nose with a regulation glove on."

"But you must describe him, and tell me his name, for it would be a sad occurrence if I were to give your message to the wrong man."

"You can't mistake him; the most impudent-looking vulgarian in England. His name is

Nicholas Clam, living in some unheard-of district near the Regent's Park."

"And the lady is his wife, is she?"

"Of course. Who the Devil would walk with such a fellow that wasn't obliged to do it by law?"

"Well, my young friend, I'll see what's to be done in this matter, and will bring you, most likely, a solemn declaration that he never shot at a popinjay in his life. And you're really going to end the conversation without asking me for a loan? You're not going to be like *Virtus, post nummos*, after the siller, as a body may say?"

"No, not to-day, thank you. The governor keeps me rather short just now; and won't come down handsome until I'm married; but—"

"So you've lost that and the girl too—the lass and the tocher, as a body may say—all by the lies of a blackguard on the top of a coach? Ye're a wild lad, John Chatterton, and so *vale, et memor esto mei—au revoir*, as a body may say."

The major turned away on warlike thoughts intent, that is to say, with the intention of finding out Mr. Clam, and inquiring into the circumstances of the insult to his friend. Mr. Chatterton was also on the point of hurrying off, when a gentleman, who had overheard the last sentence of the sonorous-voiced major's parting speech, stopped suddenly, as if struck by what was said, and politely addressed the youth.

"I believe, sir, I heard the name of Chatterton mentioned by the gentleman, who has just left you?"

"Yes he was speaking of him."

"Of your regiment, sir?"

"Yes, we have a man of that name," replied Mr. Chatterton. "What the deuce can this fellow want?"

"I'm extremely anxious to meet him," continued the stranger, "as I have some business with him of the highest importance."

"Oh, a dun, by Jupiter!" thought the young soldier. He looked at the stranger, a very well dressed gentlemanly man—too manlike for a tailor—too polished for a horse-dealer: his Wellingtons were brightly polished—he was perhaps his boot-maker. "Oh, you wish to see Mr. Chatterton?" he said aloud.

"Very much," replied the stranger. "I have some business with him that admits of no delay."

"An artist at least," thought the youth. "I wish to heaven M'Toddy had not left me! Is it fair to ask," he continued, aloud, "of what nature your business is with Mr. Chatterton? I am his most intimate acquaintance; whatever you say to me is sure to reach him."

"Oh, most likely at the bankers," said the young man, by way of putting his question on the wrong scent. "He has just stepped into an immense fortune from a madien aunt, and is making arrangements to pay off all his debts."

"There are some he will find it difficult to settle," replied the stranger, with a sneer, "in spite of his new-founded wealth."

"Indeed, sir! What an exorbitant Jew this fellow is; and yet I never signed any bond!"

"Yes, sir," continued the other, with a bitterer sneer than before—"and at the same time such as he can't deny. I have vouchers for every charge."

"Well, he will not dispute your charges. I dare say they are much the same as those of other people in the same situation with yourself."

"Are there others in that condition?" inquired the stranger; "what an unprincipled scoundrel!"

"Who, sir?" How dare you apply such language to a gentleman?"

"I did not, sir, apply it to a gentleman; I applied it to Mr. Chatterton."

"To me, sir! It was to me! I'm Mr. Chatterton, sir; and now, out with your writ—whose suit? What's the amount? Is it Stultz or Dean?"

The stranger stepped back on this announcement, and politely but coldly lifted his hat.

"Oh, curse your politeness!" exclaimed the young man, in the extremity of anger. "Where's the bill?"

"I don't know your meaning, sir," said the stranger, "in talking about writs and bills; but—"

"Why—are you not a tailor, or a bootmaker, or something of the kind? Don't you say you have claims on me, and don't you talk of charges with vouchers, and heaven knows what? Come, let us hear. I'll give you a promissory note, and I dare say my friend, Major M'Toddy, will give me his security."

"I thought you had recently succeeded to a fortune, sir? but that I suppose, was only another of your false and unfounded assertions. Do you know me, sir?"

"No—except that you are the most insulting scoundrel I ever met, and that I wish you were worth powder and shot."

"Let that pass, sir," continued the stranger, with a bitter smile. "Did you ever hear of Captain Smith, sir?"

"Of twenty, sir. I know fifteen Captain Smiths most intimately."

"But I happen to be one of the five unhonored by your acquaintance. You are acquainted with Mrs. Smith, sir?"

"I am acquainted with three-and-twenty, sir. What then?"

"I was in hopes that the recollection of Oakside would have induced you to treat her name with more respect."

Chatterton's brow grew dark with rage. "So, then, he said, lifting his hat with even more pride and coldness than his adversary—"So, then, you're the Captain Smith I have heard of, and it was no false report? I am delighted, sir, to see you here, and to know that you are a gentleman, that I may, without degradation to her Majesty's commission, put a bullet or two into your body.—Your insulting conduct deserves chastisement, sir, and it shall have it."

"With all my heart," replied Captain Smith; "the pleasure of calling you to account was the object of my visit. I accept your challenge—only wondering that you have spirit and honor enough left to resent an intentional affront. Can we meet to-night?"

"Certainly. I shall send a friend to you in half an hour. He is gone on a similar message to another person already; and I shall let you know at what hour I shall be disengaged."

"Agreed," said Captain Smith; and the enemies, after a deep and formal bow on either side, pursued their way in different directions.

{Concluded in our next.}

IL SASSO RANCIO.

BY NATHANIEL GREENE.

The lake of Como, the most delightful of all the lakes at the foot of the Alps, is surrounded by mountains, eight or nine thousand feet high, descending towards the lake, and generally terminating in hills resembling terraces. Near Nobiolo, however, the mountain extends its long chain of high and precipitous rocks quite into the lake.—The name of Sasso Rancio (Orange Block) has been given to this mountain, in consequence of the orange color which the rocks derive from the presence of large quantities of iron ore. The road, which conducts the traveler from Italy into Germany, runs along these rocks, at a great elevation above the waters of the lake. It is so narrow, that it can be traversed only by pedestrians, and in some places so dangerous, that a single false step is inevitable destruction. A body of Russian troops, attached to the army of Bellegarde, were compelled to undertake this difficult pass; but a large portion of those Scythian adventurers miserably perished in the lake beneath, or upon the rocks projecting into the intermediate space. A disaster of later occurrences, however, has given a more painful interest to this locality, the narration of which is calculated to excite the deepest sympathies of our nature. The following is a translation of the story as it appeared in an Italian publication, for which it was furnished by the curate of Monaggio, a man of undoubted veracity:

A small village upon the Alps, above Domaso, was the birth-place of Rosalie. At the age of sixteen, resplendent with health, beauty, and youthful spirits, she was the pride of her native village, and the envy of all the maidens of the three neighboring parishes. Her mother, who had enjoyed the advantages of a city residence in her earlier years, had taught her many accomplishments; and a maternal uncle, a professor of belles lettres in Perugia, had cultivated her mind with great assiduity.

In accordance with the usage of the neighborhood, she wore a dress of woolen stuff, cut after the fashions of the Capuchins. This singular apparel, used in Sicily by certain devotees of the Saint, from whom the maiden derived her name, had been introduced thence by the inhabitants of those mountains, who have long been in the habit of repairing to that island for employment.—But the belt of polished leather, with which Rosalie confined her robe about her waist, was always bright, and fastened with a buckle of burnished silver. The collar which fell over her well formed shoulders, and covered her bosom, was of snowy whiteness, and added to the youthful vivacity of her appearance.

Her father led an honest and laborious life in Palermo, where he consoled himself with the hope of returning in a few years to his native hills, to enjoy in the bosom of his delightful family, the fruits of his labor and economy. Rosalie and her mother attended to the cultivation of a beautiful little farm, which had belonged to their family for something like three centuries. The innocence of her life added lustre to the charms of the delicate girl.

A much frequented fair is held once a year at Gravedona. Among the youths who attended this fair in 1805, for the purpose of amusement, and not for business, Vincenzo . . . was by far the handsomest. He was a native of Monaggio, a considerable village upon the opposite shore of the lake, and was the only son of a man, who, from a poor pedlar, had accumulated great wealth by the dishonest means of contraband trade. Vincenzo saw Rosalie as she was negotiating the purchase of some ribands, and was much struck with her pleasing appearance. Perhaps, her singular dress, although neither unknown nor new to him, contributed to attract his delighted gaze. He followed her through the crowd for a long time, admiring her graceful carriage, and that beautiful form which was but ill concealed by her claustral dress. At length she and her mother left Gravedona for Domasco, and still he followed her. Although not generally timid, he was so much awed by the modest demeanor and commendable reserve of the maiden, that he kept at a respectable distance without daring to address her. Fortune came to his aid however, and gave him an opportunity to interpose himself between her and an enraged animal, which she encountered in the way. This enabled him to make her acquaintance, and obtain permission of both mother and daughter to escort them home.

Who can portray the blessedness of those moments when virtuous love first dawns in youthful hearts? The dangerous service rendered by her deliverer, awakened in Rosalie, a sense of gratitude which was but the precursor of a more tender feeling. Her modest thanks were so tremulously spoken, and her ingenuous countenance beamed with such evident sincerity and kindness, that the enraptured youth dissembled not when he declared this the happiest event of his life.

Upon their arrival at Domasco, Vincenzo reluctantly took his leave; but not until he had learned from Rosalie's own lips, that her pious mother usually conducted her to the very ancient church of Gravedona, on the first Sabbath of every month. This discovery, by affording the certainty of beholding the lovely maiden, alleviated his sorrow at parting.

Men who have been coarsely reared, and from a state of destitution have acquired wealth, ordinarily feel the value of a good education more than others. Vincenzo's father, who was one of those, had determined that nothing should be wanting in the education and accomplishment of his son. Possessor of a large and constantly increasing fortune, it was his most ardent desire, that Vincenzo should emerge from the class in which he was born, and his proud hopes aspired even to a noble alliance for his son. The youth however, of a philosophical disposition, and naturally inclined to the softer affections and sympathies, fed his well regulated mind with no vain aspirations.

When the desired Sabbath arrived, Vincenzo was seen in his light bark at an early hour, crossing the banks towards Gravedona. After waiting a long time at the church, he at length discerned the approaching maiden, whose face became suffused with a modest blush on seeing him again.

I will not undertake to narrate their conversation, nor how Vincenzo obtained the mother's permission to visit the humble dwelling. The course of these events may easily be imagined by the reader. I will only say, that through the year subsequent to this interview, Vincenzo crossed the lake to Domaso, every alternate day, generally returning to Monaggio in the evening. Love was the pilot of this little bark, hope led him forth, and memory cheered his return. Rosalie's ingenuous manners, her affectionate heart and the brightness of her cultivated intellect, had so fascinated the youth, that he firmly believed he should have loved her with an affection no less ardent, even had she not been, as she was, adorned with singular beauty.

Conscious that his affection was reciprocated with equal fervor, Vincenzo began to take measures for the accomplishment of a union so much desired. The mother of Rosalie was authorized by her husband to dispose of her daughter's hand, and her consent was obtained. But the steady

refusal of Vincenzo's father opposed an insuperable obstacle to the marriage. The tears and entreaties of the youth were lost upon the proud and ambitious old man, who obstinately persisted in forbidding what he considered an unequal alliance. At length, in reply to his son's continued solicitations, the father angrily exclaimed, "It was not to enable you to marry a peasant girl, that I have endured so many fatigues in amassing wealth; nor was it that you might ally yourself with the plough, that I have caused you to be so delicately reared."

Aware of the ambitious views of his proud father, Vincenzo had feared that he should find him at first opposed to his wishes; he had, nevertheless, hoped that he would finally yield to his tears and supplications. But this inexorable repulse came upon him like a thunderbolt. Stunned by the blow, he repaired to Rosalie's mother for sympathy and advice.

"My daughter," replied the discreet mother, "can never become your wife against your father's will. I feel for you, Vincenzo, and yet more do I compassionate my poor daughter, who may not have strength to sustain this cruel intelligence. But honor and maternal duty, alike compel me to say to you, that from this day, you must see Rosalie no more, except to offer her your hand with your father's consent. You are too considerate, not to be willing to submit to this indispensable requirement."

At this moment the daughter entered. Vincenzo had not courage to speak to her, but pressing her hand, burst into tears. Rosalie at once divining the meaning of these tears, fell to the earth in a swoon. Her mother took her in her arms, and motioned Vincenzo to depart. The latter returned to his father, threw himself at his feet, and solemnly assured him, that, by prohibiting these nuptials, he would destroy his only son. But the vain plebeian, unchangeable in his purpose, coldly replied, by directing him to prepare for an immediate journey to Milan, whence he should not return until he had eradicated this unworthy passion from his breast.

His grief at seeing himself deprived of every hope of possessing Rosalie—the severe but just prohibition of her mother—his unwillingness to depart, and, in fine, the struggle of love, anger and despair, in his bosom, so wrought upon the unhappy youth, that he took to his bed with a raging fever.

Forty days had passed since the afflicted Rosalie had obtained any tidings of Vincenzo, when one morning she received the following letter, in which she perceived the characters of her lover, though tremulous and trembling hand?

"For more than a month, oh, Rosalie, I have been confined to the bed of sickness, a victim to my father's inflexible will and my inhuman destiny. I feel that in a few days I shall be numbered with the dead. O, Rosalie, if you have the least feeling of compassion, do not let your faithful lover descend to the tomb without an opportunity of bidding you a last adieu! My father has departed for Como, where he will remain for three days. There is no one with me but my kind and affectionate aunt.

"Pray, Rosalie, pray persuade your good mother to the most holy work of bringing you to see me. Will she deny this last consolation to one who is dying for having too dearly loved her virtuous daughter? If she will yield neither to your prayers nor mine, say to her, that duty and even religion, impose upon her this sacrifice. She may save from death . . . ."

"Ah yes! your presence, the mere sight of one for whose sake alone the light is dear to me, the mild beaming of your eyes, the words of sympathy and compassion—who knows but they may renovate my strength, and snatch its prey from the yawning sepulchre?"

"But at all events, I desire to see you. Yes, I desire, I must see you! I must press to my pale lips that dear hand, of which I am denied the possession. Death will then appear less terrible, and if you once more assure me of your love, it will perhaps enable me to wait with tranquillity the awful moment of dissolution."

What were the feelings, what the agony of the wretched girl, on reading this sad letter? To embrace her mother, and to conjure her to comply with Vincenzo's request, and then to weep and weep, and weep—such was the part to which the unhappy one had recourse. How could the tender heart of the mother resist so many tears, so much sorrow? The despair and grief of Rosalie became so excessive as to cause her mother to tremble, not only for the life of Vincenzo, but for that also of her daughter.

"Since you are so resolutely bent upon this visit," said the mother to Rosalie, "I am disposed to gratify you; but how is it possible to proceed to Monaggio at the present moment? Hear you not how furiously the storm is raging? Stefano, who has just arrived from Domaso, says that even the courier from Lindo, found it impossible to cross the lake, and was compelled to take the circuitous route by land."

"And we, dear mother, must take this same route; I know it is a long distance from here to Monaggio, nearly fifteen miles, but God will give us strength, my mother, and we shall save Vincenzo. Yes, my mother, we shall rescue him from death; it will be a deed of mercy and heaven will reward you. I will tell him, that, because he loves me, he ought to live, as his Rosalie would infallibly follow him to the tomb."

"I will do every thing in my power to please you, my dear child; but are you really aware how difficult and dangerous this land route is, in certain places? Does not even the idea of passing the Sasso Rancio, in the midst of this terrible storm, fill you with terror?"

"Oh, my mother, my dear mother! is there any peril which can discourage one who loves, and sees the object of that love perishing? I shall walk upon the brink of that deep precipice not less securely than the young kids upon our mountain tops. As for you, dear mother, you can have Stefano by your side; he is strong and active, and will safely sustain you over the most difficult passages."

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when the two females left their village, accompanied by their neighbor Stefano. They stopped a short time at Dougo, to procure refreshments, but Rosalie could not be induced to partake of them.—At Rezenico they made another short halt, and thence proceeded to Acqua Seria. The heavens were obscured, the weather was tempestuous and it was nearly sunset. The Sasso Rancio, formidable in the brightest hour, and most favorable season, was rendered frightful by the raging elements, and approaching night. Again they started. A strange terror possessed the mind of Rosalie's mother, which made her shudder. She would have given every thing she possessed in the world to avoid attempting that fearful passage, but could not bring herself to disappoint her daughter by proposing to stop. The latter, now that she was so near her dying idol, seemed to become a different being from her former self. She no longer appeared to see, hear, nor attend to any thing; she was not alarmed by the wind, the rain, nor the darkness. She seemed to be in a state of hallucination, and firmly to believe that the power of love could prevail over nature, and even death itself.

The mother, supported by Stefano, proceeded cautiously along the difficult path cut in the rocks high up in the Sasso Rancio. Rosalie, absorbed in her own thoughts, followed her, heedless of the peril. They had already passed a considerable portion of the distance, when a sudden cry froze the blood of her mother's veins. Turning instantly round, she saw—ah, cruel sight! saw Rosalie, whose foot had slipped in the most dangerous pass, precipitated headlong down the dreary abyss. No power on earth could now save the falling girl. Her tender limbs were torn and bruised by the rough projecting points as she bounded from rock to rock, until she finally disappeared in the lake below. Alas, it would have been a harrowing spectacle for any human eye! And yet a mother was destined to sustain the horror.

She would have thrown herself down the precipice after her poor child, but Stefano withheld her by main force. With great difficulty he then conveyed her to Gaeto, where they remained until the corpse of the maiden was found, and rescued from the fury of the waves. The distracted mother, after bathing it with her tears, caused it to be transported to Domaso. The funeral rites having been duly performed in the little church of the place, it was interred in the cemetery not far from the shore of the lake, to which the maidens of the neighboring village make a pilgrimage every year to scatter flowers upon her grave.

This unhappy event was studiously concealed from Vincenzo. Receiving no reply to his letter, nor hearing any intelligence from Rosalie, he came to the conclusion that her mother had persisted in her rigid prohibition. Youthful vigor and latent hope gradually restored him to health. As soon as he recovered sufficient strength, he determined at whatever risk, to see the beloved maiden once again.

Circumstances delayed his arrival at Domaso

until three hours after sunset. Finding it too late to go up to the village of Rosalie, he went to lodge at the house of a friend who was acquainted with the state of his heart, and not ignorant of the deplorable fate of the object of his affection. He was a man of prudence and discretion, and as such was held in great esteem by Vincenzo. Fearing that, if Vincenzo were at once informed of the sad occurrence, the blow would be heavier than he could bear, the kind host took an opportunity, during supper, to mention that Rosalie and her mother had gone to visit her father at Palermo, he having sent for her, on hearing that Vincenzo's father had refused his consent to the nuptials. Nor was this statement entirely without foundation; as her mother, unable to endure the sight of places and objects which constantly renewed her grief by reminding her of her beloved daughter, had removed to the residence of her husband in Sicily.

Vincenzo sighed deeply at this intelligence, but observed, that on the following day he would at least revisit the house where he so often wooed her who was dearer to him than life. Meanwhile he began to meditate a voyage to Sicily, and as is usual with lovers, indulged in a thousand dreams of happiness to come.

Early the next morning, Vincenzo in company with his friend, proceeded to the deserted cottage of Rosalie. Upon coming in view of the well remembered house, covered with the spreading branches of luxuriant vines, he was seized with an unusual tremor, and his eyes overflowed with tears.

A little dog, which Rosalie had raised with great affection, and upon which he had bestowed the name of Fortunato, came out to meet him, wagging his tail, in token of welcome recognition but with pendent ears and a melancholy whine, which seemed to say, "Rosalie is no longer here." The old servant of the house was seated on the threshold. Her sorrow for the death of Rosalie was little less than that of her mother; for she had carried her in her arms when a child, loved her as a daughter, and was beloved with a filial affection in return. At seeing Vincenzo, she gave a sudden cry, and burst into tears. Vincenzo's companion motioned her to be silent, and covering her face with her hands, she made way for them to enter the door.

Vincenzo desired first to visit the garden. It was then the beginning of March; a monthly rose was blooming there, in a vase which he had formerly presented to Rosalie. He plucked the rose, and bathing it with tears, exclaimed, "How often has Rosalie presented to me roses from this vase! It was the object of her peculiar care. But how much more fragrant were the flowers gathered by her hand!" Then seating himself upon an angle of the wall, extending along the eastern side of the garden; "Here," said he, "was the dear girl accustomed to sit and watch the road by which I came every second day to make my protestations of eternal love." He wept while examining these dear places and indulging these affecting recollections; but his sadness was tempered by that consoling confidence which hope inspires.

He also wished to see the little chamber where Rosalie passed her innocent nights. The diminutive room was stripped of all its furniture, nor did he see even the little couch where her placid sleep had been cheered by the golden dreams of love. Upon the naked walls on one side hung a wooden crucifix, and on the other a picture of the saint whose name she bore. The gloom of the little chamber, formerly adorned with simple furniture and flowers, the silence which pervaded it, the sense of solitude and desertion, disquieted the heart of Vincenzo, and vaguely suggested to him the idea of death. "If my friend, with a merciful and considerate deception has hidden the truth from me! If Rosalie should be no more! Ah dreadful thought!" His mind now reverted to the tears of the old servant, and he seemed to hear the voice of the departed maiden issuing from the depths of the tomb.

Vincenzo instantly fled from the house in which he had passed so many happy hours; nor had he even courage to turn and look upon it. He seized his friend's arm for support, but dared not interrogate him. The death of Rosalie had become for Vincenzo a dreadful truth, of which he was conscious, but feared to have the certainty. Two months he remained in the house of his friend without ever uttering a word, and taking scarcely food enough to sustain life. At length, having one day wandered into the cemetery, he observed a grave covered with fresh violets. Poor Stefano had just scattered these flowers upon the last resting-place of his good and beautiful neighbor,

whose unhappy death it had been his lot to witness. Vincenzo questioned him, and the good man could conceal nothing from the despairing lover.

The next morning Vincenzo was missed by his sympathising friend, and for a long time no tidings of him could be obtained. After many months, however, it was ascertained that he had betaken himself to a deserted hut, upon the summit of the gigantic Legnone, where he spent his days in wandering about the rocks and snows of that bleak region, until mental and physical suffering had finally ended his miserable existence.

In his portfolio, which was afterwards found by some mountaineers, were carefully preserved the letters which it seems he was in the habit of writing every evening to Rosalie, the same as if she had been yet living to receive them. Should those letters ever be published, they will at least serve to show, how different is the real language of an impassioned heart from the cold style invented by romancers.

## Scientific.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

### A CHAPTER ON COMETS.

It is a point much disputed, whether the phenomenon recently observed in the West, an hour or two after sun-set, is a Comet, or whether it is only an exhibition of Zodiacal Light. In favor of the former opinion is the fact that the phenomenon, or a similar one, was first seen at noon-day; and we are not aware that the Zodiacal Light was ever seen at noon-day. Comets have frequently been seen in the day time. On the other hand, an essential part of a Comet is a nucleus; and there is no satisfactory evidence that the train recently seen, has a nucleus. In having its broadest end farthest from the sun, it most resembles a comet. In disappearing while yet above the horizon in the evening, it most resembles the Zodiacal Light. But the Zodiacal Light, (which proceeds from the sun,) ought to extend down to the horizon—the appearance of the other did not. Without undertaking to decide a question which belongs to astronomers rather than to ourselves, we proceed to give a chapter on comets, from Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography, together with a brief description of the Zodiacal Light, from the work. But we will first promise that Prof. Nichol, of Glasgow University, in his Architecture of the Heavens, as well as in his work on the Solar System, regards Comets as mere nebulae, of the most ethereal nature, and therefore incapable of doing any mischief, though their nuclei should come in contact with the earth or sun. He says,—“A comet is a vast mass of nebulous or purely ethereal matter, so light and filmy that nothing on this earth can be compared to it. It was calculated of one, that its whole immense volume, if compressed into a density equal to our atmosphere, would not occupy more than a cubic inch! Even the denser part of these bodies—their apparent nucleus,—is altogether filmy; for, through the very heart of a comet of considerable brightness, stars of the 16th magnitude have been described.” And again, “Comets are nothing but nebulosities. Even their nuclei dissolve into a fog under the inspection of a telescope. Through the heart of one, Sir John Herschell once described a cluster of stars of the 16th magnitude.” Murray on the other hand, or rather Prof. Wallsee, who wrote the Astronomical part of the Encyclopedia, is quite eloquent (see below) in describing the disastrous consequence which would result from a collision of a Comet with the earth, and hints a conjecture that Noah's Flood was occasioned by such a collision. M. Arago appears to occupy a middle ground between the two. He however comes to the conclusion that a Comet cannot sensibly change the course of the earth's seasons, or modify its temperature. Also, that there is not one chance in 281,000,000, of a Comet's coming in collision with the earth or any other planet, within a long (tres considerable) period, but that such an event is not absolutely impossible.

From the Encyclopedia of Geography.  
COMETS.

The fixed stars and the planets are always visible when not obscured by the superior light of the sun; but the class of bodies called comets are seen only when they are in that part of their several paths which lies nearest to the sun; at all other times they move through regions of space far beyond the reach of our vision, even when as-

sisted by the most powerful telescopes. The motions of the comets are, like those of the planets, performed in elliptic orbits according to Kepler's laws; but, unlike the planetary orbits, the ellipses which the comets describe are extremely elongated; so that the small portion of their orbits through which we have an opportunity of tracing them, coincides very nearly with a parabola, the curve of which is the limit of the ellipse when its greater axis is indefinitely increased. The inclination of the orbits of the comets is very various; some move in planes almost coincident with the ecliptic, and others in planes nearly perpendicular to it. They move also in very different directions; the motion of some being *direct*, and of others *retrograde*.

The comets differ widely from the planets in their appearance, as well as in the figure and position of their orbits. When a comet is first seen, it is usually surrounded by a faintly luminous vapor, which becomes more bright as the comet approaches the sun, and at length shoots out into a long luminous and transparent train, very much resembling a *streamer*, and extending in a direction opposite to the sun. The dense part of the comet, which both to the naked eye, and when viewed through a telescope, resembles much the planetary bodies, is called the *nucleus*; the faintly luminous vapor by which it is surrounded is called the *coma*; and the long luminous train proceeding from the comet in an opposite direction from the sun is called the *tail*. Between the nucleus and the coma lies a part fainter than the former, but brighter than the latter, and in which the nucleus seems involved; this is called the *head* of the comet.

The length of the tail is very various. Sometimes it extends only a few degrees; in other cases it has been found to reach over more than a fourth part of the heavens. If a comet does not come very near the sun, the coma does not shoot into a tail, but retains the appearance of a nebulosity round the comet during the whole period of its being visible. The tail sometimes consists of two or more diverging streams of light, and is always so transparent that the smallest stars are seen through it without any sensible diminution of their brilliancy.

*Nature of Comets.*—In ages of ignorance, comets have always, from their extraordinary appearance, been sources of superstitious terror to mankind. This fear has been dissipated by the light of science, which has shown that the appearances of comets are regulated by the same laws as other celestial phenomena. We are still, however, almost entirely ignorant of the nature of these bodies, though a great many hypotheses have been formed concerning them. They were considered by some of the ancients, and particularly by Aristotle, as accidental fires or meteors generated in the atmosphere of the earth; but this opinion is obviously groundless. If they were connected with the earth or its atmosphere, they would partake of the diurnal motion on the axis, and could not therefore appear to have a diurnal revolution in the heavens along with the other celestial bodies. Besides, their having no diurnal parallax proves that they are at a great distance from the earth; while the fact of their apparent motion being affected by the annual motion of the earth, shows that they are situated in the planetary regions. Observation has demonstrated that, like the planets, they are permanent bodies, and in all probability, derive their light from the sun.

From the small portion of the orbit of any comet which we have an opportunity of observing, we cannot ascertain with sufficient accuracy the elements necessary for determining the period of its return; but supposing that their orbits are not disturbed by any cause in those distant regions of space through which the greater portion of the paths of comets lie, it is evident that by accurately observing all the comets that come within a view, and carefully recording the results, in the course of ages the return of many comets may be detected and their periodic times ascertained.—Hence the greater axis of the orbit of each may be determined by Kepler's third law; and the comet's least distance from the sun being found by observation, the less axis will also become known. In this manner the periodic time of some comets has been found, and their return predicted.

The first and most remarkable instance is that of Dr. Halley, who, by comparing his observations on the comet of 1682, with those of Kepler on the comet of 1607, and those of Apian on the comet of 1531, found reason to conclude, from the agreement of the circumstances of each, that what had been considered three distinct comets

were only re-appearances of the same comet after a period of about 76 years. In all the three cases the distance of the comet from the sun when nearest to him was almost the same; the position of the comet in the heavens at the time of its nearest approach to the sun likewise corresponded; as did also the inclination of the orbit, the place of the nodes, and the variability of the motion, as being direct or retrograde.

These coincidences rendered the identity of the comet almost absolutely certain. Hence Halley predicted its return in the end of 1758 or the beginning of 1759. It appeared about the end of December 1758, and made its nearest approach to the sun on the 13th of March 1759, differing not many days from the time expected. Again it made its appearance, as predicted, at the completion of its period, toward the end of August, 1835.

Though there can be doubt of the identity of the comet of 1531, 1607, 1682, 1759, and, 1835, the appearances were considerably different. In 1531 the comet was of a bright gold color; in 1607, it was dark and livid; it was bright again in 1682; and obscure in 1759.

The mean distance of this comet from the sun is about eighteen times that of the earth; but in consequence of the great eccentricity of its orbit, its distance, when at the farther extremity of its greater axis, is nearly double that of Uranus, the most distant of the planets. When nearest to the sun, its distance from him is about 6-10th parts of the earth's mean distance.

A very remarkable Comet, was seen in the end of 1680 and beginning of 1681. Its tail extended 70 deg., and was very brilliant. This comet, of all those which have been observed, approaches nearest to the sun. Descending with immense velocity in a path almost perpendicular to his surface, it proceeded until its distance from his centre was only about 540,000 miles. Sir Isaac Newton computed that, in consequence of so near an approach to the sun, it must have received a heat 2000 times greater than that of iron almost going into fusion; and that if it was equal in magnitude to our earth, and cooled in the same manner as terrestrial bodies, its heat would not be expended in less than 50,000 years.

Three observations on comets are recorded in history, agreeing in remarkable circumstances with the comet of 1680;—one in the 44th year before that; another in the consulate of Lampsacus and Orestes, about the year of Christ 531; and the third in the reign of Henry I. of England, in the year 1106. These dates are nearly at equal distances of time, namely, 575 years; which is also the period between 1106 and 1681. Hence Dr. Halley conjectured that these might be successive appearances of one and the same comet, revolving about the sun in the period of about 575 years. If this conjecture is well founded, this comet may be expected again, after finishing the same period, about the year 2255.

A comet remarkable for its beauty appeared in 1811. The tail of this comet was composed of two diverging streams of faint light, slightly colored, which made an angle of from 15 deg. to 20 deg., and sometimes much more, and were bent outwards. The space between was comparatively obscure. When at its greatest length, the tail subtended an angle of at least 16 deg.; and was then computed to extend about 23,000,000 miles in length.

Besides Dr. Halley's comet there are two others whose returns have been observed, and the elements of their orbits determined, with such certainty, as to enable astronomers to predict their re-appearances. One of these was recognised for the first time in 1819 as a periodic comet. Encke a German astronomer, has determined the time of its revolution about the sun to be three years and three months nearly. The other was last seen in 1832. Its periodic time was determined by Biela, a Bohemian astronomer, to be six years and three quarters. Altogether, then, there are only three comets whose periods are certainly known.

*Danger from comets.*—As the comets transverse the planetary regions in all directions, it is natural to inquire whether there is not a possibility that some one of them may approach so near to the earth as greatly to disturb its motion, or by an actual contact to produce the most disastrous effects. Upon this subject there is no reasonable ground for fear. If it is not absolutely impossible that a comet may come in contact with the earth, the probabilities against such an event happening are as millions to one. Among bodies so small in comparison with the immense space in which they move, and moving with all velocities, and in orbits that are inclined in all directions,

and are of all dimensions, how small must be the probability, that any two shall come in contact! Shall, however, as this probability is for any one age, if we take into account a long series of ages, the probability may be greatly increased.

If we suppose the earth actually to receive such a shock, it is easy to imagine the calamitous consequences which must follow. The axis and motion of rotation being changed, the waters of the ocean would leave their ancient position, and would be precipitated towards the new equator. A great part of the human race, and of the lower animals, would be drowned by this universal deluge, or destroyed by the violent shock impressed on the terrestrial globe. Whole species of animals might be annihilated. All the monuments of human industry and invention would be overthrown. In such a catastrophe we find, too, a cause adequate to account for the ocean having overflowed lofty mountains, on which it has left incontestable evidence of its presence; and to explain how the animals and plants of the south may have existed in the climates of the north, we find the remains and impressions of them. Lastly, such an event accounts for the recentness of the modern world, the monuments of which go back scarcely 3000 years. The human race, reduced to a small number of individuals, and to the most miserable condition, would for a long time be mainly occupied in providing for their preservation, amidst the wreck which surrounded them, and would lose all remembrances of arts and sciences; and when, by the progress of civilization, they at length became sensible of the want of these, they would find it necessary to recommence, as if man had been newly placed upon the earth.

It seems impossible to contemplate the picture of calamity here drawn, without being forcibly struck with this singular coincidence;—that if we suppose the period of the comet of 1680 (which in that year made a considerably near approach to the earth's orbit) to be 575 years; and count back, from the year 1680, seven revolutions, or a period of 4025 years, we reach the year 2349 before Christ—the year of the deluge, as fixed by chronologists.

If we take into consideration the great velocity with which the comets move in approaching to and receding from the sun, it is evident that the mere approximation of a comet to the terrestrial orbit, would be productive of little or no effect. Accordingly, though a comet is said to have eclipsed the moon, in which case it must have been very near the earth, no sensible effect was produced.

#### ZODIACAL LIGHT.

The zodiacal light is a luminous appearance, seen after sunset, or before sunrise, somewhat similar to the milky way, but of a fainter light, in the figure of an inverted cone or pyramid, with its base towards the sun. Its axis is variously inclined to the horizon, and makes an angle of nearly 7 deg. with the plane of the ecliptic. The earliest distinct accounts of it was given by Cassini in 1683; but this affords no ground for supposing that it had not existed or been seen prior to that date; it is always observable, when the sky is clear, in the torrid zone; but is more rarely to be found as we recede from the equator. The season most favorable for observing it is about the beginning of March; it is much brighter in some years than others, and was particularly brilliant at Paris, 16th of February, 1769. The zodiacal light lies in the plane of the sun's equator, and is therefore supposed by some to be connected with his rotation.

#### Miscellaneous Selections.

##### ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

This structure stands on an eminence to the north of the river Thames, on the same spot where in majestic pomp stood the ancient Gothic Cathedral, so eloquently described by Dugdale and Hollar, and which perished in the memorable conflagration of 1666. In the reign of King James I., this cathedral having fallen into decay, a royal commission was issued for its repair; but nothing of consequence was done till the advancement of Laud to the see of London, in the succeeding reign.

This prelate exerted himself zealously in favor of the neglected building. A subscription was collected to the amount of £101,330: 4s: 8d., and Inigo Jones was appointed to superintend the undertaking. He commenced his operations in 1633 and the work went rapidly on till the breaking

out of the civil war, which threw all things into confusion; and the parliament confiscated the unexpended money and materials. At the restoration, the repairs were again commenced; but after much labor and expense the great conflagration of 1666 destroyed the chief part of the building, and irreparably damaged the remainder.

The first stone of the present Cathedral was laid on the 21st of June, 1675; and the design was prosecuted with such diligence, that within ten years the walls of the choir and side-aisles were finished, together with the circular porticoes on the north and south sides. The last, or highest stone of the building was laid at the top of the lantern in 1710. The whole structure was thus completed in thirty-five years, by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and one master-mason, Mr. Thomas Strong, and while one prelate, Dr. Henry Compton, filled the see of London.

At the N. W. and S. W. angles of the cathedral, two elegant turrets are erected, each terminating in a dome ornamented with a gilt pine apple. The south turret contains the clock; the north turret, the belfry.

The clock works are well-deserving the attention of the curious. The pendulum is 14 feet long, and the weight at the end is 1 cwt; the dials on the outside are regulated by a smaller one within; the length of the minute hands on the exterior dials is 8 feet, and the weight of each is 75 pounds; the length of the hour hands is 5 feet 5 inches, and the weight 44 pounds each; the diameter of the dials is 18 feet 10 inches, and the length of the hour figure 2 feet 2½ inches. The fine-toned bell, which strikes the hours is clearly distinguishable, from every other bell in the metropolis, and has been distinctly heard at the distance of 20 miles. It is about 10 feet in diameter, and is said to weigh 4½ tons. This bell is tolled on the death of any member of the royal family, of the lord mayor, bishop of London, or dean of the cathedral.

The ground plot of the cathedral is 2 acres, 16 perches, 70 feet.

The whole expense of building the cathedral was about a milliot and a half pounds.

**MARRYING BECAUSE THE WEATHER IS COLD.**—The Philadelphia Ledger advises bachelors to get married because the winter is coming upon us. How does he know they will be bettered by the change? There is no certainty of getting a warm wife. We sleep soundly enough if we sleep alone. There is no such boisteration with us as married men have—such as your wife bawling out in the middle of the night when you are enjoying a sweet dream—

"John, take away your elbow!"  
"James, lie further on the other side! You'll have me out of bed."

"Joseph, you've kicked the liver off."  
"Billy, get up you lazy dog, it's day-break."  
"Richard, turn out and put on the tea-kettle."

Nothing of this kind ever troubles us. There we lie in our little cot, which is just large enough for one, with its clean white sheet spread over our person, tucked comfortably in about the sides and our head raised to a dignified height by having our corduroys stuffed under the pillow. How comfortable! We wish we were there now, instead of here. When we get to bed we never have occasion to exclaim, with the virtuous, yet self-upgraded Roman,  
"We have lost a day."

On the contrary, we stretch our weary body out to its full length, (we don't curl ourself up in bed as vulgarians do,) and say in a tone of self-satisfaction—

"Well, here lies a single gentleman and an honest editor, type-sticker and devil, after a hard day's work."

We then say our prayers, turn over on our left side, and go to sleep. We always sleep soundly, because there's no stain or grease spot on our conscience to prevent it.

The hot house system of education is doing wonders for the youth of our land. The boy kicks off his diaper and frock and jumps into calf skin boots and a long tail coat. He exchanges the nipple for a cigar, and the sugar teat for a quid of tobacco. The girl is either baby or lady. She makes one jump from her nurse's arms, into her husband's and of course is 'finished.'

'You had better ask for manners than money,' said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who asked him for alms. 'I asked for what I thought you had the most of,' was the reply of the little mendicant.

**HINDOO MAXIMS.**—Riches are not easily acquired, and when acquired are, with extreme care preserved; when death comes they are gone—be not therefore anxious for wealth.

The poisonous tree of this world bears two fruits of exquisite savor—poetry sweet as nectar, and the society of the good.

As a stone is raised with great labor up a mountain, but thrown down in an instant, thus are our virtues acquired with difficulty, and our vices with ease.

Let an ambassador be the king's eye, in surveying his own and every other region, and in discerning what is impracticable.

The vicious, notwithstanding the sweetness of their words, and the honey on their tongues, have a whole store house of poison in their hearts.

Their is no union between the thoughts, the words, and the actions of the wicked; but the thoughts, words and actions of the good, all agree.

The truly great are calm in danger, merciful in prosperity, eloquent in the assembly, courteous in war, and anxious for fame.

Danger should be feared when distant, and braved when present.

Every one looking downwards become impressed with ideas of their own greatness; but looking upwards feel their own littleness.

As a mound of earth raised by the ants, or the sand in the hour glass, so religion, learning and riches increase only by degrees.

The allotted days and nights of human life, like a current down the sides of a mountain, pass away not to return.

Union even with the body is a broken one; need we wonder then that no union on earth is undissoluble.

**A SMART BOY.**—"Nimrod, not long since, you answered every question I put to you, like a scholar and philosopher. I have a few more to propose, which you will doubtless dispose of in an equally learned and satisfactory manner."

"Yes, sir, I'll make a lunge at 'em."  
"Well then, Nimrod, can you tell me who was the first man?"

"Adam somebody. His father wasn't nobody, and he never had no mother, on account of the scarcity of women and the pressure of the times."

"How long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?"

"Till they found their way out."  
"What calamity befel Nebuchadnezzar for his wickedness?"

"He was obliged to turn Grahamite and live on vegetables."  
"Why were Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego cast into the burning flames?"

"Because they couldn't put up with so much of Nebuchadnezzar's brass."  
"Why were they not totally consumed?"

"Because they warn't afraid of fire."  
"Who was cast into the lion's den?"

"Van Amburg."  
"Why did they not devour him?"

"Because they had been fed with a great deal better beef."  
"Who was compelled to seek refuge in the land of Nod?"

"Governor Dorr."  
"Why was he obliged to flee thither?"

"Because he got up the King's ebeazor, and Providence wouldn't protect him."  
"That will do, Nimrod, for this week. You are truly a scholar, and might be a gentleman with little exertion.—Sunday Mercury.

**AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.**—In the spring of the last year, at Riga, a city in Russia, two noble Poles, who had been engaged in a conspiracy to free their country from Russian despotism, secreted themselves; they were befriended by a merchant of the place, who kept them in his house disguised, until he had an opportunity of concealing them on board of an English vessel, to sail for London, where they arrived in safety.

In the fulness of their heart, they poured forth the warm feelings of gratitude to their friend and preserver, in a letter, thanking him for saving their lives, and praying blessing to be showered down upon him for his humanity. But alas! in their fervor, they were incautious, for the letter was opened (as all suspected letters are) by the Post Office department, and the noble hearted merchant is now an Exile of Siberia.

A man that would call everything by its right name, would hardly pass through the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy.—Halifax.

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1843.

**COMET OR NO COMET.**—There seems to be as great a diversity of opinion in other parts of the country, as exists at present among the savans of this city, in reference to the streak of light seen for some time in the western sky, immediately after sunset. At the north it has generally been set down as a comet. The southerners, who have much better opportunities for observing than we have, laugh at our northern philosophy as much as they do at our politics. The National Intelligencer and the Madisonian (the Madisonian is the official organ, and of course must know) affirm that the said streak, which—to use the language of the N. Y. Com. Adv.—shoots up from the horizon so "diagonally and longtailedly," is nothing more or less than the "Zodiacal light." In this they are supported by a large portion of our southern contemporaries, who affirm that it is "unconstitutional," and entirely against the "spirit of the Resolutions of '98," and the "Madison papers" to boot, that a comet should wield so enormous a tail, thereby greatly infringing upon and endangering the "rights" of the stars, each of which, they maintain, is a "separate and independent community," endowed with certain "privileges and immunities," which ought not to be disturbed by the whiskings of a comet's nether extremity.

On the other hand, the north, having taken a "position" on the question, thinks it beneath her dignity to recede; and urges, for the sake of "consistency" and a due regard for the "freedom of speech and opinion," that her advocates should maintain, at all hazards, that the aforesaid luminous streak is a comet and nothing but a comet; and that its tail is not one inch longer or shorter than it should be. A comet, say these latitudinarians in celestial economy, has a right to brandish his tail *per se* throughout the whole universe, even though the stars should be somewhat disturbed in the operation. What will be the result of this important controversy, in which the "fate of worlds" is involved, it is impossible at this time to determine. We await with anxiety the news from South Carolina, which State, it is said, will take the lead in "nullifying" the comet's tail—if such it should prove to be.

### PERIODICALS FOR MARCH.

The March number of the following Magazines have just been received at the Arcade News Room:—

- "Sargant's Monthly Magazine."
- "The Ladies' Companion."
- "The Democratic Review."
- "The Rainbow."

Also, the last number of "Blackwood," and the reprint of the Edinburgh Quarterly.

The periodicals are rich and racy. They contain the productions of the best talent in the two hemispheres, and are beautifully ornamented with steel and mezzotinto engravings.

**GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.**—The March number of this periodical is unusually gorgeous. The "Vesper Bell" is a rare specimen of engraving. So with the "World of Fashion." The portrait of "Blanche," with the embossed border, is exceedingly rich. Both to be had at the Arcade News Room.

**ALLISON'S HISTORY, No. 5.**—The fifth number of this best of modern History, has been received. We are indebted to SAGE & BROTHERS for a copy.

**RELIGION.**—When religion is made a science, there is nothing more intricate; when a duty, there is nothing more easy.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

On the Death of Mrs. Ann Riley.

She hath gone! her dream of life is past; within the earth's cold breast,  
Ye have laid her in undraining sleep, in still, unbreathing rest.  
She hath gone! and by the daily board, and by the cottage door,  
And by the cheerful evening hearth, ye see her now no more!  
Ye grieve; your hearts were bound to hers by fondly clinging ties  
For 'twas a heart of tenderness and gushing sympathies;  
Ye loved her for her gentle grace and unpretending worth,  
She was the sunlight of your toils, the gladness of your hearth.  
Ye grieve, for she was beautiful; ye grieve the sods should press  
Upon that fairy moulded form in all its loveliness.  
And oh! how beautiful was she; how in her radiant face,  
Were all that painter ever dreamed of beauty and of grace!  
Methinks it comes before me now, the forehead pale and fair  
That lay like shining ivory beneath the raven hair,—  
The cheek whose colors came and went like hues o'er sunset sky,  
The lip that with the rose bud vied, and "spirit-speaking eye."  
And on that face there beams a smile, the sun-shine of her heart,  
And in its light from other's hearts, the clouds of care depart.  
Oh no! no, no; it is not her—no more on her we gaze!  
Her beauty—'tis a memory, a dream of other days!  
But she will often come to you in visions of the night,  
Not as a spirit from the tomb to startle and affright,—  
But wearing to your dreaming eyes the same, same look she wore,  
Of health and hope, and blooming youth o'er her brief life was o'er;  
The rose as fresh upon her cheek, her bounding step as free,  
The living light in her dark eye beaming all joyously.  
Her silvery laugh again will ring upon your dreaming ear,  
And ye will list the accents sweet ye once so joyed to hear;  
She will glide along; ye will see her stand e'en at your very side—  
Then ye will wako to the bitterness of the thought that she hath died,—  
That winter snows fall thick and fast, that midnight tempest's rave  
And howl in mad'ning fury now above her lonely grave!  
And in the might of deathless love ye would lie down with her,  
And share the gloom and loneliness and sleep of her sepulchre!  
And is this all? is there no stay, no refuge, no relief?  
Have ye been left all desolate to struggle with your grief?  
Ah no; for Heaven in mercy sends the star of Hope to light  
The darkness and the dreariness of sorrow's fearful night.  
Ye know that it is well with her; ye saw how 'mid her pain  
Her trusting prayers went up to heaven, and who shall say in vain?  
Ye saw how when the mandate came that tore her from your side  
She meekly said "His will be done," and bowed her head and died.  
Ye know too, that there is a world, this world of grief above,  
The habitation of our God, the paradise of love.  
Far, far beyond all mortal view that world of sunshine lies,  
Beyond the ever rolling clouds, beyond the bright blue skies;  
Yet oft e'en while on this cold earth, the spirit upward springs;  
Till we can almost think we hear the rush of angel wings!  
And oh! cannot your spirits rise, can ye not see her now,  
Before the great eternal Throne in adoration bow.  
With form oh! far more beautiful than that ye gave the tomb,  
Immortal in its loveliness and fadeless in its bloom?  
Can ye not see her flowing robe of pure and shining white,—  
Can ye not see her golden crown gleaming in Heaven's own light?  
Yes, there behold your lost, loved one now ransomed and set free!  
Behold her in unchanging bliss and spotless purity!  
No pains there rack her tender frame, no groans nor struggling sighs;  
And God's own hand hath wiped all tears from out her beaming eyes.  
Yes, there in endless peace, is found rest for the wearied dove,  
Where every thought is holiness, and every smile is love.  
There walks she 'mid the fadeless groves and gardens of the skies,  
There looks she on the fadeless flowers that bloom in Paradise,  
On whose unchanging loveliness no breeze of death hath blown,—  
There drinks she of the stream of Life which issues from the Throne.  
Yes, there amid the golden courts by saints and seraphs trod  
Her angel face is now illumed by the glorious smile of God.  
S. J. C.  
Rochester, March 9, 1843.

Orful.

The lightning roared, the thunder flashed,  
And granny's teapot went to smash—  
The rain it whistled, the wind it poured,  
And daddy laid down in the corner about nine o'clock and snored!

From the Ladies' Companion.  
The Deserted Homestead.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON CLOUD.

There is a lonely homestead  
In a green and quiet vale,  
With its tall trees sigging mournfully  
In every passing gale.  
There are many mansions round it,  
In the sunlight gleaming fair,  
But moss-grown is that ancient roof,  
Its walls are gray and bare.  
Where once glad voices sounded  
Of children in their mirth,  
No whisper breaks the solitude  
By that deserted hearth.  
The swallow from her dwelling  
In the low eaves hath flown,  
And all night long the whip-poor will  
Sings by the threshold stoue.  
No hand above the window  
Ties up the trailing vines;  
While through the broken casement panes,  
The moon at midnight shines.  
And many a solemn shadow  
Seems starting from the gloom,  
Like forms of long departed ones,  
Peeping that dim old room.  
No furrow for the harvest  
Is drawn upon the plain,  
And in the pastures green and fair,  
No herd nor flock remain.  
Why is that beauteous homestead  
Thus standing bare and lone?  
While all the worshiped household gods  
In dust lie overthrown?  
And where are those whose voices  
Rang out o'er hill and dale?  
Gone—and their mournful history  
Is but an oft-told tale.  
There smiles no lovelier valley  
Beneath the summer sun,  
Yet they who dwelt together there,  
Departed one-by-one.  
Some to the quiet churchyard,  
And some beyond the sea,  
To meet no more as once they met,  
Beneath that old roof-tree.  
Like forest birds, forsaking  
Their shell'ring native nest,  
The young to life's wild scenes went forth—  
The aged to their rest.  
Fame and ambition lured them  
From that green vale to roam,  
But as their dazzling dreams depart,  
Regretful memories come,  
Of the valley and the homestead—  
Of the childhood pure and free—  
'Till each world-weary spirit yearns,  
That spot once more to see.  
Oh! blest are they who linger  
'Mid old familiar things,  
Where every object o'er the heart,  
A hallowed influence flings;  
Though won are wealth and honors—  
Though reached fame's lofty dome—  
There are no joys like those which dwell  
Within our childhood's home.

The Dying Girl.

BY M. S. HAGERT.

Bring bright flowers to deck her hair—  
And wear bright garlands for her snowy brow;  
'Twere fit that she should wear  
Such emblems now.  
For they are not more bright,  
Than the pure spirit of that beauteous one,  
Whose day has set in night—  
Whose race is run.  
Nor are they yet more sweet  
Than the soft azure of her languid eyes,  
Where love and beauty meet,  
To claim the prize.  
Nor yet more gentle, they,  
In their mysterious language, than her voice,  
Which like the breaking day,  
Bade all rejoice.  
Haste then—and bring the flowers,  
And place them gently in her golden hair,  
For few will be the hours  
They'll flourish there.  
Haste! with your chaplet, haste!  
Alas! too late! the lovely one hath died!  
Your garland is but waste—  
Cast it aside.

From Graham's Magazine for March.

Lillors.

BY W. H. BURLINGH.

I heard a soft voice murmur "LILLORS!"  
So sweet a name, methought, should be for one  
Whose very presence is a benison—  
Whose smile, like sunshine, warms the spirit's core,  
And feeds the heart long versed in sorrow's lore  
With thought of love—For one in whom are blent  
White chastity, and pity, meek content,  
Divine charity, hope, faith, and more  
Of heavenly essences than may be kept  
In earthly vessels by the rude winds swept  
Of pride or passion. Lovely names should be  
For loveliest natures—and 't were most unmeet  
That one whose life gave out no music sweet,  
Should wear a title born of harmony!

We are Spirits.

BY H. F. GOULD.

We are spirits—wildered spirits,  
Errant from our native sphere;  
Busy now, but with to-morrow,  
Who of us will still be here?  
We're amid this dust and vapor,  
Chasing shadowy shapes about,  
Each by life's uncertain taper,  
Which a moment's wing puts out.  
We are spirits—burdened spirits,  
Masked, and wearing cloths of clay,  
Grievous and care worn, wrung and stricken,  
Robbed and wounded where we stray.  
Yet, on earth, the common mother  
Of the forms that veil us here,  
Do we feign to one another,  
Use the smile to hide the ear.  
We are spirits—restless spirits,  
Eager still for something more,  
Something we shall ne'er determine  
Till our mortal search is o'er.  
Grasping, losing, self-deluding,  
What we clasp we cannot stay—  
That o'er which our hearts are brooding,  
Is but fledged to fly away!  
We are spirits—light winged spirits,  
White our pinions, never furl'd,  
Dear to us, we know not whither,  
Till we're left a passing world,  
With an heirship to recover  
In the country of our birth,  
Fondly do we hang, and hover  
O'er our little heaps of earth.  
We are spirits—fearful spirits,  
Having powers we do not know,  
Which, with use of talents lent us,  
Light eternal is to show.  
Time is ever onward hastening:  
Endless life, or endless death,  
While the moments fast are wasting,  
Hangs upon a transient breath.  
We are spirits—born of spirits,  
God our father, heaven the home  
He would have us seek, as children,  
Never, never more to roam.  
Yet like one with baubles playing,  
On the way at fall of night,  
We may perish by delaying,  
With our Father's house in sight.

The Fountain.

BY J. A. LOWELL.

Into the sunshine,  
Full of light,  
Leaping and flashing,  
From morn to night!  
Into the moonlight,  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flower-like,  
When the Winds blow!  
Into the starlight,  
Rushing in spray,  
Happy at midnight,  
Happy by day!  
Ever in motion,  
Blissesome and gay,  
Still gushing heaven-ward,  
Never weary!  
Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame—  
Changed every moment,  
Ever the same!  
Ceaseless content,  
Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element!  
Glorious Fountains,  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward, like thee!

Marriages.

At St. Mark's Church, in Penn Yan, on Tuesday evening, the 21st ult., by the Rev. B. W. Stone, Clement W. Bennett, one of the proprietors of the Penn Yan Democrat, to Miss Margaret, daughter of William Goadry, of Benton.  
In Parma, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. John Beman, to Miss Harriet Fuller, all of that place.  
In Penfield, on the 26th ult., by Rev. Mr. Deyou, William Rugg of Gates, to Miss Hannah A. Hunt of Penfield.  
At Greece, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Dr. H. J. Whitehouse, Dr. AMBROSE CRANE, of Dubuque, Iowa Territory, to Miss ANN LANGWORTHY, daughter of Lyman B. Langworthy, Esq.  
In Penfield, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. A. G. Hall, of this city, Mr. Morgan B. Miller, to Miss Eunice Hight.  
In Springwater on the 26th ult., by Rev. Mr. Hunter, Mr. Alvah S. Wheaton, to Miss Minerva Farley, all of Springwater.  
At St. Mark's Church, in Penn Yan, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. B. W. Stone, Clement W. Bennett, one of the proprietors of the Penn Yan Democrat, to Miss Margaret, daughter of Wm. Goadry, of Benton.  
In Geneva, on the 2d inst., by Rev. J. F. McLaren, Mr. Rodman Reed, to Miss Mary A. Baker, all of Geneva.  
In Lockport, on the 1st inst., by Rev. P. E. Brown, Mr. Peter Shaeffer, to Miss Mercy Ann Crouch, both of that village.  
In Ellicottville, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Richmond, Mr. Ashley Vining, of Rochester, to Miss Armida Thayer, of the former place.  
In Covington, on the 28th ult., by Elder Ewell, Mr. Austin Sears, of Oakfield, to Miss Eliza H. Randall, of the former place.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

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# THE GEM

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No. 7.



FALLS OF NIAGARA.

**The Fall of Niagara.**

BY JOHN G. O. BRAJNARD.

*"Lalatur et Lalatur."*

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,  
While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"  
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;  
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him  
Who dwelt in Patmos, for his Saviour's sake,  
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade  
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch his cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
That hear the question of that voice sublime?  
O! what are all the notes that ever rung  
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!  
Yea, what is all the riot man can make  
In his short life, to the unceasing roar!

And yet, bold babler, what art thou to Him,  
Who drown'd a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,  
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

**Popular Tales.**

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
**TWO HOURS OF MYSTERY.**

CHAPTER III AND LAST.

In the meanwhile Mr. Nicholas Clam and the lady leaning on his arm, had proceeded in silence, for the lady's thoughts were so absorbed that she paid no attention to the many prefatory coughs with which her companion was continually clear-

ing his throat. He thought of fifty different ways of commencing a conversation, and putting an end to the rapid pace they were going at. But onward still hurried the lady, and breathless, tired, disconcerted, and very much perplexed, Mr. Clam was obliged to continue at her side.

"This all comes of Mrs. Moss writing a book," he muttered, "and being a philosophical character. What business had she to go publishing all that wonderful big volume above my mantel-piece, 'Woman's Dignity; developed in Dialogues?'—Without that she never would have found out that I could not be a sympathising companion without the advantages of travel, and I never should have left number four, to be quarrelled with by every whipper-snapper of a soldier, and dragged to death by a woman unknown—a synonymous personage, as Mrs. M. would say—that I encountered in a coach. 'Pon my word, ma'am," he added aloud, driven to desperation by fear of apoplexy from the speed they were hurrying on with, "this is carrying matters a little too far, or a great deal too fast at least. Will you let me ask you one question, ma'am?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the lady; "but oh, do not delay!"

"But I must delay, though, for who do you think can have breath enough both to speak and run? And now, will you tell me, ma'am, what all this is about—why that young soldier and I were forced to quarrel—what you came down from London for, and what you are going to do at the barracks?"

"You will hear it all, sir; you shall know all when we arrive. But do not harrow up my feelings at present, I beseech you. It may all end well, if we are in time; but if not—"

The look of the lady, and her tone, as she said this, did not by any means contribute to Mr. Clam's satisfaction. However, he perceived at once that further attempts to penetrate the mystery would be useless, and he kept musing on the strangeness of the circumstance, as profoundly puzzled as before. On getting into the barrack-yard, the lady muffled herself in her veil more closely than ever, and asked one of the soldiers she met in the archway, if Captain Hope "was in his room?"

"He's not come ashore yet, ma'am," said the soldier; "we expect him every moment with the last detachment from the transport."

"Not come yet?" exclaimed the lady; "which way will they march in?"

"Up the main street and across the drawbridge," said the soldier, good-naturedly.

"I wish to see him—to see him alone. Oh, how unfortunate he is not arrived!"

"Now, 'pon my word," muttered Mr. Clam, "this is by no means a favorable specimen of woman's dignity developed in dialogues. I wish my infernal thirst for knowledge and swelling-out the intellect hadn't led me into an acquaintance with a critter so desperate fond of the soldiers; and Captain Hope, too! Oh! I see how it is—this here lady, in spite of all her veils and pretences, is no better than she should be; or rather, a great deal worse. Think of Mrs. M. falling into hysterics about a Captain Hope! It's a case of a breach of promise. What should we do now, ma'am?" he said, anxious to disengage himself, and a little piqued at the want of confidence his advances had hitherto been received with. "If you'll tell me the whole story, I shall be able to advise!"

"Oh, you will know it all ere long. Soldier," she said to the man who had answered her former questions, "is there any lady in the barrack—the wife of one of the officers?"

"There's our colonel, ma'am—at least the col-

ouel's wife, ma'am; she's inspecting the regiment's baggage, in the inner court."

"Come, come!" said the lady hurriedly, on hearing this, and again Mr. Clam was forced along. In the inner court a stout lady, dressed in a man's hat and a green riding-habit without the skirts, was busily employed in taking the numbers of an amazing quantity of trunks and boxes, and seeing that all was right, with the skill and quickness of the guard of a heavy coach. She looked up quickly when she saw Mr. Clam and his companion approach.

"I hope you will pardon me, madam, for addressing you," said the latter, dropping Mr. Clam's arm, and lifting her veil.

"Be quick about it," said the colonel's wife; "I've no time to put off. Hand down that box, No. 19, H. G." she continued to a sergeant who was perched on the top of the luggage.

"I wished to see you on a very interesting subject, madam."

"Love, I'll bet a guinea—who has deserted you now? that green chest, Henricky, No. 34."

"There is an officer in this regiment of the name of Chatterton?"

"Yes; he's one of my young men, though I've not seen him. What then?"

"Can I speak to you for a minute alone?"

"If it's on regimental business, I shall listen to you, of course; but if it's some nonsensical love affair, you must go to Colonel Sword. I never trouble myself about such matters."

"If I could see Colonel Sword, madam?"

"Why can't you see him? Go into the commandant's room. You'll find him rocking the cradle of Tippoo Wellington, my youngest son! That other box, Henricky, L. M. And who is this old man with you?" continued Mrs. Sword. "Your attorney, I suppose? See that you aren't ducked at the pump before you get out, old man; for I allow no lawyers inside these walls."

"Ma'am?" inquired Mr. Clam, bewildered at the sudden address of the officer in command.

"It's a fact, as you'll find; so make haste, young woman, and Sword will settle your business."

"Captain Hope is not come on shore yet, I believe?" said the lady.

"Charlie Hope? No! he's bringing the men and baggage. Has he deserted you too? Go to Sword, I tell you; and let your legal friend retreat without beat of drum. How many chests is this, Henricky?"

The Amazonian Mrs. Sword proceeded with her work, and Mr. Clam stood stupefied with surprise. His companion, in the mean time, proceeded as directed to the commandant's house, and in a short time found herself in presence of Col. Sword.

The colonel was a tall thin man, with a very pale face, and a very hooked nose. He was not exactly rocking the cradle of Tippoo Wellington, as supposed by his wife, but he was reposing in an easy attitude, with his head thrown back, and his feet thrown forward, and his hands deeply ensconced in his pockets. The apparition of a stranger roused him in a moment. He was as indefatigable in politeness as his wife had been in regimental duties.

"I was in hopes of finding my brother, Captain Hope, in the barracks, sir," she began; "but as I am disappointed, I throw myself on your indulgence, in requesting a few minutes' private conversation."

"A sister of Captain Hope? delighted to see you, my dear—did you see Mrs. Sword as you came in?"

"For a minute, but she was busy, and referred me to you."

"She's very good, I am sure," said the colonel. "How can I be of use?"

"I have a sister, Colonel Sword, very thoughtless and very young. She became acquainted about a year ago with Mr. Chatterton of your regiment—they were engaged—all the friends on both sides approved of the match, and all of a sudden Mr. Chatterton wrote a very insulting letter, and withdrew from his engagement."

"The devil he did? Is your sister like, my dear?"

"We are said to be like, but she is much younger—only eighteen."

"Then this Chatterton is an ass. Good! what chances silly fellows throw away! And what would you have me do?"

"Prevent a duel, Colonel Sword. My brother is hot and fiery; Mr. Chatterton is rash and headstrong. There will be inquiries, explanations, quarrels, and bloodshed. Oh, Colonel, help me to guard against so dreadful a calamity. I was anxious to see Charles, to tell him that the rup-

ture was on Marion's side—that she had taken a dislike to Chatterton. We have kept it secret from every body yet. I haven't even told my husband."

"You're married, then?"

"To Captain Smith, once of this regiment."

"Ah, an old friend. Give me your hand, my dear—we must keep those wild young fellows in order. If I see them look at each other, I'll put them both in arrest. But what can be the meaning of Chatterton's behavior? I hear such good reports of him from all hands! M'Toddy writes me he is the finest young man in the corps."

"I can't pretend to guess. He merely returned all my sister's letters, and wished her happy in her new position."

"What position was that?"

"A very unhappy one. She has been ill and nervous ever since."

"So she liked the rascal. Strange creatures you girls are! Well, I'll do my best. I'll give my wife a hint of it, and you may depend on it, if she takes it in hand, there will be no quarrelling under her—I mean under my command. If you go toward the harbor, you'll most likely meet your brother. In the meantime, I will go to Chatterton, and take all necessary precautions. And Captain Smith knows nothing of this?"

"Nothing. He was on a visit at Oakside, my sister's home, and I took the opportunity of his absence, to run down and explain matters to Charles. I must return to town immediately; for if I am missed, my husband will make inquiries, and he will be more difficult to pacify than my brother." So saying, they parted, after a warm shake of the hand—but great events had occurred in the meantime in the barrack yard.

"Who is that young woman?" said the colonel's wife, to our astonished friend, Mr. Clam. "Have you lost your tongue, sir? who is she, I say?"

"If you were to draw me with horses, I could n't tell you ma'am—pon my solemn davit," said Mr. Clam.

"Oh, you won't tell, won't you?" returned the lady, cocking her hat, and leaving the mountain of baggage to the care of her friend Sergeant Henricky. "I tell you, sir, I insist on knowing; and if you don't confess this moment, I shall perhaps find means to make you."

"Me, ma'am? How is it possible for me to confess, when I tell you I know nothing about her? I traveled with her from London in the coach—am very likely to get shot by a young soldier on her account—brought her here at a rate that has taken away all my breath—and know no more about her than you do."

"A likely story! but it won't do for me, sir; no, sir—I see you are an attorney—ready to prosecute some of my poor young men for breach of promise; but we stand no nonsense of that kind in the gallant Sucking Pigeons. So, trot off, old man, and take your decoy duck with you, or I think it's extremely likely you will be tossed in a blanket. Do you hear? go for your broken-hearted Desdemona, and double quick out of the yard. I'll teach a set of lawyers to come playing the Jew to my young men. They shall jilt every girl in England, if they think proper, and serve them right, too—and no pitiful green-bag rascal shall trouble them about such trifles—right about face, march!"

"Madam," said Mr. Clam, in the extremity of amazement and fear, "did you ever happen to read 'Woman's Dignity, developed in Dialogues?' It's written by my friend, Mrs. Moss, No. 5 Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park—in fact, she's my next door neighbor—a clever woman, but corpulent, very corpulent—you never met with 'Woman's Dignity, developed in Dialogues?'"

"Woman's idiocy, enveloped in petticoats!—Who the devil cares about woman, or her dignity either? I never could bear the contemptible wretches. No—give me a man—a good, stout-hearted, front-rank man—there's some dignity there—with the eye glaring, nostril widening, bayonet fixed, and double-quick the word, against the enemy's line. But woman's dignity! let her sit an' sew—work squares for ottomans, or borders for chair bottoms—psah! beat a retreat, old man, or you'll be under the pump in two minutes. I'll teach you to talk nonsense about your women—I will—as sure as my name is Jane Sword and I command the Sucking Pigeons!"

"Pigeons don't suck, ma'am. Mrs. M. lent me a book of nat'ral history"

"You'll find they'll bite, tho'—Henricky, take a corporal's guard, and"

"Oh no, for heaven's sake, ma'am!" exclaimed Mr. Clam. "Your servant, ma'am. I'm off this moment."

The unhappy victim of Mrs. Moss's advice to travel for the improvement of his mind, thought it best to follow the orders of the military lady in the riding habit, and retired as quickly as he could from the barrack-yard. But, on arriving at the outer archway, shame, or curiosity, or some other feeling, made him pause. "Am I to go away," he thought, "after all, without finding out who the lady is, or what business brought her here—what she knows about Chatterton—and what she wants with Hope? There's a mystery in it all. Mrs. M. would never forgive me if I didn't find it out. I'll wait for the pretty critter—for she is a pretty critter, in spite of her not telling me her story—I think I never saw such eyes in my life. Yes—I'll wait." Mr. Clam accordingly stopped short, and looked sharply all round, to watch if his fair companion was coming. She was still detained in the colonel's room.

"Will you pardon me for addressing a stranger, sir?" said a gentleman, politely bowing to Mr. Clam.

"Oh, if it's to ask what o'clock it is, or when the coach starts, or any thing like that, I shall be happy to answer you sir, if I can," replied Mr. Clam, whose liking for new acquaintances had not been much increased by the events of the day.

"I should certainly not have taken the liberty of applying to you," continued the stranger, "if it had not been under very peculiar circumstances."

"Are they very peculiar, sir?" inquired Mr. Clam.

"Yes—as you shall have explained to you some other time."

"Oh, you won't tell them now, won't you?—Here's another mystery. 'Pon my word, sir, so many queer things happen in this town, that I wish I had never come into it. I came in to-day per coach"

"That's fortunate, sir; if you are a stranger here, your services to me will be greater."

"What is it you want? My neighbor in No. 5—a very talented woman, but big, uncommonly big—says in her book, never purchase the offspring off the sty enveloped in canvass—which means, never meddle with any thing you don't know."

"You shall know all; but I must first ask, if you are satisfied, will you be my friend in a troublesome matter in which I am a party?"

"Oh, you're in a troublesome matter too, are you? as for me, I came down from London with such a critter, so pretty, so gentle, such a perfect angel to look at!"

"Oh, I don't wish to have your confidence in such affairs. I am pressed for time," said the stranger, smiling.

"But I tell you, I am trying to find out what the matter is that you need my help in."

"I beg pardon. I thought you were telling me an adventure of your own."

"Well, sir, this beautiful critter asked my help, just as you're doing—dragged me hither and thither, first asking for one soldier, then for another."

"And finally smiling very sweetly on yourself. I know their ways," said the stranger.

"Do you know? Not joking? Oh, lord! the sooner the better, for such lips to smile with are not met with every day. Well, sir, then there came up a puppy fellow of the name of Chatterton."

"Oh, Chatterton, said the stranger," that is curious.

"And insulted us, either her or me, I forget which; but I blew him up, and he said he would send a friend to me"—here a new thought seemed to strike Mr. Clam—his countenance assumed a very anxious expression; "you're not his friend, sir?" he asked.

"No, sir; far from it. He is the very person with whom I have the quarrel."

"You've quarrelled with him, too? Another breach of promise? a wild dog, that Chatterton?"

"Another breach! I did not know that that was your cause of quarrel."

"Nor I; 'pon my solemn davit, I'm as ignorant as a child of what my quarrel is about; all that I know is, that my beautiful companion seemed to hate the sight of him."

"Then I trust you won't refuse me your assistance, since you have insults of your own to chastise. I expect his message every moment. My name is Captain Smith."

"And mine, Nicholas Clam, No. 4, Waterloo Place, Wellin'g"

"Then, gentlemen," said Major M'Toddy, lifting his hat, "I'm a lucky man—*fortunatus nimis*, as a body may say, to find you both together;

for I am charged with an invitation to you from my friend Mr. Chatterton."

"Oh! he wants to make it up, does he, and asks us to dinner? No, I won't go," said Mr. Clam.

"Then you know the alternative, I suppose!" said the Major.

"To pay for my own dinner at the inn," replied Mr. Clam; "of course I know that."

The Major threw a glance at Mr. Clam, which he would probably have taken the trouble to translate into two or three languages, although it was sufficiently intelligible without any explanations, but he had no time. He turned to Captain Smith and said:

"I'm very sorry, Captain Smith, to make your acquaintance on such a very disagreeable occasion. I've heard so much of you, from mutual friends, that I feel as if I had known you myself, *quod facit per alium facit per se*—I'm Major M'Toddy of this regiment."

"I have long wished to know you, Major, and I hope even this matter need not extend any of its bitterness to us."

The gentlemen here shook hands very cordially—

"Well, that's a rum way," said Mr. Clam, "of asking a fellow to go out and be shot at. But this whole place is a mystery. I'll listen, however, and find out what this is all about."

"And now, Captain Smith, let me say a word in your private ear."

"Prateer! that's a sort of ship," said Mr. Clam.

"I hate eaves-droppers," continued the Major, with another glance at Mr. Clam—"odi profanum vulgus, as a body may say—and a minute's talk will maybe explain matters."

"I doubt the power of a minute's talk for any such purpose," said Captain Smith, with a smile; "but," going a few yards further from Mr. Clam at the same time—"I shall listen to you with pleasure."

"Well, then, I canna deny—*convenio*, as a body may say—that in the first instance you played rather a severe trick on Mr. Chatterton."

"I play a trick!" exclaimed Captain Smith; "I don't understand you. But proceed, I beg. I will not interrupt you."

"But then, on the other hand, it's not to be denied that Mr. Chatterton's method of showing his anger was highly reprehensible."

"His anger, Major M'Toddy!"

"Deed, ay, just his anger—*ira furor brevis*—and it's really very excusable in a proud-spirited young man to resent his being jilted in such a sudden and barefaced manner."

"He jilted! but again I beg pardon—go on."

"Nae doubt—*sine dubio*, as a body may say—the lassie had a right to change her mind; and if she thought proper to prefer you to him, I cannot see what law, human or divine—"

"Does the puppy actually try to excuse himself on so base a calumny as that Marion preferred me? Major M'Toddy, I am here to receive your message; pray deliver it, and let us settle this matter as soon as possible."

"What's the calumny?" said the major. "You wadna have me to believe, Captain Smith, that the lady does not prefer you to him?"

"Now perhaps she does, for she has sense enough and pride enough, I hope, to despise him; but never girl was more attached to a man in the world than she to Chatterton. Her health is gone,—she has lost the liveliness of youth. No, no—I am much afraid, in spite of all that has passed, she is fond of the fellow yet."

"How long have you suspected this?" inquired the major.

"For some time; before my marriage, of course, I had not such good opportunities of judging as I have had since."

"Of course, of course," said the major, in a sympathizing tone; "it's a bad business. But if you had these suspicions before, what for did you marry?"

"Why? Do you think things of that sort should hinder a man from marrying the girl he likes?—Mrs. Smith regrets it as much as I do."

"Then what for did she not tell Chatterton she was going to marry you?"

"What right had he to know, sir?"

"A vera good right, I think; or if he hadna, I wad like to know wha had?"

"There, sir, we differ in opinion. Will you deliver your message, name your place and hour, and I shall meet you. I shall easily get a friend in this town, though I thought it better at one time to apply to a civilian; but I fear," he added with a smile, "my friend Mr. Clam will scarcely do."

"I really dinna ken—I positively don't know, as a body may say, how to proceed in this matter. In the first place, if your wife is over fond of Chatterton."

"My wife, sir?"

"Deed ay—*placens uxor*, as a body may say—I say if your wife continues to like Chatterton, you had better send a message to him, and not he to you."

"So I would, if she gave occasion, Major M'Toddy; but if your friend boasts of anything of that kind, his conduct is still more infamous and intolerable than I thought it."

"But your ainself—your own self told me so this minute."

"You mistake, sir. I say that Marion Hope, my wife's sister, is still foolish enough to like him."

"Your wife's sister! You didna marry Chatterton's sweetheart?"

"No, sir—her elder sister."

"Oh, lord, if I had my fingers round the thrapple o' that leein' scoundrel on the tap of the coach! Gie me your hand, Captain Smith—it's all a mistake. I'll set it right in two minutes. Come with me to Chatterton's rooms—ye'll make him the happiest man in England. He's wud wi' love—mad with affection, as a body may say. He tho't you had run off with his sweetheart, and it was only her sister!"

Captain Smith began to have some glimmerings of the real state of the case; and Mr. Clam was on the point of going up to where they stood to make further inquiries for the improvement of his mind, when his traveling companion, again deeply veiled, laid her hand on his arm.

"Move not for your life!" she said.

"I'm not agoing to move, ma'am."

"Let them go," she continued; "we can get down by a side street. If they see me, I'm lost."

"Lost again! The mystery grows deeper and deeper."

"One of these is my husband."

Mr. Clam dropped her arm. "A married woman, and running after captains and colonels!—Will you explain a little, ma'am, for my head is so puzzled, that hang me if I know whether I stand on my head or my heels?"

"Not now—some time or other you will perhaps know all; but come with me to the beach: all will end well."

"Will it? then I hope to heaven it will end soon, for an hour or two more of this will kill me."

The two gentlemen, in the meantime, had disappeared, and Mr. Clam was on the eve of being hurried off to the harbor, when a young officer came rapidly toward them.

"Charles!" cried the lady, and put her arms round his neck.

"There she goes!" said Mr. Clam; "another soldier! She'll know the whole army soon."

"Mary!" exclaimed the soldier; "so good, so kind of you to come to receive me."

"I wished to see you particularly," she said, "alone, for one minute."

The brother and sister retired to one side, leaving Mr. Clam once more out of ear-shot.

"More whisperings!" muttered that disappointed gentleman. "This can never enlarge the intellect or improve the mind. Mrs. M. is a humbug: not a drop of information can I get for love or money. Nothing but whisperings here, closetings there; all that comes to my share is threats of shootings and duckings under pumps. I'll go back to Waterloo Place this blessed night, and burn 'Woman's Dignity' the moment I get home."

"Then let us go to Chatterton's rooms," said the young officer, giving his arm to his sister; "I have no doubt he will explain it all, and I shall be delighted to see your husband."

"She's going to see her husband! She's the wickedest woman in England," said Mr. Clam, who caught the last sentence.

"Still here?" said a voice at his ear, "lurking about the barracks!"

He looked round and saw the irate features of the tremendous Mrs. Sword. He made a rapid bolt and disappeared, as if he had a pulk of Co-sacks in full chase at his heels.

The conversation of the good-natured Colonel Sword with Chatterton had opened that young hero's eyes so entirely to the folly of his conduct, that it needed many encouraging speeches from his superior to keep him from sinking into despair. "That I should have been such a fool," he said, "as to think that Marion would prefer any one to me!" Such was the style of his soliloquy, from which it will be perceived, that in spite of his discovery of his stupidity, he had not entirely lost his good opinion of himself—"to think that she

would marry an old fellow of thirty-six? What will she think of me? How lucky I did not write to my father that I had broken matters off! Do you think she'll ever forgive me, colonel?"

"Forgive you, my dear fellow?" said the Colonel; "girls, as Mrs. Sword says, are such fools, they'll forgive any thing."

"And Captain Smith! a fine gentlemanly fellow—the husband of Marion's sister—I have insulted him—I must fight him, of course."

"No fighting here, young man; you must apologize if you have done wrong; if not, he must apologize to you; Mrs. Sword would never look over a duel between two Sucking Pigeons."

"Then I must apologize."

"Ye canna have a better chance—you can't have a better opportunity, as a body may say," said the bilingual major, entering the room, "for here's Captain Smith ready to accept it."

"With all my heart, I assure you," said that gentleman, shaking Chatterton's hand; "so I beg you'll say no more about it."

"This is all right—just as it should be," said the Colonel. "Captain Smith, you'll plead poor Chatterton's cause with the offended lady."

"Perhaps the culprit had better be his own advocate—he will find the court very favorably disposed; and as the judge herself at the Waterloo hotel!"

"Marion here!" exclaimed Chatterton; good heavens, what an atrocious ass I have been!"

"She is, indeed, replied the Captain. "I knew she would be anxious to receive her brother Charles on his landing, and I had worried out from her the circumstances of this k-ver's quarrel!"

"*Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est*—as a body may say," interposed Major M'Toddy.

"And was determined to inquire into it, I thought that the pretence of welcoming Captain Hope would allay any suspicion of my intention; and so, with her good mother's permission, I brought her down, leaving my wife in Henley street!"

"Where she didn't long remain," said no other than Captain Charles Hope, himself leading in Mrs. Smith, the mysterious traveling acquaintance of Mr. Clam.

"Do you forgive me," she said to her husband, "for coming down without your knowledge?"

"I suppose I must," said Captain Smith, laughing, "on condition that you pardon me for the same offence."

"And now, then," said Major M'Toddy, "I propose that we all, together and singly, *conjunction ac separation*—as a body may say—go down in-stanter to the Waterloo Hotel. We can arrange everything there better than here, for we must hear the other side—*audi alteram partem*, as a body may say."

This will be a regular *jour de nocce*, as you would say, Major," remarked Colonel Sword, giving his arm to Mrs. Smith.

"It's a *nos non nobis*, poor old bachelors—as a body may say," replied the Major, and the whole party proceeded to the hotel.

Mr. Clam, on making his escape from the fulminations of Mrs. Sword, had been rejoiced to see his carpet bag resting against the wall under the archway of the inn, as he had left it when he first arrived.

"Waiter!" he cried; and the same long-haired individual in the blue coat, with the napkin over his arm, came to his call.

"Is there any coach to London this evening?"

"Yes sir—at half-past six."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Clam, "I shall get out of this infernal town. Waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"I came from London to-day with a lady—close veiled, all muffled up. She is a married woman, too—more shame for her."

"Yes, sir. Do you dine before you go, sir?" said the waiter, not attending to Mr. Clam's observations.

"No. Her husband doesn't know she's here; but, waiter, Mr. Chatterton does." Mr. Clam accompanied this piece of information with a significant wink, which, however, made no sensible impression on the waiter's mind.

"Yes, Chatterton does; for you may depend on it, by this time he's found out who she is."

"Yes, sir. Have you secured a place, sir?"

"Now, she wouldn't have her husband know she is here for the world."

"Outside or in, sir? The office is next door," continued the waiter.

"Then, there's a tall gentleman, who speaks with a curious accent. I wonder who the deuce he can be."

"No luggage but this, sir? Porter will take it to the office, sir."

"Nor that dreadful he-woman in the hat—who the mischief can she be? What had Chatterton done? who is the husband? who is the lady?—Waiter, is there a lunatic asylum here?"

"No, sir. We've a penitentiary."

"Then, 'pon my davil, the young woman" —

But Mr. Clam's observation, whatever it was—and it was evidently not very complimentary to his traveling companion—was interrupted by the entrance of the happy party from Chatterton's rooms.

Mr. Clam looked first at the Colonel and Captain Hope, and Mrs. Smith; but they were so busy in their own conversation, that they did not observe him. Then followed Major M'Toddy, Captain Smith, and Mr. Chatterton.

"Here's our civil friend," said the Major—"amicus nosler, as a body may say."

"Oh, by Jove!" said Mr. Chatterton, "I ought to teach this fellow a lesson in natural history."

"He's the scientific naturalist that called you popinjay," continued the major—"ludit convivia miles, as a body may say."

"He's the fellow that refused to be my friend, and told me some foolish story of his flirtations with a lady he met in the coach," added Captain Smith.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Clam, "I'm here in search of information; will you have the kindness to tell me what we have all been fighting and quarrelling, and whispering, and threatening about for the last two hours? My esteemed and talented neighbor, the author of "Women's Dignity developed in Dialogues"—

"May gang to the deevil," interposed Major M'Toddy—"abeat in malam crucem, as a body may say. We've no time for havens, *i præ, sequar*, as a body may say. What's the number of her room?"

"No. 14," said the Captain, and the three passed on.

"Her room!" said Mr. Clam, "another lady I waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll send you a post office order for five shillings, if you'll find out all this, and let know the particulars. Address to me, No. 4, Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park, London. I've done every thing in my power to gain information according to the advice of Mrs. M., but it's of no use. Let me know as soon as you discover any thing, and I'll send you the order by return of post."

"Coach is coming, sir" said the waiter.

"And I'm going; and very glad am I to get out of the town alive. And as to the female banditti in the riding habit, with all the trunks and boxes; if you'll let me know"—

"The coach can't wait a moment, sir."

Mr. Clam cast a despairing look as he saw his last hope of finding out the mystery disappear.—He stepped into the inside of the coach—

"Coachman," he said, with his foot on the step, "there's no lady inside, is there?"

"No, sir."

"Then drive on; if there had been, I wouldn't have traveled a mile with her." The roll of the coach drowned the remainder of Mr. Clam's eloquence; and it much feared that his inquiries have been unsuccessful to the present day.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

**THE RIVAL NOSES.**

My friend Wigglesworth is a confirmed storyteller. In the county of which he is a confabulatory ornament, he is as essential to an evening party as the wine, and (I mean no invidious comparison) the cake. Last Christmas he came to town, and his propensity for elongating a "yarn" was in unusual force. It was one of those events which, from their rarity, may be classed with the appearance of a comet, or the blooming of an aloe—videlicet, the termination of a chancery suit, that drew him from his retirement in Cheshire, to the "workshop of the world," London. About a dozen of us were assembled at his rooms, prepared to listen to one of his best stories. The creature comforts were not wanting, and five minutes' reflection kindled a poetic fire; the kettle of inspiration was bubbling o'er; and scarcely had he poured a sublime idea into a second glass, after informing us that his story was entitled "Rival Noses," he assumed an air of considerable importance as he observed, "I have often wondered, gentlemen, how Madame de Stael could deliberately make up her mind to declare, "*Voyager, c'est un triste plat*;" for, to me, on the contrary,

and I believe to most reasonable people, traveling is productive of exquisite delight; and is, certainly, more in harmony with the laws of nature than sitting still, while the globe, of which we are a part, is in rapid revolution."

My friend Wigglesworth pulled down the blind; and, assuming a pensive air, hand on forehead, returned to his arm-chair again. He looked as though he was in the Vale of Tempe! the yellow sun setting behind Olympus, and tinting with burnished gold the laurel-banked Peneus!

He then resumed: "In the autumn of last year I made a flying tour through Germany—that is, I got as rapidly over the ground *en chaise de poste* as four wheels and sixteen legs could carry me; and, on the afternoon of a day more than commonly clear and beautiful, I arrived at Wildbad just as the sun was beginning to decline over the Schwarzwald mountains. Thoughts of good cheer, made the more desirable by reason of a two-fold appetite, occupied me while rattling along the suburbs; but, on turning into the street near the *König Platz*, my senses were completely dazzled by as matchless piece of humanity as ever bore the name of 'woman.'

"She partly rested on the stone balcony of an antique mansion—and about nineteen years of age, almost tall, finely rounded, with dark auburn hair, shadowing features deliciously chiselled, and glowing with love and happiness. Within the room stood, with his arms folded, and in military costume, a young man of noble bearing, whose eyes were directed towards her, and to whom she occasionally addressed herself.

"My head was thrust out of the carriage window, and I gazed entranced upon that divine object, until the envious turning of another corner shut her abruptly from my sight.

"I had fortunately two or three more streets to be jogged over, which served to modify my admiration, and to remind me that I had not broken my fast since the morning; and, therefore, on arriving at 'mine inn,' my first, and, of course, most rational demand, was for the bill of fare. To cut this matter short, I feasted somewhat voraciously; nor did I forget the landlord's Ausbruch Tokay, or the landlord himself, who favored me with his company at my particular request. He was a jovial, pleasant fellow, and as good as an Arab at story-telling.

"The lady of whom you inquire," said the landlord, "is the wife of a colonel in the army of Prussia, named Eckerlin, and is considered the most beautiful woman of which that country can boast; her husband well deserves such a prize, for it was by no common stratagem that he obtained her.

"Indeed!" said I, "How?"

"By a Nose!" replied mine host, "as you shall presently learn."

"The lady's maiden name" (observed mine host) "was Julie Ancelet; her father was a stock-broker in Berlin, and one of the millionaires. He loved his daughter passionately, but was determined to have his own way in choosing a husband for her. Now, among other crotchets, he was an enthusiastic admirer of large noses, provided they had a Roman contour, though he frequently admitted he had never beheld one of that ultra-prominency which entirely satisfied him. Just at this period he received a letter from an old school-fellow, settled in Silesia, who, as an army contractor, had become immensely rich. His name was Herr Schratzenbak, and being desirous of seeing his son settled in life, proposed him as a husband for the Fraulein Julie. There was, however, he frankly observed, one circumstance which might be deemed an objection—between his son's forehead and chin, there was a "protuberance far beyond the Roman, or, indeed, any other standard!" The effect of this communication on Herr Necker Ancelet may be imagined—he, with all the precision of a man of business, wrote, by return of post, to say that if Herr Schratzenbak, Junior, arrived on a day specified, exactly at 12 o'clock, A. M., he should become the husband of Julie, with a portion, in ready money, of 200,000 florins. In the meantime also, as a matter of business, Herr Necker informed his daughter, that he had found her a husband (describing him) exactly suited to his mind, and that, by a certain day, she must prepare to receive him. Julie knew her father too well to complain or remonstrate; she relied rather on the expedient of love, and having sought her dear Eckerlin, communicated all to him.

"On the morning fixed for their marriage, Julie put the clock forward a quarter of an hour, and at the moment of it striking twelve, a light post-chaise drove up, from which descended a person-

age in a traveling cloak, with a nose of the size and shape of a fish knife. Herr Necker welcomed him with much *bienveillance*, looked first pleased, then greatly astonished, at the size of his nose, paid his daughter's portion of 200,000 florins in bank bills, poured out a bumper of *Rudesheimberg* all round, told him he had no time to lose, saw him and Julia safely packed up in the carriage with two of her female friends, beheld it start at a gallop for the Hotel de Ville, where the marriage ceremony is first performed, and was supremely happy. "Ah!" said he chuckling, and walking to and fro, "this is doing the business. Tremendous nose that; rather too large." In the midst of this self-gratulation there drove up to the door a lumbering antique chariot, from which, to the unspeakable astonishment of Herr Necker, descended a personage with a nose nearly twice the size of that of the first comer! He entered, and presented a letter of introduction, which announced him as Herr Schratzenbak, Jr.!

"The stockbroker was bewildered; but before any explanation could be given, the post-chariot, with the bride, the bridesmaids, and *Nose the First*, drove up. The rival noses were immediately confronted. Herr Necker gazed first upon one, and then upon the other, with unfeigned perplexity. He was motionless—speechless.

"At length *Nose the First* broke the silence as follows:—"If there be deception here, I am guilty of it; but, nevertheless, I feel confident of pardon, since it was sanctified by *love*! Julie is now the wife of a colonel in the Prussian army. My name is Eckerlin—my nose is not what it appears.' As the india-rubber appendage was lifted off, Herr Necker recovered himself. 'This is a fraud!' said he sternly, 'and, according to our laws, the marriages is null.' 'Not exactly,' said Colonel Eckerlin; 'for I have obtained our good King Frederick William's permission and authority to espouse the Fraulein Julie Ancelet. Here it is.' Herr Schratzenbak, Jun. looked first at the india-rubber nos, then at Col. Eckerlin, then at Julie, then at Herr Necker, then at himself in the chimney-glass, and then observed, 'I am glad of this, for to tell you the truth, I have a secret *penchant* for a lady in Silesia, who admires my physiognomy much more, I fancy, than the Fraulein Julie. In fact, the lady I allude to thinks me a handsome likeness of the Emperor Trajan.' 'If you are satisfied, I am sure I am; for I must own that I was somewhat alarmed at the size of *Nose the First*; but yours—no offence—would frighten a regiment! Come—let us all be friends, and sit down to a *dejeuner* in the pavilion.' I need not add (observed mine host) that the RIVAL NOSES, strange as it may sound, *shook hands* in a spirit of the most perfect amity; and I am sure you will agree with me that Colonel Eckerlin (who is now spending his honey moon here) is worthy of his Julie!"

**Miscellaneous Selections.**

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

**WALTZING.**

The readers of this paper are not now for the first time to learn our opinion of this fashionable dance. We have in former years reprobated it strongly, as indelicate in a high degree, and have not hesitated to declare our astonishment that it could find favor in the eyes of our young country-women. Such, however, is the fact; at the large balls and parties given among the wealthier classes of our city, we are informed waltzing is the favorite amusement, and not only gentle maidens, but even wives and mothers resign themselves, without a blush, to the close embrace of gentlemen of very doubtful character. We have seen, within a few days, in one of the village papers of Westchester, an advertisement of some *professor* of dancing, who, for a trifling consideration, offers to initiate the young gentlemen and ladies of the place into the delightful mysteries of the waltz. The evil is a serious one when we consider its probable influence upon the rising generation, and we shall gladly lend our aid to abolish it. A writer in the *New World*, a short time since, sets the matter in a strong and effective light, and in a vein of satire discloses its true character. In remarking upon the dances of other days, he mentions the 'cushion dance,' which was in vogue at the close of the seventeenth century, and in which, says the authority quoted—"The woman is kissed by all the men in the ring at her coming in and going out, and likewise the man by the women." The writer observes: 'The propriety of adopting this pleasant and in-

noent ceremony is respectfully suggested to the waltzing belles of our city. But little tact would be needed to introduce it into the whirling evolutions of that game. In fact when the gentleman with one arm closely encircles the slender waist of his partner, and with his other hand gently clasped in hers, gently presses her half concealed bosom, upon which his roving eye falls unreprieved; when the heated blood mantles on the cheek, and soft languor pervades the frame, and the tell-tale glance looks forth from the half-closed eyelids, how could kisses, sweet, tender, impassioned kisses, come amiss? At what part of the waltz would they surprise a stranger, or be considered in the remotest degree *mal apropos* or unbecoming?

The dances of the Alme of Egypt are referred to, of which Mr. St. John says, 'Waltzes are open to the same objections, and yet are tolerated; though the only difference seems to be that the latter are the *irritamenta cupidinum* of civilized nations, the former of barbarians.' Dancing with the Alme, however, is a trade; with our ladies it is an amusement; the former pays a large tax to the Pasha, and the writer observes:

'We are a little surprised that among the many expedients proposed for increasing the revenue of our city, no one, remembering the large sums yielded by the dancing girls of Egypt, has suggested the issuing of licenses for public waltzing. Our statutes sternly prohibit practices far less seductive and demoralizing, such as 'puppet shows, wire or rope dancing and other idle shows, acts and feats,' which none may perform for gain without a license. When we consider that the attachment of many to the waltz is so strong that both natural delicacy and lady-like refinement are powerless to check it; that their self-respect and fair fame are wantonly sacrificed for its gratification; it is unreasonable to suppose that they would stickle at the price of a license, were it forbidden by statute, however large might be the sum. Surely they ought not to stay to count the dollars when they relinquish so readily a treasure that gold and silver cannot buy. Says Seneca, *Retire cum perit nescit pudor*; modesty once lost never can return.'

A proposition is then made which will perhaps startle waltzers into a proper appreciation of their favorite dance.

'It has been suggested, and we think with great propriety, that it is unreasonable to restrict the privileges accorded by our waltzing belles only to those gentlemen who are skilled in the mysteries of the art. A gentleman of our acquaintance protests very strongly against so unreasonable a monopoly, and declares that although averse to the rotary motion of the dance, he is quite ready, sitting or standing, to embrace any fair lady, married or single; that he will clasp her to his bosom with equal tenderness, and squeeze her hand with as much show of affection as any practiced waltzer could possible evince.—He says, however, that the embrasure of a window, shaded by the curtain's folds, or a cushioned sofa in a twilight corner, seems to him better suited to such amusements than the glare of a hundred candles, the chalked floor, and a ring of spectators staring in admiration, and whispering their astonishment. If we might be allowed to judge of the disposition of the gentler sex generally, by the following verse from a Scotch ballad, the proposal would doubtless find favor in their eyes:

'Behave yourself' before folk,  
Behave yourself' before folk,  
And dinna be so rude to me  
As kiss me so before folk.  
It wadna gi'e me mickle pain,  
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,  
To tak' a kiss or grant you aue,  
But gudsake! no before folk!  
Behave yourself' before folk,  
Behave yourself' before folk,  
Whate'er you do when out of view,  
Be cautious aye before folk!"

Byron's poem on the waltz is quoted, and Washington Irving's well known picture of the dance is also given, and the writer closes with an appeal which we trust will not pass unheeded.

'Such is the sweet, enchanting, voluptuous waltz of which our city dames and demoiselles are so fond. Such is the game they amuse themselves with playing, winning what they are pleased to call 'divine sensations,' and losing their reputation for matronly virtue and maiden modesty. No appearance of diffidence, no guarded air of bashfulness, which they may assume, can change the character of the dance or the opinion entertained of it. That which is essentially indelicate cannot be clothed with propriety by any pretended strictness of behavior.

'American ladies have made that a fashionable

amusement, upon which the Roman matrons would have looked with disdain. Hence the remark of Sallust respecting a lady of his day, which is equally applicable in ours. 'She danced far better than became a modest woman.' We do not intend to enlarge upon the unfavorable influence the waltz and other follies of the kind have exerted upon the tone of our society. Idle trifling, vain jests and empty compliments supply the place of conversation. The meagre small-talk is so rarely enlivened by any reference to history, literature or science, that a stranger might suppose war had been declared between the republic of letters and the world of fashion. There are of course individual exceptions, and the occasional presence of a well educated, high-bred woman of loft principles, whose demeanor inspires respect, renders still more striking the contrast presented by a waltzing belle, whom a classifier of the race might denominate a pretty specimen of the genus *woman*.'

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE LAST SILVER SPOON.

AN INCIDENT OF REAL LIFE.

An incident of a deeply interesting nature passed under our observation not a great while since. The pressure of the times, the losses by banks, by the explosion of stock bubbles, and the depreciation of property, have, as we all know, produced many touching cases of distress. The rich have become poor, the easy in circumstances have been reduced to want, and many a father who had devoted the flower of his life to the accumulation of a moderate independence, and who had with pride and joy watched the growth of his children, dearer in some cases than life itself, have suffered deep disappointment.

It is too often the error, moreover, of fond and indulgent parents, to unfit their offspring for the reverses of fortune. They train them up like hot-house plants, forgetful of the cold blasts of misfortune, or indulging the hope that they at least will escape vicissitude, and not be called upon to labor for their daily bread. It is in such cases, that the arrows of adversity are felt with the most acuteness, and the wonder is, not that we occasionally hear of a mind too weak to bear up amid the darkness of despair; but that so many who have been toppled in an instant, as it were, from high prosperity to ruin and penury, should still in the true spirit of philosophy and Christianity, struggle nobly and manfully on. Such ordeals are the true tests of character. If passed through unscathed, they indicate the possession of the noble energies of our race, while they also bespeak a proper confidence in Providence, and in the glorious faith of our religion. How beautiful does the character of woman shine forth amidst sorrow and suffering! How her gentle spirit rises, and acquires new nerve and fresh vigor, as the clouds of adversity gather! How she clings with a fidelity which has not kindled to mere earthly things, to the beings of her love! What sacrifices she makes! What trials she submits to, and with a spirit of calm and patient martyrdom!—How she sometimes lives upon a crust a day, rather than add to the sufferings of the idol of her heart, or with the object of relieving the distressed of her children! But to our incident:

We happened not long ago, to be sitting in the room of a friend, a jeweller and silver-smith, well known to the community as a man of integrity and character. His attention was suddenly called by the appearance of an elderly gentleman, who opened the door of the store, passed hastily into the back office where we were seated, and observing that the store keeper was not alone, as hastily withdrew. Our friend recognised, called to and followed him. They conversed together for a few minutes in an under tone, and then the store keeper returned to his little office. We saw that he was agitated as well as affected.

He stammered as he attempted to continue the conversation with us, and his eye was moistened with a tear. We looked at him inquiringly—he became more confused, and finding it impossible to control his feelings or explain his conduct, he asked: "Do you know that old gentleman?" We replied that we thought we did, but were not quite certain; and at the same time named an individual who formerly stood very high in our community as a merchant.

Do you know any thing of his circumstances? Nothing in detail; but some facts that have reached us, authorize a belief that he is quite poor.

Poor indeed! responded our friend,—and he

drew from the case in which he had just deposited it, a silver spoon. "This, he remarked, "is the last of the family plate. Piece by piece has been sold in this way, and for many weeks past the spoons have been disposed of by that worthy but unfortunate man, with the object of obtaining means wherewith to go to market. And once, not ten years ago, he ranked as a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, and kept his carriage!—He is now reduced to this painful extremity—has three lovely daughters, as well as an aged wife, who still look up to him as their only support, and Heaven only knows what they will do, with this, their last resource exhausted."

Our friend had scarcely concluded this brief account, when the slight figure of a young female, closely veiled, passed into the store. He left us again, and was absent for some time. On returning he was evidently more affected than on the first occasion. And yet mingled with the sad expression of his countenance, was an evident gleam of pleasure at something which had transpired. His story was a brief one: The female was the youngest daughter of the old gentleman. She with her sisters had long known their father's distress, but not in its full reality. They had seen their luxuries depart from them one by one, and instead of murmuring, had rejoiced that they were able so well to spare them. On the morning of the day in question, however, the mother came to them in tears, and told the whole story—adding that the last spoon had just been borne away in the manner and for the purpose described. The poor girls were deeply touched, but the intelligence was not altogether unexpected—for they had long vainly endeavored to close their eyes to the truth of the changed condition of their father. Their determination was speedily taken. They had still left many jewels, such as ear and finger rings, bracelets and necklaces, relics of former days and more affluent circumstances. These they gathered together, and the object of the youngest in visiting our friend, was to sell them for whatever they would bring, and place the money in the hands of the ruined merchant. The jeweller gave a liberal price, for knowing all the circumstances of the case, his heart softened like that of a child, and thanked God, as he related the little incident, that he possessed the means of assisting, even indirectly, a family every way worthy, and whose members in the day of their prosperity, never turned the beggar from the door empty-handed.

HEROISM OF AN AFGHAN GIRL.—AN UNGAZETTED TRAIT OF GHUZNEK.—While the Affghans were disputing our entrance into the citadel, an incident occurred, which for a moment diverted the attention of the combatants, and turned their fury into pity. Amongst the foremost of the party who signalized themselves by their desperate gallantry, was an aged chieftain, the richness of whose costume excited general attention, his turban and weapons being resplendent with jewels. The hope of plunder immediately marked him out as an object of attack, and numbers at once assailed him. He defended himself like a man who knew there was no chance of life, but who was resolved to sell it as dearly as he could. He had killed several of the Queen's Royals, and severely wounded Capt. Robinson, when a grenadier of the company to which the latter belonged, seeing his officer in danger, rushed to his assistance, and with a thrust of his bayonet, brought the gallant old chieftain to the ground. The grenadier was about to despatch him, when a beautiful girl about seventeen, threw herself into the melee, and plunged a dagger in his breast. She then cast herself on the body of the chieftain for the purpose of protecting it; and the Affghans forming a sort of rampart before them, maintained their ground until the heroic girl succeeded in getting it conveyed into the interior of the citadel, weeping over the remains of the brave old man; who, on inquiry, we learned was her father. She was treated with the utmost respect and tenderness by our men; who neither obtruded themselves on her grief, nor offered any interruption to the preparation which she made for his interment.—*Bost. Amer.*

Every breach of veracity indicates some latent vice or some criminal intention which an individual is ashamed to avow—and hence the peculiar beauty of openness or sincerity; uniting in some degree in itself the graces of all the moral qualities of which it attests the existence.

A BULLET-IN.—Mr. Bullett, the senior editor of the New Orleans Bee, has been elected State Printer of Louisiana. May he never be shot out.

From the Boston Post.  
DEBATING SOCIETY.

"I move that the question be read." Secretary reads—"Which is the truest science, mesmerism or Phrenology?"

"Mr. President: the question has neither negative nor affirmative."

President—"No matter—Dr. Jiggs for Mesmerism—Captain Jewkes for phrenology."

Mr. Struuder—"I would ask, Mr. President, if the question does not instrench itself against the constitution? We are not to discuss religion nor politics in this society; now, free knowledge is a sectional pint, and if we are again to discuss that, I shall withdraw from this society."

President—"The word has a different meaning in the question, and has allusion to the protuberant devil-operations of the cranny-um."

Stump—"All this is outer order—there aint no question afore the meetin'."

President—"Dr. Jiggs, will you open?"

Dr. Jiggs—"Mr. President: I have not entered these walls to-night prepared to speak on this question; I—ur-rah—am—ur-ra—in favor of mesmerism, as I understand it. Mesmerism is a kind of somnolence, and is mentioned by Tyche Brahe, when he said, 'Blessed be that man who invented sleep.' Under the magnetic influence of mesmeric sleep, man has traveled through the abstruse regions of—of—Mr. President—the chemical atmosphere of the most unbounded metaphysical incongruities; he has analyzed time and space, and soared into the mysteries of the essee and existere, like—like—like—any thing! My opponent will no doubt extend his ferocious mouth against my argument; but, sir, my argument is based on the experiments of Collyer and the philosophy of Dodds! Sir! I say sir! mesmerism is the key which oversets the dipnet of time, and discloses to human visiology the intricacies of miraculous interposition. But phrenology, sir, what is it? the child of Gall and Bitterness. It maps out the human skull like a terrestrial globe, and its professors, to keep good the resemblance, have whirled their brains on their axes, and equal-knocktialized their exuberances on the oxispital and piratical bones. I reserve remaining remarks for the rejoinder."

President—"Captain Jewkes!"

Jewkes—"I aint prepared to say nothin' on this question—at least—no—but then sence I hearn the doctor, I would say a few words on the ideas chalked down here on my hat. Phrenology is the sciencie of the knowledge-box, and knowledge is every where free; hence phrenology. But mesmerism is the sciencie of sleep. It says that one man can put another to sleep; so can opium. It reduces man then to the level of a pyson-ous drug. My antagonist has made use of a great many very long words, and his speech would go twice round the world and tie."

Stump—"I call the cap'n to order for personalities."

Jewkes—"Did't the doctor call my mouth 'ferocious?' Retaliation is the first law of nature. He needn't say nothing about month! Jest look at his Mr. President; it goes clearn round, and makes the top of his canny-um, as he calls it, an island. Mesmerism and its supporters are humbugs, sir—yes, sir, humbugs, sir. They pick out a sleepy-headed fat boy, who drops asleep of himself, and pretend that they willed it, when they couldn't a help it, if they tried. I conclude sir by moving the question."

President—"Those in favor of mesmerism, hands up—14. Phrenology, hands up—14; a tie. Gentlemen, you have decided that one sciencie is as true as the other. The society is journed."

OLD BACHELORS.—An old bachelor, my friends, whose heart is never warmed by affection, is a miserable nobody in the world. He is as cold blooded as a turtle, and looks as melancholy as a clam. His hopes die as soon as they begin to pin-feather—there is no more sentiment in his soul than there is music in a cornstalk fiddle; his thoughts are wrapped up in a shroud of self; he knows not the pleasure attendant on the sexual amalgamation of souls; his abode is fixed in the solitary wilds of celibacy, where all is cheerless, comfortless and dreary. There he lives, and there he dies, unhonored and unwept; and when he is finally carried away by the current of time, we can only say, there goes another parcel of rubbish into the gulf of eternity.—*Dow, Jun.*

"Take care of your toes," as the chickens said to the horses, when picking up corn about their feet.

BLACKWOOD'S OPINION OF MOUSTACHES.—There is an affection among the vulgar clever, of wearing the *mustache*, which they clip and cut a *la Vandyle*: this is useful, as affording a ready means of distinguishing between a man of talent and an ass—the former, trusting to his heau, goes clean shaved, and looks like an Englishman: the latter, whose strength lies altogether in his hair, exhausts the power of Macassar in endeavoring to make himself as like an ourang-outang as possible.

BLACKWOOD'S OPINION OF SMOKING.—Another thing must be observed by all who would successfully ape the gentleman; never to smoke a cigar in the street in mid day. No better sign can you have than this of a fellow reckless of decency and behavior; a gentleman smokes, if he smokes at all, where he offends not the olfactories of passers by. Nothing, he is aware, approaches more nearly the most offensive personal insult, than to compel ladies and gentlemen to inhale, alter you, the ejected fragrance of your penny Cuba or your three half penny mild Havana.

EARLY RISING.—A late wile makes the following provision:—"As my nephews are fond of indulging in a bed in a morning, and as I wish them to improve the time while they are young, I direct that they shall prove to the satisfaction of my executors, that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business, or taken exercise in the open air, from five o'clock till eight every morning, from the 5th of April to the 10th of October, being three hours each day; and from seven o'clock till nine in the morning, from the 10th of October to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning for two years; this to be done for seven years, to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well, and if they will not do this they shall not receive any share of my property."

MISS MITFORD.—It is with painful interest we read the accounts in our foreign papers of the destitution of this highly-gifted lady and well-known writer. We believe there are hundreds, if not thousands of persons in this country who would willingly contribute largely towards a fund for her relief, if a subscription were to be opened. The London Literary Gazette remarks, that her filial piety would have obtained statues in elder times, and that she has devoted fortune, health and life, for a quarter of a century, to uphold the station, promote the happiness, and, finally, to soothe the bed of sickness and death of a beloved father. To this great duty she has sacrificed her independence—her all. It would be to libel the English nation to suppose that Miss Mitford will be permitted to suffer.—*Boston Bulletin.*

MOURNING CUSTOMS.—As late as the reign of George the First, it was usual, on the death of a husband, for a lady of any consequence to receive company in solemn state. The apartments which she occupied, as well as the stair case by which her guests ascended, were hung with black. The lady herself, shrouded with black crape, sat upright in bed, under a canopy of the same sable hue; the apartment was lighted by a single taper; and if the deceased happened to have left children, they were arranged, like the figures on an ancient monument, at the foot of the bed. No word was spoken; and the guests, after silently making their obeisance to the mourner, retired with the solemnity with which they came.

On our way to our office this morning, we were surprised to hear cries proceeding as from under a snow drift on the side walk. We mentioned the circumstance to several passers by; shovels were soon procured, and several persons set about digging with a will to discover the cause. The deeper the shovels descended into the snow, the plainer was heard the cries, until at last a negro was discovered digging for daylight from a cellar, which he had no sooner discovered than he enquired, "Is the end come?" On being assured it had not, he replied, "thought it was, by gosh, and they forgot dis saint altogedder."—*Brooklyn News.*

A lady asked a minister if she might pay attention to dress and fashion without being proud. "Madam," replied the minister, "whenever you see the tail of a fox out of a hole, you may be sure the fox is there also."

"Oh heving!" exclaimed an old lady the other day "If the world does come to an end this year, what am I going to do for snuff!"

OF VALUE.—That quality of an object which renders it capable of gratifying our desires is value; therefore if we desire to catch a flea and the flea is caught it becomes valuable.

Before political economy came into vogue, it was thought the value of any thing was exactly what it would fetch; but this doctrine is exploded; for if we send a servant to fetch a pound of mutton chops, we are not to consider the chops the value of the servant.

Value is however regulated by supply, and when there is too much of a thing it falls in price, while the reverse occurs where there is too little. Water is valuable when it comes into the cistern in moderation, and we cheerfully pay the water rate (if we happen to have the money by us for so doing;) but when it runs in at the roofs or inundates the kitchen, it loses its value altogether.—*Punch.*

WEALTH.—Wealth is that which we can exchange for something else, and consequently an old pair of pantaloons must be considered wealth when exchanged for a gold-finch, and the old men who walk about with birds on their fingers, offering them for old trowsers, are consequently practising political economy.

A shirt is wealth, if it is only changed once a month, but the fact of its being changed at all gives it, according to political economists, a certain or uncertain value.—*Punch.*

It is a somewhat singular fact, that the property purchased by Gibbon, in Switzerland, with the profits of his history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, has fallen into the hands of a gentleman who expends a large sum annually to the promulgation of the very gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavored to undermine; and that the press employed by Voltaire at Ferney for printing his blasphemies, is now used at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures.

A Deacon not remarkable for good sight, once in giving out a Psalm, for the congregation to sing, when he came to the lines:

"The Eastern sages shall come in,  
With messages of grace."

put the audience into a roar of laughter, by calling out in a loud voice,

"The Eastern stages shall come in,  
With sausages and grease."

Some poor editor in Connecticut must be rather hard run. Hear him:—

"Well! Court week's over and the way we've taken in rags and muskrat skins is a caution. We also took in a goose, and would have eaten it too, if the constable hadn't levied upon it. Bring 'em in the night, friends, around the back way."

A captain in the English navy, meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth, boasted that he had left the whole ship's crew the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over, and the rest are happy, that they have escaped."

A "down easter," who has been heavily fined in a court for *beating* his wife, tried the *hugging* system the next time she needed correction. He said the law allowed him to *hug* his wife as much and as hard as he pleased, and the poor woman had three of her ribs broken as a consequence.

A miser residing in a wretched hovel, near Nottingham, England, recently died from over exertion, in carrying his coals from a distance, because he got them a half-penny cheaper. On searching his premises, money and property to the value of five thousand dollars were found.

A lady who had refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. On making the discovery, she said, "If the Lord could not find the way into my pocket, it seems the Old Nick could!"

"Ma," said a little urchin, not long since, "I am cold, I want more cover on the bed." "Lie still, my dear," said the mother, "until your sister comes from the church—she has got the counter for on for a *b-u-s-t-l-e*."

An old lady combatted the idea of the moon being inhabited, by remarking with emphasis that the idea was incredible; "for," said she, "what becomes of the people in the new moon when there is nothing left of it but a little streak?"

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1843.

☞ "Mr. Arthur Picking over the Way," an Original Tale, will be given in our next number.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"MARCO PAUL'S TRAVELS and adventures in Pursuit of Knowledge, by Rev. Jacob Abbott. Carter & Co. Boston."

This is an interesting publication, designed chiefly for the young. It is to be issued in monthly numbers at 12½ cents, and will, in its progress, give graphic descriptions of the scenery, institutions, customs &c. of this country. It is spiced with just enough of adventure to make it captivating. The well-known character of its author, is a sufficient guarantee of its usefulness.

"BOYS AND GIRLS MAGAZINE."—The same publishers send out, monthly, an attractive little work under this title. C. MORSE has both works for sale.

"THE ZINCALI; OR AN ACCOUNT OF THE GIPSIES IN SPAIN."—This is from the pen of the Author of the 'Bible in Spain,' and is an exceedingly interesting work. None can read it but with pleasure and profit. It is full of narrative and interesting incident—with a sufficient spice of speculative philosophy to make it attractive to those who delve in such soil. It is from the New World press—cheap edition.

"THE LAW REPORTER for March, leads off with 'The Latimer Case,' and is filled up with other important matters. The Profession and the general reader will find this number unusually attractive.

"THE ROUE, OR DANGER OF WOMEN.—This is one of Bulwer's early Novels, just re-published by the Bro. Jonathan in a cheap form. It will probably be read extensively, for cheap literature seems to be all the vogue now a-days, and this is certainly cheap enough.

"BLACKWOOD FOR MARCH."—This most popular periodical in the world can now be had at a reasonable price. The New World edition of the March number has been received. It is full of first rate matter; and all for 18 cts.

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL."—Proverbially prompt, the April number of this Magazine is already out; and it comes freighted with choice gems from the rich mines of literature. A long list of popular names appear in the table of contents of the present number. COOPER'S "Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief" is concluded. He does not appear to have used this handkerchief to wipe out the stigma which must ever, and deservedly, attach to him, for the disgraceful course which he has adopted to muzzle the press. We hope his next sketch will be entitled "a new way for an author to fill his pockets, or Cooperage made easy." If the other excellent articles which make up this number of this Magazine, are no better than the autobiography, they are from better men.

"MERRY'S MUSEUM.—This is PETER PARLEY'S rostrum. He is on his stilts, and talks to his little friends "like a book."

NEW CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.—"Eugene Grandet, or the Miser's Daughter," is the last of the New World's cheap works. It is a translation from the French, and is spoken well of by those who find amusement in works of this character.

"Le Mouchoir, and autobiographical Romance," is a catch-penny affair by COOPER. We hope our friends of the news room have had but a small edition sent them.

"Godey's Lady's Book" is rich as ever; full of the cream of periodical literature.

The above, and various other new works, may be of JONES & MOORE, News Room, Arcade.

SOMETHING NEW.—It always affords us pleasure to announce the commencement of any branch of manufacture in our country, that renders us less dependent upon foreign countries. For several years, the Messrs. Robinsons of Attleborough, Mass., have been engaged in the Button business, and within the two past years they have extended the business to the annual amount of \$50,000. They have recently got up a new article called the *Opal Button*, which exhibits (says the Boston Courier) in the light of the sun, or by candle light, all the variegated colors of the rainbow, and the different changes and glitter of the diamond and other precious stones. In a brilliantly lighted room, a coat with such buttons would exhibit something like a kaleidoscope. It is in fact the most like the gem from which it is named of any thing that can be manufactured, and is a fair sample of Yankee ingenuity.

Mr. Robinson has been, for nearly two years, engaged in getting up the new invention by which such changes of light and shade and color can be produced, and he has succeeded beyond his most ardent wishes. The secret is known only to himself and will undoubtedly prove invaluable. The button is necessarily so costly that it will not, for some time, be used except upon the most fashionable and expensive coats. On a trial, purposely made to test their durability, it has been found that even when the button is almost worn out, the colors are not dimmed, and lose none of their brilliancy.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER AFTER THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.—MR. KREIGHOFF has just finished an Oil Painting, for the Armory of the GRAVE, representing one of Napoleon's soldiers after the burning of Moscow. He is in full costume, with shattered arm, but clinging, in his despair, with a soldier's tenacity, to his friendly musket. He is surrounded by a winter scene, graphically portrayed, and in the back ground lies the French eagle, and a shattered cannon—expressive mementoes of that disastrous campaign. In the distance is seen the lurid glare of the burning city—the whole constituting a beautiful picture, highly creditable to the Artist.

## Literature in Cincinnati.

Correspondence of the Rochester Gem.

CINCINNATI, March 21, 1843.

"Literature in Cincinnati!" exclaims somebody, who naturally expects in connection with the name, an essay on pork and price currents, with occasional discussions on the state of the river, bank stocks, &c., "do they do the literary there as well as pork and whiskey?" Yes, my good sir, we do the literary. We write books and bills, poetry and price currents, and deal promiscuously in Literature and Lard. If you will visit our Queen City, you may see Lyceums and Lard Oil Factories, Bookstores and Butcheries in harmonious neighborhood, and you may perhaps find to show you the Lions, a man who combines in his own person the various avocations of Poet, Politician and Pork-dealer.

Seriously, we number among our citizens a bevy of veteran authors. Some of your readers, I am confident, have not forgotten the sprightly author of Tales of the Backwoodsmen, Notes on the West, &c., who formerly presided over the Illinois Monthly Magazine, and more lately edited the Western Monthly Magazine, published in Cincinnati. I mean the Hon. JAMES HALL. He continues in the enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate* in our midst, amusing himself with occasional literary pastimes, of which the world may one day have the benefit. Judge H. is a man whose mind is stored with interesting incidents in Western History, and what lays him under obligations to communicate them for the public benefit, is the fact that he can do so in a style which is unsurpassed for its simplicity, interest and classic grace. His work on the Indians, edited by him in connection with Col. MCKENNEY, is universally known and prized at the East.

Dr. DANIEL DRAKE is another of our citizens, whose scientific productions have instructed the world. The Doctor, who is now considerably advanced beyond the great climacteric, preserves

his intellectual and bodily vigor to an extraordinary degree. He is constantly engaged in researches which promise to be as valuable and instructive as they will be interesting. He passed the last summer in investigating personally the local diseases—particularly fevers—of the Northern portion of this State, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. He is now traversing the South with the same benevolent object. He is understood, in addition to these labors, to be preparing a work on the Adaptation of Revelation to Man's Physical Nature, a subject which he is eminently qualified to handle.

The Western country lost in his brother, the lamented BENJAMIN DRAKE, Esq., a popular and vigorous writer, who had devoted himself untiringly to the illustration of Backwoods History. His Life of Tecumseh, and his Memoirs of Black Hawk have each passed through numerous editions. An associate with Mr. DRAKE in the literary avocations which were the solace of his last years, was EDWARD D. MANSFIELD, Esq., the present editor of the Chronicle. This gentleman yields, when he chooses, and his admirers regret to say that this is not always, a vigorous and classic pen. His Political Grammar is a text book for the lawyer, the politician and the student, in all portions of the West. His occasional statistical and economical expositions in the Chronicle are universally copied by the Press. He possesses a great talent in the arrangement and explanation of facts, which renders him a valuable auxiliary to any political party.

The Rev. Dr. AYDELLOTTE, President of Woodward College, a superbly endowed institution in the suburbs of our city, is a man whose grasp, power and originality of mind render the fewness of his contributions to our Literature a matter of surprise. He has published from time to time his Addresses to his pupils before the Western College of Teachers, and on other occasions, which justify the exalted opinion entertained of his abilities. These productions are highly prized by that portion of our community, small in numbers, but great in mental power, who are withdrawn from the bustle of business, and in the quiet of retirement have time to look before and behind them, and to contemplate with the eye of philosophy our past history and future prospects.

Of Dr. BRECHER—that giant of our age—whose theological writing and powers of oratory are appreciated at the East, I need hardly speak. His pastoral labors are, I am sorry to say, temporarily suspended by sickness. May life and consequent usefulness long be vouchsafed to this excellent and eminent man, who unites in himself the logic of Butler, the eloquence of Whitefield, and the meekness of Payson. His daughter, Miss C. E. BRECHER, continues her literary labors among us. Her last work, "Letters on Domestic Service," is highly spoken of. Her sister, Mrs. SROWE, has I see a new book in the press of the Harpers.

The list of our female authors is incomplete, without the names of Miss COXE and Mrs. SOPHIA L. OLIVER. The former, a sister of Richard S. Coxe, Esq., of Washington City, is favorably known by her numerous publications of a practical character, among which I may enumerate her "Young Lady's Companion," on the model of Miss Jewsbury's Letters to the Young, a highly useful work, and her last book in two volumes on the "Claims of the Country on American Females." Mrs. OLIVER will be recognized by all the readers of the "Knickerbocker" as a writer of smooth and pleasing poetry.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER, Esq., author of "Erato," is widely known as a versifier; and the name of LEWIS J. CIST, Esq., another Cincinnati, will be recognized by all who, like your correspondent, spend an occasional leisure moment over the magazines.

Of our various Newspapers and Periodicals, I have only room to add a word. The Gazette is our leading journal. It obtained its extensive circulation when it was presided over by the commanding genius of the late CHARLES HAMMOND, and is still an interesting sheet under the charge of two of our lawyers, though it has lost much of the power and spice which characterized his political editorials. The Chronicle I have already mentioned. The Republican is an ably conducted Tyler paper. The Enquirer—the Democratic organ—is a fairly edited sheet, poorly patronized. The Times, Message, and Sun, are penny papers. We have besides two German dailies, which complete the list of our Diurnals. Of the Periodicals, I have only time to particularize the "American Pioneer," a monthly, devoted to the early history, incidents, and manners of the West. It is worth any three of the fashionable Magazines.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]  
The Orphan's Prayer.

She sat by the door in the cot of her childhood,  
By the beauties of nature to thoughtfulness won,  
And she saw through the tops of a far distant wildwood,  
The lingering rays of a fast setting sun.

'T was the sun which had shone on the grave of her father  
As she stood o'er it weeping just twelve months before;  
And she felt the sad scenes of that graveyard to gather  
Around her, in painful profusion once more.

She thought of the days of her earliest pleasure.  
When fortune reflected its kindest rays;  
When joy was her portion in bountiful measure,  
And nought were her songs but the cheerfulest lays.

She thought of that kindest, most loving of mothers,  
Who had taught her the maxims of virtue and truth;  
Of her only dear sister, and two loving brothers,  
Her constant companions in earlier youth.

And she saw through the pines which were strowed in the distance  
The spire of the church which her fathers had trod;  
Where they learned to prepare for a future existence,  
And poured out their prayers to the only true God.

And there was the yard which encircled the chapel,  
Where triuphant death e'er mortality reigns,  
And all that was dear to the heart of the dame  
'Neath the sod which now covered her kindred's remains.

The one she held first in her youthful affection,  
Her Mother—so dearly beloved—had died;  
And to add to the pangs of this sorest affliction,  
Her Father now slumbered in dust by her side.

And one of the brightest of earth's productions,  
A blossom just blown—had been plucked from its stem  
For that short grassy mound was quite full of instruction,  
It told that a sister now rested with them.

The Orphan remembered with deepest emotion,  
The three gloomy seasons through which she had passed;  
And she poured out her prayer with sincerest devotion,  
That they all might be joined in sweet union at last.

'T was the voice of her heart as in fervency kneeling,  
She asked for the fatherless, heaven's kind care;  
While angels of mercy around her were sealing  
To carry to heaven—the Orphan's first prayer.  
Rochester, March 13, 1843. O.

From the New York Tribune.  
Press Onward.

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

Press Onward! let thy motto be,  
And thou wilt triumph o'er the earth,  
And its changing sorrows see  
The pleasures of enduring worth.  
Press onward! turn not back, nor heed  
The mis'ries that would stay thy speed,  
To keep the 'neath their way;  
But pierce the gloom of deepest night,  
Beyond is found the golden light,  
That marks the dawning day.

Press onward, in thy youthful bloom,  
And linger not in idle play,  
Along the path-way of the tomb,  
With the dim phantoms of the day;  
But let thy mind ne'er fettered be  
By their soon fading vanity,  
But ever have a nobler aim,  
A loftier purpose to attain,  
Than those already won;  
If thou would'st gain the brilliant gem  
That marks the future diadem,  
And life not yet begun.

Press onward, in thy vigorous age,  
And let thy aspirations be  
More high and strong as round the rage  
The strifes which Time will wage with thee.  
Soar far above them: and their din  
Will make thee but more pure within—  
Then seek not their array,  
But onward press! and far behind  
Thou'lt leave their powers—they ne'er can bind  
The lightning of the immortal mind  
On its e-reering way!

Press onward, when thy earthy life  
Is drawing to its final close—  
When round thee stand in mournful strife,  
Thy mortal victor and his loss.  
Press onward, then! and fix thine eye,  
As new-born power unto it's given,  
In firmest faith, to where on high  
Appear the pearly gates of heaven,  
And when the Spirit bursts its chain  
Still onward, onward! press again  
To that eternal goal  
Which brought thee death, to give thee birth,  
And bade thee tell the grasping Earth,  
It could not keep the soul.

The Encaged Bird's Petition.

BY MOSES, JR.

Lady, I beg to be released,  
From this lone prison cell,  
That I may join my little mates,  
Within yon shady dell.

I long to be upon the wing,  
And breathe the balmy air,  
And peck my body o'er anew,  
With plumage bright and fair.

The closeness of my cell, has stripped  
My brightest charms away,  
And I am now deprived of all  
That's beautiful and gay.

Oft my companions call to me  
To join their company,  
While they to Nature add a charm,  
By their sweet melody.

But I am in a prison house,  
Secluded from them all,  
In vain to free myself I strive,  
In vain I hear their call.

While they are passing happy lives,  
Estranged from slavery,  
By thine own hand am I deprived  
Of every liberty.

I ask to be restored to health,  
That blessing rich and rare,  
And to enjoy those liberties  
My little mates do share.

Say, am I doomed to such a home,  
As is provided here,  
To pass a life of misery,  
Within a prison, drear?

Oh grant that I may once again,  
Enjoy a happy life,  
And of those pleasing sweets partake,  
With which the earth is rife.

I'll give thee thanks, 'tis all I have,  
That I can offer thee,  
If thou wilt open my prison door,  
And say that I am free

The Lady's Reply.

Go, LITTLE BIRD, and join thy mates,  
I'll ne'er confine thee more,  
I never will upon thee close,  
Again thy prison door.

'Tis true thy brightest charms have fled,  
Within that lonely cell,  
Which plainly proves thou wast not formed  
In that drear place to dwell.

Thy song is dull in that abode,  
Where thou hast been confined,  
Thy plaintive voice, thy feeble notes,  
Are mournful to my mind.

Thy merry songs shall soon again  
Be heard upon the earth,  
Thy little heart shall soon abound  
With gaiety and mirth.

Nature has formed for thee a home,  
Which thou shalt now enjoy,  
And may I never more again,  
Thee from that home decoy.

Go join those gay and happy birds,  
That fly from tree to tree,  
I will imprison thee no more,  
And now, dear bird, go free.  
North Andover, August, 1843.

The Dying Girl.

BY H. S. HAGERT.

Bring bright flowers to deck her hair—  
And weave bright garlands for her snowy brow;  
'T were fit that she should wear  
Such emblems now.

For they are not more bright,  
Than the pure spirit of that beautiful one,  
Whose day fast sets in night—  
Whose race is run.

Nor are they yet more sweet  
Than the soft azure of her languid eyes,  
Where love and beauty meet,  
To claim the prize.

Nor yet more gentle, they,  
In their mysterious language, than her voice,  
Which like the breaking day,  
Bade all rejoice.

Haste then—and bring the flowers,  
And place them gently in her golden hair,  
For few will be the hours  
They'll flourish there.

Haste! with your chaplet, haste!  
Alas! too late! the lovely one hath died!  
Your garland is but waste—  
Cast it aside.

From the Knickerbocker for March.  
The Bachelor's Soliloquy.

Yes, Yes! I'll lead a single life,  
For married men are lost;  
And the 'dearer' that a wife may be,  
The more that wife will cost!

Match making meddlers! ye may try  
To wheedle me, 'tis true;  
But though I'll never match your choice,  
I'll be a match for you!

From the New Orleans Picayune.  
The Spirit Bell.

There's a deep-toned bell,  
With a wild, lone swell,  
In the depth of our nature ringing,  
And the heart is stirr'd,  
When its tones are heard,  
For there's thunder in its swinging!

If the bell is swung  
When the heart is young,  
And we step to its inward sounding,  
O, a pleasant song  
'Twill continue long,  
With our souls to the music bounding.

But when still and deep  
It is hush'd in sleep,  
With its earliest pealings stifled,  
Thro' the sharpest we  
Shall we learn to know  
The Monarch with whom we have trifled.

O, round and clear,  
To the spirit's ear,  
Is the deep-toned bell in its tolling,  
And in every sound  
Are the fair-spells found,  
Our hearts with the happy enrolling.

But a fearful knell  
And a stern farewell  
Is its clanging to the scorner kneeling,  
In his last lone hour  
To offended power,  
While the deep-toned bell is pealing!

There's a deep-toned bell,  
With a wild, lone swell,  
In the depth of our nature ringing,  
And the heart is stirr'd  
When its tones are heard,  
For there's thunder in its swinging!

The Saint of Erin's Isle.

Blow freely blow ye winds of March,  
And wave, ye banners fair,  
And peal, ye joyous trumpet tones,  
Thro' all the sunny air!  
Be glad, ye hearts of valiant men:  
Ye rosy maidens smile,  
And welcome back to memory  
The Saint of Erin's Isle.

Thou ancient Harp of many strings,  
So eloquent of yore,  
Remember now thy glories past,  
And charm the world once more!  
Come, Beauty, virgin Beauty, come,  
With sacred song the while,  
And hail, ye lisping children, hail,  
The Saint of Erin's Isle.

'Tis sweet to see the summer sun  
From clouds of darkness dart;  
'Tis sweet to feel his brilliant beams  
Revive the drooping heart.  
'Twas thus, when horred Night around,  
And Grief, and Hate and Guile,  
A sudden splendor shone sublime—  
The Saint of Erin's Isle!

And hark! the hills and dales resound  
With Virtue's angel song,  
And shine the Cross and Shamrock green,  
'Mid all the grateful throng.  
Ten thousand voices proudly join—  
Ten thousand sweet lips smile—  
'Praise to the Lord! and praise to him,  
The Saint of Erin's Isle!

Marriages.

In this city on the 28d inst., by the Rev. Dr. Lucky, Mr. JOHN O. WHITNEY, to Miss MARY E., daughter of Wm. G. Russell, Esq. of this city.

In this city, on Monday morning, March 13th, by Professor Dewey, Mr. BENJAMIN M. BAKER, to Miss ANGELINA, eldest daughter of Col. Joseph Wood, all of this city.

In this city on the 28d inst., by the Rev. P. Church, Henry Leggett to Miss Clementine Bousteel, all of this city.

In this city, on the 28d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. A. B. Castle, of Parma, to Miss Sarah H. Soraber, of this city.

On the 15th inst., by the Rev. Tryon Edwards, Mr. Henry Doyle, to Miss Eliza, daughter of Thomas Elliott, of this city.

At Henrietta, on the 2d inst., by Rev. B. G. Murry, Mr. Abel F. Skidmore, to Miss Frances E. Werroll, both of Pittsford.

At Kendall, on the 10th instant, by N. Spicer, Esq., Mr. J. Hallbart, to Miss Maria E. Corbin, all of the above place.

In Buffalo, on Tuesday, 21st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Lord, Mr. Geo. L. Le Row, of New York, and Miss Diantha J., only daughter of Dr. E. A. Bigelow, of Buffalo.

In Montezuma, Cayuga co., on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Lathrop, Mr. Charles Gamwell, to Miss Juliett, daughter of Joseph S. Mizer, all of the former place.

In Castile, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Tilden, Mr. Harry Brown, of Perry, to Miss Mary Ann Skidmore, of the former place.

In Warsaw, on the 19th instant, by Elder Moses, Mr. Lynus Warren, to Miss Mary Fluker.

In Lakeville, on the 26th instant, by Rev. Merrit Harmon, Mr. John Barry, to Miss Rachel Sanley, all of that town.

In Clarkson, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Secor, of Kendall, Mr. Isaac Secor, to Miss Marinda Corban, daughter of Alanson Corbin, all of that town.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

Terms.—One Dollar per annum, in advance.



# THE GEM

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

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No. 8.

## Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Mr. Arthur Picking, Over the Way.

### CHAPTER I.

Reader, that short gentleman who has just passed by, who wears an old drab overcoat without pockets, short pantaloons without straps, boots without heels, and a hat without color or shape, is Mr. Arthur Picking, the gentleman who keeps office over the way. Be seated reader, and I will describe this man—then take you into his office where he does business, and show you some curious relics of the past, and so proceed with my story.

Mr. Arthur Picking has black hair—very black hair—black eyes, black beard—and some are wick-ed enough to say his heart is blacker than either. He was born in the town of Londonderry, a great many years ago; and at the age of ten years, having stolen four cents from his mother's charity box, and robbed his father's breeches pocket of an equal amount, he secretly emigrated to a distant place, where he still resides, and is reputed rich. Arthur never married—not he. He liked a woman, in her place; but where her place is, he has never condescended to say still we have a right to the opinion, that a woman living in his house, eating his crust and drinking his milk, all at his expense, would be very much out of her place. Arthur lived here, there, and every where, and always on "most delightful hard crust and sweet milk."

I have said his eyes were black—so indeed they were. They were also very small, and kept themselves hid way back in his head. They were weak, he said—and well they might be, for they have seen sad service. But many a man has shrunk from their piercing gaze; many a woman covered beneath their withering glance; and orphans prayed that they might see those eyes no more. His forehead was very high and prominent; his mouth large, and generally firmly closed—in fact, he never opened it except when he wished to speak, and some have asserted that when absolute hunger impelled him to partake of his "most delightful hard crust and sweet milk," he opened the aforesaid mouth cautiously, lest his "crust and sweet milk" would disappear too rapidly, and the "sweet shilling" also.

Now let us go over the way, and enter that small stone building. How small the door is! Only one window in the building, and an old newspaper hung up for a curtain! There is the old sign over the door, and let us read it: "ARTHUR PICKING, LAND BROKER." Turn the key, and we will enter, one by one. We are inside the office. Here is a slate hanging upon a peg, and Arthur has written on it, "gone to the Bank—be back in two hours." Good! Plenty of time to look about, and, if we please, examine the papers. There is a long desk, and a huge pile of papers on

it. Here is a small package, tied with red tape. Arthur has written on the wrapper, "Accounts paid." Here is another bundle of papers, labelled "Accounts for James Baxter to settle." There is a package by the window, very carefully laid away, and labelled "Widow Morgan's note." Another small paper, endorsed "Julia Thornton's agreement," is filed away carefully; and here is a huge pile of deeds, mortgages, &c., with every appearance of having just been overhauled and examined. Here is a letter—what! written in a female hand! This is singular—let us read it:

"Mr. Picking:—  
"I regret to be compelled to inform you that the account you hold against my deceased father, cannot be paid to-morrow. I cannot get the money, and you must do as you said you would do, if I did not pay you to-morrow. But I pray you, hear an orphan's prayer; and if you lose a trifle now, Heaven will reward you hereafter."  
"ANGELINE WILLIAMS."

"A very pretty hand—a very pretty girl—ho! ho!" was Arthur's reply, as written on the margin of the letter. Well, here are other papers; but we cannot examine them all. Some are labelled one thing, and some another. There is an old book-case filled with papers; and here is a broken jar, filled full of twine, rags, &c. An old-fashioned stove stands in one corner, but there is no pipe attached to it, and the conclusion is, that Arthur has no occasion to use it. This is a rational conclusion; for here is a large wood-box labelled "for sale." There is a broom hanging up there as an ornament to the room, and near it is a painting, representing the battle of Bunker Hill. Arthur has pasted a paper on the painting, and written thereon as follows:

"If my father was in this battle, he has made no mention of it in his will."  
A. PICKING."

This is probably true. His father made no mention of the battle of Bunker Hill, or of his son Arthur, in his will; having died without making a will of any kind, and leaving the world in doubt as to the manner in which he met his death.

But we must leave the office and its appurtenances, and proceed to introduce to the reader James Baxter, Esq., Attorney at Law, and confidential adviser of Mr. Arthur Picking. This gentleman was learned in the law, knew much of the world, and more of Arthur than Arthur knew of himself. A stranger looking James Baxter, Esq. in the face, would pronounce him a "sharper" at once, and not tell a very great untruth at that. There was something in the expression of his countenance, however, which, even to a casual observer, could not be taken for any thing but deep-toned benevolence, and ardent sympathy for the unfortunate. If he was possessed of Arthur's confidence, it was not because he desired it, but because that confidence brought him practice, and practice brought him wealth. There had been much said against the motives by which Baxter was actuated; and some had gone so far as to assert that Picking robbed the widow and orphan while living, and his legal adviser plundered them when dead. But this was not true. We shall

find in the sequel, that the most implacable enemy Arthur Picking ever encountered, was his former legal and confidential adviser; and that if the aforesaid legal gentleman assisted in making the aforesaid Arthur Picking rich, he afterwards assisted in making him poor, and in grinding him, as his infernal avarice had prostrated others, into the very dust.

There are three other personages whom I wish to introduce to the reader, as their names have already been mentioned. And so draw very near, and listen to widow Morgan's story, for she is getting old and infirm, and sorrowing care is fast bearing her spirit away. She married when she was young, quite young, a noble young fellow whom she had known from her earliest days. They told her she would be happy, and she believed them. She was happy while her husband lived; but he, in his old age, became embarrassed, then came blighting care; next disease, and lastly death. He owed Arthur a trifling sum when he died, and to save her effects, the sorrowing widow gave the broker her note, which she must pay. She had three children, and they died; thus following their father to find early tombs. And she was sorrowful, aged and infirm. She had the note to pay, or lose her all. No wonder her honest poverty makes her weep. God bless this sorrowing widow!

And now, reader, we will walk up this narrow street a piece, and pay a visit to Julia Thornton. Here she lives, in this lone cottage by herself, and plies her needle day and night, to gain an honest living. She is beautiful, reader, and her history is a sad one. Her father and mother are both dead, and she is an orphan child. Her father, when he died, was in Arthur Picking's debt; and to save her humble home from sheriff's sale, she made Arthur a pledge, in writing, that in one year she would pay her father's debt, or leave her house forever. So she is toiling day and night to redeem that pledge; and God only knows if she will succeed.

Just around the corner, in that milliner's shop, sits Angeline Williams, performing her daily work. Another orphan! She has no home to toil for; but Arthur Picking has her mother's miniature in his possession, and it will soon be sold, unless a certain sum is paid. Poor girl! she hardly earns enough to pay her board. She toils early and late. A tear is glistening in her eye. She is not weeping for her grinding poverty, but for a mother's image. Will she obtain it? We shall see.

And thus was Arthur Picking living day by day, hoarding up his gold earned by feeble hands, and plundered from the aged poor. There's not a tear that trickles down the sorrowing cheek, which adds not to his wealth; nor groan goes up to pitying Heaven that brings him aching grief! In all the suffering mortal man endures around him, he adds not to his comfort; but plods him onward to his tomb, and robs his memory for unholy gain!

**MATRIMONIAL MARKET AND COURTING INTELLIGENCE.**—But little business has been doing since our last, and terms may be considered a trifle easier; for really good and useful descriptions there has been some demand, though far from great, has exceeded the supply, so that these cannot be quoted at lower prices. Ready furnished houses, with or without small annuities, have been freely offered, and in some instances accepted; but cash terms seem generally preferred, as it prevents any mistakes and much disappointment; papas, bachelor uncles, and maiden aunts, not always cutting up as expected. In ordinary descriptions there is nothing doing, and prices nominal. All are eagerly looking forward to the Christmas flirtations, when, unless things assume a livelier appearance, thousands of our fellow-creatures will have to sigh away their lives in perpetual celibacy. In the foreign market, although things are dull at present, owing to the colonial market being overdone and the Australian in bad repute, yet it is confidently expected that a re-acton will shortly take place in consequence of our late success in the East. Chinamen (to whom Providence allows two, a privilege of which they seldom avail themselves,) will no doubt gladly avail themselves of our superfluity; while Afghanistan offers an unlimited market, numbers being no object, provided the ladies are approved of. There has been a proposal for exploring the polar regions.—*Punch.*

**COLD WEATHER AND ELOQUENCE.**—Handy Andy sometimes draws a long bow—as for instance:—

"You talk here of a sharp wind, but the wind is so sharp there that it will cut off your beard and whiskers. Boreas is a great barber, sir, with his North Pole for a sign. Then as for frost! I could tell you such incredible things of its intensity;—our butter, for instance, was as hard as a rock; we were obliged to knock it off with a chisel and hammer, like a mason at a piece of granite, and it was necessary to be careful of your breakfast, the splinters used to fly about so; indeed, one of the party *did* lose the use of his eye from a butter splinter. But the oddest thing of all was to watch two men talking to each other; you could observe the words as they came out from their mouths, suddenly frozen and dropping down in little pellets of ice at their feet, so that, after a long conversation, you might see a man standing up to his knees in his own eloquence."

**"LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED."**—When Xerxes was conquered by the Greeks, he retreated by the river Salamin, and left Mardonius to finish the war. The General was also unfortunate and retreated. A report was then circulated that he had buried a large sum of gold and silver in his tent, and a Grecian named Polyocrates, having an earnest desire to possess this enormous wealth, purchased the whole field on which the camp was placed. After digging for a long time he was unsuccessful, and therefore repaired to the oracle of Delphos, to ask the advice of Apollo as to how he should find the treasure. The oracle responded with "*omnem move lapidem,*" (move every stone,) and the advice being followed by Polyocrates, he at last obtained the treasure for his pains. Hence the origin of the phrase—"I'll leave no stone unturned."

**Dan Marble** offered a silver cup for the best conundrum that should be sent to him to be announced on the stage on his benefit night at Mobile; two hundred were offered; the price was awarded to the following:—

"Why is the author of the best conundrum tonight like a man of extraordinary power and genius? D'ye give it up? Because he makes a silver cup out of Marble."

**QUITE TENDER-HEARTED.**—An old fellow in New Hampshire brags upon having two of the most tender-hearted sons in the world. He says that when he asks them to bring in an armful of wood, or do any little "chore," they begin to cry about it in a minute!

**NEW USE FOR A CLOCK.**—A cotemporary says that "every stroke of a pendulum ushers one human being into existence." We suppose this is the reason that those villages which have only one town clock have fewer inhabitants than the great cities.

There is a place down in Virginia where old maids never get to be over thirty-five. They live up to that age and then begin back to twenty-five; and so finally go out of the world as fresh and as fair as a pumpkin in blossom.

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1848.

**THE COLD WATER PUNISHMENT.**—That cold water is a universal specific for rum-drinking and many of its attendant diseases all will acknowledge, but the fact that it should be applied to the reformation of the refractory and depraved is probably new to a great portion of the community. From the Report of the Inspectors of Auburn State Prison, lately submitted to the Legislature, we are happy to learn, that pure cold water, fresh from the well, can be applied to the maladies of the mind as well as those of the body, and that it is likely to supersede the use of the *cats* and *rawhides* which have commonly, and we fear too frequently, been used in our State penitentiaries.

The practice of applying cold water through a funnel with a small aperture upon the naked head and body of refractory convicts has been in use for more than two years in the Massachusetts penitentiary; and it was at the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. DWIGHT, President of the "Boston Prison Discipline Society," that it was first introduced into the Auburn Prison by Mr. ROBERT COOK, late keeper of that institution.

The first experiment, as is stated in the communication of Dr. PITNEY, Medical officer of the Prison, was made on the 15th of April, 1842. One of the healthiest and most refractory convicts was brought up for punishment. Two gallons of cold well water were discharged upon his naked body from a funnel having an aperture of half an inch in diameter. The time occupied was just *thirty-three seconds*. The first application produced no effect—the subject remaining sullen and obstinate. Two gallons more were applied the same way which had the desired effect. The subject made promises of amendment and returned cheerfully to his labor. Since that time the same punishment has been used at various times and for various offences. Dr. P. states that this punishment has rarely been inflicted upon the same person more than twice. A few have seemed determined to brave its effects; and the keepers have been obliged to apply from *five to twenty* gallons of water five or six times upon the same persons at different periods. Increasing the quantity always had the desired effect.

The superiority of this mode of punishment seems to consist in its healthy effect upon the mind and disposition of the subject. Instead of returning to his labor lacerated and bleeding and indulging for hours after in malignant and revengeful feelings, in consequence of the pain which follows the infliction of the lash, he returns rather refreshed than otherwise. The cold water punishment is painful while it lasts, but the application of the lash leaves the subject in an exhausted and suffering condition, and keeps his mind in a sour and irritable state, several days after.

The uses of this remedy in extreme cases may be learned from the following extract from Dr. PITNEY'S communication:—

"To the most healthy, obstinate, and almost incorrigible men, I have advised the application of a larger stream, with more *head* and *force*, and colder water. The common temperature of well water is from 52 to 54 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, and the freezing point is 32 degrees. If necessary, I would add a sufficiency of ice to the water to reduce its temperature to between 45 and 35 degrees, and then I would let off, suddenly, from two to four quarts only of this, upon the naked head and body of the convict, and then stop; and if his obstinate spirit should not quail and yield under that, then I would let off from four to six or eight quarts more, and so on; not failing to give the *indispensably necessary* breathing and speaking intermissions. This I have no doubt, would excite such a *shock* and *dread*, as to prevent

this class of convicts from repeating the offences. "The coldness of these water applications, I have great confidence, can be so graduated by the thermometer, with the addition of ice or snow, combined with more head and consequently force of water, with a pipe or outlet of from half an inch to one inch and a half in diameter, as to produce a shock and dread, which would punish sufficiently, and subdue the most powerful, refractory and obstinate convict in any State prison; and that without endangering, in the slightest degree, his life or health, provided the applications shall be of very short duration—say from half a minute to two minutes.

"I do therefore most cheerfully recommend it to all inspectors and keepers of State prisons, throughout the United States, as, in my opinion, the most *efficient, time saving* and *humane* mode of punishment, that could be devised. But I have no doubt that an uninterrupted and long continued application of a rapid stream of water, reduced in temperature to between 45 and 35 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, would endanger both health and life. I would therefore advise strongly against such a mode of application.

"From the 15th day of last April, to the present time, a period of almost nine months, quite a number of the convicts have had cold water poured upon their naked heads and bodies, as a punishment for various offences; and I do not believe that it has been productive of the slightest degree of disease in a single instance. It is a subject which I have watched and investigated closely."

**THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.**—There exists at the present time, in Scotland, a feeling in regard to religious affairs, which, in former days, would have been the precursor of scenes of violence and bloodshed. From the time that James I. ascended the throne up to the Union, Scotland was a separate kingdom, governed by her own Parliament, and, in conjunction with the king, directed and controlled all her national and ecclesiastical officers. The Presbyterian church and the form of worship established by John Knox and his associate reformers, was established as the national religion; and all attempts to introduce different forms of worship met with open resistance from the people. Indeed, in the reign of the two Charleses and James II., the best blood of Scotland was poured forth in defence of the national faith. In the reign of Queen Anne, when the Union was established, it was distinctly stipulated in that treaty that the Presbyterian Church should be recognised and supported as the national church; and it was vested with power to direct and control all its own affairs.

Things remained in this condition until the past year, when an apparently trivial circumstance has given rise to a controversy which has entirely changed the aspect of affairs, and thrown the whole religious community of England, Ireland and Scotland, in a state of excitement unparalleled since the days of the Covenanters.

The land upon which most of the churches are built in Scotland, is owned by the nobility, and the proprietor of the soil has by custom a right to a voice in all church appointments in his parish. Thus, when a pastor is appointed, if the consent of the proprietor and a majority of the parishioners is obtained, he is recognized as legally installed, and can not be deprived of his office except by the mutual consent of the appointing parties. For some years past, a race of young noblemen, who, perhaps, feel but small attachment to the national church, have succeeded to the landed estates, and consequently to the ownership of the churches. They have sought to assume to themselves the entire control of ecclesiastical affairs. In one of the parishes during the past year, a proprietor determined to install a certain pastor with whom he was particularly pleased; but the parishioners voted not to receive him, and demanded that he should be dismissed. This the proprietor refused to do—claiming that as the church was his property he had the right

to invest whom he pleased with the pastoral office. He did so in spite of the remonstrances of the congregation. The church authorities were appealed to, and they decided in favor of the people; but the proprietor still remained unmoved. The case was laid before the Queen and Privy Council, who virtually decided in favor of the nobility, by refusing to interfere in the matter. This state of things has produced an extraordinary ferment in Scotland. A small portion of the clergy have united with the lords, while the people, with a large majority of the pastors, who are styled "Non Intrusionists" have determined to secede and form churches upon the voluntary principle, although they will be compelled, as are the Catholics and Presbyterians in Ireland, to support the established church. The Presbyterians of England and Ireland have determined to espouse the cause of their oppressed brethren of Scotland.

The controversy, and the course it has taken, is of far more importance to the civil and religious liberties of Great Britain than can be calculated at present. The sturdy independence and inflexible perseverance of the Scotchman will not suffer him long to maintain a church to which he is not attached; and the result will be the entire overthrow of all ecclesiastical institutions established and supported by law. Ireland who is panting for an opportunity to throw off the yoke of the English Church, will soon follow in the train of her sister kingdom; and it is not assuming too much to say that the time is not far distant when England herself will be freed from the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny. Religious freedom is the harbinger to civil liberty. This fact is abundantly verified in history. In the old despotisms of Europe, religious toleration was always followed by an extension of popular privileges.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES:** By John Frost, A. M., Prof. of Belles Letters in the High School of Philadelphia. To be completed in 20 parts—issued monthly. No. 1, vol. 1, pp. 64. Saxton & Miles, 205 Broadway.

The initial number of Mr. Frost's work more than fulfils our anticipations. The wood engravings with which they are embellished are superb, and in all external requisites it bids fair to surpass any serial work hitherto published in this country.

The history commences with an abridgement of the Icelandic records, cited by the Royal Society of Antiquarians, at Copenhagen, in support of the hypothesis that this country was discovered by the Northmen in the latter part of the tenth century. The style of the historian is simple, pure and perspicuous, and the "action" of the history, if we may use a dramatic term, is uninterrupted by those long speculative digressions which, in some historical works, break the chain of events and confuse the mind in striving to recall their chronological order.

The number before us is illustrated by no less than twenty-one splendid cuts, and the price is only twenty-five cents!

Of course the sale must be immense to repay the publisher for his outlay, and we cannot doubt that this truly national work, will meet with the success which it deserves. A specimen number may be seen at the News Room.

**"ANCIENT EGYPT."**—This is another of the New World's useful publications. It contains an elaborate history of the Monuments, Hieroglyphics, Archaeology, &c. of Ancient Egypt. To be had at the Arcade News Room, for 25 cents.

**"PIERRE LANDAIS,"** by Miss M. E. WALLEY, is a French translation, of a popular historical tale, just published by the "New World." It is highly spoken of by those who have read.

**HARPERS' FAMILY LIBRARY—CHEAP EDITION.**—These indefatigable publishers seem determined to keep up with the times. An appetite having been excited for cheap literature, it is fortunate that there are those who are ready to spread the board with useful viands. No series of publications have ever been issued in this country or any other more universally unexceptionable and useful, than the "Family Library." Their re-issue, in a cheap form will be a public blessing. The first No., which has just appeared, contains "The History of the Jews," by the Rev. H. H. MILLERIAN—a work which has acquired a celebrity as extended as Christendom. Price, 25 cts. a No. We are indebted to FISHER & Co. for the copy before us.

**"MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT."**—The same publishers are issuing Boz's last work, in a beautiful form, finely illustrated, at the incredibly low price of 6½ cts. per number. To be had at FISHER'S.

The same publishers are about to issue McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary, in the same cheap form—a work which should be in the hand of every person who wishes to acquaint himself with the laws and commodities of commerce.

**"THE KNACKERBOCKER."**—This excellent monthly holds on to its substantial superiority over all its competitors. It invokes none of the extraneous assistance of the engraver to augment its popularity. It rests solely upon its intrinsic excellence—no broken reed, "by a long shot." Several of its articles are "first chop." We shall transfer the College Poem upon "Sam Patch," to our columns. It does admirable justice to the victim of lofty ambition.

"And oh! ye Washingtonians, drop the tear!  
Cold water brought him to his foaming Bier."

**"THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION AND LITERATURE."**—Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS has the supervision of this work—a sufficient assurance of its refinement and high more tone. Its articles are generally well written, and "point a moral."—The engravings of the present number are worth more than the price of the magazine. "The Indian Fruit seller" is a gem by WOODMAN.

**"THE LADIES' COMPANION."**—Few periodicals have a larger number of distinguished contributors than the "Companion," and none, perhaps, has secured a more extensive circulation. It has just completed its 18th volume, and every volume has improved. The present number is well filled and illustrated.

**"THE LAW REPORTER."**—The April number closes the fifth volume of this work. The Reporter has worked its way up to complete success. It is popular with the profession, as it could scarcely fail to be under its admirable management. The sixth vol. will commence with May, and we doubt not the enterprising publisher's will find themselves amply sustained. Terms—\$3 per annum in advance. Bradbury, Soden & Co. Boston.

**"ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM."**—The same publishers issue this popular little affair for children. It furnishes intellectual alliment for thirty or forty thousand young republicans every month—it having 12,000 subscribers. A dollar a year can hardly be better expended.

**"THE NEW GENESEE FARMER."**—The April No. of this popular periodical maintains its high character. Has every Farmer in the county sent in his name?

**"THE TRUE GENESEE FARMER."**—The publishers of this journal labor assiduously, and are making all proper exertion, and not without success, to give their patrons the full value of their subscription.

The agents for the above works may be found in the Arcade News Room.

**"METEOROLOGY,** comprising a description of the atmosphere and its Phenomena, &c. &c."

This is a very useful work, by Dr. FORBY, who has before written upon a kindred subject. It is highly spoken of in England, and the most distinguished Meteorologists in this county are enthusiastic in their praise of it. Works of this character cannot be too generally diffused. It is issued in a New World Extra, and may be had at the Arcade News Room.

**"BECKLARD'S PHYSIOLOGY."**—This publication will probably be deemed of doubtful propriety. Its ostensible object is to give useful directions, previous to and during an important period of life, but we are of the opinion that the author has thrown together a good deal of material which was not essential to the object which he professed to have in view. Its birth-place, France, may account for much of what we are induced to look upon as improper in it. For sale at the News Room.

**"WALKER ON INTERMARRIAGE."**—This work has acquired considerable celebrity. It has before been published in this country, we believe, but in an expensive form. It is now issued in a cheap shape, and will doubtless be very extensively read. If properly read, the work can not fail to be of important service. To be had at the News Room.

**"ANTIOCH."**—This is the title of a work from the pen of Rev. P. CHURCH, of this city. It is highly spoken of by those who have read it, and we have no doubt that in it, the author has maintained his well-earned reputation as a writer and theologian. For sale at SAGE & BROTHER'S.

**"SARGEANT'S MAGAZINE, FOR APRIL."**—This is an attractive number. All the articles are interesting, while the plates are very superior, being capitally executed copies from distinguished painters. Mr. S. promises to make his magazine all that his friends hoped it might become. It may be had at the News Room, Arcade Hall.

☞ J. Feel-for-more Coppers has given notice thro' a paper in Vermont that he has commenced a second suit against an Editor in New York for libel! If the miserable sniveler knew with what contempt he is looked upon all over the country, he would not "expose himself to the newspapers" as often as he does. We shall expect to hear him charging libel upon honest mechanics who have "Coopering done here" over their doors! The sign is intended to cast him into ridicule. When he drew the meanest skin-flint in all his works, he must have himself sat for the portrait!

**WITCHCRAFT.**—Judge Blackstone never found himself more embarrassed than in treating upon the subject of witchcraft in his commentaries.—Dr. Grey, in his notes on Hudibras, never mentions that Hopkins, the noted witch-finder, hanged sixty suspected witches in one year; and he cites *Hutchinson on Witchcraft* for the dreadful number of 20,000 that were burnt within 150 years. The humane Judge Barrington likewise relates many horrid particulars, with excellent remarks, in his *Observations on the Statutes*. Howell, in one of his letters, dated 1617, says that in two years there were indicted, in Suffolk and Essex only, between 200 and 300 witches, of whom more than one half were executed. It was not indeed until toward the conclusion of the seventeenth century, that the infamous superstition began at all to abate.

A person being seated at table between two tradesmen, and thinking to be witty upon them said, "How pretty I am fixed between these two tailors." Upon which one of them replied, "Being only beginners in business, we cannot afford to keep more than one goose between us."

**A SOAP PLANT.**—The soldiers who recently visited the Rio Grande, found a species of plant which answered the purpose of soap. It is said that the Mexicans make great quantities of soap from the roots of this plant.

miringly speak of her curious handiwork; or whose mind has escaped from the entanglements of lace and silk, and *dared* to look from nature up to nature's God, that attracts their admiration. No, she remains neglected, and unless her mind is cast in a *very different* mould from that of the majority of the human race, she will endeavor to copy the manners of the most successful, and win attention *herself* by lisping tones and fashionable manners.

You see a literary gentleman enter a mixed society where ladies of *good sense* and those of *none at all* are collected, this distinction causes not the least hesitation in his mind. It is the lady dressed in the farthest extreme of fashion, resplendent amid satin and pearls, and whom *wealth* has raised to *rank*, that he selects as one to whom to pay his devoirs. His artful flattery delights her ear, and presents greater allurements for dress than even dress itself.

*What the ladies of our land are, the influence of its leading men has made them.* They are thought of merely as engaging companions, with whom to pass a pleasant hour, and who are simply *capable* of constructing ingenious toys for fairs, or with elastic touch, to wile away the tedious time upon the piano or guitar. The gentlemen think not that the female mind is able to keep pace and walk side by side with *theirs*—that where the spirit of man has braved its glorious way, there the spirit of *woman* is capable of soaring also, and the ladies themselves have never, even in *thought*, aspired to such a path.

Many of the ladies of the present age, *dare not be sensible*; for, in the character of a sensible woman with few personal attractions and destitute of the "fictitious circumstances of wealth and station," *who would think to please?* The gentlemen are supposed to form the standard in every thing. Their likes and dislikes are thought to actuate every motive. And since they form the standard of female excellence, (if so be there is any,) wherefore are those long pieces that swell the columns of almost every news-paper with the vanity and extravagance of *woman*? *It were a pity indeed that the noble lords of creation, whose very being is consistency, should object to a standard of their own formation.*

## Sketches of Character.

From Alison's History of Europe.

### NAPOLÉON.

When despatches overtook the emperor, as they often did, on the road, Duroc or Caulaincourt, who rode at the side of the carriage, received and opened the bag, and presented the letters to the emperor without stopping. Directly a number of envelopes were seen falling from the windows of the imperial carriage, and it was evident, from the rate at which they were tossed over, that the letters were devoured with the rapidity of lightning. The useless despatches and covers were cut to pieces and thrown out in the same way; often in such quantities, as to strew the track of the wheels with little fragments, which, trodden under by horses or crushed under the wheels of the succeeding carriages, made a white line along the road. Napoleon generally cut these despatches to pieces with his own hands, or if not so employed, worked incessantly with the window sash or carriage door; he could not remain a moment at rest. If there were no despatches or morning statements to read, he had recourse to the Paris journals or the last publications of the day, with which the drawers of the carriage were always stored; but they generally shared the fate of the unimportant despatches, being thrown out of the windows after a few pages had been cut up. In such numbers were these discarded literary novelties thus tossed overboard, that the officers of the suit generally contrived to collect no inconsiderable stores of diverting trifles by picking them up on the traces of the carriage. The emperor was insatiable for something new, and opened with avidity every fresh publication; but his taste was for solid and

well informed writings, not amusing trifles; and he had an incredible fact in discovering from a few pages, whether there was any thing worth reading in the book, so that, in his hands, the ephemeral literature of the day disappeared almost as fast as it was introduced.

The ante chamber of Napoleon during a campaign—whether in his tent, in his field, or in the apartment of farm-houses, or even cottages, which were dignified for the time with the appellation of "the palace"—presented the most extraordinary spectacle. No one could form an idea of the fatigue there undergone by the whole attendants, from the grand squire, Caulaincourt, to the lowest valets. Duroc and he were themselves indefatigable, and by unwearied exertion and extraordinary activity, had introduced the utmost degree of regularity into the imperial household; but it was no easy matter for the strength of any others in attendance to stand the rigorous services which were exacted. Persons of illustrious birth or the highest rank—such as Narbonne or Caulaincourt, were obliged to wait here night after night, sleeping on straw or stretched out on chairs, ready at any moment to be called in by the emperor.

Frequently he aroused his attendants eight or ten times in the night when despatches requiring instant attention were received. All who were there on service, slept habitually on straw, wrapt up in their cloaks, ready at a moment's warning, either to mount on horseback and ride twenty or thirty miles without halting, or to take their turn, the moment the emperor's voice was heard, in the no less fatiguing duty of answering his despatches, or writing to his dictation. So crowded was his ante chamber in general with attendance, that it was not inaptly compared, by those inhabiting it, to the inside of the wooden horse of Troy.—The faithful Rustan, whom he had brought from Egypt, usually slept near the door; he dressed and undressed the emperor; and when he rode out, was constantly on hand to bring the telescope, or provide the cloaks and umbrellas which might be required for protection from the weather.

The true scene of Napoleon's glory, and the most characteristic of the ruling passions of his mind, was in his cabinet. This apartment was never wanting even in the worst accommodation; the ingenuity of his attendants supplied every defect; and if no room could be got, his tent was always on hand, which was arranged, for the purpose, in the middle of the squares of the Old Guard. Although this important apartment was overloaded with maps, and military statements, and despatches, the most remarkable and uniform regularity was observed in its arrangement; and it was managed, that though the emperor so often moved his head quarters, every thing was in the same place one day with another. In the middle stood a large table, on which was extended the best map of the theatre of war; and on it were stuck pins, with heads of different colors, representing his own and his hostile columns. It was the duty of the director of the topographic bureau to have the maps with these pins laid down the moment that head quarters arrived at any place; and almost always the first thing which Napoleon did, was to call for the map when he arrived, for he held to it more strongly than any other want of his existence. During the whole night the map was surrounded by twenty or thirty wax candles constantly burning, and a fine compass stood in the middle of them. So frequently did the emperor call for the map when out on horseback, that Caulaincourt had a portable one, which he kept constantly tied on his button across his breast;—and he was often required to unfold it ten or twelve times in the course of a forenoon.

At the corners of the cabinet were four lesser tables, at which the secretaries of Napoleon were engaged in writing; and sometimes Napoleon himself and the chief of the topographic department, were to be seen there likewise. The emperor usually dictated walking about in his green surcoat and great boots, with his hat upon his head precisely as he was interred at St. Helena.

As his ideas flowed with extraordinary rapidity, and as he spoke as rapidly as he thought, it was no easy matter for his secretaries to keep pace with his elocution. To facilitate the expression, a certain number of hieroglyphic symbols were established by him to signify certain things; and they were not a little curious, as affording an index of the light in which these things were regarded by him. Thus the tail of the dragon signifies the French army; a whip, the corps of Davoust; a thorn, the British empire; a sponge, the commercial towns. It was the duty of the secretaries afterwards to decipher this chaos, and extend it in proper sentences, which was often the work

of no small difficulty. But the emperor had a singular facility in making it out, as the symbols had been established by himself. Often there were two despatches to which answers were to be dictated at the same time—one from Spain and another from a distant quarter of Germany; but the complication and a variety of objects to be considered, made no confusion, on such occasions, in the steadiness of his mental gaze. The moment that a despatch was read, and its bearer questioned, an answer to it was commenced; and not unfrequently, while the secretary in one corner was making out orders of the most important kind for the war in Spain, the other that sat in another was drawing a diplomatic note; a third busy with the orders of twenty brigades; and the fourth with an A. B. C. for the king of Rome. Nothing could exceed the distinctness with which the threads of all these varied subjects were preserved in his mind, and although the orders which he gave for the direction of different operations were often unfortunate or erroneous, from the impetuosity of his mind leading him to decide without sufficient information, and their effect was still more frequently marred by the neglect or incapacity of inferior functionaries; yet they were always founded on an able and lucid conception on his part; and the very errors they contained, which sometimes were of the most serious kind, generally arose from the intensity of that conception, rendering him blind to the opposite set of considerations.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

### Recollections of the Closing Scenes of the Life of Harrison.

[By a Correspondent in the District of Columbia.]

That dream of 1841—how swiftly has it passed away! What a period in the history of our country! The first time I ever had a full view of William Henry Harrison, was when he alighted from the cars in Washington a few days before his inauguration. He was dressed in a plain great coat, and common black hat, (white was a favorite color of Jackson,) and appeared in great simplicity—much indeed like a farmer President. Although the snow was rapidly descending, a vast crowd surrounded the car house, and filled the adjacent broad avenue, ever and anon rending the air with their shouts of welcome, as the old General (refusing to ride) walked to his prepared lodgings, holding his hat in his hand, while his venerable head firmly (as in other days) received the peltings of the tempest. It was a sublime moment. It was a beautiful commentary on the nature of our republican institutions. It was a renewed and noble development of the spirit of our Constitution. Nor was it the homage of office-holders or office-expectants. It was the outpourings of the hearts of the people.

It was animating indeed to see the rod pendent with the names of nineteen States inscribed in white upon it, stretching in the form of an inverted arch across the width of Pennsylvania Avenue, and along with it the star spangled banner, triumphant in many battles on the land and on the sea. Gen. Harrison was exceedingly gratified with the powerful vote given him. So was he with the character of many of his voters. I once observed to him I had understood the clergy of New York generally voted for him. "I am pleased to hear that," he replied, "and so did the ministers of Cincinnati." The population of Washington was never so transported with an all pervading enthusiasm on the arrival of any preceding one of the illustrious line of Presidents.—When Jackson came from the Hermitage and appeared in Washington in obedience to the summons of that overwhelming majority which could never be reversed, there was much enthusiasm among strong politicians and brave soldiers, but the affections of those that met and mingled in society with him did not leap forth as when Harrison stood before them. Many were the hearty osculations bestowed on the hardy cheek of the old General by matronly virtue and virgin purity. He appeared the venerated and beloved father among kind and devoted children.

The day of the inauguration was cool and raw. Long before twelve the people began to assemble in immense numbers. They were from every part of the Union. The President elect having taken the oath of office, the thunder of cannon announced the fact in the ears of the people. Then followed the Inaugural Address, which, long as it was, was uttered in clear, audible and powerful tones, such as probably never before proceeded from a President. That mental and physical exertion in the

open air, on a cold March day, in the midst of such intense excitement of feeling, continued for nearly two hours, and, following by the subsequent congratulations of the day and the occasion, was enough to cripple the strength of youth. How could an old man sustain it? Excitable as Gen. Jackson is in the very essence of his constitution, phlegmatic as Gen. Harrison was believed to be; on the august occasion of the inauguration of each, the former appeared as tranquil in spirits, as he was inaudible in enunciation; the soul of the latter seemed roused with the fire of patriotism, as if it had been kindled anew by the breath of popular applause, when, as he was crowned with the civic wreath, the shouts of thousands welcomed him as the patriot President of the republic.

If we may pursue the contrast between these two eminent men, viewed in various lights, truth will authorize us to say, that while the Hero of New Orleans was impetuous, irascible, irresistible, the Hero of Tippecanoe was cool, good natured, persevering. Both were affable and communicative, but while Jackson was more courtly, Harrison was more abrupt. While the latter would not willingly offend the humblest citizen, the former was more indifferent what impressions he made, especially if he was vindicating any violated point of his character.

Both loved their companions in arms, were grateful for favors, but far from being equally sensitive to the severity of impeachment from the tongue of rumor. An accusation that would throw Gen. Jackson into a paroxysm of indignation, would only begin to stir the sensibilities of Harrison. Boldness, ardor, a burning patriotism characterized the one—caution, resolution, a steady love of country the other. The moral was probably equal to the military courage of each.—Neither understood fear. Neither gave up hope in the darkest crisis. Neither could tolerate blunders, weakness or wavering, when the enemy was nigh. Jackson could never speak of *Bladensburg* with patience. "With that old mill," said he, "on the bank of the river for a fort, and four hundred men, I would have beat the rascals off." He declared that all the Americans wanted at any time was a leader and some discipline. Both these men reposed after the storm of war and the fatigues of a campaign, with deep delight, on the bosom of domestic love. They were fond and devoted husbands. As the departed wife of the one is held in sacred remembrance by her husband, so the departed husband of the other is cherished by his surviving widow, in whose affliction a nation was afflicted. As intellectual men, they were both strong, but while education had polished the mind of Harrison, it had done little for that of Jackson. In literary composition he is quite deficient, while Harrison was the best belles-letters scholar and the most popular speaker in his class at College. The full, strong and voluminous voice of Harrison was heard by 30,000 people at his inauguration. Probably not five hundred heard that of Jackson on a similar occasion. In money matters, the one was free, generous, even prodigal. The other is careful, saving, just before generous, abhors beggars, and thinks it dangerous to encourage them. Harrison would eject from his pocket the last eagle for the destitute and suffering. Like Monroe, Harrison could not die rich. Like Van Buren, Jackson would with the greatest difficulty die poor. In the bosoms of both, love of country burned with inextinguishable ardor, and they constitute, like Washington, each the rare case of the highest office in the world seeking them in a dignified retirement, instead of their seeking it. The one, apparently feeble, outlived his double Presidential term, tempestuous and disastrous as it was; the other, apparently strong, died on the very threshold of his labors and responsibilities.

What an event was that death! It thrilled the heart of the nation. When it was announced to the astonished people, who was not taken by surprise?

Those that were distant from the scene imagined many things. Those that were near saw and felt things almost surpassing imagination. There might have been a deeper sublimity in the grief of the people, as the melancholy news traveled from city to city and from village to village of this fair land, but its strength and ingenuousness could not be greater than in the hearts of those who were near the departed President; who had expected from him no favors, and who were doomed to no disappointment. The people, old and young, crowded around his coffin, as in solemn majesty the body reposed in the ante-room of the White House. No soldiers—no sentinels were neces-

ry. Of the thousands who visited that room, all seemed under the influence of a secret, silent, invisible law, proceeding from the Providence of God, that dispensed with the necessity of all human vigilance. The chief of seventeen millions of people had fallen. Death could do no more. Many were the early, blooming flowers laid on the bier by the hand of affection. Many the natural tears shed over that illustrious form. I saw some of the plainest and poorest, that appeared to have lost a father and a friend—with those that were near, it seemed not so much the death of the President as of the man, yet "a prince and a great man" in our political Israel.

The Funeral—was there ever such a one? The nation went into mourning on that day. No gorgeous externals were needed to excite public attention. The simple velvet coffin with its precious charge was borne along in the centre of that immense procession, which outnumbered the triumphal procession of the 4th of March. Then rushed upon the mind a series of contrasts. How different from the inauguration day. Then the joyful roar of the artillery welcomed the living Chief—now the solemn minute guns proclaimed the funeral honors of the illustrious dead. Then the national banners streamed aloft to the winds of Heaven—now they were furled to the staff, and bound with the badges of mourning. Along the whole length of the main avenue the white handkerchiefs waived from a thousand fair hands greeting the President elect as he passed on the Fourth, but now they who held them looked on in fearful silence. The spirit stirring notes of the bugle were heard on the one day; on the other, the wail of the martial trumpet, as the body was removed from the house. This procession of thousands was not moving to the Capitoline Hill to install the chosen Leader in his great office, but to the mausoleum of the dead to entomb his mortal remains where the cares and honors of the State are alike unknown. I could not help calling to mind the fine lines of Thomas Campbell on the funeral of the Princess Charlotte of England:

"Sad was the pomp we on that day beheld,  
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swell'd,  
The rich plumed canopy—the gorgeous pall,  
The sacred march and ample vested wail;  
These were not rites of insensate show,  
But hallowed as the types of real woe,  
Revered Patriot! for a nation's sighs,  
A nation's heart went with thine obsequies."

There is one peculiar salute for the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy as his body is carried to the tomb, which was never before paid since the foundation of the republic, and which will not be again unless a President should die while actually invested with the robes of office. It is of course the highest known to our military institutions. Its style of execution, as on this august occasion, is grand and imposing. And he who directed it—Alexander Macomb—the General-in-Chief—was himself not long after laid in his lowly bed. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

### Miscellaneous Selections.

AN ELABORATION OF ANNUNCIATION!—We find the following advertisement in an Albany paper. It's author would make an excellent legislator:

Sound the silver trump aloud,  
Till its notes afar vibrate;  
Telling thousands all abroad,  
None with HUNT can emulate.

RECAPITULATION OF TERMINATION. In the annunciation of this communication, I shall deem its publication a continuation of information in relation to my occupation. This being an acceleration of promulgation, and by its simultaneous amplification, a declamation is presented as an augmentation of designation, in which an auxillation is employed to impress the imagination with a perpetuation of inclination in favor of my mode of IMPLANTATION, which exhibits a fascination as an exhortation in its assimilation to nature's most perfect emanation. Those who possess this superior combination of skill, will soon perceive the consummation of an excellent adaptation of fibres in each class of organization, that will create a delectation and afford a gratification for a prolongation of duration. After the permeation of this note with an explication, and ample dissemination in each ramification of visitation, it is my earnest expectation that some degree of investigation, with a cogent cogitation, will be given to this notification until it obtains an affective and pre-eminent elevation in the estimation of an intelligent population. Such an indication of preference would be a manifesta-

tion of attestation that would evince a lucid discrimination of choice between a coarse preparation and a close approximation to that beautiful and resplendent decoration, a luxuriant Head of Hair, proper in its formation by attenuation that admits of ventilation.

I now proffer an invitation to make an application at my location for an examination of a vast accumulation of HAIR WORK of every appellation that sustains a reputation of intrinsic valuation far beyond the ordinary computation, and would render instant frustration to those who attempt an imitation—so complete is the creation as to elude the keenest eye of penetration. However, it would be a vain appropriation in the anticipation of exaltation to exceed a fair commendation for my incessant elaboration; therefore a display of ostentation is not the consideration offered for deliberation; but a prompt confirmation of general approbation in the acceptance of the variegation of my vocation, in the mediation of an invariable solicitation.

E. C. HUNT, Wig and Curl-maker, 75 State st.

A RICH OLD MAID.—In threading the streets of Natchez, there is something peculiar in the signs over the large mercantile houses. These signs assure the stranger that a large portion of the business in this country is done by females—they are the capitalists, and the active members of the business firms. As an instance of the pranks played by Dame Fortune on those who woo her favor by industry and economy, we would name the case of Lydia D.—About fifteen years since, she came to this place from Philadelphia, alone, poor, friendless and unrecommended, and commenced business in the humble capacity of a huckster—selling apples, candy, &c. at the corners of the street—next a small shop—a retail store, &c., gradually rose up until her property is now valued at three hundred thousand dollars.—For some years her operations in Natchez and Vicksburg have been large. She owns some dozen of the finest houses in Vicksburg, and is now a rich old maid; and what is a rare circumstance, accumulated all by her own industry. She has none of the contracted notions and love of small matters peculiar to old maids; but has a strong, grasping, masculine propensity for heavy business transactions, with all the care and economy of a strict housewife. When in Vicksburg, the other day, she was pointed out to us, and we pursued her several squares, until she entered a storehouse on business. Her features are rigid with care and calculation. There is none of that sweet smile of loveliness which plays about the sweet countenance of woman—her voice has assumed a hard and commanding tone, instead of the soft cadences of love and kindness—her step is hurried, instead of light and graceful. Her act, look and air is that of business, instead of the graces of lovely woman.

She only knows one impulse of action—money. As an illustration of her character, we will name one instance of her attempting to woo the powers of Cupid. Having accidentally discovered that she was alone in the world, about four years since, she determined upon purchasing a husband. One day, as Judge Pinkard, (brother of Dr. Pinkard, formerly of Lawrenceburg, Ind.) was passing her establishment in Vicksburg, she called him in, and informed him that she wanted him to count some money for her. The reader will recollect Judge Pinkard is an old bachelor. The Judge, at her request, stepped into her counting room, where she had one hundred thousand dollars lying upon the table. When the Judge had finished counting the *lost pile*, she informed him in quite a business manner, that he could have the control of it, if he would take her with it! History does not mention whether the Judge took the question under consideration, or whether he rendered the opinion of the Court instantly. But we are glad his decision has been preserved. He has decided that the one hundred thousand dollars was quite desirable, but the *incumbrance* was greater than the net value. So the petitioner was non-suited. We would suppose she was about forty years of age, but it is hard to judge the age of an old maid. *Ind. American.*

ECONOMY IN PAYING DEBTS.—An Oxonian borrowed two sovereigns of a brother collegian, promising soon to return them in some shape or other. "I should like to have them back as nearly as possible, in the shape of two sovereigns," observed the lender, "and I trust you will not forget the old adage, *bis dat qui cito dat*—he gives twice who pays quickly." "Then we are quits," cried the borrower, instantly returning back one of the sovereigns.

And thus was Arthur Picking living for himself, making life miserable with that which, at best, could bring him but a gilded tomb! He who thus robs virtue, honor, piety and truth, blasts all that makes life happy, and strews with thorns the path that leads us onward to the grave! The life of such a man affords a useful lesson—and who will profit by it?

CHAPTER II.

Two hours have passed away, and Mr. Arthur Picking is again his office. He takes his hat and hangs it on a peg, and having laid his old buckskin gloves in a drawer, turned the key thereto, to make himself certain of their safety, he sits himself down to his table. He clasps his hands together; is engaged for a moment in deep thought; and then suddenly rises and paces his room. He looked at his watch.

"Ten minutes to five," he exclaimed, "and no appearance of Baxter! A horrid dog to do business—most horrid! Notes unpaid—mortgages neglected—drafts protested! Gods! what a dog to do business!"

There was a slight noise at the door; the latch was lifted. Arthur suddenly seated himself at the table, gazing with abstraction at the papers, and the Attorney entered.

"How punctual!" exclaimed Arthur. "Does Picking's attorney come prepared to—you are so punctual—you never disappoint a client. A horrid clever fellow!"

"Business to-day?" asked Baxter.

"Do be seated, my most valued adviser," replied Arthur.

As there was but one chair in the room, and that occupied by the Broker, the Attorney seated himself on the table, and looking down upon the firm countenance of his client, asked him for a pinch of snuff—which request was grudgingly complied with.

"Been to the Bank?" asked Baxter.

"Yes," replied Arthur.

"Paid Morgan's check?"

"Yes."

"And Wilkin's draft?"

"Yes."

"Get a discount?"

"Yes."

"Any letters to-day?"

"One—only one."

"Need any advice in relation to its contents?"

"Well—no—yes—here it is—read it."

Arthur handed him the brief letter of Angeline Williams. The Attorney read it two or three times. He turned his head one side—and there is reason to believe he did so to hide a falling tear.

"A very pretty hand—a very pretty girl—ho! ho!" said Arthur, ironically. The Attorney was silent.

"She must pay to-morrow," said Arthur, "or—"

"Or what!" exclaimed the Attorney.

"Or the picture of her whining mother shall grace old Jones' recess," replied Arthur.

"She loved her mother," said Baxter, calmly.

"So I loved mine," replied Arthur; "and yet—"

"You broke her heart!" interrupted Baxter.

"Some people have no hearts to break!" growled Arthur.

"And so they break the hearts of others," replied the Attorney, and he took his handkerchief from his pocket. His head was turned from Arthur, and the conclusion is—the snuff affected his eyes!

"That matter, then, is settled," said Arthur. And he took the orphan's note and handed it to the Attorney. "Not an hour—not a minute—not a second will I wait longer than to-morrow!" said Arthur, and he brought his trembling hand upon the table with great force.

"If you lose a trifle now, Heaven will reward you hereafter," said the Attorney, as he placed the note in his hat.

Arthur made no reply, but laid his hand upon another package, and looked at the Attorney.

"A widow's note! Gods! these widows and orphans will ruin me yet! Whining curs they are, thus to cheat an honest man out of these dear, sweet dollars! What is Arthur Picking but an orphan? and what but Arthur Picking's honest industry has prevented his own sweet wife from being a widow on the town? And Arthur Picking's children—Heaven would have made 'em worse than orphan's long ago, had not these dear, sweet dollars interposed!"

Thus the Broker soliloquised, as he handed widow Morgan's note to Baxter, with directions to "sue to-morrow!"

"'Twill be done, I suppose?" inquired Arthur.

"Probably," replied the Attorney.

"Probably!" growled Arthur. "Probably never made an honest broker rich—"

"Nor wrung a weeping orphan's heart!" interrupted Baxter.

"Nor made a snarling lawyer know his place," thought Arthur, but he did not say so.

There was a long pause here, and Arthur took a pinch of snuff. His eyes rested mechanically upon the piles of papers on his table, and the Attorney was looking carelessly upon the dirty office floor. There was a serious look in his eye, and on the whole, he looked somewhat paler than usual. His appearance did not escape the scrutinizing gaze of old Arthur Picking.

"Sick?" growled Arthur.

"No."

"Tired?"

"No."

"Too much dinner?"

"No."

"Out of funds?"

"Nearly."

"A horrid disease—d—d horrid!" ejaculated Arthur.

Here there was another long pause, and Arthur continued looking at his papers, while Baxter was gazing at the picture representing the Battle of Bunker Hill.

"Call at Thornton's yesterday?" inquired Arthur.

"At Julia Thornton's?" replied Baxter.

"Yes!" growled Arthur, sharply.

"Yes, I called on her," said the Attorney.

"Any money?"

"No."

Arthur shook his head, as much as to say, "as I expected."

"Here is the agreement," said Arthur, hurriedly; "agreed to pay every dear, sweet dollar to-morrow! Orphan's pay day to-morrow—sue 'em all—d—n 'em!—sue 'em all!"

He handed the agreement to the Attorney, and he drew a long sigh as he placed the document in his hat. Who would have believed it?—James Baxter loved Julia Thornton! He had known her in her better days—when youth, beauty and innocence were here, and the sweetest of life's pleasures were ever within her grasp. He had known her when her guileless heart was free from care, and he told her that he loved her. Well, times had changed. Julia had become an orphan, and toiled daily for her bread. The Attorney loved her none the less for that. He often went to her lonely cottage, and told her she should not wait. When she wept, he would kiss the falling tears away, and tell her brighter days were dawning. Yes, he loved that weeping orphan, and who would not?

Sad reflections came into the mind of Baxter,

as he received his papers and instructions from old Arthur Picking. What could he do? Disobey his instructions and he lost his client. What then? There were lawyers in the village who would bow to Arthur's dictation, and make themselves his pliant tool. He wanted time for reflection.

"Out of cash, are you, Baxter?" inquired Arthur. "Horrid disease—devilish horrid! Bring your bill in the morning," said Arthur, as he shook a small box, containing either buttons or "dear, sweet dollars."

"Settle then?" inquired Baxter.

"To date," said Arthur.

"Relief!" said Baxter.

"As I expected," grunted Arthur.

Here was another long pause; and the Attorney, satisfied that Arthur had no further business with him, silently left the office and repaired to his lodgings. He looked careworn—indeed he did—and as he wended his way home, he "bitterly thought of the morrow."

Arthur, after the Attorney had left, lowered his head upon the table. He was in deep thought. Something was troubling Baxter—he was satisfied of that. What was in the wind? Arthur meditated a long while, and at last came to the conclusion that he was out of cash—that horrid disease—and that a strong dose of "dear, sweet dollars" would put matters to rights in the morning. So he arose, and taking his old greasy hat from off the peg, placed it carefully on his head; took his gloves from the drawer, and drew them carefully on his hands; then cast a glance at the battle of Bunker Hill, and declared if his father was engaged in the aforesaid battle he had made no mention of it in his will; then, hearing a slight knock at the door, suddenly seated himself in a chair, and growled "come in!"

A little ragged, half-starved urchin slowly entered, and inquired if "Mr. Picking was in?"

"Yes!" growled Arthur, "what do you want?"

"I want this bill paid, sir."

"Mr. Picking is not here—gone away."

"Aint your name Picking?" asked the boy.

"Yes; let's look at your bill," replied Arthur.

"Three dollars for making shirts! Infernal lie! Never made a shirt for me—never wear shirts, boy—intolerable nuisances!"

"Mother says she must have the money—will sue you if you don't pay!" said the boy.

"Ho! ho! he! he!" roared Arthur. "Sue Arthur Picking! sue me, Arthur Picking! Ha! ha!"

"Won't you pay the bill?" imploringly asked the boy.

"Go home! you juvenile beggar, and learn manners. Tell your mother, if she can prove her account, to sue—sue!"

So saying, Arthur pushed the boy from his office, and wended his way to his dreary home; and after partaking of his "most delicious hard crust and sweet milk," he stretched himself out on his old bed, and slept soundly until morning.

CHAPTER III.

Baxter went immediately to his lodgings. He was satisfied that he must do one of two things. He must continue to be the leading and confidential adviser of such a man as Arthur Picking, or renounce all further connection with him, and assist the widow and orphans, on the morrow, in paying their liabilities to old Arthur. He resolved, after due reflection, to pursue the latter course. He knew he should draw down upon himself the inveterate animosity of his former client; but he manfully resolved to weather the storm, or perish in the attempt. Of what service to him was old Arthur Picking? It is true he furnished him business, such as it was; but Baxter knew the world despised him for it, and his own character and re-

putation was fast passing away. Nevertheless, his resolution caused him much anxiety. Who would Arthur engage as his attorney? Perhaps some hardened villain, who would rejoice in carrying out the mandates of such a man as Arthur Picking, the Broker. Who would be the man to collect that debt of the widow Morgan? Who would be base enough to sell the miniature for which the beautiful Angeline Williams was toiling day and night? Who so hardened as to drive his much loved Julia from her humble home? All these queries suggested themselves to his mind in rapid succession. He remained for a long time in profound meditation; at last, rising suddenly from his seat, he exclaimed, "I will do it!" and went immediately out.

With rapid pace, he hastened to the residence of the widow Morgan. Arriving there, he knocked at the door. He was answered from one of the windows, by the widow herself.

"Don't claim admittance to-night," said the aged woman, imploringly. "I will pay to-morrow, if I can."

"I am not after money, my good woman," said the attorney hastily. "I have come to render you assistance."

"I am afraid you will deceive me—"

"Don't hesitate," said the Attorney, interrupting her. "I will tell you all. I am your friend."

"Then you are the only one this side the grave," sobbed the widow. "But will you promise—oh! will you promise, to leave me my husband's portrait, if you take all else?"

"May the lightnings of Heaven blast me if I deceive you!" exclaimed the Attorney.

He was admitted. The door was opened cautiously by the aged woman, and she trembled as Baxter passed her. What could he mean? Perhaps he was honest. Perhaps he would keep his promise. God give him grace to do it.

The Attorney passed up a long, dreary flight of stairs, and at last was ushered into the room occupied by the widow. The room was very small. A few small chips were burning in the fire place, by which the forlorn woman was cooking her evening meal, which, Heaven knows, would hardly keep her alive until morning. Baxter seated himself quietly, and asked her to do the same. She complied, and the Attorney stated the object of his visit.

"You owe Arthur Picking twenty dollars?"

The widow trembled as she answered, "Yes, sir."

"And cannot pay it?"

"I don't know when I can," was the reply.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what you owe this amount for, Mrs. Morgan?" asked Baxter.

"I cannot tell," was the reply. "Picking called on me the day he did, and said my husband owed him that amount, and demanded my note."

"You gave it to him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Listen to me, my good woman," said the Attorney, drawing his chair closer to the wondering woman; "listen to me. I have long been the legal adviser of Arthur Picking, but am determined to be no longer. He has placed your note in my hands, with directions to commence suit to-morrow—"

"God protect me!" interrupted the widow.

"And now," continued the Attorney, "the note is in my possession, and I wish to burn it in your presence. Then let him whistle for his pay."

The widow drew a long sigh and said, "But he will still say I owe him, and come and take my things—yes, he will—he will."

"Will you say you owe—then let him prove it!—Ha! ha!"

"But he will say you burned the note."

"You must keep mum. Let him prove it."—He! he!"

"But can't he take my things? say, can't he?"

"When he proves the debt!—hi, hi! ho, ho!" and the Attorney laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. The infirm old woman arose to thank him; but the Attorney hastily committed the note to the flames—then promised to protect her from all harm—then hastened down the steps into the street, and so continued on. The widow murmured "God bless him!" and for the first time since her poor husband died, she was happy.

Baxter's heart was lighter than it had been for many a day. He felt himself incapable of committing a fraud on Arthur Picking—he who had robbed widows and orphans all his life, and laid heavier burthens on the suffering poor; who looked upon his piles of gold, and smiled to think that broken hearts had brought the glittering dust, and laid it at his feet. To arrest the profligacy of such a man, was Baxter's only object. He was intrusted with all the secrets of Arthur, and he resolved that now was the sufferers turn to triumph.

After leaving old Mrs. Morgan, he repaired immediately to the residence of Julia Thornton. It was late when he arrived there, but she was up, and toiling, as usual, at her little table. A knock at the door, at so late an hour, surprised her; but she recognised the voice of Baxter, and immediately admittance was granted him.

"Toiling, as usual!" exclaimed Baxter, as he entered her snug little room, and sat himself down by the fire.

"Yes, toiling to-night that I may weep to-morrow!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, as she threw her work down in despair.

There was a long pause here, and neither party felt inclined to speak for some time. At length Julia broke the silence.

"James, you know we were once young and happy; often we have roved together, and you once told me that you loved me! Times have changed I know. Then you was poor and I was rich—now, I am poor and you are rich. Say, James, say, can't you use your influence with Arthur Picking, and have him release the small amount I owe him? Tell him he is rich—I, wretchedly poor. Tell him—"

"You owe him nothing!" exclaimed Baxter, hurriedly. "I have paid your debt, Julia, and the old scoundrel can trouble you no more!"

"Now, I know you love me," exclaimed Julia; "you have paid my debt, and given old Arthur Picking his proper name." They embraced each other, and wept.

"Julia Thornton's Agreement" was quietly committed to the flames, by the Attorney, and the parties did not separate that night, until Julia had declared she loved James, and James declared he would marry Julia as soon as he had "floored" old Arthur Picking.

The Attorney wrote a brief note to Angeline Williams, which Julia agreed to deliver early in the morning. Baxter promised to send her the miniature the next day, free of cost. So having discharged a noble act to all, he hastened home, and, wearied with the labors and excitement of the day, he soon fell asleep upon his couch.

Yes, the Attorney and the Broker slept! Both slept soundly! The one enjoyed the consciousness of having discharged his duty faithfully—the other enjoyed no consciousness at all! Old Arthur Picking could sleep at any time, and in any place. Conscience never troubled him—for the best reason in the world—he never had any. In fact, he looked upon consciences as he did upon shirts—as "intolerable nuisances." He used t

say, he "did not object to conscience because it was worthless, but because it was expensive—continually urging a man to give—give!"

Up to this time, the Attorney and Broker had acted harmoniously. Mr. Arthur Picking reposed the utmost confidence in James Baxter, Esq.,—and that is where they differed, as the latter gentleman placed no kind of confidence in the word or honor of the first named gentleman. And so, having got the two gentlemen into trouble, in the next chapter we will try to get them out again.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## Original Sketches.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

### THE LADIES OF THE PRESENT AGE.

By one of the pupils in Mrs. Atkinson's Seminary.

The frivolity of the female sex has been a subject of remark among those, who, by the laws of nature, should protect and vindicate their rights and characters, ever since the wily deceiver first banished peace and confidence from Eden's shades. Their vanity, love of dress and want of strength of mind, furnish a most interesting topic of conversation, and the elegant sarcasm with which their faults are alluded to, could not be surpassed by even Pope himself. But satire is not the language with which public speeches are generally clothed; for when any great cause comes before the people, the aid and influence of the ladies are politely requested, amid flowing praises and delicate compliments. But, why the female mind is supposed to be incapable of those lofty pursuits which render that of man so noble—why the possession of a few accomplishments and exterior graces, is all of which she is thought worthy, has never been taken into consideration by those wise and learned men who act upon these suppositions.

There is an innate desire to please, within the hearts of all the human family, but more especially within that of woman. She dwells in smiles, and it is her chiefest joy, to create in other breasts, happiness corresponding to that within her own. Need we wonder then that she applies herself to that which she knows is best adapted to please.—Were the pursuits of literature the most esteemed by gentlemen, as becoming to the ladies, every one would be instructed in intellectual acquirements, and every mind would leave its unnatural thralldom. The fame of the American ladies would sound throughout the eastern world, and Columbia would be envied for the wise and interesting productions of its gentler sex; but as it is, the females of America must rest within the bounds of popular taste, for there are but few who have not bowed to the altar of vanity and knelt to the despot of fashion. But, though they have not realized the expectations of those interested in the youthful land of Liberty, there is excuse for them; they have not descended from the nobleness of our Puritan mothers for a low object, for a mere bauble. No, it was to obtain the richest prize our land affords, the attention of great and gifted men; and this they cannot secure without paying the utmost consideration to the adornment of the person and the few trifling accomplishments of which the ladies of the present age are thought capable. They do not thus remain in follies for the sake of *sops* and *fools*, for, to their praise be it spoken, there are some ladies who are not flattered by such attentions nor won, by the lispings nonsense of the drawing room. But it is to attract men of superior minds and glowing talents.

It is the lady that can, with soft accents and engaging manners, discuss the common-place subjects of remark, and not the one who, with a countenance glowing with intelligence, can explain the various phenomena of nature, and ad-

Poetry.

Russell the Vocalist.

Annexed is one of the old fashioned melodies, in singing which, Russell has been reaping additional laurels.

THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER, OR THE THREE HOUSES.

Around the board the guests were met, the lights above them gleaming,  
And in their cups replenished oft, the ruddy wine was streaming;  
Their cheeks were flushed, their eyes were bright, their hearts with pleasure bounded,  
The song was sung, the toast was given, and loud the revel sounded;  
I drained my bumper with the rest, and cried, "away with sorrow,  
Let me be happy for to-day, and care not for to-morrow!"  
But as I spoke, my sight grew dim, and slumber deep came o'er me,  
And 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues, this vision passed before me.

Methought I saw a demon rise; he held a mighty bicker;  
Whose burnished sides ran dally o'er, with floods of burning liquor;  
Around him pressed a clam'rous crowd, to taste this liquor greedy,  
But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suffering and the needy;  
All those oppressed by grief and debts, the dissolute and lazy,  
Blear-eyed old men, and reckless youths, and palsied women crazy.  
"Give, give!" they cry, "give, give us drink to drown all thoughts of sorrow,  
If we are happy for to-day, we care not for to-morrow!"

The first drop warms their shivering skin, and drives away their sadness.  
The second lights their sunken eyes, and fills their souls with gladness;  
The third drop makes them shout and roar, and play each furious antic,  
The fourth drop boils their very blood and the fifth drop drives them frantic.  
"Drink!" says the demon, "drink your fill! drink of these waters mellow,  
They'll make your bright eyes blear and dull, and turn your white skins yellow.  
They'll fill your home with care and grief, and clothe your backs with tatters,  
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts,—but never mind—what matters!"

"Though virtue sink, and reasoning fail, and social ties discover,  
I'll be your friend in hours of need, and find you homes forever.  
For I have built three mansions high, three strong, and goodly houses,  
A workhouse for the jolly soul who all his life carouses.  
A hospital to lodge the sot, oppressed by pain and anguish,  
A prison full of dungeons deep, where hopeless felons languish,  
So drain the cup, and drain again, and drown all thought of sorrow,  
Be happy if you can to-day, and never mind to-morrow!"

But well he knew, this demon old, how vain is all his preaching;  
The ragg'd crew that round him flock, are heedless of his teaching;  
Even as they hear his fearful words, they cry with shouts of laughter,  
"Out on the fool! who mars to-day with thoughts of an hereafter,  
"We care not for thy houses three, we live but for the present;  
"And merry will we make it yet, and quaff our bumpers pleasant."  
Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak, and lifts his brimming bicker,  
"Body and soul are mine!" quoth he—"I'll have them both for liquor!"

Not on a Prayerless Bed.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed  
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;  
For they alone are blest  
With balmy sleep  
Whom angels keep.  
Not, though by care oppressed,  
Or thought of anxious sorrow,  
Or thought in many coil perplexed  
For coming morrow—  
Lay not thy head  
On prayerless bed!

For who can say, when sleep thine eyes shall close,  
That earthly cares and woes  
To thee may o'er return?  
Rouse up, my soul,  
Slumber control,  
And let thy lamps burn brightly;  
So shall thine eyes discern  
Things pure and lightly:  
Taught by thy spirit-beam  
Never on a prayerless bed  
To lay thine unblest head.

But think thee, slumbering soul, of all that's promised  
To faith in holy prayer!  
Lives there within the breast  
A worm that gives unrest?  
Ask peace from Heaven—  
Peace will be given:  
Humble self-love and pride  
Before the Crucified,  
Who for thy sins has died:  
Nor lay thy weary head  
Upon a prayerless bed!

Hast thou no pining want, no wish, nor care  
That calls for holy prayer?

Hast thy day been so bright,  
That in its flight  
There is no trace of sorrow?  
And art thou sure to-morrow  
Will be like this and more  
Abundant? Dost thou lay up in store  
And still make place for more?  
Thou fool! this very night  
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,  
Who tracks the ocean deep,  
And when storms sweep  
The wintry skies,  
For whom thou wak'st and sleepest?  
Oh! when thy pangs are deepest  
Seek there the covenant ark of Prayer,  
For He that slumbereth not is there!  
His ears are open to thy cries!"

Oh! then on prayerless bed  
Lay not thy thoughtless head!  
Hast thou no loved one than thyself more dear,  
Who claims a prayer from thee?  
Some who ne'er bend the knee  
From Infidelity?  
Think, if by prayer they're brought—  
Thy prayer, to be forgiven,  
And making peace with Heaven,  
Unto the bliss they're led!  
Oh! for their sakes, on prayerless bed  
Lay not thy unblest head!

Arouse the weary soul, nor yield to slumber.  
Till in communion blest,  
With the Elect ye rest—  
Those souls of countless number;  
And, with them, raise  
The note of Praise  
Reaching from Earth to Heaven,  
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven:  
So lay thy happy head,  
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed!

"Ho Standeth at the Door and Knocketh."

In the silent midnight watches,  
List—thy bosom door!  
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh,  
Knocketh evermore!  
Say not 'tis thy pulses beating!  
'Tis thy heart of sin;  
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,  
'Rise and let me in."

Death comes on, with reckless footsteps,  
To the hall and hut:  
Think you Death will tarry knocking  
Where the door is shut?  
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth—  
But the door is fast:  
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth;  
Death breaks in at last.

Thou—'tis time to stand entreating  
Christ to let thee in;  
At the gate of heaven beating,  
Waiting for thy sin.  
Nay! Alas, thou guilty creature!  
Hast thou then forgot?  
Jesus waiteth long to know thee—  
Now he knows thee not.

To a New Pen.

Lie there! lie there! still pure as unstained snow—  
Guiltless as yet—but innocent, how long?  
Clear as are infant hearts from Passion's flow—  
Unheard, unknown, yet capable of song—  
Of song, whose silent music thou shalt trace,  
In characters of thought that time shall ne'er efface.

Thou art the Soul's Recorder, and thy course  
Takes with it Good and Evil—separate never  
Since Life's full fount was poisoned at its source,  
When Eden faded from the Earth forever—  
And thou, fast stealing o'er the darkened page,  
Sheds down full stores of each—gathered from every age.

Quiet, but mighty! From thy silent work,  
How starts to life the vanished world of time!  
Mysteries but late divined around thee lurk—  
The thoughts of Angels, and the hopes of Crime—  
And Man's first dreams, long buried in the Past,  
Called from their depths by thee, there mingle with his last.

Glorious Bard! Rare Painter! Lyrist high!  
Historian of the giant deeds of old!  
Interpreter of centuries gone by!  
Untomber of the Dead, whose mighty mould  
Accorded with great works—their awful traces  
Still shed Time's shadow down, on pigmies round their bases.

What! Canst thou tongue the Pyramids, and send  
The voice of Ages through a now creation?  
Canst thou reveal Fate's progress—guess her end—  
And chronicle her Pomp and Devastation?  
Canst thou exhume old Egypt's buried Kings,  
To revel in vast Halls—amid forgotten things?

Variety.

**HORRIBLE!**—Look out for the Engine while the bell rings!—As the morning train of cars was making its downward passage, on Saturday last, when not far from three miles below the Depot, as it was making a short turn in a bend of the road, while under full headway, the engineer observed a man lying directly across the track. To stop them in season to save the life of the individual, seemed impossible, but the engineer, ever faithful in the discharge of his duty, put the machine a screeching with all its might, and made every exertion in his power to stop, but alas! all

was unavailing; they had passed over the miserable man, before they were 'brought to,' when horrible to relate, a general rush was made to the spot, amidst the shout of 'a man run over!'—'a man run over!' Fear and dread was pictured on every countenance—every one was seized as with a paralytic shock, as tremblingly their legs bore their bodies to the scenes of blood—when lo! the headless trunk of a man of straw stretched out in a full view before them! They took up their trotters in ludicrous haste for the car, fully impressed with the idea that they had been most effectually April fooled.—Manchester (N. H.) Memorial.

**TALL WALKING.**—On Thursday afternoon last, between 2 and 3 o'clock, Col. Elworth performed the feat of walking round the Common, at Boston outside the railing, a distance of one mile and an eighth, in 7 minutes 58 seconds, for a purse of \$100. Time allowed 8½ minutes.

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows came riding along that way, when one of them called to him with an insolent air: "Well honest fellow," said he, "it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your hard labor." To which the countryman replied. "It is very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp."

**WOMEN.**—Women are the Corinthian pillars that adorn and support society; the institutions that protect women throw a shield also around children; and where women and children are provided for, man must be secure in his rights.—Henry Clay.

"Sam, is you asleep?" said one darkce to another.  
"No Sol, what you wants?"  
"I wants, if you has it, to borrow a dollar."  
"I's asleep."

A marriage is reported to have occurred recently, between a Mr. North and Miss West. It is expected that they will have some regular North Westlers.

An old lady, remarkable for her confused idea of the meaning of words, described a clear summer evening thus: "It was a beautiful bright night—the moon made every thing as light as cork."

An editor out west objects to the substitution of ladies for wine at our public dinners, because they are so much dearer.

A divine ought to calculate his sermon as an astrologer does his almanac, to the meridian of the place and people here he lives.

Marriages.

- On the 28th March, by the Rev. R. J. Crampton, of Hely, Mr. G. SILAS JENNINGS to Miss MARY ANN W. SHURLEY, of this city.
- In Alexander, on the 23d ult., by the Rev. Mr. Ripley, Mr. Daniel Carter, of Darien, to Mrs. Martha Williams, widow of Roswell Williams, of the former place.
- In La Roy, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Norman Gifford, of Penfield, Monroe county, to Miss Fanny Mills, of the former place.
- In Clarkson, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. Eli Hannibal, Mr. Seymour Sherwood to Miss Jane Bates, all of that place.
- In Buffalo, April 5, G. W. BULL, Esq., to Miss WEAVER, both of Buffalo.
- In Palmyra, on the 2d inst., by F. Smith, Esq., Mr. Edward Knox, to Miss Lucinda Pelham, both of that place.
- In Phelps, on the 4th ult., by Elder William Rowe, Capt. Richard Ford, to Miss Emily Tingley, both of that village.
- In Warsaw, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. H. K. Stimpson, Mr. John M. Fargo, to Miss Betsey Throop, both of that town. On the same day, by W. K. Crooks, Esq., Mr. Warren Alkou, to Miss Amelia Vrooman, both of Eagle, Allegany co.
- In Geneseo, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Ferris, Mr. Joshua R. Begole, to Miss Sophia Jennings.
- In St. John's Church, Batavia, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. A. Steele, Mr. Levi Barner, to Miss Lucinda Debow, all of that place.
- In Bethany, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. Lyman Sherwin, of Warsaw, to Miss Orra Champlin, of the former place.
- In the town of Perry, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. J. Phillips, Mr. James Ferguson, of Perry, to Miss Sarah Jenkins, of Java.
- In Ridgeway, Orleans county, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. E. Maxwell, Mr. Luke Woodworth, M. D., of Hartland, to Miss Catherine Angeline, daughter of Eli Angeline, Esq., of the former place.
- At Black Brook, on the 23d ult., by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Wm. C. White, of Albion, to Miss Mary E., daughter of Hon. Orin White, of Ann Arbor, Michigan.
- At Kendall, on the 18th ult., by N. Spicer, Esq., Mr. Joseph H. Bart, to Miss Maria Corbin, all of that place.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.  
Terms.—One Dollar per annum, in advance.

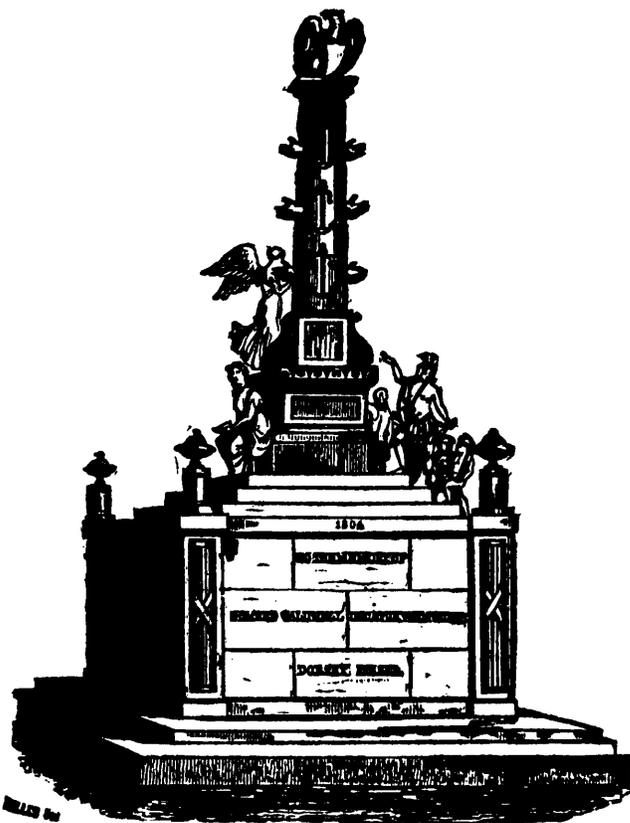
# THE GEM

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

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 29, 1843.

No. 9.



NAVAL MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON.

### Naval Monument at Washington:

This monument stands within one of the reservoirs on the western side of the Capitol, and is about forty or fifty feet in height, from the base to the top of the column.

It was erected by the officers of the American Navy, in commemoration of their gallant brothers who fought and fell at Tripoli, when the crescent covered upon its own soil beneath the flag of the Western Republic. At first it was erected in the Navy Yard at Washington, but was removed to its present position. It is of white marble, and the architecture is of the Doric order. The pedestal is ornamented with a view of Tripoli, and the bombarding fleet of the Americans. The names of those who distinguished themselves in the action, are in brass letters upon the side of the pedestal, and Turk's heads are wrought around the cornice. On each angle of the pedestal, a figure as large as life, is placed. One is Mercury, the god of commerce, whose interest was protected by the gallantry of the dead commemorated; another is Columbia, directing the attention of two children to History, who is recording the deed of heroism, and the fourth is Fame.

### Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]  
Arthur Picking, Over the Way.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Early the next morning, Arthur was seen wending his way to his office. His step was firm.—There was, however, an apparent restlessness in his movements. Had he passed a good night's rest? Perhaps some horrid dream had troubled him? or was he fearful of pecuniary loss? We cannot tell. But certain we are, that since the Attorney left him the evening previous, old Arthur Picking had seen some trouble. There are frequent flashings of his eye—his lips quiver occasionally—and ever and anon he shakes his fist at somebody whom he does not see.

He reached his office door. He opens the door and enters. It is quite early yet, and but few people are stirring. Arthur carefully hung his hat on the peg we have particularly described; drew his chair near the stove without pipe; declared it was "a chilly morning, but wood was expensive, very expensive, and could not be endured;" and then fell into a state of quiet abstraction. How long he remained so, we cannot tell; but when he aroused himself, he cursed his apathy, and drew his chair and himself nearer to his table. He took up his pen and endeavored to en-

dorse his name on a thrice protested note; but his hand trembled violently, and he laid his pen down again. He arose and paced his room—whistled an old and familiar tune—gazed a long time at the painting—said something about drubbing the infernal red coats—then seated himself again. The Attorney entered, and Arthur forced a smile.

"Fine morning, Baxter!" said Arthur; "horrid fine morning! Horrid cold, too!" said the Attorney, rubbing his hands, and casting a glance at his client.

"Unusually so!" growled Arthur, as he turned himself around and faced Baxter, who was mounted, as usual, on the Broker's table. "Great day for collecting."

"None better!" replied the Attorney; "running all night!"

"Horrid fine!" shrieked Arthur. "Best lawyer in the village—best educated—best collector—what a lucky thing—horrid lucky!"

The Attorney bowed, but made no reply.

"Ah, Baxter! my noble adviser—sole heir of Arthur Picking—did he trot his horrid legs off?—did he see the widow?—he did!—must be!"

"Seen them all!" replied the Attorney, patting old Arthur on the shoulder.

"What, all! Seen the widow?—widow Morgan?—mind! the widow what lives in the horrid little house, and owes the dear, sweet dollars?"

"Will pay before noon," replied the Attorney.

"Before noon! Ho, ho! Before noon—and all owing to the horrid talents of the sole heir of Arthur Picking! Been to breakfast?"

"Yes," replied the Attorney.

"Knew you had," rejoined Arthur.

"See any body else? See—what is that name—horrid pretty girl!—wished she was mine!—ah! see Miss Williams?" cunningly inquired Arthur.

"Yes—of course!" said the Attorney.

"Will she—pay?" tremblingly asked the Broker.

"To-day!" was the reply.

"And Miss Thornton—"

"Ready when I call," interrupted Baxter.

"Well, well!" roared old Arthur. "Horrid good luck!" and he shook a box containing something which he termed "horrid valuable," but which the Attorney knew contained nothing more or less than one dozen brass buttons.

Arthur shoved his box one side. Suddenly recollecting himself, he drew his chair nearer the Attorney, and his keen black eyes looked him steadily in the face.

"Seventy years old, to-day!" whispered Arthur.

"You look much younger," replied the Attorney, cautiously.

"Seventy years old, to-day!" repeated Arthur.

"Is that all?" replied the Attorney.

"They tell me I must die!" groaned the usurer.

"Die—die—when?" inquired Baxter, with affected amazement.

"When the time comes," was the reply.

"That's when we *all* die," said the Attorney.

"I know—yes, I know!" replied Arthur. "But they told me last night!"

"Who told you?" eagerly asked the Attorney.

"I can't tell who. They were around my bed,—all there,—and whispering in my ear about death and the grave. They told me I would be cheated—that they would not pay—that the worms would eat my body and leave my heart to rot! Horrid!"

"Dreaming—you were dreaming!" laughed the Attorney. "It is all a dream!" laughed the Attorney. "It is all a dream!"

"A dream! What is a dream? I never dream. Say, *was* it a dream—*was* it?"

"Of course, it was," replied the Attorney.—"Come, away with this nonsense; you are childish, this morning, Arthur!" And the Attorney laughed outright.

"That's it!" roared old Arthur; "that's it! Why didn't I think of that? Devilish funny!—Ho, ho!" But the Broker did not drop this part of the conversation until he repeated, "I never dreamed before—never!"

The Attorney watched the countenance of his client closely. It wore an air of melancholy. It *was* unusual—there was no mistake about that. He was uneasy. He made use of certain vague expressions; and in order to change the current of his thoughts, Baxter informed him that, before he entered upon the duties of the day, he would like to settle his account "*to date*."

"Most excellent proposition," laughed the broker. "Out of cash—horrid disease!"

"Rather troublesome," said the crafty lawyer, not at all pleased with this allusion to his empty pockets.

"Bill ready?" asked the Broker.

"Here it is," replied the Attorney, as he handed him the obnoxious document. "Very moderate, Picking; very moderate—considering."

The Broker drew his check for five hundred dollars, and groaned as he handed it over to Baxter. The Attorney quietly lodged the same in his pocket, remarking that the "horrid disease" was cured.

"I thought so!" growled Arthur, as he figured up his check book. "Another such a haul as that would bring me the same disease, without the remedy." The Attorney laughed at Arthur, and Arthur scowled at the Attorney, muttering "horrid disease—devilish horrid!"

"Bank account short?" inquired Baxter.

"Infernal long!" replied Arthur.

"Any notes to pay to-day?" asked the lawyer.

"None—thank God!" was the reply.

"Lend me a thousand?"

"Never be paid."

The Attorney laughed, and thought old Arthur was nearly right. He did not say so, however; and Arthur, having thrown his book one side, gave strong evidence that he meant what he said.

"Prepared to make your collections now?" inquired Arthur.

"Nearly so," was the reply.

"Show the infernal devils no compassion!" exclaimed Arthur. "There! I thought so! They were around my bed last night! I see them now! Tell 'em I shall outlive 'em all! Curse the old widow for me, and torture them avaricious orphans until dollars roll from their eyes!"

"I will do it all, and more!" said the Attorney.

"Tell 'em they shall be dunned when dead—every horrid soul of 'em—if they don't pay!"—growled the Broker.

The crafty Attorney drew very near his client, and whispered in his ear. "The miniature," said he. "Give me the miniature, and one look at

that will draw *cash* from the eyes of that whining orphan in the milliner's shop."

"Ho! ho! who'd have thought?" roared old Arthur Picking. "Stupendous, transcendent thought! worthy the imagination of my legal adviser! Shake it in her face—make her kiss the ugly picture, then press it to her heart, and whisper Arthur Picking's name in her childish ears!" So saying, he placed the miniature in the Attorney's hands.

Baxter placed the treasure—for such it was—in a safe condition, and bowed low to his laughing client. His plans had all succeeded. He held the Broker at his mercy, and Arthur Picking's prosperous days had passed. The Attorney cast a mournful glance around the office, and at its unhappy inmate. He thought of the past, and it made him unhappy—of the future, and it filled his soul with increasing joy.

"You were in trouble, yesterday," said Arthur.

"And you were in trouble this morning," replied the Attorney.

"You have escaped it—yes, you have!" said Arthur.

"And you have forgotten your dream!" was the reply.

"Well, it *was* a dream—wasn't it?" inquired Arthur.

That's all!" said Baxter; and the Broker started for the Bank, and the Attorney in an opposite direction. How they succeeded in their plans, the next chapter will inform us.

#### CHAPTER V.

The Attorney entered on his duties that morning with a heavy heart. Would the world appreciate his motives? Would his friends justify him in betraying Arthur? Would the widow and orphans appreciate the value of the services he was rendering them? Why not befriend *all* who were oppressed by Arthur Picking? Why not warn all against his accursed avarice? These queries, and many more, suggested themselves to his mind. He had his doubts—they caused him anxiety.—He stopped; raised his hand to his head; thought for a moment: then said he read *every* where; and so passed rapidly on. It was quite early when he reached the milliner's shop. He paused when he arrived there, and hardly knew what course to pursue. Gathering strength and resolution from the excitement of the moment, he opened the door cautiously and entered. There was but one female there.

"I wish to see Miss Williams," said the Attorney, with considerable embarrassment.

"You are addressing her," was the timid reply.

Baxter uttered some incoherent expression—cast his eye around the shop, to satisfy himself that none overheard the conversation—and approached nearer the now weeping girl.

"Don't weep!" said the Attorney. "We all have our troubles, and I wish to prove myself your friend." There was no reply.

"My name is Baxter," said the Attorney, after a short pause. "Did you receive a note from me this morning?"

"Yes, Sir," was the reply.

"Read it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You owe Arthur Picking—"

"More than I can ever pay, as God is my judge!" stammered the friendless orphan.

"Here," said the Attorney, "here—do you recognize *that*?" handing her the miniature of her deceased mother.

"Yes, oh! yes, I do!" replied the orphan. "It is so like her!" and she bowed her head and wept aloud.

"You have labored hard to secure that prize, as I am told," said the noble-hearted Attorney.

"God only knows how much I have undergone," was the reply. "I thought it was cruel to take her away, and bury her in the ground. I murmured—may God forgive me. And then I tho't that I might be happy when left alone. I used to take this image with me when I went to pray, so that I might not forget her who first taught my infant lips to lip my Maker's praise."

"You love it, then," murmured the Attorney.

"As I love myself," was the reply. "Ever since I missed it from my little room, and was told that Arthur Picking had it, I have been unlike myself. You will excuse me—I know you will—but *isn't* it beautiful?"

The Attorney answered, "yes."

A long conversation ensued between the parties, during which time, the Attorney, cautioning her against remarks on the subject, and informing her of the course he intended to pursue, told the orphan that her debt to Arthur Picking was legally discharged, and the miniature was her own.—Without waiting to be thanked, Baxter immediately went out, and left her to share her joy with hearts more prepared to partake of it than his own. Oh! who can describe the feelings of that orphan girl, as she gazed upon the once lost and now restored image of her mother? Her toils were over. Her agonizing days were past. Her mind was clear, and she gazed with rapture on that priceless gem! We will not attempt a recital of her joy. But we might say that, when the winter was passed, she often visited her mother's grave, and planted flowers upon it with her feeble hands. They "grew and flourished there," and many a person has been heard to say that, when Angeline was there, busy in transplanting flowers, and erecting a frail enclosure around the new-made grave, her look seemed aimed on the air, and her mind grasping with the joys of Heaven.

The Attorney hastened to the Bank, and received the money on Arthur's check. He was now secure. He did not fear his former client. He resolved to meet him boldly. The flashings of the Broker's eye could bring no terror now.—Baxter felt composed. His conscience whispered peace, and he could walk erect. He cared not where he encountered the Broker. He was prepared for a conflict with his adversary, who was unprepared for the conflict himself, and an easy triumph was anticipated.

The Attorney hastened to the office, and seated himself in old Arthur's chair. He soon appeared, with a huge bundle of papers under his arm, and his check book in his hand. As a matter of courtesy to his superior, the Attorney vacated the chair, and Arthur sat himself down, and the first named gentleman was very politely asked to be seated—so he mounted the table, as usual.

"Breakers ahead!" said the Attorney.

"And clear sea, too!" growled Arthur.

"May run foul of them!" said the Attorney.

"Then back off of 'em!" snarled Arthur.

"Ship may go down!" said the Attorney, vexed that Arthur would not take his meaning.

"Then swim ashore!" said Arthur peevishly.

"Can't swim!" echoed the Attorney.

"Ugh!" grunted Arthur. "As I expected!"

"This is no time for boy's play," said the Attorney: "the widow *won't* pay!"

"What!" roared Arthur the first time.

"The widow won't pay!" was the reply.—"Says she owes you nothing."

"Prove it by the note—eh?—*prove* it—prove it!" said Arthur, hastily.

"The girl in the milliner shop *won't* pay!" said the Attorney. "Breakers ahead, I tell you!"

"What?" roared Arthur the second time.

"Miss Thornton *won't* pay! All taken legal advice," said Baxter.

"What!" roared Arthur the third time.

The Attorney bent his body down, and, laying his hand on Arthur's shoulder, repeated "legal advice!"

"Sue 'em, then, you bloody hound, before you eat or sleep! Sue 'em in the devil's court, where costs are heavy and the verdicts sure! Wring out their hearts with your legal book, and hang them quivering in my sight! Oh! delicious!"

The Attorney bent forward the second time, and said, "no proof!"

"No proof!" shrieked old Arthur, "No proof! Notes, with names all signed—agreements, with their devilish cognomens—pictures, with the images of lying mothers, who defraud the world, and then die because they can't defraud the grave! No proof! Where is the proof?"

The Attorney bent forward a third time, and whispered, "All destroyed!"

Arthur raised himself up, and with flashing eye and quivering lip, exclaimed—

"All destroyed? Who destroyed the Morgan note?"

"I did!" was the reply.

"Who destroyed the Thornton agreement?"

"I did!"

"And the milliner girl—"

"Is now thanking me that I pitied her distress."

"And you are—"

"The widows' and orphans' friend?"

"And—"

"Your most inveterate enemy!"

Arthur sat himself down, and fixed his eyes upon the unflinching Attorney. He spoke not a word for a long time. He surveyed the Attorney without uttering a syllable, and looked upon him with perfect contempt. At length he broke the silence.

"You are a lawyer, Sir."

"Yes, Sir," said the Attorney.

"And know that you have defrauded me of my legal rights?"

"Yes, Sir, undoubtedly," replied the Attorney.

"And know you are a criminal in the eyes of the law?"

"Where is your proof?" said the Attorney, with an air of triumph.

The Broker was subdued. He bowed his head and was wrapped in deep thought. He felt himself conquered, and there was no escape for him. His head was confused. He wrung his hands as he had often wrung hearts. He lifted his glaring eyes to the Attorney.

"You said it was a dream!" said he. "I knew it was not a dream! I never dream! I told you so—yes, I told you so!"

"Arthur," replied the Attorney, "you and I must now separate. We cannot longer agree.—Before we part, allow me to say one word. You are getting old, that you know. Make amends, Arthur, for the past. As long as your business operations are strictly honest, I will cause you no trouble. But remember that the orphan's friend will keep his eye upon you, and his vengeance will be speedy if you ruthlessly assault them now."

So saying, the Attorney left the office; and as he closed the door after him, Arthur allowed a large ink-stand to follow him thereto, which did no further harm than to break the aforesaid ink-stand into one hundred pieces, scatter the ink upon the floor, and draw a sight draft of twenty-five cents on the broker's pockets, for damages.

CHAPTER VI.

James Baxter, after his separation from the Broker, continued the practice of law. Friends gathered around him, and congratulated him on his safe deliverance from that iron hearted man. He was intrusted with business by those who had previously doubted his integrity. He was prospered

beyond his most sanguine expectations, and became as celebrated for his integrity and moral firmness, as for his legal talents and acumen.

Time rolled on, and the Attorney became a rich man. He was married to the beautiful Julia Thornton, who proved a faithful, devoted and affectionate wife. They live happily together, and often revert to past scenes of their lives and recount their various fortunes and misfortunes to one another. Every body loves and respects James Baxter and his wife.

Miss Williams continued to work in the milliner shop for two or three years, when a young man, who was an honest and industrious mechanic, sought her out, and offered her his heart and hand, together with a valuable chest of tools. Angelina considered this a valuable offer; so, after bidding the elder Miss Milford, in whose employ she had been, an affectionate farewell; and after having kissed the young ladies with whom she had been associated, who embraced her, weeping that they might see her face no more; she cast a parting glance at the various articles for sale in the shop, and in a few days became the beautiful Mrs. John Fillerblow. She makes a most excellent wife; and as she continues to wear to this day her mother's miniature, we have every reason to believe that she will die with it next her heart, and weep then because she cannot wear it longer.

The wants of the widow Morgan were all supplied by her friend the Attorney, while she lived. He bought her a small house adjoining his own, where she lived in contentment and ease. He furnished her with all the necessaries of life, not doubting that he would receive his reward for so doing. Indeed, on this head he could not doubt; for the widow had promised to bequeath to him the portrait of her husband, with the gilt frame in which it hung. But Mrs. Morgan did not need the assistance of the Attorney long. One day she caught a severe cold, which "made a settlement," and finally "settled" her. She died happy, whispering peace—peace.

Mr. Arthur Picking, the gentleman over the way, when he found the Attorney could no longer be coaxed, attempted to drive him. He went immediately to the Bank, to stop payment on the check—but he was too late, as the Attorney had drawn the full amount. He then went to lawyer Raymond's office, for advice; but the lawyer told him he could do nothing for him, and Arthur, muttering "As I expected!" returned to his office over the way. He sat himself down and reflected for a long time.

"Let me see," said he; "one hundred and seventy, and twenty, are one hundred and ninety dollars! Must make that up—must. Does he think he will escape me? We shall see—of course we shall see!"

So saying, he concluded to offer his wood-box, his stove without a pipe, his broom and jar of twine for sale, for the purpose of creating a separate fund. These he exposed to sale; but as nobody seemed anxious to buy, he concluded on the whole it wasn't best to sell, as a great demand for the articles would have the tendency to increase their value. What became of the articles subsequently, we cannot tell; but the conclusion is, that Arthur has stowed them carefully away, confidently expecting a great rise in their market value. We have strong reason to assert that his anticipations will not be realized. He thinks differently—there's where we differ.

A short time after, Arthur invested a large proportion of his property in stocks of various kinds; and many suppose that he has thereby lost immensely, and may now be considered poor.—Whether this is so or not, Mr. Arthur Picking,

over the way, is not the man he used to be. Some think him crazy, and he probably is, at times. You can see him wandering around the streets almost every day; and as he occasionally lifts both hands to his forehead, and presses them very hard thereon, the conclusion is, that his memory is very poor, and he cannot tell when his dinner hour arrives, without resorting to the aforementioned expedient. It is also an ascertained fact, that the Broker is somewhat shorter than he used to be. That pair of gray pantaloons which he purchased some ten years ago, hardly reached below his knees when he first obtained them; now they almost touch the tops of his boots, and so quite, at stated intervals. Arthur occasionally—yes, frequently—visits his "office." It is somewhat altered in appearance of late. He has erased the words "Land Broker" from his sign, and it simply reads "Arthur Picking." He has boarded up the window on the outside, and when the door is closed, all is dark and gloomy within.—The picture of the battle of Bunker Hill has been removed; and the Broker now declares it as his firm conviction, that no such battle as the aforementioned one was ever fought in this country, or it would have been mentioned in his "father's will."

It is confidently expected that Mr. Arthur Picking, having picked his way into the world at an unexpected moment, will pick his way out of it in an unexpected manner. This is the general opinion; and what the people are praying for, we have every reason to believe. J. L. S.

Popular Tales.

NAHWISTA, — A Story of the Colonies.

BY CHARLES F. POWELL.

About two centuries ago, when New England consisted of the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven, under the supervision of commissioners subject to the control of the Governor and General Court of Massachusetts, the difficulties with the Dutch at Manhattan, or New Amsterdam, commenced. Massachusetts and Plymouth being at points farther east, and of right of possession less questionable, were not immediately involved in the contest, but being under a compact or confederation with the other colonies, were bound to aid in sustaining the rights of Connecticut and New Haven.

Among the few occurrences which led to the quarrel, were the insolence of the Dutch agents; the burning of the English trading houses in New Haven; selling powder and guns to the Indians, and taking from the harbor of New Haven a vessel belonging to the Dutch.

About this time the Dutch Governor, Kieft, living at Manhattos, took under his charge, to educate and bring up, an Indian Maiden, named Nahwista. Her father was a Block Island Indian, aged and infirm, and having many daughters and but one son, solicited the Governor to take Nahwista under his protection. It does not appear that Kieft had any children of his own, and he naturally looked on Nahwista as a member of his own family, and cherished her with more than the ordinary, kindly feelings of an adopted father.—Nahwista was but eighteen when she left her father's hut. Tall and graceful, and just budding into womanhood, she had attracted the attention of more than one young sachem of her tribe.—The younger of the daughters, and the favorite of her father, and living as she did near to the Dutch settlement, much pains had been taken with her dress. Her small, delicate foot told that her moccasins had been more snugly fitted than they were wont to be for her sisters of the forest. Her slender waist, too, showed that she had worn a girdle from her youth; and her soft and graceful hand had been trained to the bow and quiver, which she used most dexterously. Her eye was like the eagle's, and her hair like the raven's wing; but a melancholy sadness brooded over her finely chiselled features. She was at times thoughtful, deeply thoughtful, and it would seem that no earthly incentive could light up the smile on her countenance. At times, it is true, she was gay, and even joined in the revelries of the hour, but her

joy was in her solitude, and her pleasure in her meditation.

Nahwista liked her adopted father, and her aptness led her soon to become proficient in the Dutch language. Her sisters were permitted to visit her, and she in return occasionally went to the house of her father. But her attachments to the Dutch became stronger, as she grew more acquainted with them and could converse with them more freely, and her restless anxiety to associate with the wild beings of her native home gradually subsided at a year's end.

A servant of the Governor's, named Carle, an active, intelligent young man, was enamored with Nahwista, and used all the artifice in his power to win her affection. She was artless in the affairs of the heart, but had sufficient good sense and female cautiousness to be distrustful of his motives. Carle lavished presents upon the fair Indian maid, and strolled with her daily through the wild labyrinths of the Governor's domains, discoursing the while the soft music of love. He helped her to scale the cliffs, or to descend the ravine, or ford the rivulet, and was constant in his attendance upon her: though perhaps his thoughts were far away and his attachments placed upon another. What civilized maiden, tender in years and in feelings, could so far control her passions as to repel the influence of constant attentions and intimacy of one she considered her equal, and who was affable and pleasing in his address? Then, was Nahwista, the simple native of the forest, impregnable against the insinuations and artful addresses of Carle, who in form and features was handsome; who possessed the dignity of a burgo-master, and the volubility of a polish gallant?—She was not, and her intimacy with him grew into a form of love. Sincere and ardent, tho' chaste, was her attachment.

The Governor had been a secret observer of what had passed between his servant and the Indian maiden; and, from motives we know not, disapproved of their conduct. But who that ever attempted to stay the progress of love, or separate the hearts thus united, have succeeded?—None. Thus did the Governor fail to accomplish his object. As the last resort, he proffered to raise Carle to a more honorable and profitable station, and proposed to give him the charge of a trading establishment at Hartford, which proposition was reluctantly accepted by Carle, as a favorable opportunity for his advancement, and he repaired thither, leaving Nahwista behind, as he was compelled to do.

At the close of a day in June, while the Governor of New Amsterdam and the burgo-masters were assembled in council, on business connected with the colony of New London, a shallop might have been seen lying under the bank near the fortress, situated on the point now called the Battery. Two or three tars were seen hauling in the anchor, hoisting the sails, and making other preparations for starting on a passage. The beautiful harbor, unlike its appearance at the present day, was free of sails or craft of any kind, save here and there a sloop, which lay near the shore, or an Indian canoe darting across the blue wave towards the Meitenacks. The sun had descended behind the hills of Nova Cæsarea, and the steep roof of Manhattoes cast their dark shadows far over the water as the fading light of the west receded, when the shallop was pushed from the bluff bank into the open stream. The sails were spread and helm borne down, and the little vessel turned her head gracefully towards the Narrows. Once directed properly, she cut swiftly through the water past Governor's Island. The full moon had risen and cast her broad beams over the mirrored surface of the deep, and the shallop was scarcely discernible from the shore, when a maiden ascended from the fore-castle and paced proudly across the deck. There was one who saw her from the shore;—it was the Governor, who had returned from council, and was strolling along the beach. The maiden he saw was Nahwista. She held in her hand a piece of wampum, with which she waved an adieu to her master until she was out of sight.

The shallop arrived safely in the Delaware bay; but had no sooner landed than a body of Narragansets, who were lying in wait for plunder, attacked her, murdering the crew and rifling the vessel of every thing on board. Nahwista, being a native, of comely appearance, was suffered to escape. She wandered for several miles until she came to a Swedish settlement, where she was hospitably received. The language of her native tongue was entirely unknown in this part of the country, but falling in with some Dutch from

Manhattoes, the language she had learned at the Governor's house was of great service to her.—Her ultimate object, in leaving New Amsterdam, was to join Carle, and she was much chagrined and vexed on finding she was left at so great a distance from Hartford.

She remained here several months, until a marauding party was about to be started against the English, at Red Mounte. She embraced the first opportunity of conferring with the Swedish Governor, and entreated that she might accompany the party. Her desire was granted, and she set out on foot through the forest, with the expedition. She experienced great fatigue and trials during their long marches, having been for nearly two years unaccustomed to such hardships.

The party arrived on the banks of the Quinnepiack, when they fell in with a small company of English who had previously received intelligence of their progress towards their territory. A conflict ensued, which resulted in the defeat of the Swedes, and the taking of three prisoners, together with Nahwista. The Indian girl had borne a bow and quiver, which she used most skilfully during the contest, killing one of the colonists, and wounding another. Her enemies were much enraged, and would have put her to death instantly, had the usages of warfare sanctioned such a course. The party of colonists being composed of New Haven and Connecticut volunteers, and by far the greater portion belonging in Hartford, the captives were taken to the latter place, and put in confinement.

Nahwista was truly in a disagreeable and dangerous situation, having committed a crime against the laws of the colonies, by which she must suffer death, unless released by the Dutch, who were secret enemies to the English settlers.

It was the custom in Hartford, in those days, to keep the prisoners confined in a sort of barrack or out house, surrounded by a high wall, and guarded without by a watch or patrol guard. A young man by the name of Pierpont, an adventurer and trader, had been chosen captain of the watch. He had especially noticed the beautiful Nahwista, upon her arrival; and at times, when he was not engaged in his occupation of trading, or in his duties as watch, he would pass his moments with her, and as far as possible learned her history. Her peculiar manner of conversation in the Dutch language, together with her goodness of temper, and simplicity of behavior, interested him in her welfare. He ascertained from her, her parentage, her former connection with the Dutch Governor's family, and her unfortunate acquaintance with the Swedes, and resolved to use his influence in obtaining her release from captivity, or putting off her punishment, until some change in the affairs of the colonies took place. He succeeded so far as to have her made his slave; but she was not allowed to depart from the barracks, during the night time; and during the day, only in company with Pierpont, or some of the guard.

The arrival of the prisoners from New Haven, created considerable excitement; and it was not long ere Carle ascertained that Nahwista was one of the captives. He had made several ineffectual attempts to see her; but the jealousy of the English toward the Dutch settlers, led them to keep a close watch upon their movements; particularly of the Dutch Agent. Nahwista, with all the characteristic archness and cunning of her tribe, concealed from her master any knowledge she had of Carle; and her affability towards him, and the mock delight she manifested in meeting him, led Pierpont vainly to hope that she loved him.

Months passed on, and the confidence strengthened between the master and slave. Nahwista was allowed to perambulate, unattended, the yards within the inner wickets, and occasionally to repair to the mossy bank of the river, under the eyes of the watch. Hours, she sat upon the turf, watching the bright water below. Carle had observed her habits, and could easily discern her, while at her retreat, from the floor of his habitation. He was not long in planning a way of speaking with her; and on a cloudy morning, when but a solitary watch was in sight, he descended to the water's edge, and followed the river up, until opposite the barrack. Here he remained until the loved form of Nahwista made its appearance on the bank. Her eyes fell upon the object of her attachment, and she clasped her hands with joy, and the love-lit smile played upon her cheek. She sat down upon the sward, and bending forward, she gazed eagerly upon her lover, pushing with her hand the locks from before her eyes. Carle ascended the bank, and in a moment was at her feet. "I am happy," he said,

"to see my Nahwista again. I did not prize thy love until I had lost thee. I had heard you left Manhattoes, and I shed a tear, as I thought I had lost thee for ever."

"Then you still love Nahwista?" she said, gazing intently into his face, while the tears dropped fast upon her moccasins.

"Love thee! ay; I never loved thee till now; or if I did, the past is but a mirror, whereby I see my love reflected. Here, there are many fair forms and bright faces, and each morning brings wooingly to me some beautiful maiden; but I regard them not. My thoughts have been bent on thee, and the love retreats we used to frequent, have arisen in my fancy like fairy isles, in the midst of an ocean of darkness and gloom."

The lustrous eye of the Indian girl spoke her reply, and Carle knew too well her heart to doubt that he was beloved.

"But we must part," she said, "the watch approaches. When shall we meet again?"

"Ere long. You must be rescued. The difficulty is great, for know that thy master loves thee, and will use all precaution in keeping thee. I have resolved upon a plan to attack the guard; and this must be done to-night, and be you upon the look-out to escape by the northern gate, which will be opened for you. Fly immediately to my house and you will be safe. Farewell, Nahwista, we shall meet to-morrow."

The maiden arose and returned to her prison house.

Pierpont had returned from a hunting excursion, and held in his hand a beautiful bird, a native of the forest, which he presented to Nahwista as she entered. She spread its crimson wings upon her lap, while she forced a smile, and her master seated himself beside her. "You are sad this morning, Nahwista," he at length said.

"I am in captivity, and a great way from my father and sisters."

"But are you not happy with me, Nahwista?"

"The Indian girl likes not to be a slave. Nahwista likes her father and sisters, and prefers to roam free among the hills of her native forests."

"True, but I will set thee free, and make you my wife—"

"Will make me free?" she asked vehemently, clasping his hands in both of hers.

"I will, if you will be my wife."

Nahwista relaxed from his embrace, and turned her eyes sorrowfully to the ground.

"Dost doubt that I love thee, Nahwista? I will cherish thee forever, and make you happy. Why then not accept my offer?"

"I cannot be your wife," she firmly replied.

"Then be my slave," he said, and rose and left her.

It was past midnight, and the wakeful Nahwista was seated upon her pallet of boughs, when the report of a gun was heard. She bounded to her feet like a fawn, and went toward the northern gate. The gate was yet fast, and she listened for a moment. Presently the alarm was given among the watch, and immediately succeeded the clasp of rapiers. There was running hither and thither, a firing of muskets, and a clashing of steel. There appeared at intervals an engagement between two or three, and then all seemed in a general melee. The drums beat the reveille, and the soldiers and citizens were heard collecting in masses, and the Indians whooping and yelling in every direction. The noise and confusion increased, and Nahwista began to be alarmed for the fate of her lover when the ponderous gate came tumbling down at her feet. She leaped over the fragments and was in the arms of Carle.

"Fly!" he said, "I have broken the rapier of your master and have disarmed two of his guard, and we must now escape. Your release was all that I desired, and I have ordered my men away; and when we are no longer to be found, the town will be quiet again."

Pierpont was picked up wounded, with the hilt of his rapier in his hand, and was assisted home. But had he known that night that Nahwista was lodged in the house of Carle, no circumstance would have stayed his vengeance.

The next day he reported the affair to the Governor, and informed him of the escape of the Indian captive. It was thought expedient to make it a subject of correspondence between the commissioners and the Dutch Governor. Nahwista was demanded by the magistrates, but Carle regarded not their authority. He subsequently made proffers of marriage to her, and made known his intentions to her adopted father. The Dutch Governor made a virtue of necessity, and consented to the union, so soon as Nahwista should be lawfully baptized.

Carle continued to remain in Hartford until Stuyvesant came into power, when he repaired to New Amsterdam. In the meantime, Nahwista's father had died, and her adopted father having sailed to a foreign land, was cast away; and being no longer inclined to join her sisters, she settled down in quiet life with her husband, and lived many years, an ornament to society and her sex.

### Criticisms.

From the Dial for April.  
ENGLISH NOVELS.  
BY R. W. EMERSON.

Next to the poetry, the novels which come to us in every ship from England, have an importance increased by the immense extension of their circulation through the new cheap press, which sends them to so many willing thousands. So much novel reading ought not to leave the readers quite unaffected, and undoubtedly gives some tinge of romance to the daily life of young merchants and maidens. We have heard it alleged, with some evidence, that the prominence given to intellectual power in Bulwer's romances had proved a main stimulus to mental culture in thousands of young men in England and America. The effect on manners cannot be less sensible, and we can easily believe that the behavior of the ball-room, and of the hotel, has not failed to draw some addition of dignity and grace from the fair ideals with which the imagination of a novelist has filled the heads of the most imitative class.

We are not very well versed in these books, yet we have read Mr. Bulwer enough to see that the story is rapid and interesting; he has really seen London society, and does not draw ignorant caricatures. He is not a genius, but his novels are marked with great energy, and with a courage of experiment which in each instance had its degree of success. The story of Zanoni was one of those world-fables which is so agreeable to the human imagination, that it is found in some form in the language of every country, and is already re-appearing in literature. Many of the details of this novel preserve a poetic truth. We read Zanoni with pleasure, because magic is natural. It is implied in all superior culture that a complete man would need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. The eye and the word are certainly far subtler and stronger weapons than either money or knaves. Whoever looked on the hero, would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were universal, not selfish; and he would be obeyed as naturally as the rain and sunshine are. For this reason, children delight in fairy tales.—Nature is described in them as the servant of man, which they feel ought to be true. But Zanoni pains us, and the author loses our respect, because the power with which his hero is armed, is a toy, inasmuch as the power does not flow from its legitimate fountains in the mind; is a power of London; a divine power converted into a burglar's false key or a highwayman's pistol to rob and kill with.

But Mr. Bulwer's recent stories have given us, who do not read novels, occasion to think of this department of literature, supposed to be the natural fruit and expression of the age. We conceive that the obvious division of modern romance is into two kinds; first, the novel of *costume*, or of *circumstance*, which is the old style, and vastly the most numerous. In this class, the hero, without any particular character, is in a very particular circumstance; he is greatly in want of a fortune or of a wife, and usually of both, and the business of the piece is to provide him suitably. This is the problem to be solved in thousands of English novels, including the Porter novels and the more splendid examples of the Edgeworth and Scott romances.

It is curious how sleepy and foolish we are, that these tales will so take us. Again and again we have been caught in that old foolish trap:—then, as before, to feel indignant to have been duped and dragged after a foolish boy and girl, to see them at last married and portioned, and the reader instantly turned out of doors, like a beggar that has followed a gay procession into a castle. Had one noble thought opening the chambers of the intellect, one sentiment from the heart of God been spoken by them, the reader had been a participator of their triumph; he too had been an invited and eternal guest; but the reward granted them is property, all excluding property, a little cake baked for them to eat and for none other, nay, a preference and condescension which is rude and insulting to all but the minion.

Excepting in the stories of Edgeworth and Scott, whose talents knew how to give to the book a thousand adventitious graces, the novels of costume are all one, and there is but one standard English novel, like the one orthodox sermon, which with slight variation is repeated every Sunday from so many pulpits.

But the other novel, of which Wilhelm Meister is the best specimen, the novel of *character* treats the reader with more respect; a castle and a wife are not the indispensable conclusion, but the development of character being the problem, the reader is made a partaker of the whole prosperity. Every thing good in such a story remains with the reader when the book is closed.

A noble book was Wilhelm Meister. It gave the hint of a cultivated society which was found nowhere else. It was founded on power to do what was necessary, each person finding it an indispensable qualification of membership, that he could do something useful, as in mechanics or agriculture or other indispensable art; then a probity, a justice was to be its element, symbolized by insisting that each property be cleared of privilege, and should pay its full tax to the State.—Then, a perception of beauty was the equally indispensable element of the association, by which each was so dignified and all were so dignified; then each was to obey his genius to the length of abandonment. They watched each candidate vigilantly, without his knowing that he was observed, and when he had given proof that he was a faithful man, then all doors, all houses, all relations were open to him; high behavior fraternized with high behavior, without question of heraldry, and the only power recognized is the force of character.

The novels of Fashion of D'Israeli, Mrs. Gore, Mr. Ward, belong to the class of novels of costume, because their aim is a purely external success.

Of the tales of fashionable life, by far the most agreeable and the most efficient was Vivian Grey. Young men were and still are the readers and victims. Byron ruled for a time, but Vivian, with no tittle of Byron's genius, rules longer. One can distinguish at sight the Vivians in all companies. They would quiz their father, and mother, and friend. They discuss sun and planets, liberty and fate, love and death, over the soup. They never sleep, go nowhere, stay nowhere, eat nothing and know nobody, but are up to anything, though it were the Genesis of nature, or the last Cataclysm—Festus-like, Faust-like, Jove-like—and could write an Iliad any rainy morning, if fame were not such a bore. Men, women, though the greatest and fairest, are stupid things; but a rifle, and mild, pleasant gun powder, a spaniel and a cheeroo, are themes for Olympus. I fear it was in part the influence of such pictures on living society, which made the style of manners, of which we have so many pictures, as, for example, in the following account of the English fashionist:

"His highest triumph is to appear with the most wooden manners, as little polished as will suffice to avoid castigation, nay, to contrive even his civilities, so that they may appear as near as may be to affronts; instead of a noble, high bred ease, to have the courage to offend against every restraint of decorum, to invert the relation in which our sex stand to women, so that they appear the attacking, and he the passive or defensive party."

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### An Exalting Story.

The following fact will show the fearful dangers to which solitary travelers are sometimes exposed. A man belonging to Mr. Schmelens's congregation, at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving rock, the back part of which was covered with a species of dwarf thorn bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked a pipe, and being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within a little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind, then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised his head, and gave a

tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged when he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered him past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, least the man should move, and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed; the man in describing it said he knew not whether he slept, but if he did it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there, he listened to some noise, apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept to the water and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw as he expressed it, his "toes roasted," and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of the gun through its head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no farther, when providentially a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life.—*Messall's Missionary Labors.*

**A NEW FLYING MACHINE.**—The last of the many visionary and fallacious projects, which are every day presented to the contemplation of the public, in a shape so attractive from their novelty, or so amusing from their absurdity, as to arrest general attention, is Mr. Henson's recent invention for traversing the atmosphere in a carriage propelled by steam.

The last number of Wilmer and Smith's European Times, contains an engraving of this new invention representing the whole apparatus as it is intended to appear, when traveling in mid-air. The specification describes an apparatus, consisting of a steam engine of twenty horse power, weighing together with the boiler, about six hundred pounds, mounted on a pair of fixed wings, spread out 150 feet, and having a second pair of fixed wings, designed to be flapped, as occasion requires, by the engine. As the chief difficulty is to be apprehended at the start, (to wit, that it won't go,) an extraneous agency is to be employed to set it in motion. It is to be launched into the air from an inclined plane, elevated above the earth, whence, if its expanded wings do not buoy it up and impel it forward through space, it must of necessity fly to the ground. We omitted to mention its tail,—which is a most important member, being fifty feet long, and either operating as, or containing a rudder, whereby the whole machine is to be guided. The area of canvass or oiled silk, to be spread out for the support of the machine, is about six thousand square feet. It does not appear that any calculation has been made, of the resistance to its progress which might be occasioned by an adverse wind.

**A WELL BITTEN TRANSLATOR.**—Through uncommon good fortune I have, without the customary delay of two or three weeks, been admitted into the British Museum, Montague House; a truly royal institution for the preservation of the productions of nature and art. Saw the first Bible, printed by authority on vellum; and, turning to the 91st Psalm, 5th verse, instead of, "Thou shalt not be afraid of the terrors of night," &c. I saw the following—"Thou shalt not fear the bugs and vermin by night," &c. There are as many other remarkable differences, but had not time to examine many texts.—*Corwen's Journal.*

**LITTLE FAILINGS.**—"My James is a very good boy," said an old lady, "but he has his little failings, for we are none of us perfect—he has a cat in the fire, flung his grandfather's wig into the cistern, set the barn on fire, and tried to stick a fork in his sister's eye; but these are only childish follies."

**Anecdote of the late Charles Mathews.**

On a very dark night in December, the celebrated Charles Mathews had taken his place in the night coach from Exeter to Plymouth, but by a mistake or connivance was expelled to the outside. The night was very dreary, and soon after the coach set off it began to rain, which, in regard to Devonshire, is to say that the water came down in torrents like a cataract. Being neither provided with great coat nor umbrella, he naturally envied the situation of those who sat under him, and to desire their comfort was but another throb with him, to endeavor to obtain it, and in the depth of his roguery as well as his distress, he resolved upon the following expedient. He was the only passenger outside, and his location being the dickey, the coachman at the other extremity of the vehicle was incapable of "peeping through the blanket of the dark" upon his doings. He commenced by pretending to kiss and hug a child in his arms whose fretful whine he increased until it cut the drums of the other passenger's ears like a razor. Two of these passengers happened to be females, one of whom was a mother and the other expected to be. They instantly exclaimed—

"Dear me! there's a poor child on the roof in this rain—let's take it in."

The males, as gentlemen christians, were compelled to acquiesce; so down went the sash, and out went a lady's head and shoulders to address Mathews.

"Here, my good woman, give child."

"No, no," said the latter, imitating the voice of a female, "mine little dear Adolphine sol not go from him mamma," and then he commenced another series of soprano notes, interspersed with an abundance of hush-a-byes, more intolerable than the former.

"Good heavens!" said the humane female to her companion, "it's a barbarous Frenchwoman, she will kill the poor little thing," then leaning out of the window again, addressed the supposed female. "Give me the child, good woman, will you? It will catch its death. Here, coachman, stop."

"Stop, ma'am," said John, "bless your soul, did you ever hear of sich a thing in a rain as this? And if I did stop, the young 'un in the dickey would frighten the cattle."

Mathews pretended to get into a passion with the child, and scold it; at which the ladies opened upon the gentlemen, who, in their turn, and between the squalling, growling, screaming and threatening, a delightful tumult ensued. The dialogue, as he described it, ran thus:

Child—(squaling)—Ya, ya, ya!

Mathews—Hush, hush, child, child!

Woman—(within)—Don't use it so, good woman.

Child—Ya, ya, ya!—(crescendo.)

Mathews—You von little devil—you cry so mosh.

Woman—There's a brute, Mrs. Wiggins.

Gentleman—All owing to the French Revolution.

Child—Ya, ya, ya!

Coachman—Steady, Betty, steady.

Mathews—You are von little dam child.

Woman—Only hear the French monster!

Child—Ya, ya, ya!

Mathews—You! I will trow you in the mud!

Women—What does she say?

Child—Ya, ya, ya!

Mathews—Won't you hush? I trow you away.

Women—Oh, you wretch!

Child—Ya, ya, ya!

Mathews—Der den—cot dam! lie in the puddle!

And suiting the action to the word, he made a noise as if he had positively deposited the infant in the ditch; the cries of which grew fainter as the coach drove on.

The uproar that now ensued in the vehicle would have done credit to St. Giles' watch-house on St. Patrick's day. The women yelled and the men thumped the roof with their canes and swore out of the windows.

"Stop, coachman—stop! murder! murder!—she's killed the child!—she's thrown it into the ditch! will you stop, coachman?"

"In three minutes, ma'am," he replied "to change horses."

"But there's the child lying on the road!" came to some one from the inn to pick it up, "I musn't lose time between the stages."

A torrent of abuse now turned on the coachman, and one of the passengers, who was a lawyer, swore that if the child died he would prosecute the former for manslaughter and the mother for murder.

On arriving at the inn, Mathews jumped down and ran into the kitchen to dry himself. The house was instantly in confusion—the French woman was ordered to be seized—lanterns were lighted, and a party set off to retrace the road, headed by the humane lawyer. No infant, however, was to be found; and after groping about in the ditch until they were all thoroughly drenched, they returned to the inn. The lawyer was then told that the French woman had made her escape, and that another gentleman had taken his place in the coach which was now out of sight.

**Porcelain Tower of Nankin.**

A copy of the Bombay Spectator, received at the office of the Madisonian, Washington, gives the following description of this tower:

"Numerous, as you may conceive, have been the pilgrimages made to the far famed 'porcelain tower,' for the first time, in inspecting any of the monuments 'renommés' of this country, no disappointment has been experienced, while comparing what actually is, with what the legends of the bookmakers of China describe to be. It is indeed a most elegant and singular structure, as remarkable for its correct proportions as for the rare material of which it is partly composed. I say partly, because the mass of the building is not of porcelain, but is composed of common brick, with a facing and lining of beautiful white glazed porcelain bricks or slabs, fixed into the masonry by means of deep keys or shoulders, cast like a half T on the brick. Its form is octagonal, and running up each of the angles is a moulding of large tiles of very fine clay, glazed and colored red and green alternately; round each story runs a light balustrade, formed of green porcelain, upon which four arched doorways open, set to the four cardinal points, the arches being elegantly turned with large glazed tiles, cast in all imaginable fancies of design and variegation of color, representing wild beasts, demons, deities, monsters, &c. It appears to be a 'sight' among the Chinese themselves, for there are priests or bonzes attached to the building to keep it in order, who earn their consideration by distributing to the visitors lithographed elevations of the tower, with descriptions attached, and who seem to have the duty intrusted to them of illuminating it on gala occasions. This is effected by means of lanterns made of thin oyster shells, used in lieu of window-glass by the Chinese, which are placed at each of the eight angles on every story, and the effect of whose subdued light on the highly reflective surface of the tower must be most striking and beautiful."

**THE RETORT COURTEOUS.**—Edward Everett, our present Minister to England, delivered an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, at their annual celebration, a few years ago, and, after the public exercises were over, the Society had a dinner, as is usual on such occasions. Judge Story, who presided at the tables, is said to have proposed the following sentiment, after the cloth was removed, in compliment to the orator:

"The Orator of the day—Applause follows the footsteps of fame wherever it (Everett) goes."

This directed the attention of the whole company to Mr. Everett, who immediately arose and made the following very happy retort:

"The Members of the Legal Profession—However lofty their aspirations may be, they never can rise higher than one Story."—*Burlington Free Press.*

**THE ROTHSCHILDS.**—A curious fact appears in the "Occident," translated for that work from a French publication: "The widowed mother of the wealthy bankers Rothschilds, while her sons inhabit palaces in London, Paris, Vienna, Naples and Frankfort, still resides in the small house in the Jewish quarter of Frankfort (on the Maine) in which her husband lived and died. Upon his death she declared that she 'would only leave for the tomb the modest dwelling that had served to cradle this name, this fortune and these children.' The house is so remarkable for neatness, that it forces the attention of the stranger. It unfolds a trait of the Hebrews, as old as the affection and respect of the wives of the Patriarchs for their lords."

The 26 letters of the English alphabet can be arranged exactly 241,014,610,376,106,264,000,000 different ways! Who, then, can ever want for words, or wonder at the loquacity of women?

**A Beautiful Speech.**

The Natchez Free Trader contains a report of a speech of Cobb, the celebrated half-breed chief of the Choctaws made in reply to J. J. McRAE, Esq., the agent for enrolling and emigrating the Indians, about one thousand in number, assembled at Hopahka, informing them that "their council fires could no more be kindled here;" that "their warriors can have no field for their glory, and that their spirits will decay within them;" and that if they should "take the hand of their great father, the President, which is now offered them to lead them to their western homes, then will their hopes be higher, their destinies brighter."

The Natchez Courier appropriately says of this bit of eloquence that, for comprehensiveness and brevity, for beauty of diction and force, for affecting sublimity and propriety of sentiment, we have never seen any production to exceed it. We publish it as a composition worthy to be preserved.—*Nat. Int.*

**SPEECH OF COBB.**

**BROTHER:** We have heard you talk as from the lips of our father, the great White Chief at Washington, and my people have called upon me to speak to you. The red man has no books, and when he wishes to make known his views, like his father before him, he speaks from his mouth. He is afraid of writing. When he speaks he knows what he says: the Great Spirit hears him. Writing is the invention of the pale faces; it gives birth to error and to feuds.—The Great Spirit talks—we hear him in the thunder—in the rushing winds, and the mighty waters—but he never writes.

**BROTHER:** When you were young we were strong, we fought by your side; but our arms are now broken. You have grown large. My people have become small.

**BROTHER:** My voice is weak; you can scarcely hear me; it is not the shout of a warrior, but the wail of an infant. I have lost it in mourning over the misfortunes of my people. These are their graves, and in those aged pines you hear the ghosts of the departed. Their ashes are here and we have been left to protect them. Our warriors are nearly all gone to the far country west; but here are our dead. Shall we go too, and give their bones to the wolves?

**BROTHER:** Two sleeps have passed since we heard you talk. We have slept upon it. You ask us to leave our country, and tell us it is our Father's wish. We would not desire to displease our Father. We respect him, and you, his child. But the Choctaw always thinks. We want time to answer.

**BROTHER:** Our hearts are full. Twelve winters ago our chiefs sold our country. Every warrior that you see here was opposed to the treaty. If the dead could have been counted, it could never have been made; but alas! though they stood around they could not be seen or heard. Their tears came in the rain drops, and their voices in the wailing wind, but the pale faces knew it not and our land was taken away.

**BROTHER:** We do not complain. The Choctaw suffers, but never weeps. Your have the strong arm, and we cannot resist. But the pale face worships the Great Spirit. So does the red man. The Great Spirit loves truth. When you took our country, you promised us land. There is your promise in the book. Twelve times have the trees dropped their leaves, and yet we have received no land. Our houses have been taken from us. The white man's plough turns up the bones of our fathers. We dare not kindle our fires;—and yet you said we might remain and you would give us land.

**BROTHER:** Is this truth! But we believe, now our Great Father knows our condition, he will listen to us. We are as mourning orphans in our own country; but our Father will take us by the hand. When he fulfils his promise, we will answer his talk. He means well. We know it. But we cannot think now. Grief has made children of us. When our business is settled we shall be men again, and talk to our Great Father about what he has promised.

**BROTHER:** You stand in the moccasins of a great chief; you speak the words of a mighty nation, and your talk was long. My people are small; their shadow scarcely reaches to your knee; they are scattered and gone; when I shout I hear my voice in the depths of the woods; but no answering shout comes back. My words, therefore, are few. I have nothing more to say, but tell what I have said to the tall chief of the pale faces whose brother stands by your side.

A Chapter of Wonders.

**ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.**—We had the most extraordinary vision of distant objects upon the lake and beyond it that has occurred for many years. Many distant objects, which are far below the horizon became distinctly visible. It is not an unusual thing in easterly weather for the Galloo Islands at 30 miles distance to loom up and come into sight. On Sunday they were not only very plainly in sight, but seemed to have come nearer to us—to have diminished their distance one half. The Ducks and Pigeon Isle, which are some 40 miles off and which are seen, were in plain view. But what is still more wonderful, the whole Canadian shore from Point Peter to the Kingston Passage and the entrance into the St. Lawrence was visible. With a telescope the whole loomed up in a plain view. The whole north shore and the whole lake from the Ducks, northward and eastward, is one great field of ice. —*Oswego Palladium.*

**A WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.**—The citizens of Mobile were thrown into a state of great consternation, a short time ago, from the appearance in the western horizon of something about the size of a man's fist, resembling a ball of fire. From the time it was first discovered until its final disappearance behind a cloud, was the space of three quarters of an hour. It was apparently thirty degrees above the horizon. Persons who saw it, were divided in the opinion as to what it was. Some defined it to be the butt end of the comet; some the "Laguayra Light," and others something else. It turned out to be a kite with a light tied to its tail. —*N. Y. Plebian.*

**SINGULAR APPEARANCE ON THE SOUND.**—A friend informs us that in passing through L. I. Sound last Saturday night he saw the heavens lighted up with an unearthly glare, on the Long Island side. It appeared as if thousands of acres of woods were on fire, the flames rising to a great height. Gentlemen on board the boat who had seen prairies on fire at the West pronounced this a more sublime spectacle. A large conflagration on the Connecticut side was also noticed. Our informant can give no explanation of this singular appearance. —*Bost. Jour.*

**THE COMET.**—We are not scientific Astronomers, and cannot direct Telescopes to the exact spot; but we understand from the Jargonists that its nucleus is somewhere in a Latin constellation, and that the tail passes through a Greek star, goes over an Arabian one, under a Hebrew one, then squeezes between two Danish ones, just brushes a Swedish one, wriggles through a High Dutch cluster, and terminates amidst a small fry of Chinese nebulae. Others report that the comet has been postponed to allow time for the Astronomers to predict it; and there is a very general impression that if the Phenomenon comes skylarking too near us, it is to be apprehended as an "eccentric body." —*Thomat Hood.*

There is a woman in St. Louis who professes to imagine herself the Virgin Mary. She is a native of Scotland, and says she had a call from the Holy Spirit to leave Glasgow and go to Nauvoo, where she should, on the *twenty-third of April*, be delivered of a Savior, immediately after which the world would be destroyed. Accordingly she proposed to be in Nauvoo at the time specified for the extra-natural accouchment. She is a believer in the transmigration of souls.

The Boston Post says that it has seen somewhere an anecdote of an Irish sailor, employed at the pump of a leaking vessel at sea, who first looked over the rail to see how high the water was at the side; and after pumping an hour or so, he again looked over, and finding the vessel four inches deeper, he exclaimed—"Captain, dear! I'll pump the sea full at this rate; I've raised it four inches already!"

The editor of the Philadelphia Forum gives the following ludicrous bit of a parody:

How does the little Boston Bee  
Improve the shining hours;  
And gather honey every day,  
From paragraphs of ours!

The Washington Globe publishes the marriage of a Dr. Burke, in his 83d year, to Mrs. Mary Lynch, in her 79th year—all of Washington:

"If love be a flame, and wedlock fire,  
An old stick is best, because it is drier."

**SQUALLY.**—To see a young gentleman take a letter from the Post Office from a female friend, with the word "single," written on one corner.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1843.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**"RAMBLES IN YUCATAN."**—This splendid work which has already reached the seventh edition, has been got up by J. & H. Langley, of New York, in a style unequalled since the commencement of cheap publications. The reader is presented with two neatly printed volumes in large type, with more than fifty lithotint engravings of the most interesting ruins of antiquity in Yucatan, for the small price of fifty cents per volume. This work is the most minute and entertaining of all that have appeared upon the magnificent ruins of Central America. These remains are so skillfully delineated by the artist, that a person can obtain, with but little labor, a correct knowledge of the size and location. There is a beautiful steel engraving in front of the ruins of Uxmal by moonlight. Among the lithotint engravings are—Ruins of Che-Chen—Kabah—Zayi—and Uxmal—The House of the Caziques—House of the Nuns—together with views of numerous pyramids, temples, domes, buildings and ornaments—and a collection of idols sufficient to keep the most diligent mythologist busy for a year. The manners and customs of the inhabitants—their language and religion, and the productions of the country are all vividly sketched. The work cannot fail to have an immense sale. To be had at ALLING'S, Exchange street.

**"WIVES OF ENGLAND."**—This is the title of a very neatly printed work from the same press, by Mrs. ELLIS—the well known author of the "Daughters of England"—"Women of England," &c. It is dedicated to the Queen, and is devoted to the improvement and instruction of married women, by whom we doubt not, it will be carefully read. It is full of valuable suggestions to those who would make wedded life happy. The following are some of the subjects treated of:—"Thoughts before marriage—The First year of Married Life—Behavior to Husbands—The Love of Married Life—Trials of Married Life—Domestic Management—Social Influence," &c.—The price is only twenty-five cents. For sale at ALLING'S, Exchange st., and at SAGE & BROTHER'S.

**JUDAH'S LION.**—This is one of the most interesting of all the interesting works of "Charlotte Elizabeth." It has all the fascination of fiction, and yet the instructiveness of graver publications. It is the story of an intelligent English Jew, gradually convinced of the truth of christianity, and at last led to embrace it. The narrative throws not a little light on the views and habits of that singular and most interesting people. Any one who takes up the volume, will hardly lay it down till it is finished. Its sale has been very rapid and extensive in England, and promises to be so here. For sale at SAGE & BROTHER'S.

**"D'AUBIGNE'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION."**—This excellent work is now completed, so far as it has appeared from the pen of the Author. It has been published in cheap form by JAMES CAMPBELL of Philadelphia. The sale, so far, has been immense. This is but the commencement of a library of Select Religious Literature, which is to be continued by the same publisher. It will embrace all the standard religious works of the day—and will, we hope, supercede the trashy publications which have so long been the rage.—This work is for sale at all the principal Bookstores in this city.

**NEW BOOKS.**—The "Pilgrims of the Rhine"—almost the only work of Bulwer's that is entirely free from blemish, has been issued by the HARPER'S, uniform with the "Library of popular Novels" at the low price of one shilling.

"Conquest, and self Conquest, or which make the Hero" is the title of a neat little work of 216 pages, intended for the instruction and amusement of young persons. The moral is a very good one—teaching that conquest over self is far more commendable and requires greater courage than conquest over others. Parents will do well to place this work in the hands of their children. Both of the above works can be obtained at C. MORSE'S, Arcade buildings.

**WHO READS AN AMERICAN BOOK?**—The Commercial Advertiser answers this question by stating that the packet of the 4th of March carried out for John Murray, the well known London bookseller, 1250 copies of Stephen's Incidents of Travel in Yucatan, published by the Harpers. By the Britannia they received an order for 750 copies more, which were shipped on Thursday last; and in condition to all these, Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have sent 250 copies to their house in London—making in all 2250 copies. Of the Incidents of Travel in Central America, London has taken nearly 4000 copies.

Mr. Murray writes to the Messrs. Harper that at the trade sale in March, when only half a dozen small copies had been received, he took orders for 700 copies, and between that sale and the writing of his letter, he had received orders for 800 more.

**BEER.**—The National Intelligencer pronounces Beer the saddest of all possible liquors, the horror of the Muses and Bacchus—Beer! the most antipoeitical of all fluids, of which when one drinks, he gets duller just in proportion as he grows tipsier—a soul, thick, and oblivious drunkenness, the gottishness of which no single ray of exhilaration lights up.

**WASHINGTON IRVING'S** health has very materially suffered since his residence in Spain, as we hear, with regret, from the Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer. Mr. Irving has in preparation a history of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

**"HAPPINESS—LAST NUMBER."**—It is related of an Eastern Caliph, that being sorely afflicted in mind, he was advised that an exchange of shirts with a man perfectly happy, would cure him.—After a long search such a person was found, but he had not a shirt to his back!

**PRETTY FAIR.**—The Mobile Herald takes ground in defence of the ladies' corsets. It says, a corset board supports and strengthens the chest of a lady. If so, it may be properly termed the "board of health."

An English paper states that during the great fire in Liverpool, who propertyed people were running hither and thither, removing their goods from the neighborhood of the conflagration, an old woman stepped calmly from her humble lodging, and in a satisfied tone of voice, exclaimed, "Well! thank God, I've nothing to remove."

**MODERATE DRINKING.**—Old GUEZZLEFACTH, having drank nine mugs of cider at a neighbor's house one evening, observed on rising to leave, "I believe, neighbor T., I'll take a *teeble* more of your cider. I love good cider as well as any body, but as for swifiting it down as some people do, I never could."

An old lady, aged one hundred and five years, was heard to exclaim in the bitterness of her grief, while weeping over the bed of her daughter, eighty-five years, who had just expired "bless my soul, I always thought I never should raise that child."

When the body is wright in slumber, and reason rests upon her throne, our thoughts steal away from home—go on a spree—get intoxicated, and kick up considerable of a dust in the Quendom of Fancy.

"How I enjoy the evening breeze!" as the husband said when he got a curtain lecture.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

"May It Watch over You."

MOTTO OF A SEAL.

The eye of God,—may it watch over thee,  
A guide through the slippery paths of youth;—  
And blessing and blest may thy future be,  
In wealth of the spirit, in love and truth.

May he keep thy life in his hollow hand;  
Thy earthly love may he guard and bless,  
May he watch thy heart and mind expand,  
Through shade and through sunshine to holiness.

May'st thou in the strength of thy youthful years,  
Surrender to him thy earliest love,  
That so may thy soul through darkness and tears,  
Find calmness and beauty and strength above.

April 13, 1843.

C.

April.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

I have found violets. April hath come on,  
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain  
Falls in the beaded drops of summer time.  
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve  
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,  
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in  
His beautiful bright neck, and from the hills,  
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea  
Tells the release of waters, and the earth  
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves  
Are lifted by the grass; and so I know  
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard  
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.  
Take of my violets! I found them where  
The liquid South stole o'er them, on a bank  
That lean'd to running water. There's to me  
A daintiness about these early flowers  
That touches me like poetry. They blow  
With such a simple loveliness among  
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out  
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts  
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.  
I love to go in the capricious days  
Of April and hunt violets; when the rain  
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod  
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.  
It may be deemed too idle, but the young  
Read Nature like the manuscript of heaven,  
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out!  
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,  
And read it when the "fever of the world"  
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life  
Hath yet one spring unspoiled, it will be  
Like a beguiling music to its flow,  
And you will no more wonder that I love  
To hunt for violets in the April time.

Wealth.

BY ELIZA COOK.

What is wealth, ye worldly knaves,  
Mammon's crew of fettered slaves—  
Ye who seem to know so well  
What is wealth—I bid ye tell?  
Spendthrift young, and miser gray,  
All may guess what ye will say;  
Millions cry, "Tis gold alone!"  
And millions echo back the tone.

What is wealth? ask all around—  
We hear men breathe one common sound;  
We see them turn with eager stare,  
To gaze upon "the richest heir."  
The maiden weds, and we are told  
Weds well, because her lord hath gold.  
Ye fools! and is there nothing more  
Worth calling wealth but yellow ore?

Hath God dispensed to mortal share  
Nought else to claim our ceaseless care?  
Is there no music we can think  
So perfect as the ducat's chink?  
No Eden left to wander through,  
Save the deep caverns of Peru?  
Is wealth a blessing none can hold  
Save in the shape of worshipped "gold"?

Oh, hoodwinked creatures that we are,  
To see but one soul-guiding star,  
When there are a thousand rays of light  
More pure, more warm, and full as bright.  
Riches what are ye? oh how blind  
Is he who cannot, will not find  
The choicest "wealth" held from above,  
In peaceful health and trusting love.

Who shall say what the boon is worth,  
To rise from slumber, and go forth,  
To shout, to leap, to laugh, to run,  
'Tis the green sod and golden sun?  
To see the mountain high and wide,  
And feel that we can climb its side,  
And breathe the upon that mountain peak,  
With bounding limb and mantling cheek?

Oh, who would weigh the coffer chest  
Against a fond and faithful breast?  
Who would not rather bear to part  
With all before a clinging heart?  
What, though no gleaming gem may deck  
The arm that twines about our neck,  
Does not that arm keep out the cold  
Better than stately cloth of gold?

Riches, what are ye? let us look  
Abroad upon the gushing brook,

Where the cold tide pours fast and clear,  
Fresh to the pilgrim as the peer;  
Let our steps wander where the mead  
Fattens the wild bee and the steed;  
These, these are "wealth," ye sons of dust,  
That does not "fly" nor "gather rust."

Go taste the morning's spicy breeze,  
That plays among the forest trees;  
Go loiter in the noon-tide ray,  
That flashes on the harvest day;  
Go dream in evening's twilight hour,  
With nestling bird and closing flower;  
No lock is placed, no bar, no wall—  
These, these, are "wealth" that's free to all.

Go where the lime and citron spread  
Their branches round the wearied head;  
Go where the mingled clusters shine,  
And myriads mingle with the vine.  
Was it not said of one of old,  
Great with his glory and his gold,  
That he, in all his pomp, must yield  
To the sweet "lilies of the field"?

Wealth, wealth! oh, God has given much  
Of treasure that we deem not such;  
And lips of truth will quickly own  
Riches dwell not in gold alone.  
Toil on, vain man, and think no fame,  
Like that which marks a Cross's name;  
But sadly poor are they who hold  
No wealth that's dearer than their gold.

Children.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Unto me there are no blessings  
Which high Heaven, indulgent, lends,  
Dearer than the sweet caressings  
Of my little friends.

When they flock, like birds, about me—  
Birds in rainbow plumage clad—  
Their bright looks and thrilling voices—  
Make my spirit glad.

Pure, confiding, free from sorrow,  
Free from even a shade of sin,  
They, like lilies in their glory,  
Neither toil nor spin.

Wicked tongues have not assailed them,  
Or the serpent, slander, stung,  
Or the poisonous ivy clambered  
Their green leaves among.

Parasites and false companions  
Have not stolen their guileless trust,  
And their tenderest flowers of feeling  
Trampled in the dust.

Dark suspicion, envy, malice—  
Fiends to man and foeto God—  
Never scathed the blooming gardens  
By their footsteps trod.

Mother-love has folded round them  
Arms more soft than angels' wings,  
And with sweeter accents lulled them  
Than an angel sings.

Father-love, defending, keeping,  
Leading, strengthening, cheering, throws  
Its broad shield above them, waking  
Or in deep repose.

Gentle darlings, spotless creatures,  
How, through many a life-long day,  
Have I, neither vexed nor weary,  
Joined your merry play!

I, a lonely man, am friendless  
Never where young children be;  
Though my love for them be endless,  
Large is theirs for me.

From the New Haven Daily Register.

To the Comet.

Tell me, glorious orb of light,  
When from thy throne of azure bright,  
Thou burst upon the enraptured sight  
Of feeble man?

Whence came thou? What thy errand here?  
What message from those distant spheres,  
Through which path for countless years  
Hast lain in light?

Hast brought the echo of a song,  
That rose from a seraphic throng,  
As in thy course thou sailed along  
The field of heav'n's?

Tell me the history of the stars;  
Does Sin and Death the glory mar,  
Of those bright orbs that shine afar,  
In azure realm?

When first He made his throne of white,  
Didst thou go forth with speed of light,  
To burst in glory on our sight,—  
Thy course half run?

Thy orbit what? A link of chain,  
That binds the stars solemn train,  
While circling round THE TRAXON again,  
In harmony?

The Beautiful.

BY MRS. L. M. HIGGINS.

To a bright bud with heart of flame,  
The Angel of the Seasons came.  
Took its green sheath and hood away,  
And turned its forehead to the day,  
And from its blushing depths drew  
A stream of incense pure as dew.

He kissed his cheek, and went his way—  
And then a form, with temples grey,  
Stood at its side, and taught it how  
To shrink, to shrivel, and to bow,  
On the brown mould its lip to lay,  
And blend with sweet things passed away.

To a fair maid, in beauty's spring,  
Love's Angel came on radiant wing,  
Nerved her light foot to skim the plain,  
And made her void a music-strain,  
And clasped his crests o'er her breast,  
Till every eye her power confessed.

Another form, with shadowy dart,  
Pressed to her couch and chilled her heart;  
Pale grew the brow with roses fired,  
And her last breath in groans expired;  
But that which bound her to the sky  
Escaped his shaft—It could not die.

The Rose and the Gauntlet.

BY STERLING.

Low spake the Knight to the peasant girl,  
"I tell the sooth,—I am belted Earl;  
Fly with me from this garden small,  
And thou shalt sit in my castle's hall.

"Thou shalt have pomp and wealth and pleasure,  
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;  
Here with my horse and sword I stand,  
To bear thee away to my native land.

"Take, thou fairest! this full blown rose,  
A token of Love that as ripely blows."  
With his glove of steel he plucked the token,  
But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaimed,—"Thou seest, Sir Knight,  
Thy fingers of iron can only smite;  
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scattered,  
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered."

She trembled and blushed, and her glances fell;  
But she turned from the Knight, and said "Farewell!"  
"No so," he cried, "will I lose my prize,  
I heed not thy words but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,  
And he mounted and spurred with furious heel;  
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,  
Who snatched his boy from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,  
Swifter the bolt of the cross bow sped;  
And the weight that pressed on the fleet foot horse,  
Was the living man, and the woman's curse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue;  
That morning the maiden was fair to view;  
But the evening sun its beauty shed  
On the withered leaves and the maiden dead.

The Voice of Spring.

There's a voice on the river,  
A voice in the vale,  
In the leaflets that quiver  
In the rush of the gale,  
In forests, and mountains,  
Its music is heard,  
And silvery fountains  
Awake at its word,  
And feathery singers are on the wing  
For nature revives at the voice of Spring.

Awaken, awaken!  
Leaf, river and tree;  
Your chains I have shaken,  
Again ye are free;  
Soon fountains shall be gushing  
With musical streams,  
And flowers be blueing,  
With the bright hues of dreams,  
And jewels of beauty on earth I will fling,  
For nature shall bloom at the coming of Spring.

There's life in the waters,  
There's light in the skies,  
Spring's flower-crowned daughters  
In beauty arise;  
O'er earth they are flinging  
Their spells of delight,  
And roses are springing  
From the tears of the night;  
There's a charm and a glory on earth's meanest  
thing,  
For nature blooms bright at the voice of the Spring.

Marriages.

On the evening of the 19th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Crow, Mr. WILLIAM B. ALLEN, formerly of Saratoga, to Miss MARY W., adopted daughter of John Colby, all of this city.

In this city, at the residence of Mr. Nehemiah Osborne, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Bassett, Mr. JOSEPH GRANT to Miss FRANCES BYRNE, both of this city.

At Bethany, Genesee co., on the 26th instant, by Elder H. R. Stinson, Mr. I. Harvey Darfee, of Rochester, and Miss Freedom E. Herrick, of the former place.

In Brighton, on the 19th instant, by Rev. A. G. Hall, of this city, Mr. Gould Eaton, to Miss Yveta Green.

In Greece, April 26th, by Rev. J. B. Orcutt, Mr. M. S. Cole and Miss Fannella Hartman.

In Lyons, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Cook, John W. Goodrich, Esq., to Miss Sarah Beaumont, all of Lyons.



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

Vol. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 13, 1843.

No. 10.

TO OUR READERS.

This number of the *GEM* is filled with original articles, written by the young ladies of the Clinton-street Seminary, for their weekly "Miscellany," as explained below. This institution has taken the place of the female department of the Rochester Collegiate Institute, and has recently completed its first term. We know not the names or ages of the young ladies whose productions have been put into our hands, but we do know that some of them afford evidence of high attainments, and several of the articles would do no discredit to writers of more than "school-girls'" pretensions. If we are not mistaken, our columns have before been honored with the productions of one of the poetical contributors to the "MISCELLANY."

As advocates of a "*Home League*," it affords us pleasure to encourage domestic talent; and we trust our readers will have no objections to our occasionally serving up such a repast of the productions of youthful genius.—*Eds. Gem.*

Young Ladies' Miscellany.

In publishing this No. of the Miscellany, we presume not to indulge high expectations of pleasing or edifying its readers. We are not attempting to compete with Blackwood, nor is it probable that this sheet will surpass the publications of Godey or Graham. It is not certain that the North American or the Edinburgh Review will have a less extensive circulation hereafter, neither shall we issue our paper so often that the London Quarterly need be alarmed concerning its subscription list. No, nothing of this. We utterly deny any attempt to throw them into the shade, or transfer their claims to public favor. Moreover, to show that we sincerely repent, if we ever presumptuously meditated such rivalry, we do penance by making our appearance in this unassuming form.

As we have no Somerville nor Lincoln among our number, so we have nothing to interest the learned and scientific. Having no Leslie on our list of contributors, our columns will not be illumined with brilliant flashes of wit. We have little to please the lovers of romance, as none of us are Osgoods or Sedgwicks. Neither are we Hannah Moores, so we have nothing particularly instructive for the religious reader.

The design of our undertaking is this. As we, the young ladies of the Clinton street Seminary, have for some time conducted and sustained a Manuscript Paper, we publish the present No. in compliance with the requests of partial friends, that we may preserve, in a more durable form, a specimen of the literature of our school. This we hope may serve as a memento of friendship, and perpetuate the pleasant associations connected with the scenes of the school-room. We are aware that these associations cannot be as interesting to the public as to us, and we owe it to our-

selves to ask their candid forbearance. If they find much that is faulty and little to approve, we hope they will consider that we are yet young and inexperienced, and make no pretensions to infallibility. And while we are thus fully sensible of the shortcomings and imperfections of our literary efforts, we trust that those who revert to their own early years, will pardon our seeming obtrusiveness, in throwing upon the world this humble sheet.

Our paper (as its name indicates) has been devoted to varied themes, as they have chanced to suggest themselves. Subjects connected with our studies, or drawn from the occurrences of the day, have filled its pages from time to time. The Muses too, have favored us, and in grateful acknowledgement of their kind attentions, we give a tithe of the rhyming fancies which they have inspired.

In our intellectual pursuits, we have endeavored to improve and interest each other. In respect to the last, our aim has been accomplished; and to say that we have not been successful in the first, would be to undervalue the labors of those Instructors who have exerted themselves for our improvement.

Thus is our Miscellany launched on its perilous voyage. Valueless though it may be to others, yet it will oft remind us of the happiness we have enjoyed in our quiet retreat; and another bond of sympathy will be around our hearts, when in future years it shall bring to remembrance that we have been friends together.

[Original]

THE WINTHROP FAMILY—A Story.

CHAPTER I.

The little town of Farnham lies snugly hid from the curious gaze of the world, among the hills of New England. It is situated in a valley, and is about six miles long and some two or three in width. It has its church, store, and pretty dwelling houses, and among the latter is the habitation of Deacon Winthrop. This is in the extreme northern part of the valley, on elevated ground, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country.

Every thing about the domain of this good man seemed to flourish. The bees that wrought industriously in their bureau hives, were a rich and thriving community. The patriarchal elms, knitting together their wide-spreading boughs and forming an arbor for the road, under whose shade even Deacon Winthrop walked reverently, in consideration of their age,—these patriarchal elms flourished luxuriantly. And then just beyond them, on either side of the road, ranged the straight rows of cherry trees, which as every season came round, were laden with fruit. The robins could best testify to the quality of this fruit; for the owner of the premises considered himself such a great debtor to them for the music they afforded, that he regularly let them have their summer supply of cherries by way of squaring accounts.

And there was a mutual understanding between the birds and himself, that they might occupy his trees and shrubbery—establish and bring up their households unmolested; free of rent. All the

knowledge the birds had of guns and scarecrows was traditionary; for Deacon Winthrop never alarmed them himself, and would permit no one else to disturb the amicable adjustment of affairs in relation to them. Sad was it for the luckless urchin who, either by accident or design, injured or troubled the birds on the Winthrop farm; for, like the boy in the fable, they had straightway "to beg the old man's pardon."

Every thing flourished. There was the orchard—a perfect Eden of an orchard—with its choice grafted fruit in the greatest profusion, and a beautiful brook which flowed just back of the Winthrop farm house, made a turn at right angles and noisily murmured through the orchard.

Fruit and shade trees found especial favor in the eyes of the good deacon. Every thing which he considered useful he valued. Whatever contributed to comfort or convenience he valued; but as for flowers and fashion, he could not abide them. It never was quite plain to his mind why flowers were created. He supposed that in Eden all flowers produced delicious and nourishing fruit; and that somehow in the Fall, the curse so fell that only a part should thus minister to the palate of man.

In these views, Mrs. Hetty Winthrop, his wife, could not coincide. She thought her husband's ideas about flowers were quite heretical, and deeply lamented that he should embrace so grievous an error.

"Mr. Winthrop! Mr. Winthrop!" exclaimed Aunt Hetty in great consternation, one fine May morning, as her husband drove his team with the tearing plough directly through the front yard, to the fearful demolishing of her shrubbery. When quite across the yard, and after the mischief was all done, the Deacon called out to his team to stop, and asked what mother wanted. Aunt Hetty put down her knitting, and was soon by the side of a favorite snow-ball, that was quite prostrated by the late unceremonious irruption.

Aunt Hetty was as quiet and domestic as the contented cat, that purred her satisfaction by the fireside. She was a person of few words, and on the present occasion, although her heart was full, she simply said, "How could you, dear!" and burst into tears.

Deacon Winthrop, to do him justice, behaved very well, considering he was a man that seldom retracted or said he was sorry for any thing he had done. He took hold of the crushed shrub, and tried various experiments in the way of making it stand upright; but all to no purpose. If the truth were told, he had some twinges of conscience notwithstanding his theological opinions about flowers being included in the curse. Aunt Hetty saw that he was sorry for what he had done, and quite happy at the thought, she said, "Never mind."

"That troublesome gate was the cause of it all," said Deacon Winthrop in extenuation; "the hinge was broken this morning, so I came this way to the garden."

He really was very sorry, and the simple, touching appeal of his wife had more effect on his iron nature than volumes of logical scolding would have done.

Aunt Hetty was disposed to make the best of the matter; so she asked her husband to bring a hoe and assist her in taking care of the plant.—This he was very glad to do, as it was something of a compensation for the evil he had done. The hoe was quickly brought, and a little trench dug directly under the broken branches; they were then crowded down into the ground thus laid open, and covered with the loose earth. Here the good lady displayed her Yankee ingenuity—her faculty of bringing good out of evil—for the broken limbs

of the snowball thus buried, would take root, and the next year she would have quite a nursery of the shrub—enough for herself and neighbors too. Much as her husband eschewed flowers, he was secretly pleased at the contrivance.

At this moment, Clara and Jane, the darling daughters of the worthy pair, came running into the enclosure.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed little Jane, holding up both hands in perfect amazement.

"What has happened to mother's snowball?" Clara eagerly inquired.

"Oh, never mind!" said the mother; "only an accident."

"It was those ugly cattle, I know," said Clara, as she saw them trampling down her lilies. "Oh, father! father! please take them away."

"Yes, yes, child! I shall take them away to plough the garden."

Exit, Aunt Hetty, to her knitting and household concerns; Jane to the barn to hunt for hen's nests, and see after the tenants of the new coop. Deacon Winthrop and Clara went into the garden, and while the former began to plough, the latter busied herself about her flowers, which for greater security, bordered the side of the garden adjoining the grass plat.

To the mother and daughters, it was a source of much regret that the garden must be ploughed, instead of being spaded. But, no; this was not the good old way. Broad aisle and all, must be annually torn up by the plough. So, no improvements could be made; for, to put shrubs or bulbous roots there, was to insure their destruction.

After crossing and re-crossing the garden many times, Deacon Winthrop noticed that his daughter lingered longer among the flowers than usual, and being impressed with the idea that she had some request to ask of him, he called to Broad and Brindle to stop, and said, "What are you doing there, child?"

This was spoken in the gentlest tone of which the speaker was possessor, and Clara, who had feared before, was now encouraged to speak.

"Father," said she, "we are to have a quilting, and we want a party too."

"A party!"

"Yes, father. We only want a few here, just a few from the village; and it will be so pleasant."

"Why, child! hasn't your mother told you that I don't approve of parties?"

"Yes, Sir; but after quilting there is always a party, and we cannot have one without the other."

"Well, well; go to your mother about it. Just as she says. But mind, I don't give my consent; and if your mother permits it, remember, not one shall stay one moment after nine o'clock. There I shall be as firm as the Medes and Persians."

Saying this, he was about to give the signal for the oxen to go on; but Clara had broken the ice, and she wished to make another request.

"Father! will you please to get Jane and me some new dresses?" said she, tremblingly.

"New dresses! Nonsense!—one folly leads to another. Your dresses are well enough. I've no money to spend for trash."

"Please, father,—"

"Not a word, child! Haven't you learnt that it is useless to argue the matter with me, when once I have put down my foot?"

"Yes, father, but—"

"You must not ask me again!" said the father, rather sternly; and with these words, the ploughing was resumed.

Clara still lingered among the flowers; for she knew that a silent appeal would sometimes move her father, when all other expedients failed. As before, the garden was crossed and re-crossed, the daughter lingered, and the father began to relent. He felt his strong resolution was disposed to give way; for, with his repulsive manner, at heart he was all kindness. So he stopped, when opposite Clara, to make a compromise.

"Clara!" said he, "I will let you have the dresses, on condition that you will mount Charley and ride to the village."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Clara, "I never rode in my life!"

"There must be a first time. Your mother could ride any horse, at your age; and it is high time you were learning to manage Charley; and then you will be of some use to ride to the village on errands, and, may be, go to mill. How would you like that, eh? daughter?"

"Oh, father, how you talk! But I think I should like to ride the horse, though. I may have the dress if I do, may I?"

"Yes, yes, child! I told you so some time ago."

To summon Jesse, the hired man, and send him

after the horse, who was grazing on the fresh green grass in the meadow, was but the work of a moment. Then Clara made known the plan to her mother, and adjusted her dress for the ride. The good lady, as was natural, felt some little apprehension for her daughter's safety; but when she thought of the good qualities of Charley, she did not object to the arrangement.

Charley was indeed a beautiful horse. He was perfectly graceful in his movements. All his deviations from a straight line he made in curves, so that the rider, if observing, could calculate for all his movements, with mathematical precision. Although gay and spirited, he was tractable. Clara felt some trepidation at the thought of riding the lively animal, yet she determined to persevere.

The horse, fully equipped, was led to the door by Jesse, and Deacon Winthrop, leaving his team in the garden, came and assisted his daughter in mounting; and then as she was slowly and gently borne away by Charley, every eye watched her until she was out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

A few weeks after the events recorded in the preceding chapter, when Clara returned safely from her ride, Farnhamville was astounded one Saturday morning at seeing an advertisement in the Farnhamville Mirror, after this sort:

"LECTURE ON MUSIC.—William Cleaveland, Professor of Music, will lecture on that science this evening, at precisely 7 o'clock, at the Meeting House."

There was great interest excited in the village by this announcement, particularly as it was understood that the lecturer was a slender stripling, looking as evanescent as to warrant the belief that the first blast of wind would make away with him. All wondered what he could say about music—few believed he could sing—every body thought every body was going to the lecture—so every body went.

To retrace a few steps in our narrative. It was when Morus Multicaulis was the shibboleth of the speculators. All New England came to the conclusion that it was necessary to be rich—and the belief was just as general throughout the community, that all who wished riches at the present golden crisis, could obtain them.

Henry Cleaveland was a plain, contented farmer, until the mania seized upon his neighbors. And for some time after great fortunes had been made by some of them, he attended closely to his business,—kept on in the old beaten track. Mrs. Cleaveland at length persuaded him that their three sons would need a larger farm than he was able to give them, and that this was a special opening of Providence, which it was his duty as a christian to improve; "for he that provideth not for his household is worse than an infidel." Such logic as this, it was impossible for Henry Cleaveland to withstand. He mounted his horse without further delay, rode to the county town twenty miles distant, invested his little property, consisting of some \$3000, in Morus Multicaulis trees, chuckled at the immense fortune he had made, rode home again, and continued a series of castles in the air. He planned how he would improve his farm; how he would add unto it; what a splendid edifice he would build when the Morus should be disposed of the next year; and then in prophetic vision he saw his sons established on their wide domains!

"But what a fall was there, my countrymen!"—of Multicaulis! That ever memorable shrub, instead of robbing the speculators with riches, clothed them with poverty and disappointment.

Mr. Cleaveland had his eyes opened, and saw clearly that he had lost every thing. So calling his sons together, he said,

"Now, boys, you must try what you can do for yourselves. That Morus Multicaulis business is as real a failure as ever was. Now you are left dependent on your own sweat of the brow."

Gregory, the eldest, was in his Sophomore year in college. It was now vacation—so he dipped into teaching directly, planning to join his class as a charity student. George, the second, started for Texas, on a Morus Multicaulis mission; and William, our hero, made a descent on Farnhamville as a music lecturer, as has been mentioned. Mrs. Cleaveland tackled her spinning wheel and loom, and proceeded to spin and weave on shares for her neighbors. Mr. Cleaveland could not so easily become practical; however, he did take a little land to improve, until there could be something more certain in speculation.

The student we cannot follow, nor the Texan adventurer; but our friend William, the stripling lecturer at Farnhamville, we must accompany

a little way on his life journey. There was something a little assuming in the setting up of William Cleaveland's advertisement, but if impudence it might be called, it was the very doubtful impudence of despair. He was driven to a point where tremendous effort was required. Never does one know the powers one possesses until emergencies bring them forth. Adverse circumstances rarely crush a spirit, unless do they serve as stepping stones to elevate it to its true dignity in the scale of being.

William Cleaveland was a good musician—a tolerable performer; but had you told him, two days before he left his home on his lecturing expedition, that he was about to turn lecturer, he would have stared you in the face, and called you a madman. Yet here he was well fitted to give instruction respecting music. True, he was much indebted to an article in his minister's Encyclopedia for information respecting the science. This, with some original and interesting ideas of his own, contributed to make up that address which so pleased the good people of Farnhamville—for a large audience were in attendance at the appointed hour at the Meeting House, and William electrified all with his eloquence.

Never was such a sensation produced in Farnhamville. William Cleaveland henceforth was the sought-for and honored by all excepting Deacon Winthrop, who, it seemed just from pure obstinacy, would not do him reverence.

"High times! high times!" said the Deacon, "if boys are to be our teachers. Depend upon it, the youngster don't know his catechism."

Notwithstanding all the mighty objections this worthy father in the church could bring against it, William Cleaveland was chosen as the leader of the choir, and teacher of the village singing school—Seth Crouch, the chorister from time immemorial, having resigned under the plea of bronchitis. William was but eighteen years of age, and now that his lecture on music had produced just the effect he wished and expected, although a little diffident, he went manfully forward, putting on that dignity which he deemed requisite to ensure success and respect in his new station.

Strange it was that Clara and Jane Winthrop should attend a school so ostensibly under the frown of their father; but it was no less true.—William Cleaveland found that he could lead the choir to their satisfaction, and what was more, to his own. He found, moreover, that he was constantly improving. But amid all the applause of his situation, he felt keenly the disapprobation of the puritanical Deacon. Why he felt so much uneasiness about it, will be readily accounted for, when we consider that his eyes had met the timid glances of Clara Winthrop. In short, the young gentleman's heart became disordered and uncomfortable, and he resolved to make it his study to gain the favor of the unbending father.

Fortune favored William. A Deacon must be hospitable, and our hero was so often thrown in the way of the obstinate, yet good man, that he could not avoid inviting him to his house. The invitation was very stiff, it is true; but William resolved to accept and make the most of it.

Then it was that William Cleaveland dropped his tuning fork, and turned his attention to agriculture. Then it was that he stored his mind with valuable hints from the New England Farmer about the best method of raising the Ruta Baga and Rohan potatoes, after which so many were run mad. He also prepared himself to speak of the wonderful discoveries in the art of making sugar from beets. In fine, he was as well qualified to give a lecture to the Farmers, on their favorite science, as before he had been qualified to hold forth on music. And all this he accomplished in the short space of one week; for he felt it impossible longer to defer paying his visit to Winthrop farm.

The looked for morning came, and the young advocate of agriculture, in a plainer dress than usual, well armed with all the farming knowledge he could muster, either from his own observation or the writings of others, meditated an attack upon that obdurate citadel, Deacon Winthrop's heart. Clara was taking care of her flowers when William came in sight, and of course she was not sorry to be thus momentarily interrupted. Her simple, cordial welcome spoke volumes to the heart of William. Moreover, he thought he saw a depth of kindness and sympathy in the gentle beaming of her mild, blue eye, which nerved anew his almost faltering purpose of gaining her father's approbation. Not even in making his entrance into Farnhamville, in the full view of the effort which he deemed was to decide his temporal destiny, did he feel half the trepidation which

took possession of him on the present occasion; for Clara had directed him to her father in an adjoining field, and he felt himself approaching the dreaded presence.

The old gentleman was ploughing. Before him walked Broad and Brindle, of snowball memory, with measured and considerate tread. The field was extensive, and laid off into regular patches of corn, potatoes, turnips and oats; with little regard to the general effect on the eye, it must be confessed, but with perfect adaptation to the different varieties of soil to be found in the "lot." The turnips were of the favorite Rota Baga species, and were just showing their green tops above ground. Now, the cattle in the pasture near by, seemed to understand that these vegetables were designed for their especial use; so, without further ceremony, they "hooked" down that obstruction, the fence, and walked in, a few minutes before William came in sight.

This was a most opportune movement on the part of the cattle, in favor of the new comer; for the incident served instead of a formal greeting with the old farmer. William made known the depredations which were being committed in the farther corner of the field, and without more ado, started off at the top of his speed for the scene of mischief. In less time than we can relate it, the cattle were bounding over the torn down fence into their own domain, the pasture.

"Well done! well done!" panted out Deacon Winthrop, as he came up all breathless, just as this agricultural genius finished putting up the fence; "well done! you'd make a good farmer. Mortal man! who would have thought it?"

"That's what I was brought up to," said the youth drily.

"Mortal man! you don't say so! Why, if I had known that, you may depend we should have been friends long ago. But it don't signify.—What's done can't be helped."

After hearing this very gratifying concession, William, with the most natural ease in the world, kept the conversation on the subject of agriculture. And in conversing, he not only displayed his own information, but sought to draw forth the treasures of the Deacon's mind—a very important item in the art of pleasing, by the way, and too often overlooked by wiser heads than William Cleaveland.

Deacon Winthrop was not more delighted with the skill his new friend exhibited in driving plough, than astonished at his proficiency in general information relating to husbandry. The ploughing of the corn was soon finished; and after the new friends had unyoked the oxen, and turned them out to pasture, they proceeded to hoeing the corn.

This was the old gentleman's pet corn field.—He had trusted his "hired help" to plough and hoe it once or twice, but, somehow, he thought the weeds manifested quite an unsubdued disposition, notwithstanding; so, to use his own expression, he thought it "best to deal with them himself, and see if they would ever presume to start up and show their heads again."

The young farmer exhibited his accomplishments as much in hoeing as in ploughing. It may be said that there was some motive here. Very true; the strongest of motives. He wished to gain the regard of one for whom he treasured certain very exalted sentiments. And it is fitting to mention that William Cleaveland almost felt that Clara's mild eye was looking approval upon him, the whole morning. So that what might have been drudgery to him, for so long a time unaccustomed to labor, was now but recreation.

Deacon Winthrop owned for once, in his own heart, that he was beat, as he saw how bravely his young friend managed farming utensils. Aunt Hetty, from the first, had expressed herself pleased with William Cleaveland, and was almost as sorry that her husband did not admire his lecture, as that he entertained those heretical opinions about flowers. Jane was a quiet, domestic creature, who always thought just as Ma and Clara did, about every thing.

Dinner hour came; and the usual plain and substantial fare of the farmer's table was provided. But what was the astonishment of the little household to see Deacon Winthrop bring in William Cleaveland as his guest. Aunt Hetty looked more complacent and placid than ever; Clara blushed her feelings; and Jane looked from Ma to Clara and from Clara to Ma quite bewildered.—Notwithstanding, the guest was cordially received, and the time passed agreeably to all.

The sequel is soon told. One fine September morning, about a year after the events just mentioned, William Cleaveland was wedded to Clara, taking the name of William Winthrop. Thus was

our Yankee established on a farm. Will any one say that he loved Clara because of the farm?—No! Rather he loved the farm because of Clara.

In this first, best employment of man, our friend William engaged with all the enthusiasm of his nature. Profiting by his father's defeat in the Multicanlis speculation, he sought not for earthly prosperity in visionary projects. He thought justly, that although cultivating the earth may give a brown cheek and a rough hand, yet noble and elevated may be the intelligent farmer.

The Winthrop family were happy, for they sought not great possessions. They were contented to receive the products of their labor—just what God gave them, and cared not for more.—They were, we trust, among those whose names are registered above.

Clara and Jane both learned to ride Charley; but neither were sent on errands, or went to mill. William continued to lead the choir, as the old chorister, Seth, did not get better of his bronchitis; and it was shrewdly suspected that he never would, so long as that office was filled by a more competent individual than himself.

"But how was the Winthrop family related to those of the same name who figured so nobly in the early history of New England?" We know not, having neglected to look at the Record in Deacon Winthrop's family Bible. Neither is it a matter of great moment. It is enough to know that they were good, upright New England people, and worthy the name of Winthrop.

[Original.]

#### LINES

Written under a picture entitled "PLEASANT THOUGHTS," representing a little girl alone in a meadow, sitting on the ground, bare-headed and bare-necked, with her gipsy bonnet lying at her feet.

What *are* those "thoughts," my pretty one?

Ah! well I woen they are of fun—

It is such glorious sport to run

Where birds, and flowers, and sunshine meet,

With bounding heart and flying feet,

That press the sod like kisses sweet.

Aye, bare that snowy queen of necks;

No aunt or grandma's here to vex,

And say the sunshine tans and specks.

Wilt listen, love, awhile to me?

I too, was once a child like thee—

Less fair and handsome, I'll agree,

Being "too dark," they used to say,

With eyes not black, like yours, but gray—

Yet still good-looking, in my way.

But now I am, (I think you know it,

For these my lines do plainly show it,) I'm

What they call a *school-girl poet*;

And mean to write to you a sonnet;

And when you see that I have done it,

Put on that pretty gipsy bonnet,—

Nay, don't hang back and try to put,

But scamper home, for much I doubt

Your anxious mother knows you're out.

#### THE SONNET.

Oh! thou art fair and beautiful, sweet child!

And to our hearts beyond expression dear.

And when thy radiant eye is slumbering clear,

In childhood's momentary musing mild;

Or when as tales of grief or carnage wild,

Are breathed into thy eager listening ear,

It glistens with soft pity's pearly tear;

Or when thy fairy step is sounding near,

And thy young form, whose ev'ry limb's a grace,

Comes springing onward with a sylph-like air,

The light-wing'd zephyrs tossing from thy face,

In playful dalliance, thy silken hair;

Thou seem'st some sinless being of the skies,

Who lingers here in erring mortal's guise.

[Original.]

#### PARTINGS.

There are many trials and troubles in this world, which every one has to endure. One of the many is the separation of friends. How hard it is, when parents have taken care and watched over their children, till they have arrived at mature years, to have one and another leave them, perhaps never to return. They are missed, when the family meet for worship, when they meet around the board, in the social circle, every where, those loved ones are missed. How anxious are they, if they hear that those absent ones are laid on a bed of sickness and pain; and if they are taken from this world, while far away, how deep is the sorrow of the bereaved, that they were not permitted to watch over and soothe those they love so much, in their last moments. But if they are prepared

to leave this world, how great a load is taken from those parents, and how happy are they in the prospect of meeting them in Heaven, to sing with them the praises of God and the Lamb.

It is a trial also to the young, as well as the old, to be separated from those they love. For when a number of young ladies have attended the same school for a long time, and pursued the same course of study—been partakers of the same hopes and fears—it is natural that they should become much attached to each other, and almost have the sympathies of sisters. But when the hour of parting comes, then is the trial. If all our young friends and schoolmates were christians, then would the pang of separation be lessened. What a cheering thought it would be that we should all meet in Heaven, there to be holy, pure from all sin, in the presence of our Redeemer forever. Were those our feelings, it would not seem, when we part from those we love, that we may never meet; for, although we might meet no more on earth, we should anticipate meeting in Heaven. It would only be as if we were going a short distance, soon to return and meet again. If this is so, why do we not strive to become holy and pure, and when we have ended our pilgrimage on this earth, we shall meet in that "better land," where there is no sin, sorrow, nor parting.

[Original.]

#### UNCERTAINTY.

There is a measure of evil attached to every thing in the present life. Riches canker the soul; honor puffeth up; and even knowledge increaseth sorrow.

The king so celebrated for wisdom, whose fame was in every land, and on every sea, who was distinguished as a man of wealth and pleasure; when in the soberness of age and in the light of his experience, he considered all that was done under the sun, upon all he pronounced, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

But there is an evil of general nature, inseparably connected with mortality—the evil of uncertainty. How long the blessings we now enjoy will be continued to us, and when affliction will pour out its vials of wrath upon our heads, is not in our power to determine. True, Death is certain. "This is an evil among all things done under the sun, that there is one event happeneth to all," however long that event may be delayed, yet "after that they go to the dead." The Antediluvians lived much longer than any since; yet of each of them it is said, "And he died!"

But when, or under what circumstances, the silver cord shall be loosed, or the golden bowl broken—whether the King of Terrors shall salute first the monarch on his throne, surrounded with all the paraphernalia of kingly power and pride, or the poor subject in his cot; whether he shall mock the wisdom of the wise, or the folly of the foolish; whether he shall first cut down the noble oak, whose branches spread far and wide, or the deadly upas, whose poisonous breath withers the richest flowers; whether he approach us slowly, and touch the issues of life while friends are bending over us, to smooth our path to the dark grave, or darting from his throne of "human bones," he grasps our frail heart strings in his icy fingers, and bears us suddenly to the world of spirits, is known only to Him who formed us.

The evils of life come upon us when we are least prepared for them. Every appearance of safety is vain and delusive. We have seen the oak, the prince of trees, contend with the tempest, and stand erect like a victor after the battle. We too have seen the lightning leap from the clouds, "with which it talked," and the noble tree was prostrated, its beautiful robe was blackened and scorched. Without reference to past history, every event of which would prove this, our own times furnish many and sad illustrations of the evil of uncertainty. Those that go down in ships and do business on the great waters, have in the midst of apparent security been suddenly destroyed. Ocean has been to them "a bed of death, a couch of waves." In our moments of mirth and pleasure, "the grave whither thou goest," rings in our ears. Whatever we look upon must share the same fate. We consider the sun, moon and stars almost eternal; but decay is engraved upon them, and "to end" written upon their foreheads.

And is there nothing to which we can look for support, amid these shadows of shades? If we look in vain to the foundations of the everlasting hills, where shall we look? To the Throne of God. Change and decay have never reached that. "The waves of an eternity have been rushing towards it, but it can never be moved."

[Original.]

THE SCHÖLAR.

Oh! ever glorious are the wreaths that blend  
Their flowers and verdure round the scholar's  
head;  
Not won on fields where havoc's hordes contend  
And sulphurous clouds hang o'er the shroudless  
dead;  
But culled from Tempean vale, Parnassian height,  
By many a classic stream and sacred fountain  
bright.

The story of his wealth who shall rehearse?  
Of mind's pure gems, and treasures all untold?  
To him, the earth, aye, the wide universe,  
Is one vast mine—but richer far than gold;  
The mine of knowledge—an eternal store  
Of God's own priceless wealth, Creation's bound-  
less lore.

His paths are paths of light; around him shines  
The glory of all time—earth's proud and great  
Pass in review before him,—kingly lines,  
In all their pomp, and pageantry, and state;  
And tho' life's clouds his day may overcast,  
He dwelleth 'mid the light and splendor of the past.

The minds, the glorious master minds of old,  
Whose fame shall live till time shall be no more,  
Are oft beside him, converse with him hold  
Of all the learning and the deeds of yore.  
See! at his call, on classic hill and plain  
The slumberers of ages wake to life and light again!

See Alexander, in his pomp, arise.  
Triumph! is written on his haughty brow;  
And nobler still, because more good and wise,  
Old Cincinnatus, bending o'er his plough.  
And there, obedient to his country's call,  
A Brutus bares his steel, and lo! a Cæsar falls!

There standeth one who went down to the dust  
As to a bridal—Socrates the grave;  
Beside him stand, Aristides the just—  
Plato the wise—Leonidas the brave!  
And hark! in yon green groves are pour'd along  
The flood of eloquence—the tuneful tide of song;

A Homer's, Virgil's lay, upon whose swell  
A world all listening and enraptured hung—  
The eloquence of Cicero, that fell  
In living fire all burning from his tongue—  
And of Demosthenes, that bore the throng  
As the strong tempest bears old Ocean's tide along.

The Warrior goeth forth as some dread scourge  
Which angry Heaven hath sent in chast'ning  
wrath;  
Behold him! on his conquering thousands urge—  
Cities he desolates along his path—  
He paves his way to palaces and thrones  
With mangl'd human forms, and whit'ning human  
bones!

What tho' the widow's and the orphan's curse  
Like winter snows fall thickly on his head?  
Can the deep loathing of the Universe  
Scare the wild wolf from feasting on the dead?  
He joys to see the gushing of life's blood,  
Till his ambition's barque floats on a sea of blood!

But ah! a nobler warrior is the Sage;  
Truth is his shield, and knowledge is his lance;  
With Error he doth ceaseless warfare wage,  
And puts to flight the hosts of Ignorance.  
And say! hath not such warrior won  
More glorious victories than that of Marathon?

The seaman ploughs the ever-heaving main,  
Perils his life upon the storm-beat deep,  
Dares waves and tempests, in his thirst for gain;  
But nothing of the realms beneath that sleep,  
He knows, or cares, tho' in their depths profound  
The grand and beautiful do every where abound.

But to the Scholar, Ocean's regions dim  
Are bathed in light,—riches are in its caves;  
The little sea-shell is a gem to him:—  
He knows all forms that revel in the waves,  
From Nautilus, that sails before the breeze,  
To huge Leviathan, the monarch of the seas.

Year after year, the rustic tills the earth,  
While die the sweetest flowers beneath his tread;  
Spring, in her bloom, and Summer, in her mirth,  
Their loveliest scenes unheeded round him  
spread;  
To toil and thrift his thoughts are all inclined,  
Nor cares he for that waste, his own immortal mind.

He knows naught of the stars that o'er him burn,  
Nor of the rocks that lie beneath the soil;

Till he obscure, unhonored in his turn,  
Leaves for a life unknown, this life of toil.  
Yet, he hath had his happiness in this,  
His Heaven below the skies—*if ignorance be bliss!*

But Earth, unto the Scholar's cultured sight,  
Is ever beautiful—mount, plain and vale—  
He gazes on its scenes with fond delight.  
He reads the rocks, beneath its surface piled—  
And to his ear, each flower that decks the sod,  
Can eloquently speak of wide Creation's God.

Upon Night's firmament, above his head,  
He casts his wondering and admiring eye;  
It seems one vast, familiar map outspread,—  
He seems to dwell amid the worlds on high!  
Oh! grand, stupendous thought! to him 'tis given  
To measure space, and trace the burning paths of  
Heaven!

The Trader bends o'er silks of Italy—  
Go, tell him that the land from whence they  
came;  
Was once the clime of sacred Liberty—  
The temple of the Arts—the home of Fame—  
Where deathless Poets sang, and Sculptor wro't—  
His mind can never soar above the price they bro't.

But to the Scholar, for one moment tell  
Of Italy—his soul is all on fire!  
He doth forget that she hath bid farewell  
To all her glories—Art, and sword, and lyre—  
And round him rise, arch, fane, and marble dome,  
And lo! he walks amid the grandeur of Old Rome.

Oh! glorious Science!—'Tis a flood of light  
That out of Heaven's own golden portals rolls,  
Scattering abroad the clouds of Error's night,  
That, like the pall of Death, hung round our  
souls.

From thy glad plains, oh Earth! let shouts arise  
For this great gift of Heaven—this bequest from  
the skies.

'Tis this that guides the seaman, when no star  
Gleams o'er the bosom of the midnight deep,—  
Propels the rushing boat, and flying car;  
That lifts the vale, and levels down the steep—  
Raises the sick man from his bed of pain,  
And bids the sufferer joy in life and health again.

'Tis this exalts the peasant to the king,  
Aye, far above him on the height of Fame;—  
That gives the Poet's wild imagining  
"A local habitation and a name;"  
That lifts the spirit from this earthly sod,  
And bids immortal Man hold converse with his  
God!

[Original.]

THE LOST BOY.

The following is no fiction, but came under the  
writer's observation a few years since, in a newly-  
settled town in the north-eastern part of this State.  
The sterility of the soil, and the mountainous face  
of the country, offered but few inducements to the  
agriculturist or speculator, and consequently a few  
miles in extent, nothing but a wilderness, unbro-  
ken, save now and then by a lonely cottage, was  
presented to the eye.

In one of these humble dwellings, resided a  
family by the name of Williams. Though shut  
out from the scenes of the gay and busy world,  
they were happy. If deprived of some of its  
pleasures, they escaped most of its ills. In til-  
ling the small clearing that surrounded their dwell-  
ing; in climbing the mountains in quest of fra-  
grant flowers and delicious wild berries; in ang-  
ling in the river Saranac for the delicate trout;  
and in weaving baskets from the osiers that fringed  
the margin of the stream, this simple-hearted  
family kept the even tenor of their way. But,  
alas! over this scene of rustic felicity, sorrow  
threw her dark mantle of wo.

It was the custom of Mr. Williams in the spring  
of the year, to make an excursion about five miles  
up the river, for the purpose of obtaining fish for  
market, as they were found there in great abun-  
dance. He usually constructed a temporary shel-  
ter on the banks of the river, and was absent from  
home several days.

One day in the spring of '33, he started upon  
his accustomed expedition, taking with him his  
two sons, one sixteen and the other twelve years  
of age. About four o'clock the next morning,  
Mrs. Williams was awakened by the voice of her  
husband; and upon opening the door, saw by his  
pale and agitated countenance that something dis-  
tressing had happened. He immediately inquired  
if Robert, their youngest son, had come home?  
She replied she had not seen him. He then told

her that about midnight, he arose to adjust the  
fire, that was always kept burning through the  
night, and instantly perceived that one of his chil-  
dren was gone. It immediately occurred to him  
that he had arisen in his sleep, and started for  
home, as he had been addicted formerly to som-  
nambulism. He then aroused Henry, his oldest  
son, and after looking for him in vain, and calling  
his name till the mountains re-echoed back the  
sound, he lighted a torch, and leaving Henry to  
watch for his brother, took the path that led to-  
wards home. What were then his feelings on ar-  
riving there, to find he had not been seen!

The alarm was soon given to the nearest neigh-  
bor, and the search commenced. All that day and  
night they scoured the woods in every direction,  
and dragged the river, but in vain. By this time  
the men had become exhausted, and word was  
sent to the adjoining town for assistance.

Although at the time a mere child, I well recol-  
lect my feelings of anxiety for the lost, on seeing  
hundreds set out in the search. But what lan-  
guage can describe the agony of the half-distract-  
ed mother and sister, during this dreadful season?  
Among the thousand painful conjectures, was the  
harrowing thought that he might have fallen a  
prey to the voracious wolves which at times in-  
fested the forest.

The new recruits, on arriving at the woods, se-  
parated into companies, and agreed upon their  
signals. If they found the lost boy alive, they  
were to announce it to their companions by blow-  
ing their horns; if dead, by discharging their  
fire arms.

About sunset, the loud startling report of the  
guns was heard from one company, and all knew  
that the anxious search was ended. The sound  
proceeded from the river; for there poor Robert was  
found! He was discovered near the shore, lying  
under some rocks, which had till now concealed  
him from view. He was lying upon his face, his  
hat upon his head, and his fishing tackle by his  
side. It appears he had arisen in his sleep; and  
taking his fishing apparatus, proceeded to the  
rocks, and by some false step was precipitated into  
the stream. He was with some difficulty taken  
from the water, and carried to his afflicted mother.

The scene on arriving there was affecting be-  
yond description. After the first burst of grief,  
the mother kneeled and returned thanks to God  
that she had been permitted to see her son once  
more—that instead of wandering in the forest and  
wasting away by famine, he had been so gently  
called to Heaven. Yea! she blessed God that  
she now saw her darling child lying before her in  
the cold sleep of death—that her dear boy was  
not found in the den of some wild beast, and that  
she could now see him laid in a quiet grave, and  
when her spirit should have joined his in the  
home above, her earthly remains might repose by  
his side.

[Original.]

NOVEL READING.

We are aware that this is a hackneyed subject,  
and very likely not one new thought will be elicited  
in its discussion. But knowing the fondness  
of some for fictitious writings, and the high esti-  
mation in which novelists are held by them, we  
deem it a duty to bear testimony against this class  
of writing, and enter our protest on the pages of  
the Miscellany. Oh that all of us would take  
warning by the experience of others, who know  
too well their injurious tendency, and not persist in  
making over and over again the experiment,  
which fails not to result in perverting the mind and  
destroying the taste for every thing lovely, refined  
and ennobling.

How many are like the youth, who, when advi-  
sed by his father not to enter scenes of gayety  
and dissipation, said, "Why, father, you used to  
attend places of diversion." "Yes, my son, but  
I have seen the folly of it." "Oh, well," replied  
the son, "I want to see the folly of it too."—  
"Tell me what books you read, and I will tell you  
what you are." This is a better criterion for dis-  
tinguishing character than many imagine. By  
reading we become acquainted with the thoughts,  
feelings and inclinations of others. By social in-  
tercourse we do the same. These are only dif-  
ferent modes of associating with the world. But  
generally in the former case our acquaintance is  
much more extended than in the latter.

From the principle that solitude is better than  
the company of the vicious, it is inferred that we  
had better not read at all, than to read books of a  
doubtful or injurious tendency. We judge of the  
heart and mind of individuals by various charac-  
teristics, partialities and propensities. How often,

and with propriety too, do we form opinions of men by the company they keep. Do the intellectual, the virtuous and the refined seek the society of the illiterate, the rude and the vulgar?—Can a person of correct principles, elevated views, and well cultivated mind, admire the fictitious works of the present day, when hardly a production of the kind can be found which the virtuous can read without a blush? As well might we expect the Atheist and the Infidel to delight in the society of the just and good. As well might we suppose that those miserable spirits in the regions of woe can hold heavenly communion with the saints in glory and the angelic hosts above.—We cannot help thinking that the heart of the habitual novel reader is an abode of debasing thoughts and vain imaginings; for such a heart would certainly be in conformity with the character of most of our popular novels.

Infidel publications do a less extensive injury to society, for they are not admitted into every social circle. But show us the parlor in which Byron and Moore, and a host of such worthies, together with the trash of our circulating libraries, are not considered a necessary appendage to the centre table—not to mention our fashionable periodicals, which are in general nothing more than well written romances.

There may be honorable exceptions to this—instances in which they are not considered as household gods, where principle has triumphed over fashion, and expelled them as unworthy the attention of rational and immortal minds. In those writings, under the guise of history, morality, and even virtue, allusions are made and sentiments advanced, which are exactly calculated to destroy ennobling thoughts, words and deeds. Vice is tolerated and held up to our view in an alluring garb. Profanity is represented as excusable, and pains is taken to apologise for the worst passions of our nature. Intersperse them as you will with moral sentiments, wise sayings and elegant ideas, the poison is still there; and though insiduously administered, is no less fatal in its effects. "Evil books, like evil companions, possess the power of assimilating to themselves all who are familiarly conversant with them."—To the novel reader matters of fact become insipid—nothing but what is extravagant and highly colored is relished at all. Such reading nourishes a weak sensibility which destroys the better feelings of our nature. Those who waste their tears and sympathies over imaginary woes, have little time or inclination to alleviate real suffering.

Various are the motives for reading novels; but the greater proportion of people read them to gratify their propensity for the marvellous, and indulge a depraved and vitiated taste. Novel reading is not confined to the weaker sex. How often have we seen the mechanic and the man of business, destitute of any knowledge of history, or even of the geography of their own country, spending their leisure hours in poring over the highly wrought descriptions of wonderful heroes, daring lovers, and other marvellous characters that never existed but in the fancy of the writer. How often do we see those of whom we should expect better things, sit down to a novel as to an intellectual feast. We pretend not to much experience, but we envy not the soundness of that head, nor the goodness of that heart, which can delight in such a banquet. A fatal instance of their pernicious tendency is brought to mind, the closing scene of which was acted in this city. We knew a beautiful and interesting girl,—lovely and intelligent, she was the delight of her friends. One bright and beautiful morning she was wedded to an amiable and talented man—a person of refined manners and cultivated intellect. They left our village for a distant city. With prospects fair and unclouded, he fondly thought she was qualified to make him happy. Unaware, until too late, of her defective education, soon did his prospects of domestic felicity vanish. His wife had been left an orphan at an early age, and she was placed under the care of an indulgent uncle. From mistaken kindness she was not trained to habits of industry, and consequently had an aversion to useful employments. Novel reading became her delight, and she had ample leisure to indulge her perverted taste. She dwelt as it were in a land of shadows. Real life had no charms for her.—She met with no perfection of character, and none of those exquisite scenes which exist only in the brain of fanciful enthusiasts. She waited in vain for those ideal prospects to be realized, and at length became disgusted with herself and the world. With no prospect of happiness in his domestic circle, her husband became discouraged,

neglected his business, and sought in dissipation to forget his woes.

He at length removed to this city, in hopes of retrieving his fortune and his character; and so he would have done, but domestic discord soon made him weary of life, and he resolved to terminate his existence, and seek that peace beneath the turbulent waters of the Genesee which was denied him at home. Accordingly he bade adieu to his family, deliberately wended his way to the precipice near, and plunged into the depth below, and the waters of that cataract whose roar we now hear, closed over him forever! The uncle now sees his mistake, and ascribes all this train of ills to novel reading. For, had the niece been rightly trained in domestic duties, and had the talents with which nature had so richly-endowed her been properly cultivated, she might have been an ornament to society, a blessing to her friends, and a crown of glory to her husband, instead of ruining his prospects both for time and eternity.

Now and then a pen is employed in portraying the evil consequences of fictitious writings; but if impressed with a due sense of their deleterious influence, methinks every friend of humanity would lift his voice against them. Strange it is, that even those who call themselves Christians, will for paltry gain, buy and sell those works which they know, or ought to know, are exactly fitted to waste time, pervert the taste, corrupt the morals, and ruin the soul.

We would say to readers of the Miscellany, beware of books of this description. There is an alluring world around and a treacherous heart within us. We should fortify our minds while young with right views and virtuous dispositions. Every benefit to be gained from novels, can be gained more safely, and in a far higher degree, from works of a different character. Read history, biography, works of science and polite literature. These will improve without injuring the mind. But above all should we "search the scriptures." These, and kindred writings are proper for the immortal mind; these will cause it to grow and flourish to all eternity." "This knowledge will survive the ruins of the final catastrophe, and live to sound the praises of Deity."

[Original.]

#### I'D BE AN EAGLE.

A PARODY.

I'd be an eagle, and soar in the sky,  
And mount on the hurricane's wing,  
And make my nest on a mountain high,  
Where the tempest's echoes ring.

My music should be the thunder's crash,  
As it breaks with deafening roar;  
My beacon should be the lightning's flash,  
To guide me along the shore.

And I would skim the ocean's wave,  
And dash off its crest of snow—  
And scream a requiem o'er the brave,  
Who sleep in the depths below.

And I would gaze on the burning sun,  
And bask in its mid-day glare;  
And bathe in the clouds and vapors dun  
That float in the upper air.

And oft I'd leave my mountain high—  
My bleak and lonely home—  
And soar away to southern sky,  
Thro' brighter scenes to roam.

And I would call a feather'd court,  
And be their created king;  
And round about my throne should sport,  
Wild birds of every wing.

I'd be an eagle, and soar in the sky,  
And mount on the hurricane's wing;  
And make my nest on a mountain high,  
Where the tempest's echoes ring.

[Original.]

#### Criticism.

It has become very fashionable to despise Criticism, and to cry out against critics. Many persons look upon the former as literary piracy, and on the latter as envious persecutors and merciless tyrants. Now the laws of criticism are as necessary to the existence of literature, as civil laws to the welfare of a government; and critics are sentinels placed around the literary parade ground to keep out the undisciplined mob. Criticism is neither more nor less than discrimination be-

tween high and common-place thoughts, and elegant and awkward language. Such discrimination may be acquired in part by rules and practice; but a great critic can no more be manufactured than a great poet. He must possess talents equal, if not superior, to the talents of those he criticises. He must be learned, as well in the human heart as in books. He must be deeply read in the characters and dispositions of his fellow men. He must have enthusiasm tempered with judgment. He must have a lofty appreciation of all that is grand and noble, with a delicate taste for all that is lovely and beautiful. He must be able to look with awe and admiration upon the magnificent and terrible of poetry, and then to turn and smile upon the flowers; and, more than all, he must have a Roman's sense of justice, which nothing can purchase, and nothing can terrify; which would as joyfully place the laurel on the brow of the peasant as on the brow of the peer.

Such are the characteristics of a critic—a true, legitimate, honest critic. It is not affirmed that none but such should ever criticise—we were but drawing the portrait of one by nature, by education, by profession, and by choice, a critic. Now as there are in fact no such faultless critics in this faulty world, and there are so few critics on whom we can entirely depend, we must all learn to do our own criticising. Indeed, we must be in some degree critics, if we wish to enjoy any pleasure in reading. Beauties are brightened by contrast with blemishes; and high and noble thoughts, in order to be fully appreciated, must be preceded or followed by common place, or trivial ones. In reading a favorite poem, we must not, like a lover contemplating the character of his adored, look with partial fondness alone upon the beauties.—Some people seem to think, that to admire an author is not only to worship him, as the Persians do the sun, in his brightness and sublimity, but to manifest also toward his faults the blind devotion which leads the Egyptian to prostrate himself before the loathsome crocodile of the Nile. But if one takes pleasure in contemplating the several faults of every author read—if they are attentively studied, then in what bold relief stand forth the beauties! The lofty and noble thoughts, in what power and majesty they are clothed! The gentle thoughts, how sweetly they breathe on one, like a breeze from a garden of roses!

Let us look at Shakspeare, that master mind. It seems as though creation was but one vast workshop for his mighty intellect—as though the very elements were obedient to his wand. To what shall we compare his magnificent thoughts and glorious scenes? To the roar of tempests—to the tramp of armies—to the rush of whirlwinds—to the break of waves—to the flash of lightning, and the burst of thunder. In the works of this great author our world is fitly represented. In them, as in it, we see beauty and deformity, virtue and vice, side by side.

Let us look at Pollok—how grand his conceptions! how overmastering his thoughts! They rush upon us and take us by storm. Yet who does not regret that there is so much horror and misery, agony and death, fury and despair, in his poetry!

And Milton—how God-like his conceptions—how strong and magnificent his images! He does not rush, he marches upon us with measured and majestic tread. He does not take us by storm, but surrounds us with the circumvallations of thought, and overcomes us with steady yet irresistible advances. But were Milton a mean poet, he would be deemed a bold blasphemer, for ascribing human conceptions and attributes to Deity, and marshalling the holy angels, like the forces of an earthly battle field, and putting into their hands the murderous weapons of human warfare. It seems as though he had entered into the sacred precincts of Heaven, and, to purchase forgiveness for the daring deed, had stolen the harp of Gabriel, and charmed the world with its rapturous melody!

Milton's faults are in proportion to his beauties;—an ostentatious, a pliable school-boy pedantry—useless ornament and cumbersome imagery, beneath which his noble thoughts seemed to struggle and pant like the steed of a Crusader beneath his ponderous armor and trappings.

Young—we do not know any poet we read less than Young, though there are few we admire more. We cannot read him on a rainy day, or at night; for then the solemnity and melancholy would overpower us. We must have every thing in and around us to counteract, in part, the depressing influence. We must feel cheerful, and full of hope. We must have a bright sun shining upon us, and a cloudless sky bending over us; and then we should like for the romance of the

affair, to be sitting on the green turf beneath a spreading oak, with a brook murmuring near by, and flowers blooming around—and (we had almost forgot) some wild birds warbling in the leafy boughs overhead.

Well, let us look upon Young—magnificent surely; for there is no magnificence so imposing, so irresistible, as that of gloom and melancholy. His thoughts, they troop along like shadowy ghosts, clad in the habiliments of the grave.—There is something so overpoweringly awful in his scenes and reflections; so death-like and tomb-like—the very strains of his poetry seem set to funeral marches. His soul seemed like a ruined abbey, full of grand and noble things indeed, but there is gloom, and desolation, and darkness.—There the raven croaks, the bat hides, the owl hoots, and the dark cypress waves.

Felicia Hemans—we turn to thee, thou "Italy of human beings;" but thy very faults are so pretty and poetical, one can scarcely find words delicate enough wherewith to name them. We accuse thee, that thou didst limit thy wit and humor to thy conversation and letters, never permitting one spark of the one, or gleam of the other, to illuminate the pages of thy poetry; and therefore it is, that, with all thy murmuring streams, and soaring birds, and waving flowers, and noble men, and lovely maidens, and prancing steeds, and flashing swords, there are so few found who can sit down and read them from preface to finish. 'Tis like walking all day in a flower garden, where the odors are oppressive; or making a hearty dinner on sweetmeats.

Thus would we criticise. Christopher North might sneer at it, but Christopher North is not here. We criticise out of our own hearts, just without law or rule. "A cat may look upon a king." On this principle, somewhat extended, we say what we wish about the learned and the great, the time and custom-honored.

[Original.]

#### HOW TO WRITE.

Nothing is more common than for young writers to speak of the great difficulty they find in composing. Were I not myself a school-girl, I should doubtless say some very wise things on this subject—as for instance,

It is easy enough to write, if you only write what you think, and think what you write—

"Well, but it is so hard to begin!"

Then don't make any regular beginning, but commence in the middle and work both ways.—Put down the first thought, if it be appropos, no matter if it be homely. We have no opinion of commencing an article in a studied, formal, or even brilliant style. Depend upon it, your readers or hearers will be disappointed before the end comes. Better commence in a simple, modest, unaffected way, and then if any thing excellent follows, it will be an agreeable surprise. Lord Chesterfield says, "If you say a good or bad thing on entering, your after appearance may remove the impression; it is otherwise at parting,—say your good things then.

This may apply equally to composition. We have often been deterred from reading many things, which after all may have possessed beauties, just from glancing over the first sentence. We make it a point never to read a tale which commences thus: "It was a beautiful morning in the sweet month of May, 18—," or "Twas a stormy night in November. The rain fell in torrents, the red lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled long and loud; when a solitary horseman was seen spurting his jaded steed along a dreary road."

Never commence your articles with hackneyed, worn-out expressions; it is too much like, "I now take my pen in hand—" We remember, in a very thin volume by N. P. Willis, containing not more than twenty or thirty poems, to have counted sixteen beginning with a sentence of just six syllables, as, "Twas a rich night in June!" By such affectations, with all his genius, Mr. Willis has lost popularity more rapidly than any American writer—with the exception, of course, of "the handsome Mr. Effingham."

We would say to you, by all means eschew all effort, all seeking for something strange and striking. Don't hunt down a fine idea, like a stag, with horn and hounds. Don't devour a good comparison, and then turn round and eat up its shadow. And above all, when Imagination lends her wings, don't steal them, and soar away, "beyond the ethereal blue."

An individual lecturing on Abolition, in this city, said one evening—"What though the clouds of opposition lower around us? We will mount

upon those clouds, inhale their electricity, and breathe it out in articulated thunder!" What sublime bombast! But this orator was capable of better things; and we feel assured, that the sentence in question was no sooner uttered, than repented of. This was probably his first thought: strange, extravagant, bombastic,—like a Will-o'-the-wisp, it danced through his brain,—he trusted to its wild light, and it betrayed him.

Therefore, set down your first thoughts, but by all means, when you have set them down, look them over carefully, coolly and critically. Gather them at first, as the farmer gathers ears of corn, and husk them afterwards.

Drake's "Culprit Fay" is an instance of first thoughts.—Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," of second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth thoughts;—and who dare lay the former by the latter?

Literary productions often have the appearance of careless freshness, when they have been studied, polished and re-polished. The following sentence by Sterne, esteemed by critics the finest sentence of prose in the English language, we have no idea was written in a moment, or that it is now as it was written at first: "The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever."

Hours have been spent over one line—ay, over one word—of poetry, which seems to have come burning from the heart, and flashing from the soul.

But, say you, "We could write, if we only had subjects." Are the themes for the writer then exhausted? No. They are all about us yet,—in earth, in air, in sea. They breathe in every flower; they smile in every sunbeam; they speak in every stream; they rush on every wind; they sweep on every wave; they roll in the thunder, and they gleam in the lightning.

Turn from the world of nature without, to the world of mind within. Behold the elements wherewith it is furnished—the cultivated plains of knowledge; the airy regions of imagination; the fire of genius; and the restless, boundless ocean of thought.

The themes for the writer are, and ever will be, as varied as the works of nature, as countless as the stars of Heaven, and as inexhaustible as Eternity.

[Original.]

#### THE TIMES—IN SCHOOL.

It is said that "disappointment is the common lot of all men." Nothing is said of school-girls. We believe it is generally supposed that we are exempt from the anxieties and petty vexations of life, and we are more than half inclined to think it is even so. Although we are often heard expatiating on our troubles, and trying hard to make ourselves believe that we are really unhappy, yet, when we take all things into consideration we cannot imagine a happier situation than our own. With kind friends, accomplished teachers, and every advantage we can reasonably desire, and more than all, engaged in the delightful employment of acquiring knowledge, how can we complain! What though we have some intricate lessons and difficult tasks, yet much satisfaction results from a performance of these duties. The thought of writing compositions will sometimes cross the mind, like a grim spectre, gliding athwart our path and interrupting our happiness; but as soon as we give our thoughts a "local habitation and a name," the fearful vision vanishes, like the "morning cloud and the early dew," and returns not again for one long week.

The cry of "hard times" has been echoed throughout our land. The sound has reverberated from the forests of Maine to the everglades of Florida,—from the shores of the Atlantic to that fertile valley where the "father of waters" rolls his murky flood. Every town and hamlet, and almost every dwelling, has sent forth the doleful cry. The little domain of the schoolroom has alone remained unscathed. Owing to the stagnation of business, the prostration of commerce, and the limited finances of our country, enterprise has nearly ceased, save in those privileged places where youth do congregate. Although the national horizon has been so long darkened, our little communities have been advancing on the tide of prosperity. Here are competition in business, internal improvements progressing, and Herculean labors achieved. Fountains of knowledge are daily opened from which we may draw inexhaustible treasures; and discoveries in arts and science are constantly greeting our astonished vision.—

If we look abroad into the world, we see many poor persons willing to labor, but unable to procure employment, and others toiling the livelong day to obtain a scanty subsistence.

But we are provided with more work than we can well manage—for the field of knowledge is unbounded. And for all the labor we do perform, how richly are we repaid! We are filling the store house of memory and accumulating intellectual wealth, that we may, when the scenes of the school room are over, "bring forth out of our treasures, things new and old."

And now, we would say to every schoolmate, when you think you have trouble, take a "sober second thought," and we are greatly mistaken if you do not exclaim, my cup with happiness is running over, and "goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

[Original.]

#### MY FAVORITE STAR.

It is the hour of day's farewell,  
While yet some ling'ring sunbeams dwell,  
To tinge with gold yon tower'ing wood  
And cheer its dreary solitude;  
Like Hope that stays when Joy is fled,  
Or smiles on cold lips of the dead.  
The busy sounds of day are still—  
Save where breaks forth the silver rill,  
Or where the light-wing'd zephyrs pass,  
Lifting the long and dewy grass,  
Breathing amid the shadowy bowers,  
Kissing the pale and sleeping flowers.

Away from earth my wandering eye  
Now turns its glances to the sky.  
As yet the radiant queen of night  
Is hid by yonder mountain height;  
While brilliantly her courtly train  
Expectant deck the azure plain,—  
And loveliest, tho' it gleams afar,  
Seems to my eye, my Favorite Star!

A welcome glad, I give thee now!  
Thou gem! thou pearl! on Night's dark brow.  
Yet still methinks my eye can trace  
A dimness on thy pale, fair face;  
Or is 't my lonely feelings cast  
A shade, as tho' a night-cloud passed?

Of other days thou 'mindest me,  
When other eyes were bent on thee,—  
The eyes of friends, as thou at even  
Gleam'd o'er the jewell'd vault of Heaven.  
'Tis long, 'tis long since last we met,  
And dost thou watch above them yet?  
Dost look on those familiar scenes,  
Which from my eye long distance screens?  
And all thy pure, soft radiance pour  
On forms that gladden it no more?  
Yet if their longing dreams e'er stray  
To that lone one that's far away,  
Oh! tell them that her warm, fond love  
Still rests in them, like wearied dove;  
And tell them that its ceaseless voice  
Forbids her young heart to rejoice,—  
Save when sweet Hope, with sunny wing  
Illumes her sad imagining.  
And tell them, 'tis her spirit's prayer,  
That earth's rough scenes to them be fair—  
That to their eyes, existence seem,  
To be one joyous, fairy dream,  
Without one tear, its bliss to mar.  
Farewell! farewell! my Fav'rite Star!

[Original.]

#### Capital Punishment.

It is an axiom that ladies should know nothing about government; and no less self-evident, that politics are not becoming to misses at school.—Who, then, of the latter class especially, will presume to question the wisdom of that legal code, which has so long been our country's pride, and which is so much admired by the advocates of justice, and the lovers of equal rights?

It is gravely said, that our Constitution is based on principles of perfect equity, notwithstanding the right to liberty and to the pursuit of happiness is denied to one-sixth part of the population.

Our laws also are impartially administered, for President Wayland says expressly, that the great "Magna Charta" of our liberties, the right of trial by jury, is guaranteed to all. Exercising that charity which thinketh no evil, it is necessary to suppose that of course he meant to except the two and a half millions of our citizens in whom this right is not recognised, although he has said nothing of the kind.

Gladly would we think all our laws humane, while we glory in the general morality and intelligence of our country.

Perhaps it is humanity which dictates to society the right of taking the life of our fellow men. Perhaps, it has a right to dispose of the murderer in this manner—to shorten the space which God would otherwise allow him for repentance, and place him, all laden as he is with guilt, where hope and mercy can never reach him. But all this, to an un instructed mind, seems strangely absurd, and such an one has a few simple reasons to give for its so appearing.

In the first place, it is evident that no person's happiness is increased by the execution of a criminal. Society is not benefited by it; and as somebody has said, the very worst use you can put a man to, is to hang him. It does not lessen crime; for it has been plainly proved, that crime diminishes in proportion to the mildness of the laws.

It appears that society is beginning to be sensible of its mistake; for public executions are prohibited on account of their demoralizing tendency. Such exhibitions were formerly made for the benefit of the spectators; now, a few individuals are formally invited to attend. Can it be that they are sensible of the honor?

Spain, though she be degenerate, can teach us a lesson on this subject; for there, no man, however low and despicable, will consent to perform the office of hangman, and no one dares to suggest such a thing to a decent man. The only way they can procure an executioner, is by offering some condemned criminal his life, if he will consent to perform the odious office.

Is it not strangely inconsistent, for men to argue the Divine right to take the life of their fellow beings, and send them unbidden into the presence of their Maker? And, more than this, mild and gentle woman, formed only for deeds of mercy, is heard sustaining the argument as earnestly, if not as ably, as any theologian.

Why should one command of God be limited, more than another? "Thou shalt not kill!" is an unqualified injunction, given alike to societies and individuals. Has not its meaning been strangely perverted? Many understand it to mean, "Thou shalt not kill"—only when society gives thee permission. With as much propriety, it might be said, "Thou shalt not steal"—only when thou art very needy. But it is argued that the Old Testament requires blood for blood. So it also requires that blasphemy, Sabbath breaking and man-stealing should be punished with death. Those who advocate Capital Punishment, on account of the law given to Moses, to be consistent, should insist that children should be put to death for striking their parents. Now, if one of these laws is binding, are they not all?—for they all rest on the same authority.

But, aside from this, there is one consideration, which, more than all others, should induce us to hesitate, before assuming the responsibility of taking that life which none but God can give; and that is, the danger of sending a fellow-being unprepared into the presence of God.

Viewing the subject thus, is it not evident that so long as community has the means to secure the criminal, and prevent the repetition of his offence, he should be permitted to live, to repent and reform. Thus, by allowing him to remain his allotted time, perhaps one more soul may be added to the number of the redeemed. In the mean time, let us remember, that God has said, "Vengeance is mine—I will repay!"

[Original.]

VISIT TO A SHIP OF WAR.

Some three months since, I had the pleasure of visiting the United States ship North Carolina, which was then moored in the North river, off the Battery.

This is one of the finest vessels in our Navy—carries 110 guns, is 212 feet long and 60 feet wide, and is used as a receiving and school ship. The distance from the top of the mast to the hold, is 170 feet. She is indeed a giant ship, and it was like going up the perpendicular side of a three story house to go on board.

The spar or upper deck carries long 32 pound guns. The next is called the upper gun deck.—This also carries 32 pounders. The room for cooking is on this deck; it is made of iron, and is about ten feet square. The next is called the berth deck; here the crew eat and sleep. The next is called the orlop deck, and is entirely under water. The most perfect order and neatness prevailed throughout the vessel. Every room was appropriated to a peculiar use. The schoolroom

was occupied by about 100 apparently industrious scholars, who are taught not only the ordinary branches, but also the art of seamanship. The vessel seemed alive with human beings. There were upwards of 1000 on board, of whom there were 150 or 200 boys, called naval apprentices. The government designs to make officers of them as soon as they are qualified. Some of these boys are no more than twelve years of age. On one deck, an officer was drilling 20 or 30 of them,—that is, teaching them how to kill their fellow beings in the most approved manner, and with the greatest possible dexterity. The motion of every muscle seemed according to rule.

How painful it is to reflect on the object of all this training! Yes, here was a school supported by the government of a christian country, with a system of teaching whose every precept is in direct opposition to the spirit of christianity!

When we gazed on that splendid ship—such a noble specimen of human skill lying gracefully upon the waters of that delightful bay, it seemed impossible that she was ever designed for aught that is evil. But we had only to look upon these fearful engines of destruction, which were frowning upon us from every side, to realize the fierce engagement—the thundering broadside, and the clash of arms. Then we saw those bright uniforms tarnished, those decks covered with the wounded and dying, and those towering masts brought low with a long, loud crash—and all this a sacrifice to man's wicked ambition!

Who would not turn disgusted from the contemplation of such horrid visions, and sigh to think that man, "created in the image of God," could ever become so degraded?

Must it ever be thus; must there always be something to remind one of man's "inhumanity to man?" Yes, as long as the odious system of war is presented in such delusive colorings. All dislike to dwell on the dark side of the picture, and wish only to contemplate its splendors. Is there not much in our schools which tends to foster this spirit? The victories of the hero, and the bravery of the general are often the subjects of the school-boy's oratory, and the glorious achievements of some successful warrior, are frequently the theme of the student's declamation. The horrors attendant on these victories, are forgotten in the glories of conquest. In the enthusiasm of the moment—in the admiration of their fancied virtues, they forget that they possessed any qualities other than generous and noble. They forget that there is a perverted popular opinion, which legalizes slaughter, and that in reality those heroes are not the benefactors, but the enemies of mankind.

May the time soon come when the mild spirit of the Prince of Peace shall be the presiding genius of all our institutions,—civil, political, and literary; "when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and they shall not learn war any more."

[Original.]

A REQUEST.

Oh, when the gloomy night of death  
Hath quenched life's feeble flame,  
And when the faint and quivering breath  
Hath left my wasted frame—

Oh, let not then the solemn knell  
Send forth its tones of gloom,  
A cold and careless world to tell  
My transit to the tomb.

And lay me not where strangers lie  
Within the churchyard dim,  
Where falls the tear, and breathes the sigh,  
And sounds the requiem.

But in some wild-wood's shadows deep,  
Far from the crowded town,  
In that last, long, undreaming sleep,  
Oh, gently lay me down.

Methinks more sweet I'd slumber there  
Within my lonely grave,  
If flowers I love, all bright and fair,  
Might o'er my bosom wave.

There let the sweet-briar spread its leaves,  
There bloom the anemone,—  
And lily drooping as it grieves—  
Oh, plant them there by me.

And there the modest violet,\*  
Fit flowret for a tomb;

\* Viola tricolor, or Forget-me-not.

'Twill seem to chide, if ye forget—  
Kind friends, there let it bloom.

And plant my resting-place above,  
Some holy, twilight hour,  
That emblem of a Saviour's love,  
The sacred *Passion Flower*.

For to that flower alone 'tis given  
To tell the history  
Of Him who left the bower of heaven,  
And bled and died for me.

Let no mausoleum be reared  
To bear my sculptured name—  
A name to but a few endeared,  
And all unknown to fame;

But let fond memory deeply write  
That name upon the heart;  
In pleasure's morn, in sorrow's night,  
Oh, let it ne'er depart.

Nor let the thought that this young frame,  
Lies in the cold, cold earth,  
A trembling sigh—a tear-drop claim,  
Or sadden hall or hearth.

And though the vacant seat may long,  
Remind your hearts of me,  
Yet do not let it still the song,  
Or check the laugh of glee.

But let one thought calm sorrow's strife,  
And soothe each wounded breast—  
The thought that from the toils of life,  
My spirit is at rest.

[Original.]

"And we shall be numbered with the things that were."

In contemplating the past, our feelings are of a peculiar and solemn nature. Tremblingly we raise the veil, and look through the long vista of years. Tremblingly we invoke the spirit to

"Roll back the tide of time, and bring to view  
The faded form of other days;"

that we may read from the dark catalogue, of the rise and fall of empires, the birth of genius, and the works of art.

Where is Thebes, with her hundred gates?  
Where the ramparts of Nineveh, the walls of Babylon, the palaces of Persepolis, and the temples of Baalbec and Jerusalem? They have passed away, and are only known as things that were.

From the past, we turn involuntarily to the future; and as if endowed with the gift of precience, we look forward into the dread unknown, with the awful certainty that (when the few remaining sands have wasted from the dial of life) we too shall pass that "bourne from which no traveler returns," to join the silent multitude and inhabit the city of the dead, whose foundations were laid when sin entered the world. How aptly are we compared to

"Bubbles on the sea of matter born,  
That shine a while, then to that sea return."

Yet how few realize the brevity of the period allotted to man, or how near may be the dawning of eternity. But of the inquiry starts unbidden to our anxious minds, "when we shall be we know not what, nor where, nor how?"

What friendly hand shall guide us o'er the dark waters, soothe our fears, and kindly, gently lead our spirits to their appointed place? Shall we trust in the wealth of India, or the gold of Ophir? Ask the rich man who was clothed in purple and fared sumptuously every day!

Shall we seek a name inscribed high on the tablet of fame, as our strong refuge in the day of trouble?

Ask the hero seated on his bloody throne, whose base, washed by the purple flood, already begins to totter; and mark his horror of soul, as he shrinks back as from the spectre of millions—victims of his unhallowed ambition!

What need we question further? Can fair science furnish us better? Yes, she may bring up of pleasure, much that is pure and elevated. She may strew flowers on our path even down to death's dark door; but there her power, unaided, leaves us. There is a point where wealth, power, learning—where all earthly things forsake us. In that dread moment may Religion be the star to guide—so shall it be well with us, when we are numbered with those whose places are known no more forever.

[Original.]

## THE DEATH OF THE NORSE KING.

"Old Kings, about to die, had their body laid into a ship; the ship sent forth with sails set, and a slow fire burning in it; that once out at sea, it might blaze up in flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in sky and ocean!"  
—*Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship.*

'Twas not the Chieftain's destiny  
On battle field to die;  
With ship on fire he goes to sea,  
To show his valor high.  
For Odin's Hall he seeks a grave,—  
The Paradise of all the brave.

The Deep doth know there is a spoil,  
For her rich treasury;  
With coffers filled by ages' toil,  
Still covetous is she!  
And more of plunder while she seeks,  
In sullen thunder notes she speaks.

The tribes that in her realms abide,  
Haste from the turmoil far,  
And in her lowest depths they hide,  
While rolls the Tempest's car;  
Then air, and earth, to Ocean's cry,  
With stormy voices make reply.

On comes the death-bark, onward yet,  
With flames—the victim's wreath!  
The sea with jagged rocks is set  
The rabid foam beneath,  
And all impatient at delay,  
Raves round the ship that bears the prey!

The Warrior King was first in fight,  
When rose of arms the clang;  
In bloody conflicts with delight  
His stalworth weapon rang!  
And now composed in majesty  
Has fiery burial on the sea!

The thought that he is thus to die,  
Dwells in his lofty heart;  
For Valor gave the purpose high,  
And nerved him to depart!  
All steadfast, firm, is he in soul,  
As he is hurried to the goal.

For oft his courage had been tried,  
And a valiant arm had he;  
Else, in his halls he would have died,  
And not thus worthily;  
—There, would have met the last foe, Death,  
Nor sought him thus to yield his breath.

Lo! on the cliffs the Northmen stand,—  
Those warrior-men and stern,—  
They mark the ship, a burning brand,  
And how to die they learn.  
Of giant strength, of giant heart,—  
They mutely view their Sire depart.

Right gallantly the ship doth ride,  
With crowning flames on high;  
And bears herself in conscious pride—  
The King goes forth to die!  
The crested waves she cuts with speed,  
And dashes on like noble steed!

And now the eager yawning sea,  
O'erwhelms the vessel's side;  
The Norse-King, offered willingly,  
Is buried in the tide.  
As stoic firm, the aged Sire  
Was robed in winding-sheet of fire!

A single shout bursts from the shore,  
Like red man's war-whoop shrill;  
And craggy cliffs repeat it o'er,  
Reverberating still.  
This was the Norseman's wild farewell!  
Their leader's simple funeral knell!

'Twas thus the Sea-King passed away,—  
Thus proved his valor well;  
And on the cliffs, till set of day,  
His deeds the Northmen tell;  
And as they lingering depart,  
With stern resolves is nerved each heart!

[Original.]

## What is Poetry?

"What is Poetry?" said a friend to us the other day, with a mischievous smile, which seemed to say, "I've puzzled you." We did think of trying to dispose of it by saying that it was Nonsense, but on second thought frankly acknowledged

our inability to give a satisfactory definition of the term.

Now, who should know so well what Poetry is, as Poets themselves? They must at least know enough of its nature, to be able to give a description of it, which will distinguish it from every thing else. So we will refer to them in our difficulty.

One says, "Poetry is the eldest, rarest, and most excellent of the fine arts." Says another, "That which is highest, purest, loveliest, and most excellent to the eye or to the mind, in reference to any object, either of the sense or the imagination, is poetical." A third supposes that "Poetry is the symmetry and fitness of things." We suggest, only that Poetry which improves on acquaintance and will bear the test of criticism, is the genuine article. Poetry is an accompaniment of the immortality of the soul. It exists, in the embryo state, in every mind, and only needs favorable circumstances to develop itself. Very few are there so poorly furnished with the spark of immortality, as never to have had touches of pure, high, ennobling feeling; and as virtue, benevolence and holiness prevail, these are strengthened, and there is spirit harmony in the world of mind. Some there are more gifted with expression than others, in whom the fount of feeling comes swelling up to light. They only speak the sentiments of others. We call them Poets, and it is their office to portray what they and the silent multitude have felt and thought, enjoyed and suffered.

There is no poetry in things themselves, but in the associations connected with them. Some have supposed that in religion there is no poetry; but when we consider that by it the highest and purest emotions are excited, it is the true source of poetry. And as it is the office of this eldest sister of the fine arts, from things that are seen to disclose things which are not seen, then in our system of faith or religious belief, there is much that is poetical; for "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

God himself has not disdained to acknowledge poetry, and his revelation to the children of men, is glowing with pathos, sublimity and grandeur.

From the earlier ages Poetry has existed; for the circumstances of men were precisely fitted to call it forth.

The Patriarchs, whose minds were century storehouses—while they were in a sense eye-witnesses of the creation, and knew its story as a household tale—in the sublimity of their position—coevals of time, looked forward to future years, and in prophetic strains of harmony, foretold the things that should be after they were gathered to the dead.

Noah, the last of the old world, the pioneer of the new, in the lofty predictions of the Seer, speaks of Canaan's lot of bondage as contrasted with his brethren.

"Cursed be Canaan!  
A servant of servants to his brethren.  
Blessed be Jehovah, God of Shem:  
And let Canaan be his servant.  
God shall extend Japhet!  
In the tents of Shem he shall dwell:  
And let Canaan be his servant."

And Balaam, he that "loved the wages of unrighteousness," who sought to curse Israel for a reward offered by a king of the earth, the finger of God being upon him,—mark the harmony of prophetic poetry which, in spite of himself, breaks forth like inspiration from heaven.

"From Aram I am brought by Barak,  
By the king of Moab from the mountains of the east."  
"Come curse me Jacob,  
And come defy me Israel."  
"How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed?  
And how shall I defy whom God hath not defied?  
For from the top of the rock I see him,  
And from the hills I behold him:  
Lo! the people who shall dwell alone!  
Nor shall number themselves among the nations.  
Who shall count the dust of Jacob?  
Or number the fourth part of Israel?  
Let me die the death of the righteous,  
And let my last end be like his."

In the 11th verse of the 32d chapter of Deuteronomy, how beautifully is the care and love of God for his children described.

"As an Eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings," so doth the Mighty One provide for, and sustain those who have their being in Him.

But what is more spirit-stirring than the prayer of Joshua?

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon!  
And thou Moon in the valley of Ajalon!"  
"And the Sun stood still, and the Moon stayed her course, until the people were avenged on their enemies."

But the instances are innumerable where God has

conferred the highest honor on Poetry, in giving it a place in the Book of Revelation.

David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, is imimitably beautiful and affecting. It finds an echo in the finest and holiest emotions within us.

Like the voice of the mourning dove, the "still sad music of humanity" melts us into tears with its pensive melody;—for who has not wept with the sacred minstrel, mourning for his beloved and misguided Absalom? Long would we linger amid the beauty of the Psalms—long would we linger amid the grand imagery of Job and Isaiah, although overwhelmed with their magnificence.

Thought and conceptions there written, will be the study and delight of our souls in eternity; and not until we enter upon our future state of being, can we fully appreciate their poetry.

"High and beautiful them is the lot of the great poet. His lyre is the world, and the strings on which he plays are the souls of men."

[Original.]

## FIRE! FIRE!

"Fire!" cried a solitary watchman, early on a cold, wintry morning. "Fire! fire!" vociferated he at the top of his voice; but none echoed his call.

The building was all in flames, and the inmates, unconscious of danger, were taking their rest, while their imaginations were traveling far away in the land of dreams.

Oh moment of horror! Destruction with her spread wings was hovering over them, and they saw not that her vulture eye had marked them for her prey. They heard not that lone night-watcher as he raised his voice with the alarm-cry.

The fire rages on, and yet they sleep. Oh will it be the sleep of death? The watchman cries yet louder. He rushes against the bolted door. It gives way, and the aroused inmates open their eyes on the horrors of their situation. They rush out—they are saved from being made the food of the flames.

But the alarm-cry has reached the ever-watchful ear of our noble firemen, and from the distant engine house they come panting to the spot. The foreman cheers on his comrades, sending his shouts through his trumpet; but they reach the burning building too late to save it.

Now the roof of the adjoining edifice has taken fire, and oh! what a scene! Old gray-haired men bowed down with years; females with hands clasped and tears streaming from their eyes; children screaming; firemen running to and fro; engines playing; flames raging; all is tumult, confusion and dismay.

See that man in the midst of the flames! hear the cries of friends calling to him to save himself. Oh! now he is not to be seen! There is a moment of fearful silence;—all is still as death. Again you hear a shriek! There! there! see him! He has thrown himself from a window, and is safe.

The two elements, fire and water, have a furious struggle; but the expiring flames, quite put out, own water as the victor. And now the welkin rings with the joyous shouts of the indefatigable firemen. And as they homeward wend their weary way, trailing their ponderous engine after them, light-hearted and happy, they ask no reward but a place in the hearts of their fellow citizens.

They are indeed blessed defenders; and cold and dead must be the heart, that is not grateful to them for their unrequited toil,—their suffering and exposure in winter's cold and summer's heat.

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Rochester, May 10, 1843.

# THE GEM

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No. 11.



CLOCK IN THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The Clock in the Hall of Representatives, at Washington.

Standing upon a globe of marble, round which circle the signs of the zodiac, is the time-piece on which is elevated the graceful Muse of History. Tardella, an Italian, was the artist. Nothing in this country can exceed the gracefulness of this statue, and the idea is of a happy order. The Muse of History, with the folios of her calendar, has turned to listen to the announcement of some event in the annals of the country, and is apparently ready to record it. Her attitude is in perfect keeping, and the marble out of which the whole is cut, is of dazzling whiteness. The clock represents, with its outstretched wings, the flight of time, and no more beautiful idea could have been conceived, than to have placed the Muse of History calmly standing amid its mutations, and with a truthful pen, marking down the epochs of the world.

## Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

ROVENA, OR THE SAXON PRINCESS.

BY W. C. COOKE.

### CHAPTER I.

"Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls down on t'other side." *Macbeth.*

There are many, no doubt, who will think it is rather absurd that a story should be built upon a transaction which took place at a time when civilization was but little known, and where society was almost entirely free from all conventional forms and restrictions. To those who think so, I would say, that there is scarcely a more interesting record than that which contains the events which transpired during the conquest of Britain by the Saxons. Although very imperfect, enough can be gathered to render it pleasing and interest-

ing. Back I go, therefore, to the very beginning of the Saxon conquest, and from thence I gather this *take of truth*.

When the mighty fabric of the Roman empire began to totter and crumble to the dust, the Emperors, in order to protect themselves and their people from the violence of the northern barbarians, were obliged to withdraw all that support from the Britons which they had so freely and willingly bestowed upon them, during the time which Britain had been subject to the government of Rome. When that support was entirely withdrawn from the Britons, they were invaded by the Picts and Scots, who plundered their habitations, laid waste their fields and murdered their inhabitants. The Britons, unable to defend themselves, had recourse to the Saxons, from whom they solicited aid.

Vortigeru, the Prince of Dummonium, sent a deputation to invite over the Saxons for their protection and aid. Hengirt and Horza came over to Britain with an army, with which they repelled the Scots and drove them again to the North.—With Hengirt came Rovena, his daughter, who, even in those days of ignorance, superstition and barbarity, was possessed of some of the *qualifications* with which our modern ladies are.

Rovena was beautiful. Indeed, had she lived at the present day, and been permitted to cultivate her talents, she would have been called *very* beautiful. In stature she was of the medium size, and well proportioned. Nature had been lavish of her charms in its formation of the beautiful Rovena. Her hair was of a glossy black color, and was always arranged so as to display a head of the finest proportions. Her forehead was high and commanding; all the marks and indications of a powerful mind were fully developed upon it. Her eyes were of a jet black, large and lustrous, from which also beamed the light of life and intelligence. Her complexion was of the fairest hue, in which health and vigor were admirably delineated.

Rovena was well calculated to attract attention, and many were the offers of marriage which she had received, and as many had she refused. She could boast too of noble birth; and when some humble swain would kneel at her feet to pour forth his impassioned love, a smile of contempt would curl her beautiful lip, and the name of her illustrious ancestor was always placed in juxtaposition with that of her lovers.

Rovena's father was, or claimed to be, a descendant from the god Woden, and she, like her father, would often indulge in vain boasting of her parentage. The appellation of Princess was bestowed upon her at her birth, and she still retained it. She was acknowledged to be of superior merit by all who knew her. Her will was law to many, especially those who sought her hand. To some she was kind, to some harsh and arbitrary. By her father, she was regarded with tender af-

fection, she was his only daughter, and between them there existed a strong mutual love. Rovena was always obedient to her father, making his interest and his welfare her own, when it did not clash with one peculiar feeling which she indulged. He was always kind and indulgent to her, refusing nothing which was in his power to bestow.

Such was Rovena, and thus was she regarded by her indulgent parent. Amidst all her superior qualifications, there was one fault which detracted much from her usual worth—she was *ambitious of power!*—of exercising a sway over those who are denominated the stronger sex. She was anxious to be called queen, and to hold in her hands the prerogatives of a monarch. She often solicited her father to bestow upon her, at his death, the throne he was then wresting from the abject Britons. In a word, she was possessed of that

"Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls down on t'other side."

### CHAPTER II.

Vortigeru, the Prince of Dummonium, who sent the deputation to invite the Saxons to their aid, no sooner beheld Rovena, than he became deeply and desperately enamored with her, and resolved to win her hand, even at the expense of his throne, and his people's subjugation to the Saxons. In person, Vortigeru was tall and commanding. His figure was of noble mould, and he moved with grace and elegance. Every feature of his face was finely delineated, but there was in his countenance an indecision and weakness. Yet he was well calculated to win the affection of one even like Rovena. He too, was ambitious; but since his meeting with her, his ambition had taken a different course. All his brightest hopes were centered in one point, and that was Rovena. To gain her, he forgot his duty as a Prince—he forgot his obligations to those over whom he was permitted to reign. He neglected the interest of his people, and became entirely absorbed with the charms of the beautiful Princess. He saw not the mighty vortex before him. He saw not the ruin and degradation which awaited him. The future rose not before his view. The present stood forth in bold relief, and with it, Rovena.—To win her he hazarded much.

Hengirt saw the effect which his daughter's charms had produced upon Vortigeru, and determined to turn it to his own advantage. After his victory over the Picts and Scots, he formed the plan of subjugating the Britons. He well knew that this could be done. He drew his conclusions from the inability of the Britons to defend themselves from the Scots. With this project in view, he sent over for an additional army, which soon arrived, and commenced hostilities upon the Britons.

It was on a dark and rainy night, soon after the arrival of the second army, that Rovena sat alone

in her apartment, which, for those days, was richly furnished. On one side there stood a couch covered with the richest velvet; in the centre of the room, a table, upon which was heaped a variety of dress; over it hung a large lamp, which gave sufficient light to show a rich velvet carpet upon the floor, and large, massive chairs placed about the apartment. All was still within except the heavy breathing of a large watch-dog which lay at her feet. Rovena was musing upon the future; her head rested upon her snowy hand, and her eyes were closed. The embryo throne of her father was before her imagination. Her hand almost grasped the golden sceptre, and in the intensity of her thoughts she exclaimed, "Oh, Fortune! deign to smile propitiously. Give me my only, my dearest wish—make me a Queen—give me a monarch's right, and happiness, bright and glorious, shall be forever mine!"

As she finished speaking, her attention was attracted by a deep drawn sigh which proceeded from the farther end of the room. Her foot touched her dog, and in a moment he was by her side.

"Come near!" said she, in a firm, commanding tone.

As she spoke, a tall figure, completely enveloped in a cloak, stepped forward. His face was masked, and his hand grasped the hilt of a small dagger.

"Who is it," said she, "that presumes to enter my chamber without my knowledge? Why come you like a robber, masked and armed? Speak, ere the gripe of my noble dog compresses your throat, and your life becomes forfeited."

"Fear not, noble lady!" replied the stranger; "I am neither a robber nor a murderer, but one equal to yourself in birth and influence."

"'Tis false!" said Rovena, "a base and villainous lie! My birth is superior to any Briton's, and you are one; for none of Saxon blood had dared thus to intrude on the privacy of a Saxon princess. Begone! or reap the fruit of your presumption."

"I obey," said the intruder, "but in thus forcing me from your presence, you wound a heart which loves you sincerely, tenderly."

He turned to go; his hand was already upon the door, when an arrow from without penetrated the window, and striking the lamp, shivered it into a thousand pieces.

"Hold!" said Rovena; "do not leave me until I summon some of my attendants to my aid. I know not from what source this has come. Perhaps some one seeks my life."

"I will protect you, Rovena," said her visitor, "my life is at your service, and should chance discover to me the being who has thus dared to assault you, my own good sword shall avenge you."

Saying this, he drew from his pocket a flint stone, with which, by the aid of his dagger, he produced another light. As he stood before the light, his cloak dropped from his shoulder and discovered to Rovena a form of the most beautiful mould. His dress was of the British costume, which fitted finely to his limbs. Rovena was struck with the symmetry of his proportions.—She was about to speak, to ask his name, when the mask was withdrawn from his face and disclosed to her the features of Vortigeru.

Rovena started back, and a blush overspread her face. Vortigeru remarked the whole and approached her.

"Back! back!" said she, "leave me this moment, lest you incur my displeasure."

"If that is the penalty, I will go," said Vortigeru, "but grant me your forgiveness if I have given you offence."

Vortigeru turned and departed. Rovena stood for a moment, meditating upon the scene which

had just passed. Vortigeru had said he loved her. Could she not at once realize her dearest hopes? Could she not at once become a Queen by becoming the wife of Vortigeru? Could she not at once ascend the throne and sway the sceptre, not only over the Britons, but over her own countrymen? Such were her thoughts—such was the picture her fancy drew. She could not decide what step to take, for she knew not what were her father's designs. She knew that there existed hostilities between her father's followers and the Britons, but she did not know that his ambition led him to the throne.

She was thus meditating, when the door opened and her father entered. The broken lamp attracted his attention, and he asked the meaning. Rovena drew a chair to him, and desired him to be seated. She then told him all that had taken place, and the manner in which she had treated Vortigeru. At the recital of the latter, a cloud passed over the face of Hengirt, and a frown gathered upon his brow. Rovena started as she observed the change, and asked the cause.

"Be seated," said her father, sternly. "I wish to make known my intentions to you, that you may not, in the heat of your ambition, subvert the plans I have laid for my own aggrandizement. I consider you do wrong thus to place your hopes so high. You seek to act a part of which your capabilities will not admit—"

"How know you," said Rovena, interrupting him, "how know you what my hopes, my wishes are? To what end do you suppose my ambition leads me?"

"My knowledge of your wishes is from the surest source. It is from your own lips,—from your own acknowledgements. Have you not often asked of me to bestow upon you, at my death, the throne which I am now building up among the miserable Britons? Have you not yourself, this night, prayed to Dame Fortune to make you Queen? to give you a monarch's right? Is not all this sufficient to show that your ambition soars too high? It is. Listen—in a few words I will tell you of my determination. I am resolved to subjugate this people, and crown myself King.—With the army I now have, and with the assistance I can command from the Saxons abroad, I can easily erect a throne, which will, I acknowledge, be a precarious one, and which may be built at the expense of life itself. Yet my ambition leads me on. I am determined to pursue the course it marks out, even though it lead to ruin. You are aware that Vortigeru is the Prince over this people; that to secure his influence is to lay the corner stone of my throne. There is one way in which this may be done, and that is through your means. You are the instrument by which this can be accomplished. Vortigeru loves you. I know the views he entertains toward you. I am aware that he aspires to nothing greater than your hand; and to gain that he would sacrifice his best interests, and the welfare and safety of his people. I desire, therefore, that you will extinguish every spark of your ambition, for the present. Leave your destiny with me. It is for your interest that I be successful. If I fail, your ruin is inevitable. Should I succeed, you may perhaps be enabled to gratify your desires of power—you may perhaps be a Queen."

At these last words, the eyes of Rovena sparkled with uncommon lustre. She advanced to her father and shook his hand. "I will," said she, "do as you bid me. I will use my best endeavors to promote your interest, even though I stoop to deceit."

"Enough!" said Hengirt; "let the intelligence I have this night communicated be kept a secret. And now, good night!"

He rose and left the room. As he closed the door, Rovena smiled with contempt, and she muttered, "Trust not too much to woman's faith.—Though I am your daughter, I may in this particular gratify my own ambition rather than look to yours." She then turned to her couch and sought repose.

Hengirt, after he left Rovena, sought his brother Horza, to make known to him his plans, which he had but just related to Rovena. He found Horza in his habitation, but a short distance from that of Rovena. He soon made his business known, carefully concealing his designs relative to crowning himself King, for he well knew that his brother, like himself, was ambitious of sitting upon the throne. Horza gladly and speedily entered into all his brother's plans, and consented to hazard a battle the next day. After this arrangement, Hengirt left his brother to himself, and went to prepare for the events of the coming day.

#### CHAPTER III.

The next morning was a glorious one. The sun arose in all its effulgence, and cast its gladdening rays over hill and dale, over mountain and valley. The Saxon tents were scattered over a large space of ground, and the sun shining upon them, gave them an additional show. Here and there were to be seen groups of the Saxon soldiery, conversing together in low and smothered tones. Some were gathering and distributing arms, others were distributing food to the horses—all was one busy scene.

Suddenly, the shrill blast of a trumpet rent the air. All eyes were turned in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. It was soon known that it came from the tent of Hengirt. Again the trumpet sounded, and the cry "To horse! to arms!" was spread throughout the encampment.

Immediately the officers marshaled their men, and prepared them for action. Soon Hengirt rode forth from his tent, mounted upon a milk white charger. He was accompanied by his brother, who was mounted upon a charger of coal black color. As they appeared, a shout went forth which made the welkin ring, and sent echo upon echo through the surrounding vales.

The Britons, meanwhile, were not inactive.—They had assembled their forces, and made preparations to meet the Saxons. The first movement on their part was to depose Vortigeru, "who had become odious from the bad event of his rash counsels," and put themselves under the command of his kinsman Vortimer.

The two armies advanced toward each other. In a few moments the battle begun, and each engaged his foe with desperate determination. The Britons fought for their rights and their country—the Saxons, for plunder, and to give their leader a crown.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Rovena started from her couch as the shrill blast of the trumpet struck upon her ear. Hastily adjusting her dress, she ran to the window to ascertain the cause. She was astonished at the uncommon stir—something unusual had taken place. She opened the window and inquired of a peasant the meaning of all she saw. He informed her that a battle was to be fought between the Saxons and the Britons, and passed on.

"He goes," said she, as her father commenced his march, "he goes to win his crown, to build a throne for my inheritance."

As she finished speaking, a hand was gently laid upon her arm. She turned around, and her eyes met the gaze of Vortigeru. Again the crimson blush overspread her face, as she demanded the cause of his intrusion.

"Rovena," said he, "I come, at the request of

your father, to make known to you the feelings I entertain for you. Trust that you will listen to my declaration, even if there does not exist in your bosom the least love for me. Since first I met you, I have loved you tenderly, devotedly.—Last night, I was compelled by the intensity of my feelings to acknowledge an affection for you. Your father has this morning given me permission to address you, and I now entreat of you to inform me whether there exists the least hope for me.”

Vortigeru paused. Rovena raised her eyes to his face. “Why,” asked she, “are you not with your people, assisting them in their struggle against the Saxons?”

Vortigeru was silent for a moment.

“I have a reason,” he at length replied, “for not being there; which, perhaps, if known to you, would render me despicable to you; but such as it is, you shall know it. I gave your father a promise that I would not, for the present, raise my hand against him, but permit him to wage war against my people unopposed by me.”

“And why did you make this promise?” asked Rovena, interrupting him.

“That I might gain his permission to address you,” replied Vortigeru; “that I might secure to myself all I hold dear—that I might realize my dearest wishes, my dearest hopes. Say, does my promise to him meet with your approbation?”

Rovena thought of all her father had said to her the night before. She thought of the success of his plans, and of what benefit that success might be to her. Might it not secure to her the golden inheritance she so much coveted? Might it not be the means of crowning her Queen—of placing within her reach the golden sceptre which her imagination had so often portrayed. She called to mind too, what were her feelings for Vortigeru. She could not say that he was indifferent to her—that there did not exist in her bosom one little spark of love for him. His grace of person, his familiar bearing, and handsome features, had not been looked upon by her without making the least impression upon her heart. No—there was a feeling, which, whenever she looked upon Vortigeru, and heard the rich and musical tones of his voice, thrilled through every fibre of her heart,—which sent the blood coursing through every vein, causing her cheek to redden with a ruddy glow. She loved, with all the ardor of a woman's love. Yet her ambition predominated over her finest sensibilities. She was determined to wear the crown, even if she stooped to artifice. Again she thought of her father's chance of success. Should he fail, a marriage with Vortigeru would be the only avenue through which she could approach the throne. She knew not how to decide—whether to bestow her hand upon him, or trust to the success and generosity of her father for the realization of her own hopes.

She was about to give the preference to Vortigeru—to allow her love for him to influence her choice—when the door opened and her father's page entered, bearing a note to her. She hastily broke the seal, and read, to her surprise, that Vortigeru had been deposed, and the throne bestowed upon Vortimer. She was closing the note, when an additional line attracted her attention. She re-opened and read, “Notwithstanding the deposition of Vortigeru, he will probably be restored, should the battle terminate in favor of the Saxon arms.”

Rovena closed the note, and with a smile on her lip, told Vortigeru that “circumstances would not permit her to give him a decided answer to his question, but that she would give him permission to hope for the success of his suit.” “Leave me, for the present,” said she; “I wish to be alone, that I may think upon a question so serious,

so much involving my happiness and the welfare of those who are first in my affections.”

Vortigeru bowed, and withdrew from the apartment, leaving Rovena to ruminate upon the events which had just taken place.

## CHAPTER V.

The Battle was won. The Saxon arms were victorious—but dearly was that victory purchased. The brave Horza had fallen, and with him, many of the best Saxon soldiery. The Britons had fought with savage desperation, determined on victory or death. The latter was the fate of thousands, while defeat was the fate of others.

Hengirt drew off the remaining part of his forces, and returned to his encampment, well satisfied with the result of the battle. He did not even mourn the loss of his brave and warlike brother. Indeed, he regarded it rather as a fortunate circumstance, deeming it as a removal of one great obstruction to his ascension of the throne.

After taking a little repose, he sought his daughter, to communicate to her the result of the battle. He found her in her apartment, conversing with one of her attendants, as he entered. Rovena discharged the attendant, and drew up a chair for her father.

“How has gone the battle, my father?” asked she. “Indeed, I need not ask, for the expression of your countenance tells me that you are victorious—that the Saxon arms are triumphant.”

“Your conclusions are correct, my daughter,” said Hengirt. “The victory belongs to me. I now consider myself quite sure of the throne my fancy has built. I have now no one, save these Britons, to oppose me in my way to aggrandisement. Horza has fallen: from that source all opposition, all fear has forever ceased. One more victory like the one now achieved over the Britons, will place me securely upon a monarch's foundation. From Vortigeru I fear nothing, even if he should again be placed upon the throne.—His love for you places him entirely within my power. Are you not happy, Rovena, that success thus attends your father?”

Rovena was silent—she knew not what to reply. Her affection for her father was struggling with her own hopes of power. At length the former gave way, and she asked, “Who is to inherit the throne which my father leaves at his death?”

Hengirt frowned. “Rovena, I wish you would have done with these high and ambitious hopes. They do not become one of your abilities—one of your sex. Woman was designed for a different purpose than to govern men. She was intended for a helpmeet to man, not as his ruler. Should I succeed in building up a throne among these Britons, I must leave it in hands fit for its conduct—in possession of some one who will be faithful to his people, and look well to their interest. I must leave it in the hands of one who is skilled in battle, lest it be wrested from him by the prowess of the British arms. Be silent, therefore, forever, upon the subject of your wishes; and if possible, banish every hope of ever becoming a ruler over men.”

As he spoke, the door opened, and an attendant entered with intelligence that Vortigeru had again been proclaimed King, and restored to all his former powers over the Britons; that this was done by the Britons who had met since the battle, and that they were then gathering their forces to protect themselves from Saxon violence.

As he related this intelligence, the countenance of Rovena brightened, her eye sparkled, and a smile rose to her lips. Her hopes again revived, centering in Vortigeru. She knew that every ray of hope of inheriting a crown from her father was forever gone. There was but one source by which she could in the least realize her wishes, and that

was through Vortigeru. She determined to espouse his cause, but to conceal her intention from her father.

When the attendant had finished, Hengirt ordered him to withdraw. As he closed the door, Hengirt turned to Rovena and said,

“’Tis as I supposed it would be—Vortigeru is again restored to his crown. But I care nothing for that. As I before remarked, his love for you places him in my power—I can mould him to my will by holding out hopes to him of your hand.—I expect,” said he sternly, “that you will act a wise part, looking well to my interest. Treat Vortigeru with all the attention you are capable of bestowing—give him all the encouragement you can—and leave the issue to me.”

He bowed and retired. Rovena listened till the last echo of his footsteps had died away, and then exclaimed,

“Sooner shall every vestige of filial love die within my bosom, than I will yield up my fondest hopes, my long-cherished wishes. Oh, father! the struggle is a severe one; but my ambition, and the love I bear for Vortigeru, far outweighs my sense of duty towards you. Am I to sacrifice my own happiness to promote yours? Can this be required of me? No, it cannot—it shall not. I will encourage the address of Vortigeru, and in doing so I shall but follow a course which my conscience dictates—I shall but obey the commands of my affection for him—and succeed, perhaps, in every wish. This night will I see Vortigeru, confess to him my love, and make known my expectations.”

She paused, and looked around the room, fearful lest some one was present. She soon satisfied herself that she was alone. Stepping to the door, she called her attendant, and ordered her to bring her writing materials.

Hengirt, after leaving Rovena, proceeded to his own apartment. Throwing himself into a chair, he called loudly for his page, who soon made his appearance.

“Come near,” said Hengirt, “and listen to my commands; see, also, that they are strictly obeyed; let nothing prevent their execution: for the success of the Saxon arms depends upon obedience.”

The page approached his master, knelt at his feet, and awaited in silence his commands.

“I wish,” said the Saxon, “to send a message to the British Prince. You must carry it. Mount and ride to his tent, and tell him that the Saxon Prince claims an interview with him. Tell him that it is of the greatest moment to him that he come to me immediately. Go, and make no delay in executing this command.”

The page arose, and bowing, left the room. As he was proceeding to get his horse, he was met by Rovena's maid, who said her mistress wished to see him immediately.

“I cannot wait upon her now,” said the page; “I am commanded by my master to speed with a message to the British Prince. If I disobey that command, or delay its execution, I am ruined.—Say so to your lady, and I doubt not her generosity will excuse my disobedience to her commands.”

“To the British Prince, did you say?”

“I did.”

“Then come to my mistress, for a moment, for she too, wishes to send a message to him. Come, you will not be detained but for a moment, and will confer a great favor upon her.”

“Rovena wishes to send message to Vortigeru!” repeated the page, with a look of surprise. “What has she to do with her father's enemy?”

“I know not, neither do I care,” replied the maid sharply. “I don't pry into my lady's secrets; enough for me if I do her bidding; and I

think it will fare better with you, if you too, are more obedient to her will."

"I will attend her," said the page; "lead the way."

When they entered the room, Rovena was walking backward and forward. She did not see them when they entered, so deeply was she engaged in thinking. After waiting a moment, the page approached and spoke to her.

"What are my lady's commands?" said he.—"May I not hope they will be quickly delivered, that I may speedily carry my master's message to the British Prince?"

At the mention of the last words, Rovena started. "To Vortigeru did you say?"

The page bowed.

"What message does your master send to him?"

"He only craves an interview," said the page.

"'Tis well," replied Rovena; "I, too, wish to send a message to Vortigeru. Can I entrust it to you with the assurance that it will be safely delivered?"

"You can," answered the page. "If entrusted to me, it is my duty to deliver it; and none complain but that I fully and faithfully discharge my duty."

"Enough!" said Rovena; "deliver this note into the hands of none other than Vortigeru."

The page took the note, and left the apartment.

#### CHAPTER VI.

When Vortigeru left Rovena, he sought his own habitation. On entering, he flung himself on a couch and gave himself up to meditation. He thought of his people, who were at that moment fighting against the Saxons. He had learned, on his way from Rovena's, that he had been deposed, that he was no longer the acknowledged King of the British. This was a bitter thought, when mingled with that of Rovena. Would it not render him odious to her? would she not crush even the hope she had given him of success in his suit? would not her father too, withdraw his favor? would he not forbid his addresses to Rovena?—His heart sunk within him at such thoughts, and he groaned aloud.

"I may bid farewell to every hope," said he. "Deprived of my crown, hated and despised by my people, unloved by Rovena, pointed at and scorned by those I once governed; all these are enough to turn my brain; would that death would relieve my pains."

He was thus lamenting, when the door opened, and his servant entered with the intelligence that the Saxons were victorious, that the British were entirely routed and put to flight.

"Then all is lost!" exclaimed Vortigeru, in tones of utter despair. "Ruin! dark, inevitable ruin awaits me! But I will seek my people, confess my faults, ask their forgiveness, and show by my future conduct that I can at least appreciate former favors. I will fight with them against these bloody Saxons; I will give up every thing for them—Rovena, yea, even life itself!"

With this determination, he mounted his horse, and rode with the greatest speed to the place where the British were encamped, and where many were again gathering to prepare themselves for another battle.

As Vortigeru appeared in sight, the intelligence of his coming ran rapidly from one to another, until it reached the tent where the chief men and generals had assembled to deliberate upon what it was best to do,—to concert measures for defence and success. When they heard of the arrival of their quondam Prince, the question, "What shall be done with him?" ran speedily round the circle. One proposed that he be banished; others that he be again restored to his throne.

After much discussion and debate, they concluded

to send for Vortigeru, and learn from him what course of conduct he would adopt, and if favorable, they were to restore him to the throne.—"For," said they, "Vortigeru is a kind Prince, and notwithstanding his many faults and vices, his sword is true, and his valor and prowess in arms unquestionable."

They were instructing a messenger to send to Vortigeru, when suddenly he threw himself in their midst. His countenance was pale and haggard, his eyes bloodshot, and his dress in the greatest confusion. He was truly despair personified.—Before any of the assembly had time to speak to him, he exclaimed,

"My friends, I seek forgiveness for my conduct of to-day, and of days passed,—permit me again to be one of you, and I vow to forget all personal interest and labor for the promotion of yours.—Your weal shall be mine. I will wage an eternal war against these Saxons, who have this day slain so many of our brave comrades—I will be the foremost in battle—my own arm shall avenge the death of many of those who have fallen—I will lay aside all selfish feelings, and do as a prince ought, in every event, look well to the welfare of those over whom he reigns."

As he closed, he sank exhausted into a seat.—There was but one feeling pervading the assembly, "Let him be restored! Let him be again received as our sovereign!" was the general cry. And he was—Vortigeru was again the acknowledged Prince of the Britons, and when he understood that such was the case, he inwardly resolved that he would act more the part of a good Prince towards his people.

The news of Vortigeru's restoration spread like wildfire, and soon reached the Saxon ranks, which was no sooner learned than it was communicated to Hengirt, as before related.

[Concluded in next number.]

## Popular Tales.

### THE BRONZE HORSE.

#### A GERMAN TRADITION.

The illustrious Baron of Atterkeim inhabited at the time of the Crusades the Castle of Stolberg. He was old and a widower with but one child—the beautiful Hildegarde, whose hand was sought in marriage by all the nobles of the neighborhood. Among the number was the young Count of Frauburg, the handsomest and bravest knight of the province, but alas! also the poorest—he had been a suitor for the lovely Hildegarde, and it was said that had she alone been consulted, he would not have been rejected—but her father had forbidden him to appear at the Castle, and he had disappeared, no one knew whither.

Two noble knights from the banks of the Rhine presented themselves at the Castle of Stolberg.—Edward and Hermann were brothers—the latter was handsome, brave and accomplished—he came to lay his fortune at the feet of the beautiful heiress, and soon obtained her father's consent. These two brothers had been united from infancy by the tenderest affection—they had studied together, traveled together, and distinguished themselves together in the wars. From the cradle, they had shared each other's joys and sorrows—they had long rejected the idea of marriage, through fear that it might weaken the strong tie that bound them to each other, but Edward had at last succeeded in persuading Herman that it was his duty to marry, in order to continue the noble race from which they were descended.

Was Hildegarde satisfied with her father's choice? Her attendants said, that after a long interview with the Baron, in which he announced to her his decision, she had wept long and bitterly. But she dreaded her parent too much, to dare resist his will.

The marriage day was fixed, and Hermann, though at the summit of felicity, could not but perceive that Edward was restless and unhappy. "Brother," said he, "what I have long dreaded has at length happened. The approach of the day when you will no longer be without a rival

in my affections, fills you with uneasiness. You avoid me—you are no longer the same—what means this change?—speak—explain—" but Edward only replied by cold and embarrassed expressions, and Hermann left him to seek Hildegarde:

The nearer the wedding day approached the more gloomy Edward became, though Hermann, absorbed in his love, only had eyes for his bride. He no longer endeavored to discover the cause of his brother's grief and to soothe his jealous irritation; and that intimacy and confidence which had once united them, no longer existed between them.

The Baron of Atterkeim had given orders that the wedding feast should be celebrated with the utmost pomp. He appeared proud of the alliance his daughter was about to form, and yet at times a shade of apprehension was to be remarked on his countenance; Hermann observed it and inquired the cause. "My friend," replied the Baron, "you will perhaps blame my superstitious incredulity. Learn that for many centuries, an heirless of Stolberg has never married without the consent of the founder of our race, the first Baron of Atterkeim, formerly known as the Bronze Soldier. An ancient tradition runs as follows:—When the marriage of a daughter of our line is to be followed by any misfortune, the Bronze Soldier, who can read the future destiny of the bride, rises from his tomb, and armed in bronze, appears the night before the ill-omened ceremony, under the walls of the Castle, where he blows three blasts on his bugle at midnight. My family from father to son, has believed in the apparition, and were I to hear his fatal clarion, I must refuse you Hildegarde. Yet fear not, my son—why should we dread any obstacle? The phantom can read your heart—he knows you desire nothing more ardently than the happiness of my child."

When Hermann retired to his chamber, he sent for his brother—Edward was not to be found: for several days past, the unhappy young man spent his time in wandering through the country, and seldom returned at the hours of meals; his countenance had lost its serenity, and a sacred sorrow seemed preying on his heart. Hermann at this moment felt the want of a friend, a confidant, an adviser, and for the first time in his life, he had no one to sympathise with him. News of an alarming nature had been communicated to him—he had heard the Count of Frauburg was lurking in the vicinity of the Castle, and that a secret communication was kept up between him and Hildegarde. The knowledge of this fact filled him with doubt and uneasiness. "O come back my brother!" cried he, "ungrateful that I am! when I was happy I neglected you, and now that I am perplexed and sad, I long for you. Come back Edward"—but Edward did not return.

It was the day before that appointed for the wedding. The countenance of Hildegarde wore an unusual expression—it denoted alternately security and anxiety, calmness and agitation; she had never appeared so submissive to her father—so affectionate to her betrothed; and Hermann vibrated between uneasiness and hope—doubt and confidence. The bugle of the Bronze Soldier was never absent from his thoughts. If it were heard that night! perhaps an enemy, a rival, might take advantage of the superstitious credulity of the Baron and destroy his happiness for ever. He resolved to pass the night under the window of Hildegarde, and to stand sentinel that night over the Castle.

The household had been long wrapt in sleep, when Hermann, completely armed, stole down from his chamber—his beating heart seemed to presage some fearful event. The sky was covered with clouds; neither moon nor stars were visible; thick mists hung over the valley; the air was damp and cold; the wind roared and the clock of the Castle was on the stroke of midnight. His sword by his side, and a dagger in his belt he guided along under the walls. The turret inhabited by Hildegarde was on the platform of a steep rock overhanging the valley. In the darkness, the adventurous knight groped his way along and stumbled frequently against the stones in his path. Suddenly at a little distance, he heard sounds like the footsteps of a man; they approached him—it was doubtless some rival who would play the part of the phantom, and this cloudy night would favor his design—he would blow three blasts on a bugle, and no one would doubt that the spectre of the bronze soldier had forbidden the marriage. Frauburg would triumph—for who else could it be but Frauburg, the former lover of Hildegarde whom her father had discarded? The chapel clock struck twelve, and a light shone from one of

the casements of the turret—it was Hildegarde's window. As the trembling light threw its feeble rays upon the walls of the rampart, he perceived but a few paces before him, a warrior armed in bronze, of lofty stature, his visor was closed, and in his hand he held a bugle which he seemed in the act of carrying to his lips. Hermann trembled and drew his dagger, yet before he struck he wished to ascertain if his bride was in league with the pretended apparition. The window was opened and a woman wrapt in a veil looked out, as if in search of some one. He could no longer doubt but that he was betrayed—the Baron and himself were the destined victims of a concerted scheme, and *vengeance would be justice*.

While these reflections passed rapidly through his mind, he saw the Bronze Soldier lift to his lips the fatal bugle—and a first blast was blown. But a second was not to follow. Hermann rushed furiously upon the mysterious unknown, and in spite of his cuirass plunged his dagger into the heart of his adversary; then dragging him to the rampart he threw him violently down the precipice. A cry of anguish resounded from the victim ere he reached the foot of the rock, and the shriek of agony as it reached the ear of the murderer, struck him with horror, for he seemed to recognise the plaintive tones of some well known voice.

The veiled figure had left the casement. Hermann stood motionless with terror. A stern voice seemed to address to him the awful words, "Hermann, whose blood hast thou shed?" The clouds were breaking away from the sky, and the mists rolling up from the valley, and the stars shone out at intervals. A noise roused him from his stupor—O unexpected sight! he was there again—the terrible Bronze Soldier, his figure, his armor, were the same; yet was not Hermann's dagger red with blood! The phantom again held his bugle to his lips. Was he indeed a spectre from the tomb? Had Heaven in punishment of his crime allowed the laws of nature to be interrupted? Hermann's limbs trembled convulsively, his brain became confused, his teeth chattered. The bugle sounded again—it was the second blast; if a third should sound there was an end of his love and hopes.—Rage and despair now took possession of him—he threw himself upon his adversary, seized the bugle and threw it upon the ground and struck with his dagger at the bronze armor. But this time it resisted the blow. Still undaunted, Hermann threw his arm round his foe, and grappling with him attempted to throw him over the rampart, but his enemy was too strong for him. The casement above them was opened again and the voice of Hildegarde was heard. The sound gave new energy to the Bronze Soldier—he seized Hermann's dagger and plunged it into his body, then raising him in his arms he held him suspended an instant over the precipice before he dashed him into the frightful gulf, and the wounded knight rolled bleeding and lacerated to the foot of the rock of Stolberg.

The miserable man was still alive—he attempted to rise, but his mangled limbs were unable to move; the blood which flowed from his wounded head obscured his sight—he stretched out his arm mechanically, not with any hope of assistance, but by a convulsive movement. O heavens! his hand touched the face of a corpse—the first murderer was near the first victim.

Hermann had one of those vigorous constitutions which struggle long ere they yield to death—he dried his eyes and looked round him. The sky was now cloudless, and by the light of the moon and stars he examined the inanimate body which lay by his side. The visor of the false Bronze Soldier was raised—a cry of horror burst from his lips—"my brother!"

This terrible exclamation roused the dying Edward. "Brother," exclaimed Hermann faintly, "I have murdered thee—but God is just, and I die pierced by my own dagger. Farewell, thy hand—O, forgive me." He sought to grasp his brother's hand—it was cold and motionless and could not return the clasp. "Why," asked Hermann in a feeble voice, "why that fatal armor—this bugle?"

"Forgive me," faltered Edward—"I loved her, I could not bear the spectacle of thy happiness. I wished to separate thee from her"—his voice failed and he fell back.

Hermann attempted to reply, but the cold hand of death was already on him, and his lips could give utterance to no sound. A horrible silence ensued, a fearful pause between life and death. The brothers, in their last moments attempted to creep closer to each other, but consciousness was all that remained to them—they were entirely be-

rest of motion. Tormented by a burning thirst, Hermann heard plainly the rushing of a torrent a few paces from him, but he could not drag himself thither to bathe his parched lips.

The noise of a horse in full gallop was heard. The high road passed at the foot of the Castle rampart. On this road, a horseman was seen advancing towards the victims—he was armed in bronze and carried a bugle—it was the phantom again. He held in his arms a female form clothed in white. "Behold," said the spectre as he slackened the pace of his steed. "Behold the third and last apparition"—He raised his bugle to his lips, and as he disappeared in the distance, the third blast—the notes that were to decide the fate of Hildegarde, resounded through the air. When the last echo had died away, Hermann and Edward were dead.

The stream of Stolberg, according to the tradition, has been accursed from that night. Its waters often swell to destructive torrents, and no verdure is ever seen on its borders, which are rugged and barren.

The next month the stern old Baron of Atterkeim died of grief for the mysterious disappearance of his daughter and inexplicable death of the two brothers—and ere long the church of Stolberg was adorned with garlands for the wedding of the Knight of Frauburg and the lovely Hildegarde.

## Sketches of Real Life:

### A BOTANY BAY ROSCARI.

The following pitiable narrative of suffering and of attachment to one's birth place recalls strongly to recollection, says the National Intelligencer, the Venetian story of the poor FOSCARI, well known to our elder readers through the charming travels of Dr. MOORE, and to the younger through the tragedy which Lord Byron has founded upon it. We copy from an English paper:

At the Liverpool Assizes, on Tuesday, one Geo. Robinson, alias Saxon, pleaded guilty to the charge of having illegally returned from transportation, and, when brought up for sentence, entered into a long and singular statement, which was listened to by a crowded court with great attention. From this it appeared that, in 1820, being then but 18 years of age, he had been convicted of a highway robbery at Pendleton. He received sentence of death, but was finally transported for life. He had, however, an irresistible desire to return to his native land, and some time after his arrival at Sydney made an attempt to escape by swimming off to a brig lying in the roads, and succeeded in concealing himself below until she was at sea. She was driven back, however, by stress of weather; he was given up to the authorities, received one hundred lashes, and was sent to a penal settlement, first at Hunter's River, and afterwards at Macquarrie Harbor. For twelve months at a time he never had the irons off his legs. He described his situation as intolerable, without any communication with his friends, shut out from the world, and with hardly a hope for the future. He determined again to attempt to make an escape. He left the colony with several others. Three days after they were attacked by the natives; several of them were wounded, and all their clothes and provisions carried off. To go forward in this condition was almost hopeless—to go back was to suffer again a punishment of one hundred lashes, and be condemned to work in the gang reserved for the worst criminals. They resolved to go on. They lost themselves in the Blue Mountains, and wandered about naked sixty days, living on what they could pick up in the bushes or along the shore, to which they were finally conducted by another party of natives. They were then near the site of Port Phillip. Here they fell in with another tribe, by whom they were taken and given up to the authorities. They were conveyed to Coal River, naked as they were. They there were allowed a blanket to cover them, but even this they were obliged to leave behind when they were shipped on board a Government vessel, which was taking coals to Sydney; and, for some canvas which they were allowed to have to cover them, they would have had to lie naked on the coals in the hold. They were landed in this plight at Sydney. There public charity supplied them with some clothing, but one of his companions for six months had nothing but a pair of trousers. They were sentenced to receive one hundred lashes, and to be sent to Macquarrie Harbor. Their wretched state was such, however, that the first part of the sentence was not inflicted, the medical man having

made a representation that prevented it. He remained at Macquarrie Harbor some time, when he again, with some others, got away in a whale boat, and ran along the coast for nine days, having made a sail by fastening together the shirts of the party. They were obliged, by want of provisions, to put into Hobart Town, and were again sent back to Macquarrie Harbor and placed on Big Island—the depot for the worst offenders. He described the horrors of this place as being more than language could paint. Several, he said, had committed murder, that they might be removed to Sydney for trial, though certain that after this short respite death would be the punishment of their crime.

He told a singular story of one Pearce, who had attempted to escape with several others. Provisions failing, they were obliged to sacrifice one to save the rest. All perished in this way, till Pearce and another remained. They watched, each conscious of the other's intentions, for forty-eight hours, until Pearce got an opportunity to kill his companion. He was taken, and again escaped with one Cox, whom he also killed, and for this he was finally executed.

At this horrible place the prisoner said he remained upwards of seven years, when he was sent to Hobart Town. He again escaped on board a vessel, and concealed himself till she was twenty-one days at sea. The captain, however, gave him up on his arrival at St. Helena. He was sent back to the Cape, and then to Robin's Island, where he worked for seven months with twenty-five pounds of irons upon him. He was then sent back to Macquarrie Harbor. His conduct during a gale on the passage recommended him to the merciful consideration of the authorities, and after the lapse of three years he was allowed to come back to Hobart Town, and finally obtained a ticket of leave. He still, however, longed to see his native land. He escaped on board an American whaler, in which he cruised for several months, but the captain intending to give him up at the first opportunity, he took advantage of the vessel touching at New Zealand to take refuge with the natives. By them he was well treated, and finally got an opportunity of entering, without suspicion, on board a vessel bound for Boston; thence he wrought his passage to Quebec, and thence to Greenock and Liverpool. He had since been living at Manchester, and gaining an honest livelihood by the labor of his hands. He protested that since his original offence his conduct had been that of an honest man. His sole wish had been to see his native land, and he expressed a hope that his sufferings and his good conduct would recommend him to the merciful consideration of the authorities.

Mr. Baron Parke said the tale he had related would, he trusted, help to dissipate any idea that might be lurking in the mind of any who might hear it, that transportation was a light punishment. It was his duty simply to pass on him the sentence that he should be transported again for the term of his natural life.

The prisoner bowed respectfully, and was removed from the bar.

The appearance of the man was calculated to procure credence for the history he related. There was a remarkable expression of suffering and hardship in his countenance, and there was something very moving in the manner in which he received the sentence that was to consign him again to the horrors he had been describing.

**THE STORY OF A VILLAIN AND HIS VICTIM—WOMAN'S LOVE.**—A correspondent of the Boston Bee gives the following account of one of the inmates of the Vermont Lunatic Asylum, at Brattleborough:

Born of wealthy parents, idolized in youth, gratified in the indulgence of her fondest hopes, and perfected in every accomplishment of the day, she was the pride of her family and the belle of the social circle, whose destiny she controlled. One of those enthusiastic beings, who are never satisfied with divided affection, her mind was so exquisitely strung that the least discord afflicted it, and marred the music of the whole. Some three years since, she was introduced to a young naval officer, who soon wooed and won her, but villain-like, having sported a while with the chofee flame which nothing but summer and sunshine should gladden, and after having by sedulous attentions appropriated the rare gem to himself, left it exposed to the rude blast of winter, until chilled and crushed, it has fallen to the ground, seared and blasted like the withered leaf of autumn.

The story of his perfidy reached her ears, but, woman-like, she would not credit aught against

the idol of her heart, till her own eyes pertused in the papers of a neighboring city his marriage to another. The news came like a thunderbolt upon her, withering and destroying her. In vain did her friends endeavor to cheer her desponding heart by travel and the kindest attention. Now a blighted and spirit-broken thing, she no more bounded on the green like the fawn, or caroled in the sunshine like the lark winging its flight to heaven's gate; a fearful change had come over her, and reason soon deserted its throne, leaving her a maniac. She takes no interest in the movements of the other patients, but sits apart, all the day, looking from a window, upon the boundless prospect before her. Every attempt to direct her mind has been, as yet, unsuccessful, and though passionately fond of music in her moments of reason, the least sound is now displeasing to her, and she retires to her apartment, closing the door after her, as if to seclude herself from the society of others. What has the man to answer for who has thus destroyed a virgin flower in the pride of its bloom and beauty!

### Scientific.

From the Journal of Commerce.

#### Heat of the Interior of the Earth.

This was one of the subjects discussed in the Convention of American Geologists recently held at Albany. Some of the members of that body suggest that the heat of the interior of the earth increases at the rate of one degree of Fahrenheit, to every 50 or 60 feet descent. This would be an average of one degree to every fifty-five feet, which I take as a basis for my calculations.

Assuming this theory to be true, it would follow, that the temperature of any given distance below the earth's surface may be ascertained by mathematical calculations. Allow the heat at the surface to be 50 degrees, which is near the actual temperature, it would then follow that at the depth of eight thousand nine hundred and ten feet, that point would be reached where the temperature is increased to 212 degrees of Fahrenheit, being that at which water boils under common atmospheric pressure; and at the depth of one million, one hundred and eighty-six thousand two hundred and eighty-five feet, a point would be reached where iron would become liquefied; a temperature of twenty-one thousand six hundred and thirty degrees of Fahrenheit's scale, which is the melting point of iron under common atmospheric pressure. This would be a depth of near two hundred and twenty-five miles, (unless I have an error in my figures.) From numerous experiments which I have made in various places, I have found a great variation in the increase of heat in the interior of the earth. I have found in the atmospheric air above the earth's surface, a regular and gradual decrease of temperature in proceeding upward. At the height of eight thousand nine hundred and ten feet above the earth's common surface, in this latitude, a point would be reached where water would become solid by cold in the hottest day in summer; and at a still higher elevation is that point where all fluids now known to us, become solid. Hence I infer the information of meteoric stones termed aerolites—and hence our highest mountains are covered with enduring snows. The knowledge we have of our earth is limited in the extreme; and the more we investigate, the better satisfied we become of our ignorance. Geology is but a modern science, and one of great and growing importance. If the theory advanced by some of the members of the Geological Convention, and other scientific men, is correct, then it follows that the temporary dwelling place of our race is midway between the regions of enduring frost and those of perpetual fire. What a subject this to contemplate!—what a position this to occupy! The earth has thus continued from the termination of the days of creation, and will no doubt continue so for thousands of years to come. E. M.

**ERRORS OF SEDENTARY BREATHING.**—They whose misfortune it is to lead a sedentary life, and to lean over their work, habituate themselves, by the constant doubling together of the trunk, to do with a smaller quantity of resident air in their chests than is natural or proper. In them, then, the air is at once introduced to a deeper region of the lungs than it ought. Though it is impossible in any case, to exist with so little resident air in the chest as that the air of the breath should flow unadmixed into the air-cells themselves, for the residual air which cannot be expelled is bulky enough to dilute it considerably, yet, when the quantity of

resident air is materially reduced, it is plain the air of the breath goes in too far, and proves exciting to tubes too delicate to receive it, on account of its full quantity of oxygen, and also, no doubt, of its temperament and other qualities. The distress which the presence of pure air produces in tubes intended to receive only mixed air, leads such persons to accustom themselves to do with less breath than is natural. It is quite an error to think that their chests, at the time, will not contain more air on account of their position; for if they were to breathe out still more of the resident air, they might leave more room for breath than the volume of the breath ever requires, and yet keep their chests within the confined limits they have been reduced to. The truth may be noticed whenever a medical man or friend remonstrates with a girl on account of her tight-lacing. One whose folly has nearly reduced her figure to that of an insect, and whose countenance betrays the state of her lungs, will yet be able to show that her stays are "quite loose," by thrusting her hand between them and her body. Many a friend is deceived, as well as the self-destroyer, by this demonstration. All it proves is, that there is yet some supplementary air in the lungs, which, breathed out at the moment of the demonstration, leaves quite enough of room for a respiration of full amount to be carried on for the time, and even for the stays all the while to be made to appear loose about the chest.—*Jeffrey's Statics of the Human Chest.*

**THE COMET STRUCK THE SUN!**—Such is the startling report. We find in the U. S. Gazette of Thursday, another communication from the indefatigable astronomers of the Philadelphia Observatory, (Messrs. Walker, Kendall and Downs,) containing the result of their further researches, which concludes that the late Comet did, on the 27th of February last, strike the Sun and rebound! If these calculations prove correct, this must be considered the most remarkable circumstance in the annals of astronomy. We have time and room only for the concluding passages of their communication:

Encke's comet is gradually winding itself up, and must some time or other experience the fate of this comet of 1843. That is to say, it must actually come in contact with the atmosphere or permanent portions of the body of the sun. It has already been a matter of speculation with astronomers when this event shall occur, (however remote,) what will be the fate of the comet. Will it join the mass of the sun—a drop in an ocean—or will it rebound and glance off in another orbit, an hyperbola for instance, and never return? Now that which is destined some day to be the fate of Encke's comet seems actually to have occurred with the recent comet.

It appears to have come in contact with the permanent portion of the atmosphere of the sun, and to have been so much resisted in its course as to pass off in a path which, prolonged backwards, enters the sun. It may have been before a parabola or an ellipse, and it may have been the comet of 1668 or 1689, or both, and in this case something like a shock, or rebound, must have occurred at this perihelion passage, which has changed the orbit into a hyperbola, passing through the sun.

Whenever a shock of two bodies takes place of which one is considered as fixed, the subsequent path of the other prolonged backwards, passes through the first. We repeat it that we offer these views of the subject as suggestions merely, and hope that others will be more fortunate in arriving at a positive certainty. The perturbations have not been computed. It is hardly possible that they can have produced this alteration of the orbit. If such an alteration has actually taken place, the powerful resistance of a medium near the sun—or actual contact with the sun's atmosphere can alone account for it.

Yours, respectfully, SEARS C. WALKER.

The Gazette remarks, that the general reader can have little conception of the immense labor bestowed upon this subject, which, we are credibly informed, has amounted to eight or ten hours a day, since the 11th of March—*close cyphering*, to say nothing of the ability required to direct such computations correctly.

**BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.**—The following simple means for arresting epistaxis, or bleeding at the nose, may be worthy of a trial, coming as it does from a scientific quarter.

By Dr. Nigrier, of Angers.—This consists in nothing more than closing with the opposite hand the nostril from which the blood flows, while the arm of the same side is raised perpendicularly a-

bove the head. In every instance in which he has had recourse to this means during the past three years, M. Nigrier has always found that it suspended the hemorrhage, a fact of which he offers the following explanation:

When a person stands in the ordinary posture, with his arms hanging down, the force needed to propel the blood through his upper extremities, is about half that which would be required if his arms were raised perpendicularly above his head. But since the force which sends the blood through the carotid arteries, is the same as that which causes it to circulate through the brachial arteries; and there is nothing in the mere position of the arms above the head to stimulate the heart to increased action, it is evident that a less vigorous circulation through the arotids must result from the increased force required to carry on the circulation through the upper extremities.—*Brit. and For. Med. Review.*

### Sunday Reading.

#### The Prayer.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CORNELIA was the joy and pride of her parents. For she was beautiful in form, like a ray of light, and her cheeks bloomed like the young rose, when it receives the dew for the first time.

Cornelia was a stranger to the difficulties and troubles of life, and the days of her youth were serene. But behold! Her mother became sick, and she lay for many days, and grew very weak; for the fever was high, and her mind became disordered. And the maiden spent the night awake by the bed of her sick mother, and refreshed her, and moved about in careful silence and secret anguish.

And on the seventh day the fever was higher than ever, and there was a stillness in the chamber, and a secret weeping. For every one thought that death was near.

But in the night came the long-sought sleep and revived the mother, and life returned. And Cornelia sat on the bed and listened to her breathing through the whole night, and her soul was anxious in hope.

When the day appeared, the mother opened her eyes and said: It is well with me, I shall recover! And she ate and drank and slept again.

And the joy of the maiden's heart was incoercible. And Cornelia went softly out of the chamber, and ran into the field and stood on a hill at the time of the twilight. Here she stood, agitated with many struggling emotions of grief and hope. And the first beams of the morning sun rose and shone on her countenance, and Cornelia now thought of the new life of her mother after a reviving sleep, and of the anguish she had felt. But she could no longer contain in her heart the fullness of her feelings; she knelt down on the flowers of the hill, and bowed her face, and her tears mingled with the dew of heaven.

Then she raised her head, and returned to her home and the chamber of her mother. And Cornelia was more lovely and beautiful than ever.—For she had communed with God.

### Miscellaneous Selections.

**SELF-MADE MEN.**—Take the whole population, select from it the fifty men who are most distinguished for talents, or any description of public usefulness, and we will answer for it they are all, every one of them, men who begun the world without a dollar. Look into the public councils, and who are they that take the lead there? They are men who made their own fortunes—self-made men, who began with nothing. The rule is universal. It pervades our Courts, State and Federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true of all the professions. It is so now; it has been so at any time since we have known the public men of the State or the Nation; it will be so while our present institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out.—The struggle which is to result in eminence, is too arduous, and must be continued too long to be encountered and maintained voluntarily, unless as a matter of life and death. He who has fortune to fall upon, will slacken from his efforts, and finally retire from the competition. It is a question whether it is desirable that a parent should be able to leave his son any property at all.—*Sua.*

"Did you ever see a wooden image walk?" said one joker to another. "No," was the answer, "but I have seen a rope walk."

**THE LAW OF KINDNESS.**—"Don't speak so cross," said one little boy yesterday in the street to another, "Don't speak so cross—there's no use in't." We happened to be passing at the time and hearing the injunction, or rather the exhortation—for it was made in a hortatory tone and manner—we set the juvenile speaker down as an embryo Philosopher. In sooth, touching the point involved in the boyish difficulty which made occasion for the remark, he might properly be considered as at-maturity. What more could Solomon have said on the occasion? True, he has put it on record, that, "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and this being taken as true—and every body knows it to be so—it is evidence in favor of the superiority of the law of kindness over that of wrath.

But our young street philosopher said pretty much the same substantially, when he said don't speak so cross—there's no use in't." No indeed—there is certainly no use in it. On the contrary, invariably does much harm. Is a man angry? it inflames his ire still more; and confirms in his enmity him who by a kind word, and a gentle and forbearing demeanor, might be converted into a friend. It is in fact an addition of fuel to a flame already kindled. And what do you gain by it? Nothing desirable certainly, unless discord, strife, contention, "hatred, malice and all uncharitableness," be desirable. Let the boy philosopher be heard, then. He speaks "the words of truth and soberness." "Don't speak so cross—there's no use in't."

**Pretty Good.**—"I say, Monsieur Cobbler can you apply an impervious remnant from the dermoid exterior of the feminine quadruped, over the slight embrasure in my dilapidated *understanding*, with such rhinoplastic accuracy, as to debar the excessive permeability of this sudden deliquescency?"

"Guess you've got into the wrong shop, sir," exclaimed the dumfounded resuscitator of *soles*. "May be you are a little out. The Insane Asylum is half a mile to the north, sir."

"No harm, friend—I merely asked if you could patch this hole in my boot, so as to keep out the splash?"

"Why, sartain, sir, and that a little the neatest. Thought you must have sprung a leak somewhere."

That's from the crazy folks' paper, the Asylum Journal.

**THE SUNNY SIDE.**—How much more pleasant it is to the pure heart to do good—to kindle the more gentle and noble feelings of our nature, than, by misrepresentations, hints, or dark innuendoes, to break in upon long established friendship, and disturb the good feelings of years of intimacy.—In all our associations, commend us to him who ever presents the sunny side of life's picture to our gaze;—he who has always a "pleasant word to speak," and is ever disposed to fling the mantle of oblivion over the foibles of erring man—such a man we could wear in our "heart's core—ay, in our heart of hearts." But from the mischief-maker, whose bosom is filled with a canker-worm who knows no pleasure except that which torments others, "good Lord deliver us."

**CASTILIAN WISDOM.**—During the reign of Chas. the Second, of Spain, a company of Dutch contractors offered to render the Mancanares navigable from Madrid to where it falls into the Tagus, and the latter from that point to Lisbon. The Council of Castile took this into consideration, and after maturely weighing it, pronounced this singular decision, "That if it had pleased God that these two rivers should have been navigable, he would not have wanted human assistance to have made them such; but, as he had not done it, it was plain he did not think it proper that it should be done."

**GIVE US TIME TO REPAIR THE FENCES.**—An old whig from the country was holding an argument an evening or two since with a loco foco, who was advocating Mr. Mason's puerile argument, that the Whig party had not yet restored prosperity to the country. "What!" said the man, "if you put a new tenant on your old worn out and much abused farm, could you expect him to give you a fine harvest, before he had time even to mend up the old fences? You had as well ask this, as to ask us to repair the destruction of the last twenty years, in the short space of three months."

To chide some children harshly, is like striking a harpsichord with your fist, while, with others, soft and gentle words seem like beating a church-bell with a feather.

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**TRAVELS IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆ, AND THE HOLY LAND,** by the Rev. Stephen Olin, D. D., President of the Wesleyan University, 2 vols.—Harper & Brothers.

Few works which have recently appeared have produced a more general stir in the literary circles than this. It is a most enchanting production.—With enough of the romance of adventure about it to render it a favorite with the merely superficial reader, the perspicuity of the style—the full and yet minute accounts of the manners, customs, traditions, forms of worship, and other characteristics of the oriental tribes and nations—the descriptions of works of art and of natural scenery—and the bearing of Dr. Olin's observations upon important subjects connected with the inspired writings and with Jewish history, insure for these volumes a high place in the estimation of the scholar, the antiquary, the poet, and the theologian. The work is illustrated by a map and twelve fine engravings on steel.

The New York Express says:—The high reputation of the author, and the interesting countries through which he traveled, would warrant the publishers in giving it to the public. The work itself illustrates the fact, that the Doctor has gathered a rich harvest from a field which it might be supposed had been already gleaned. All who may accompany the Doctor in his progress through these interesting countries, will derive much useful and valuable information. His acute suggestions, his enlightened reasonings, and his lucid descriptions, are most strikingly illustrated.

**WAIT'S NARRATIVE.**—Among the numerous interesting works which have recently been issued from the press, none can be more deeply interesting than this. It will be recollected that Mr. WAIT was one of the persons sent to Van Dieman's Land, by the tender-hearted government of Great Britain, for too strongly evincing his love of freedom. He was to have been executed, but by the entreaties of his wife, his sentence was commuted to banishment. His Narrative briefly recites the leading incidents of the rebellion, and glances at the topography of the penal colony; but it is mostly made up of the detail of his escape from that terrible place of bondage. The sufferings which he endured, and the hundred hair's-breadth escapes through which he passed, are another demonstration of the adage, that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Mr. W. will remain in the city a few days to dispose of his work. We trust he may find plenty of purchasers, as well on account of his own worth, as on account of his excellent wife, whose deep devotion is a model of what women should be during the deep trials of their husbands.

**"THE SECRETARY."**—This is the title of **SHERIDAN KNOWLES'** last Play. Although not equal to many of his preceding efforts, it is nevertheless deeply exciting. It is written, too, with all the force and beauty which characterize the productions of its author. It is interspersed with gems of thought and rich imagery.

**"MELANTHE."**—Those who have read "The grand Vizier's Daughter," by Mrs. MABERLY, will make haste to procure this work from the pen of the same lady. It is highly spoken of by those who have read it, and is a sequel to the work last named.

**"FAMILY MAGAZINE."**—This is a most excellent re-print—full of engravings, and abounding with useful essays on all the most important subjects:

**"BLACKWOOD, FOR MAY."**—Our ancient favorite, full of information and thought, is already before us, in the New World edition.

**"THE HOME."**—This charming domestic tale is from the pen of the fair authoress of "The Neighbors." It should be read by every lover of "Home" in the land. If its precepts should be generally observed, there would be more domestic bliss than there now is in the world.

**"THE GRAND VIZIER'S DAUGHTER."**—The fall of Constantinople, in the 15th century, is made the theme of an exciting romance, by Mrs. MABERLY. It is contained in a single No. of an extra Brother Jonathan, and can be had at JONES' News Depot, Arcade Hall.

**"LIFE OF NAPOLEON."**—We are indebted to Mr. HOYT for 2d vol. of Lockhart's History of Napoleon. It is No. 5 of HARPER'S Family Library, and sells for 25 cents. It is one of the very best of the numerous Lives of this great Captain.

The above works are all in the cheap form and can be had at JONES'S News Room, Arcade Hall.

**"THE DISASTERS IN AFGHANISTAN, BY LADY SALE."**—The HARPERS have issued this deeply interesting narrative in a shilling form. Lady SALE suffered much during that barbarous campaign, and her narrative is full of deeply interesting incidents. For sale at HOYT'S.

**"HOBOKEN."**—The Eastern papers speak in glowing terms of this new Romance from the pen of THEO. S. FAX. The HARPERS have just published it, and we are indebted to G. W. FISHER, 6 Exchange st. for a copy.

**"DR. OLIN'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST."**—We have been favored, by the publishers through Mr. ALLING, with a copy of this interesting work. It is admirably written, neatly executed, and full of beautiful engravings, illustrative of the many interesting scenes which came under the observation of the distinguished traveler. We shall notice the work more fully hereafter.

**TIME TO EAT.**—Every old traveler knows the joys of the table. He may admire the wind-like velocity with which he leaps over space, and exhaust the vocabulary in praising the sublime scenery which greets him as he passes;—but there are sensations produced in anticipating the joys of the table, more thrillingly extatic than either speed or scenery can excite! The nicely browned turkey—the dripping tender-loin—the tempting beef-steak—and the mouth-watering ham-and-eggs—with a tumbler of pure cold water or dish of nice brown coffee, with cream in it, to wash it down with! "Oh! hush!" Talk of "velvet lawns," "mountain waves," or the "mellow shade of the verdant forest;"—they are mere drum sticks and bean-soup!

If our rail road companies wish to monopolize the patronage of those who appreciate good living, let them arrange their hours of departure so as to give their passengers an hour in which to luxuriate upon the delicious viands which the epicurian hotel-keepers of Rochester, know best how to provide for them!

☞ In 1790 there were 1081 white persons west of Seneca lake. The whole of that territory was then called Ontario county. There are now fourteen counties within this region, and 548,315 souls! The Ontario Repository says, Mr. BARLOW, who sowed the first field of wheat ever cultivated west of Utica, is still living. This important event occurred 57 years ago, and Mr. B. is now in the full enjoyment of health at 91. The first stage (a two horse wagon) between Canandaigua and Albany, was started in 1804, by Levi Stevens, of Geneva, and made the journey, "with regularity and despatch," in four days.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Youth's Withered Hopes.

BY L. J. CIST.

"Hopes that were Angels' in their birth,  
But perished young, like things of earth!"

How mournfully they flit athwart  
My saddened memory—  
Those withered hopes of happier hours,  
When thought young and free;  
When hope was high, and cares were few,  
Nor sorrow on my brow  
Had traced as yet one line, of all  
Are stamped upon it now!

In thought by day, and dreams by night,  
I see my native land;  
And faithfully is mirrored back  
By memory's busy hand.  
Youth's joyfulest imaginings,  
The pleasures, hopes and fears—  
(Compared with now, the fears how few!)  
Of childhood's early years!

But as I gaze upon the scene  
Thus mirrored to my view,  
So bright and joyous it appears,  
I scarce can deem it true;  
For Earth so gloomy now doth seem  
Unto my aching sight,  
'Tis even hard for me to think  
That ever it was bright!

Yet well I know 'tis even so;  
That Earth, time past, hath been  
To me as bright, as with the light  
Of some sweet fairy scene:  
But vanished now that light, and dead,—  
That fairy scene withdrawn;  
The bright enchantment, Hopes, hath fled,  
And left Despair her throne!  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Prayer on Bunker's Hill.

BY MRS. L. H. MOORNEY.

During the battle of Bunker's Hill, a venerable clergyman knelt on the field, with hands upraised, and gray head uncovered, and while the bullets whistled around him, prayed for the success of his compatriots, and the deliverance of his country.

It was an hour of fear and dread,—  
High rose the battle-cry,  
And round, in heavy volumes, spread  
The wat'ry cloud to the sky.  
'Twas not, as when in rival strength  
Contending nations meet,  
Or love of conquest madly hurle  
A monarch from his seat:

Yet one was there, unused to tread  
The path of mortal strife,  
Who but the Saviour's flock had fed  
Beside the fount of life.  
He knelt him where the black smoke wreathed,  
His head was bow'd and bare,  
While for an infant land, he breathed  
The agony of prayer.

The column, red with early morn,  
May tower o'er Bunker's height,  
And proudly tell a race unborn,  
Their patriot fathers' might;  
But thou, oh patriarch, old and gray,  
Thou prophet of the free,  
Who knelt among the dead, that day,  
What fame shall rise to thee?

It is not meet that brass or stone,  
Which feel the touch of time,  
Should keep the record of a faith  
That woke thy dead sublime;  
We trace it on a tablet fair,  
Which glows when stars wax pale,  
A promise that the good man's prayer  
Shall with his God prevail.

The Last of Seven.

Oh, chide her not: oh, chide her not.  
Although the child has err'd;  
Nor bring the tears into her eyes  
By one ungentle word.

Nay, chide her not,—six months ago,  
In summer's balmy pride,  
A sister's arm was round her neck,  
A brother at her side!

But now her heart is sad: alone  
She wanders by each flowery bed!  
That sister's clasping arm is gone,  
That brother's voice is dead.

And sometimes when, beside my knee,  
She sits with face so pale and meek,  
And eyes bent o'er her book, I see  
The tears upon her cheek.

Then chide her not; oh chide her not;  
Her trespasses be forgiven!—  
How canst thou frown on that pale face?  
She is the Last of Seven.

From Graham's Magazine.  
The Sisters.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

"The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow—"

God guide and guard the sisters dear,  
And keep them free from every art,  
All cloudless be their morning star,  
And guileless each young heart;  
The world is all before them now—  
How green and bright its pathways seem!  
They pant to mingle in the flow  
Of pleasure's tempting stream,  
Joy's lark-like voice rings clearly out,  
And list! they join the echoing shout!

Sweet buds of life, and loveliness—  
The pure soul's mirror is the face!  
How sinless is each fond career,  
How girl like each embrace!  
Angels may from their stary home  
Gaze down with looks of light and love,  
And yearn to whisper "fair ones, come  
And join the choir above!"  
Aye—hand in hand, and heart in heart,  
High Heaven in such must claim a part!

A sister's love! Has earth a fount  
Where mingles less of self or guile?  
No fear the faithful heart can daunt,  
No peril and no toil—  
Whene'er the voice of nature pleads  
Will woman like a martyr spring,  
And, reckless where the danger leads,  
Around the loved one cling—  
Death is a triumph then for her,  
And she a god-like sufferer.

Daughters of Beauty! may the hours  
On rosy pinions lightly pass,  
And youth grow radiant with the hues  
That live in Fancy's glass.  
The unborn Future! May it teem  
With landscapes bathed in lying light,  
With no dark cloud to intervene  
And dim the glorious sight;  
Fair shapes, glad hearts and voices bland,  
Gay dwellers in a happy land!

But may this be? The maiden brea't  
Where gentlest feelings calmly flow,  
The lip by sister only prest,  
Will these ne'er warmly glow?  
Will life its brightest hues o'er take  
From fields, and flowers, and summer skies?  
Will the fond spirit ne'er awake  
To wilder sympathies?  
Within the deeper soul enshrined  
Oh! lives there not a kindred mind?

God of the young! watch kindly o'er  
These artless dreamers of life's Spring,  
Around them choicest blessings pour,  
Their visions upward wing—  
Oh! give them trusting heart for heart  
Whene'er their fate shall be to love,  
'Tis woman's highest bliss on earth,  
It may be Heaven's above—  
It may be! Nay—it is—it is—  
For bliss is Heaven, and love is bliss!

From "The Home."

BY MISS BREMER.

They knock! I come! yet ere on the way  
To the night of the grave I am pressing,  
Thou angel of Death, give me yet one lay—  
One hymn of thanksgiving and blessing.

Have thanks, O Father! in heaven high,  
For thy gift, all gifts exceeding;  
For life! and that grieved or glad I could fly  
To thee, nor find thee unheeding.

Oh thanks for life, and thanks too for death,  
The bound of all trouble and sighing;  
How bitter, yet sweet, 'tis to yield our breath  
When thine is the heart of the dying!

By our path of trial thou plantest still  
The lilies of consolation;  
But the loveliest of all—to do thy will—  
Be it done in resignation!

Farewell, lovely earth, on whose bosom I lay;  
Farewell, all ye dear ones, mourning;  
Farewell, and forgive all the faults of my days;  
My heart now in death is burning!

We part! but in parting our steps we bend  
Alone toward that glorious morrow,  
Where friend no more shall part from friend,  
Where none knoweth heartache or sorrow!

Farewell, all is dark to my falling sight,  
Your loved forms from my faint gaze receding;  
'Tis dark, but oh! far beyond the night  
I see light o'er the darkness ascending!

Thouallest, O Father! with glad accord  
I come! Ye dear ones, we sever!  
Now the pang is past! now behold I the Lord—  
Praise be thine, O Eternal, for ever!

To a Drizzle Day.

Now, ain't you just about the meanest thing  
Of which a poet ever chose to sing?  
You dull, dark, dirty, damp and dismal day!  
The lull itself is ruin'd that would fling  
A rhyme to thee, for snapp'd is every string,  
Shrinking from weather still without a ray.  
A pretty subject, truly, for a lay!  
A cut-throat season, neither rain nor shine!  
Why don't you go to work and rain away,  
Refresh thy thirsty earth with tears divine?  
From early morning until lonely night,  
Nothing but drizzle! drizzle!—rather frizzle!  
Under a burning sun—or drown outright  
Beneath a deluge!—O, confound the drizzle!

From the N. Y. Tribune.  
Flowers in a Sick Room.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Ye are welcome to my darkened room,  
O meek and lonely wildwood flowers!  
Ye are welcome, as light amid the gloom  
That hangs upon my weary hours.  
Here, by my lowly couch of languishment and sorrow  
Your station take, that I may from your presence borrow  
Lessons of Hope, and lowly Trust,  
That He whose touch revived your bloom  
Hath the same power o'er this poor dust,  
To raise it from the shadowy tomb!

Thanks for your presence, for ye bring  
Back to the aching heart and eye  
Bright visions of the festal Spring,  
Its blossoms, birds, and azure sky.  
Now, far from each green haunt and sunny nook estranged,  
Fading and faint, I lie; yet in my heart unchanged  
Glow the same love for you, fair flowers,  
As when my unchained footsteps trod  
Lightly amidst your forest bowers,  
And plucked ye from the dewy sod!

And Thou, who gav'st these grateful flowers,  
I bless thee for thy thought of me!  
And that through long and painful hours,  
My vigils hath been shared by thee.  
I bless thee for the kindness and care which ne'er hath  
Falter'd.

For the noble, loving heart that through ill remains unal-  
tered,  
A little while, companion dear,  
And e'en thy watchful care shall cease;  
O'grieve not when the hour draws near,  
But thank Heaven that it bringeth peace!  
Eames' Place, April 1843.

Marriages.

In this city on the 29d inst., by the Rev. J. G. Hall,  
John M. Van Kleeck, Esq., of Buffalo, to Miss Jane G.  
Moulhouse, of this city.

In this city, on the evening of the 18th inst., by Rev.  
Dr. Luckey, Mr. STEPHEN WILSEY and Miss MARY  
BANKER, all of this place.

In this city, on the 16th inst., by Rev. A. G. Hall, Hon.  
THOMAS EMERSON of Buffalo, to Mrs. ELIZA E.  
GILBERT of Albion.

In this city, by the Rev. Geo. W. Bassett, on the eve-  
ning of the 16th inst. Mr. JOHN B. SOUTHWORTH to  
MARIA S. ALLEN, all of this city.

In this city, on the 14th instant, by Rev. Mr. Bassett,  
FRANKLIN COWDERY, Esq., of Oberlin, Ohio, to Mrs.  
SARAH SCOTT WOOLCUT.

In this city, on the evening of the 3d instant, by the  
Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss, Mr. Harvey Davis, to Miss Clara G.  
Bushnell, all of this city.

In this city, on the 3d instant, by Alderman Benjamin,  
Mr. Blake W. Harbeck, of Lima, to Miss Mary E. Ham-  
ilton, of Livonia.

In this city, on the 1st inst., by Ald. Benjamin, Geo. Con-  
way to Miss Mary Ferguson, all of this city.

In Greece, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Clapp,  
Mr. CHAUNCEY L. HARRIS, to Miss LUCINA BIS-  
BEE, all of that place.

In Parma, on the 18th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hall, Ozias  
Foster of Chili, and Miss Josephine Davison of Greece.

In Wheatland, on the 1st inst., by Hugh McCall, Esq.,  
Mr. Joseph Crosby, to Mrs. Abigail Farr, all of the above  
place.

In Chili, on the 3d inst., by Rev. C. S. Baker, Mr. J.  
H. Jameson, to Miss Jane Howell, of the same place.

In Riga, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Snyder of  
Bergen, Mr. Harry Gleason to Mrs. Cornelia A. Fellows  
of the former place.

In Geneva, on the 20th of April, by the Rev. Mr. Gulick,  
Harvey Armstrong, Esq., to Mrs. Ann Clement.

In Livonia, on the 30th of April, by Elder Hall Whit-  
ting, Mr. Henry Darling of Aron, to Miss Adelia Pinefort  
of the former place.

In Groveland, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Harmon  
of Lakeville, Mr. Ephraim Holbrook to Miss Catharine  
Fallansbee.

In Livonia, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Harmon,  
Mr. William Kimbark to Miss Matilda Minershall.

In Cassanovia, Madison county, on the 8th instant, by  
the Rev. Mr. Seward, Mr. R. Whipple, of Rochester, to  
Miss Helen H. Davenport, of the former place.

In Le Roy, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. E. B. Cole-  
man, Mr. Charles Savage, Printer, to Miss Maria Crane,  
of this place.

In Bergen, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. C. C. Foot, Mr.  
Aaron Carter to Miss Sally Kelsey. At same time and  
place, Mr. Ishi Kelsey to Miss Maria Monroe, all of Ber-  
gen.

In Cincinnati, May 11th, by Rev. David S. Burnett, Hon.  
John McLean, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court  
of the United States, and Mrs. Sarah Bella Garrard.

In Lockport, on the 14th inst., by Rev. J. Seimser, Mr.  
Morgan L. Billings of Rochester, and Miss Elizabeth B.  
Moore.

In Waterloo, Simon V. W. Stout, Esq., Sheriff of Wayne  
county, to Miss Catharine Cole, all of Leno.

In Manchester, on the 18th inst., by Rev. W. H. Good-  
win, Rev. George Switzer, late of the Kentucky Annual  
Conference of the M. E. Church, to Miss Lucy Armington,  
daughter of Benjamin Armington, Esq., of the former  
place.

In Geneva, on the 20th inst., Mr. Joseph Stow, Jr., one  
of the publishers of the Geneva Advertiser, to Miss Mary  
Robinson, daughter of Mr. Peter Dours.

In Seneca Falls, on the 8th inst., Mr. Sylvester Pew,  
one of the publishers of the Seneca Falls Democrat, to  
Miss Electa, daughter of William Cox, Esq., of that  
town.

In Lewiston, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Mur-  
ray, Mr. Henry F. Hotchkiss to Miss Maria R. Scovill,  
daughter of Seymour Scovill, Esq.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

Terms.—One Dollar per annum, in advance.



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

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1843.

No. 12.

## Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

ROVENA, OR THE SAXON PRINCESS.

BY W. C. COOKE.

CHAPTER VII.

As soon as it was generally known among the Britons that Vortigeru was again seated on the throne, they began with increased alacrity to prepare for battle. They had great confidence in Vortigeru—they well knew that he was very powerful in arms, and his courage exceeded that of the bravest in their ranks. He could send an arrow with unerring aim through the toughest armor to the very heart of his foeman; his spear, like his arrow, was always sure of its victim; in a word, Vortigeru was looked upon by all his people as the first warrior of his time, and their confidence in him as a General was unbounded.—“What care we,” said they, “if he be vicious? We wish nothing, at present, but his guidance in arms against the Saxons. We are now fighting for our liberties—a thing of far greater importance than the principles of our chief.”

Vortigeru mingled with the soldiery, giving them directions and advice. He was all activity, and in the heat of his zeal, he forgot even his love for Rovena. Every other thought was absorbed in the arrangement he was making for his attack upon the Saxons, or rather for his defence against them.

As night cast her sable mantle over the British tents, all things were ready for any emergency. The soldiery laid themselves down to sleep, with their arms in their hands—the sentinels kept vigilance in every quarter, lest some accident might occur through their negligence.

Vortigeru had retired to his tent, to ruminate upon the past,—and this time he commingled it with the future. His keen perceptibilities pointed out to him all the errors which he had committed—all his negligence and vice was vividly pictured before him—Rovena again occurred to his memory, and as he thought of her he sighed despondingly—

“What,” said he, “has all my love for this beautiful Princess resulted in? Let the events of the past few hours answer. Have I not been degraded in the eyes of those who are willing to call me Prince—who are willing to acknowledge me their superior in every particular? Have I not been hurled from the high position which I now occupy?—have I not had my crown wrested from me and bestowed upon another? And for what? For the sake of securing the love of one whose ambition soars higher than my own—whose hope and determination rest upon a monarch’s right! How foolish have I been, thus to pursue this will-o’-the-wisp, until I find myself sinking into the mire of degradation and disgrace! But can I forget Rovena?—can I school my mind to entertain

different feelings for her than I have?—can I control those passions which her beauty and worth have kindled in my bosom, and compel them to wither and die at my pleasure? I fear not;—yet I will try; and although I may not be able to eradicate my affection for her, I will at least endeavor to control it. I must see Rovena—must tell her of this determination, and seek from her the hand of friendship, if not of love.”

As he closed his soliloquy, the door of his tent was pushed aside, and an attendant entered.

“What is your errand?” said Vortigeru, “and why do you thus intrude upon the privacy of your Prince?”

“I come,” replied the servant, “at the request of the sentinels, to inform you that a Saxon page has been taken prisoner by them, and they desire to know what disposition they shall make of him.”

“What reason does he assign for intruding himself within the British tents?” asked Vortigeru.

“He says he bears a private message to the British Prince,” said the servant.

“Bring him hither,” said Vortigeru, “that I may learn from whom the message comes.”

The attendant retired, and soon returned, together with two soldiers and the Saxon page.

As they entered, the page stepped forward, and bowing handsomely, said, “I bring a message of great moment to your highness, and I would that all withdraw, that your ear alone may learn its import.”

“Retire!” said Vortigeru, “but stand ready to attend me at the shortest summons.”

The soldiers withdrew and the page approached.

“My master, the Saxon General, has sent me hither to solicit an interview with you—he wishes that you will honor him with your presence immediately, as he has a communication for you which he wishes not to intrust to another. Will you attend him?”

“Tell the Saxon that I will not obey his summons!—that I am henceforth his enemy, and have armed myself against him!” replied Vortigeru sternly.

The page paused. Putting his hand to his bosom, he drew out the note of Rovena, and threw it at the feet of Vortigeru.

“Read that,” said he; “it comes from a fairer source, and I doubt not will please you well.”

Vortigeru picked up the note and broke the seal. As he read the contents, his color changed—he blushed, then sighed. As he finished reading, he closed the note.

“Tell your master,” said he, “that I will attend him ere the sun casts its rays upon the earth.” He called his guards and gave orders that the page be conducted without the British encampment and discharged unhurt. The order was obeyed, and the page, putting spurs to his horse, was soon far from the Britons.

When all was still, Vortigeru again opened the note which Rovena had sent him, and read and

re-read the contents. “What can she mean?” asked he of himself,—“what has induced her thus to request an interview with me? ‘Dictated by her feelings,’ she says. Can it be—is it possible that my love is reciprocated? I will learn from her own lips whether such is the case. But what does her father wish of me? Perhaps he meditates my ruin; perhaps my restoration to the throne has excited his anger, and he wishes to resort to some unfair means to overthrow me. But I will see him, let the consequences be what they may.”

With this determination full in view, he sought alone his horse, and under cover of night, passed the numerous tents, and giving the countersign to the sentinel, rode, without being molested, out of the encampment. Giving the rein to his steed, he pursued his way with speed to the Saxon encampment.

When he arrived, all was silence among the Saxons; not even the tread of a sentinel broke upon the stillness of the night. In the midst of many tents there stood one larger and better than the rest. From this tent there gleamed a brilliant light, and from its every appearance, Vortigeru concluded that it must be the abode of Hengirt.—Thither he directed his horse. As he passed the outpost, he was accosted by the sentinel with the “Who goes there?” The word was given, and he passed on. He soon arrived at the tent, and dismounting, gave his horse into the hands of an attendant, who appeared to understand that the visitor was to be welcome, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

Vortigeru entered the tent, and found Hengirt reposing on a couch, but not asleep. When Hengirt saw Vortigeru, he arose and met him with much politeness and familiarity.

“You are welcome,” said Hengirt, “even in the tent of an enemy. I did not expect you would so willingly comply with my request; but since you have thus ventured, at my solicitation, into the hands of an enemy, you shall receive protection from every violence.”

Vortigeru bowed, and drawing a seat near the light, seated himself. “I have come,” said he to Hengirt, “to learn what may be your wishes, and for what you have requested this interview. I hope that you will without delay speak out your wishes and your reasons, for I must return to my people ere the dawn of day, else serious consequences may follow.”

It would be unnecessary to follow the conversation as it passed between them. It suffices to say, that Hengirt endeavored to persuade Vortigeru to meet him in battle; and when the action should become heated—when the two armies were desperately engaged with each other—to desert to the Saxons, and by this means enable them to strike a decisive blow, to defeat entirely the British arms. Hengirt promised Vortigeru that if he would act thus, he would look upon him as a benefactor;

that he would bestow upon him the hand of his daughter; that he would always regard him with great favor and affection and make him a Prince among his own people.

Vortigeru listened to all that Hengirt said, and spoke not until he closed. Then he replied,

"I cannot give you a decided answer at this time. Suffer me to meditate upon a question which so much involves the welfare of all, even those with whom you are nearly connected."

He paused, and for a while was engaged in deep meditation. He was debating in his own mind whether it was expedient to ask leave of Hengirt to see Rovena. Might he not, under the circumstances, permit him to visit her, and thus save him the trouble of visiting her clandestinely? He came to the conclusion that it would be better to gain the permission of Hengirt, and accordingly asked,

"May I be permitted to see Rovena, and learn from her whether she will bestow upon me her hand, if I act in compliance with your wish? No consideration, save her hand, would induce me to violate the vow I have made to my people to remain faithful to them."

Hengirt remained silent for a moment, and thought of the consequences of an interview between Vortigeru and Rovena. He did not know whether it would be attended with good or bad success. He concluded, however, that Rovena would on this occasion, as she had appeared to on all others, look well to his interest, and endeavor to promote his cause.

"Wait," said Hengirt, "until morning, and then you shall be permitted to visit my daughter. This is an unreasonable hour to visit a lady; beside, she must be at this time enjoying the sweet pleasure of repose."

"I cannot delay one moment," said Vortigeru. "I must away to my people ere morning dawns, lest they murmur at my stay. Beside, I wish not that they should know that I have paid you this visit."

"You are indeed wise," said Hengirt, his lip curling with scorn as he spoke. "Ho! Robert—page!" he shouted, "come hither, quick."

In a moment the page appeared and approached his master.

"Away to Rovena," said Hengirt, "and bid her prepare instantly to receive the British Prince. Tell her he tarries but a moment, and that he wishes to spend that moment with her. Tell her too," said he, bowing his head and whispering to the ear of the page, "tell her that her father commands her to remember his plans, and that he expects she will promote their execution."

The page retired to obey his lord's command, and Hengirt, turning to Vortigeru, said,

"Be patient a moment, and your wish shall be gratified. You shall see Rovena, and I trust the interview will not be unprofitable or devoid of pleasure to you."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

We must now return to Rovena, whom we left in her chamber, after the interview with the page. She dismissed her maid, and continued walking her apartment. Her mind again returned to the prospects of the realization of her own ambitious hopes, and to those of her father's success.—"What was she to do?—how was she act?" was the inquiry she made of herself. She had just taken a step which it would be difficult to retrace even if she were so disposed. She had confessed in her note to Vortigeru that she warmly reciprocated his attachment, and that she would espouse his cause rather than her father's. She had at the same time proposed to Vortigeru to enter into a treaty of peace with her father, and promised to use her influence in his behalf. In the event of

a refusal by Hengirt, she was to marry him, let the consequences be what they might; for, said she, "even though Vortigeru perish, my chances for power will be the same they now are; for my father has said that I cannot inherit the throne which he seeks to build among these Britons.—Should Vortigeru prevail there, I shall be sure of that to which I aspire."

Rovena thought of all this, and tried to determine what might be the result of her schemes. She tried too, to school her mind to forget that it was her duty to act more in accordance with the wishes of her father, to lay aside all her feelings of ambition, and labor to the extent of her ability to further his cause—to rest satisfied with the influence she already possessed, and seek for nothing farther. Yet she could not bring her mind to this point. The star of her ambition had risen to a great height, and beckoned her on. Her prolific imagination reared before her all the privileges she would enjoy, all the pleasures and happiness she could command, were she in possession of the crown. Every consideration which her evil genius could suggest was held up before her mind's eye in all their beauties, and impelled her to the determination to go on to the gratification of her desires.

Thus she had meditated, thus determined, when our page was announced. When he entered, Rovena looked up and gazed upon him with surprise mingled with astonishment. "What brings you to me at this late hour?" asked she of the page. "Speak!" said she, as the page stood looking upon her with a smile upon his face, "speak and begone!"

Robert approached, and bowing politely, delivered the message of his lord. When he mentioned the name of Vortigeru, Rovena started, and bent her ear toward the page that she might not lose a single sound which concerned him she loved and with whom her interests were so closely connected.

When the page concluded his speech, he folded his arms and awaited quietly the answer of Rovena. She gazed upon the ground engaged in deep thought, for a moment. Raising her eyes to the page, she replied,

"Tell your master that I am prepared to receive the British Prince; and tell him too," said she, while her lip curled with bitter scorn, "that I heed his command, and will see that it is obeyed."

She waived her hand for the page to depart.—Robert turned upon his heel and left the room. The page soon stood again before Hengirt and Vortigeru.

"What says Rovena?" inquired Hengirt of the page, as he stood awaiting the direction of his lord.

"She bids me say to the British Prince, that she will be most happy to see him," answered the page. "And she bids me also to say to my master that she is ever obedient to her father's will."

Hengirt turned to Vortigeru and said, "You see, sir, that Rovena is not only obedient to me, but that she is free with her favors to so distinguished a person as yourself. My page will conduct you to her. The night is already far advanced, and you will, no doubt, return to your people without again visiting me—I would ask, therefore, when I shall receive your answer to my proposition."

Vortigeru arose from his seat and replied to Hengirt, "I will send you my messenger with my answer when I shall have decided, which shall be within a day or two. Meanwhile, may I hope that nothing will be done to harass each other?"

"You may," said Hengirt. "And now, good night!"

Vortigeru returned the compliment, and follow-

ed the page to the dwelling of Rovena. When he arrived, he found her seated by the table. As he entered, she arose and received him with much politeness.

Rovena was dressed with the most costly material, and the room being brilliantly lighted, gave her a very fascinating appearance. Vortigeru was struck with the beauty of her person at this time more than he ever had been before. As he gazed upon her, he forgot every other consideration—he forgot all his recent resolutions, and gave himself up to his feelings. He approached Rovena, took her hand, and pressed it to his lips. She did not attempt to withdraw it from his grasp, but suffered it to remain in his possession.

At length Vortigeru spoke. "Rovena!" said he, "I am happy to meet you thus; I am happy to be thus received by you. It gives me a pleasure which has never before been felt by me, and here at this hour, I again repeat, that I love—ardently, devotedly, love you; and if I am assured that my affection is reciprocated, I am indeed most happy, notwithstanding the peculiarity of my situation."

Vortigeru paused, and awaited the reply of Rovena. She considered well before she replied.—She considered what might be the issue—what might be the consequences. But her love for Vortigeru, and her desire to gratify her ambition, finally triumphed over every other consideration, and she confessed to Vortigeru that his love was fully reciprocated. Vortigeru clasped her to his bosom, and imprinted the "long, lingering, burning kiss of love" upon her lips.

The issue was joined. Rovena promised to become the bride of Vortigeru, ere that fond embrace was returned.

When the promise was given and received, they both sat down to arrange the parts which they were each to play. Let a brief notice of their conclusion suffice in lieu of their conversation.—Vortigeru accepted of Rovena's proposition to make peace with her father, if he could do so with advantage. Rovena gave him the assurance that she would on the morrow see her father, and use her influence to persuade him to accede to the proposition of peace. Vortigeru was to send his messenger, as he had promised Hengirt, but instead of answering the proposition which Hengirt had made to him, he was to send the prayer for peace. When the treaty should be concluded between them, Rovena was to become the bride of Vortigeru. In the event of a refusal on the part of Hengirt to enter into the proposed treaty, their marriage was to be deferred for a time until matters could be further arranged, and Rovena was openly to espouse the cause of her lover.

With this arrangement, Vortigeru arose to take his leave.

"Do not leave me yet," said Rovena; "I would still enjoy your company, if I can be so permitted."

"I must away," said Vortigeru; "for see, gray morn has already appeared in the east. My people will soon be aroused, and I dare not be absent from them. Adieu!" said Vortigeru, as he turned to go. "We shall meet again, and I trust under more auspicious circumstances."

Vortigeru retired. Finding his horse, he mounted and rode as if he were mounted on the wings of the wind, lest he should be late in his arrival among his followers.

When Vortigeru arrived, he found none of his people astir. He rode to his own habitation and dismounted. Calling his servant, Vortigeru gave his horse into his custody, and entered. He flung himself upon his couch and obtained a short repose.

When the morning had fully opened, he arose and called together his council. When they had

assembled, Vortigern made a few remarks to them, in which he portrayed the evils of war. He called their minds to the miserable condition of their soldiery, and compared them with the Saxons. He spoke too, of the benefits which would arise from an alliance between the two armies, if such an alliance could be effected. He referred them to the late disastrous defeat with which they had met, and concluded by proposing that a treaty of peace be made if possible.

The question was debated at great length.—Some were opposed to it, but more were in favor of it; and it was finally concluded that if possible a treaty should be made. The council having dissolved, Vortigern looked about to find a messenger to carry the proposal to Hengirt. He soon found one with whom he could safely entrust it, and despatched him on the errand.

CHAPTER IX.

Let us now look after Rovena. At an early hour, Hengirt called upon her. He came to learn the result of the interview. He did not even suppose that Rovena had acted contrary to his command. He did not think that she had departed from her integrity, and made his interest subservient to hers. He found Rovena just arose from her couch, and seating himself, he called her to his side.

"What news of Vortigern?" said he. "Reveal to me the result of his visit to you. I hope to hear that you have induced him to comply with my wishes. If so, I wish that you should see him no more. I shall then have him within my grasp, and can use him as I please."

"I have not induced him, nor endeavored to induce him to comply with your terms," said Rovena; "on the contrary, I besought him to seek peace with you."

"What!" said Hengirt, starting back in amazement, "what is this you have dared to do? How is this that my commands have been obeyed?—Has your presumption soared so high? Have you dared to talk thus to him? Away!" said Hengirt in anger; "you will ruin my cause! You are a fool to think that you can thus gain your end!"

Hengirt turned to go.

"Hold!" said Rovena, aroused to the highest pitch of anger, "stay and learn the rest, and then conclude that your daughter is a fool!"

Hengirt paused and gazed upon her. "Go on," said he, "I will hear all."

Rovena then related to him all that had passed between her and Vortigern the night before. She told him too, of her love for Vortigern—of her hopes, her aspirations. She informed him also, of the engagement which had been made between them. "And finally," said she, "I have determined to espouse his cause, and in warring against him, you war against your own daughter!"

"Be it so!" replied Hengirt; "the ties which bound us are severed. Adieu!"

When her father had gone, Rovena flung herself into a chair and wept. Her heart was torn with anguish, her bosom heaved with bitter sighs.

"Oh, Ambition!" she exclaimed, "thou art a curse—an abomination! They who entertain you are soon your victims! You poison every happy cup, and leave your votaries to drink the bitter dregs of disappointed hope! You destroy all domestic peace, and rend the most sacred ties! If you are possessed of little, you grasp for more! You ruin the happiness of all who follow you, and finally consign them to a dark and terrible oblivion! But lead me on!" said she, drying her tears, "lead on! I will follow, though your course end in death!"

Thus spoke Rovena. Her resolution was taken. She determined to go on, and learn what might be

the result of all her vain hope, of all her unreasonable desires.

When Hengirt left Rovena, he took the road to his own dwelling. His mind turned upon the scene which had just passed. He was astonished that he had been so deceived by his own daughter. He had not even dreamed that she would thus subvert his plans and espouse the cause of an enemy. But she had done so, and he resolved to turn it to his own advantage. On arriving at his abode, he entered and seating himself by the table, turned his thoughts upon the subject of his daughter's communication. He finally came to the conclusion that if the British Prince should propose peace, he would accept of the proposition, if the terms were advantageous to him. He formed the plan to enter into a treaty—to promise his daughter in marriage to Vortigern, and to fix a day for the celebration of the marriage. "And," said he aloud, "the contract shall be sealed by the blood of my enemy."

As he concluded this speech, his page entered and announced the messenger of Vortigern.

"Admit him at once," said Hengirt, "let him come to me immediately."

Robert withdrew, and soon returned leading the messenger.

"What says your lord?" asked Hengirt; "what message do you bring from the British Prince?"

"My Lord," replied the Briton, "bid me say that he is sick of wars; that he chooses peace, and seeks the same for himself and his people."

"Tis well," said Hengirt. "Tell him that I will meet him on the morrow, at Stonehenge, which, if we can conclude a peace, shall hereafter be our joint abode."

The Briton retired, and mounting his horse, pursued his way towards his people.

It was soon generally known among the Saxons that a peace was to be concluded between the two contending parties. All were engaged in making preparations for the event. Hengirt despatched his page to inform Rovena of his conclusion, and also that after due consideration he thought she had acted a wise part. He sent a request that she would prepare to attend him on the morrow, at the ratification of the treaty between himself and Vortigern.

At the close of day, every thing was in readiness for the morrow. And now let us take a succinct view of what took place on that day:—At an early hour, the trumpet called together the Saxon forces. The soldiers were all arranged, ready for march. The various officers, mounted upon horses of the best blood and mettle, took each his post, and awaited in silence the coming of Hengirt. At length he appeared, mounted upon a superb black charger, which was richly caparisoned with the brightest of many colors.

By his side, rode the beautiful Rovena. She was mounted upon a milk-white palfrey, whose form was almost as finely proportioned as that of its mistress. Rovena rode with grace and elegance, guiding her fiery horse with the greatest ease. She was dressed in a white garment, which flowed to the ground; on her head she wore a crown of bright flowers, fastened on the forehead with a jewel, which glistened and sparkled with dazzling brightness. As she appeared, a shout of "long live Rovena, our beautiful Princess," broke from every lip, and many a heart beat quicker and faster, as their possessors looked upon her bright and beautiful face.

Hengirt placed himself at the head of the army, and gave the order for them to march.

The British, meanwhile, had called together their men, and, under the direction of Vortigern, commenced their march towards the place of meeting. About noon, on the same day, the two ar-

mies entered Stonehenge from opposite directions. Vortigern and Hengirt rode forward, and dismounting, took each other by the hand. They conversed for a moment, and then again mounted their horses, and turning to their followers, gave orders that the officers furnish the soldiers under their command with quarters, and that the chiefs immediately assemble in the audience chamber of the palace.

The chiefs proceeded to the place appointed, and the officers and soldiers sought for quarters and for refreshments. When the council of the two Princes had assembled, they proceeded to make a treaty. After some discussion, it was agreed that all hostilities between them should cease for the present; that neither party should make war upon the other without a declaration of their intention being first made; each were to govern their own people, both being subject to the same laws; and Rovena was to become the bride of Vortigern at the expiration of three months from that time. Such was the substance of the treaty. Upon its conclusion, the council broke up, and each sought a lodging for himself.

CHAPTER X. AND LAST.

I now pass over a space of three months, during which time the treaty which had been concluded between the two Princes was observed as well as could be expected, under the circumstances.—Vortigern had taken up his abode at his palace in Dummonion, and Hengirt resided at Stonehenge. Rovena lived with her father at his palace.

During the three months which was to elapse before her marriage with Vortigern, they were often together, enjoying the society of each other—their association strengthening their love. Rovena still commingled with her feelings those vain hopes of power which she had always entertained. She was impatient for the time to arrive when she would receive the appellation of Queen.

Hengirt meanwhile had not been idle. He had conceived and matured a plan which he intended should strike a death blow to Rovena's projects and place her lover and his embryo son-in-law within his power—which would secure to him that dominion over the Britons for which he had fought. His plan was communicated to his generals and chief officers, with a caution to maintain secrecy in relation to them.

Thus passed the three months of probation—Vortigern and Rovena enjoying all the sweets of mutual love and watching impatiently for the arrival of the day on which they were to be united by stronger and nearer ties, forgetful of every thing—even of the possibility of disappointment,—not even dreaming how dire was to be their fate, how sadly they were to be disappointed.

Hengirt passed the time in contriving means for seating himself upon the throne.

The long wished for day at length arrived.—Rovena was all life and joy—she went about preparing for the marriage with a heart full of life and cheerfulness. She already saw, in imagination, every hope which she had indulged realized—already felt herself a queen—and exulted in the success of her schemes. She watched the moments as they passed on towards evening; she became impatient at their tardiness, and wished and wished again that the evening and the hour would arrive in which she was to become inseparably united with Vortigern.

Hengirt had made great preparations to receive the British Prince in a style which befitted his rank. He had ordered all his chiefs and generals to be present at the celebration—the same, however, to whom he had committed his plans—and further, that they appear in their gayest apparel, and be accompanied with arms.

Evening came—the evening on which Hengirt

was to bestow his daughter on his enemy,—the evening on which Vortigeru was to call the beautiful Princess his own,—the evening on which Rovena was to behold a final consummation of all her vain ambitious hopes.

The palace of Hengirt was brilliantly illuminated; every window flashed with light; servants were busy running to and fro preparing for the ceremony; the guests began to assemble from different quarters; all wore the countenance of cheerfulness and joy. They anticipated much pleasure in witnessing the nuptials, and in partaking of the rich entertainment which Hengirt had ordered to be served.

At an early hour, all things were in readiness. Vortigeru had arrived with three hundred of his nobility, whose splendor of appearance far outshone that of the Saxon generals. Vortigeru himself was gay and cheerful. He was dressed in a manner which displayed his fine form to the greatest advantage; his unusual brilliancy of appearance called forth many a compliment from the lady guests, and many an expression of envy from the coarser ones.

The room in which they had assembled was a large and spacious one,—sufficiently large to contain as many more as had met. It was so brilliantly lighted that every object was plainly to be seen. To the left was another room, the large folding doors of which stood open, displaying to the eyes of the guests a table loaded with refreshments and wines of all descriptions.

All were impatient that the ceremony should commence, and wondered why Hengirt and Rovena did not appear. At length they came—Rovena leaning upon the arm of her father. She was dressed in a manner which gave her an additional beauty of appearance. She had displayed great taste in the selection of color and material, and had arranged her dress so as to display the beautiful proportions of her form. Hengirt wore his field uniform, his shield hung upon his arm, and his sword was by his side. They were followed by a priest, who was to perform the ceremony.

As they entered the door, Vortigeru advanced to meet them; Hengirt gave up his charge, and the Prince led Rovena to the upper end of the room, to seats prepared for them. When they were seated, all became silent. Not a word was spoken nor a limb moved. They awaited the commands of Hengirt.

Hengirt stepped forward and ordered the priest to begin his duty. As he approached, the guests arose from their seats and drew nearer to the bridge and groom; Hengirt stood within a few paces, facing Vortigeru, his right hand resting upon the hilt of his sword, and his shield upon his left.

The priest opened his book, and turning to Vortigeru and Rovena, commanded them to rise.—They arose and joined their hands. Turning to Hengirt, he asked, "Do you consent that I may join your daughter to this British Prince in the holy bands of matrimony?"

As he finished the question, the shrill blast of a trumpet broke forth, and the flash of a hundred swords gleamed upon the astonished sight of the Britons.

"I do!" shouted Hengirt; "and I seal my consent with his blood!"

He drew his sword and rushed forward toward Vortigeru.

Disengaging himself from Rovena, Vortigeru stepped back and drew his sword. "We are betrayed!" shouted he to his followers. "Guard yourselves as best you can."

But he was too tardy—the advantage was in favor of his enemy. Hengirt raised his sword ere Vortigeru could assume a posture of defence.

"Hold!" cried Rovena, throwing herself between her father and her lover. "Spare, spare him, for your daughter's sake!"

But her request came too late! The blow was given—but instead of falling upon its intended victim, it pierced the heart of Rovena!

Hengirt stood aghast! He gazed upon the red blood as it flowed from the wound he had made. Vortigeru, too, stood affixed with horror!

Again the trumpet sounded! Vortigeru looked around—he stood alone in the midst of his enemies! Hengirt gave orders that he be secured; then kneeling down by the side of his dying daughter, gave vent to his feelings in tears.

"Look up!" said he to Rovena, "and forgive your father this cruel blow."

Rovena opened her eyes and gazed upon his face.

"A way!" said she to him. "You have cruelly frustrated my long cherished hopes; you have snatched from my grasp the sceptre which was already within my reach; and for this wanton act, may the gods heap their curses upon—" but ere she concluded the sentence, her spirit fled; and Hengirt knelt by the side of the lifeless form of Rovena!

The evening had passed, and its departure witnessed the final consummation of Rovena's ambitious hopes—the incarceration of Vortigeru in a dungeon—and Hengirt the acknowledged King of the Kingdom of Kent.

Canton, N. Y., April, 1843.

## Popular Tales.

### THE NOBLE FISHERMAN.

[Translated from the French of Borthoud.]

On the 15th of April, 1523, a shallop was drifting in the North Sea, at the mercy of the winds and waves, which threatened every moment to overwhelm it. A woman, two children and a sailor, were alone on the waters in this frail vessel. The woman, wrapped in a large cloak, under the shelter of which she hugged her children to her heart, alternately wept and prayed. The sailor, having for a long time struggled against the tempest, and endeavored in vain to urge forward the shallop in his charge, had closed his arms on his breast, and waited in silence the death which seemed inevitable. Through the thick mist his practiced eye at length saw hope—"Land! land!" he shouted, and retaking his oars he plied them with new vigor.

Vain! His exhausted strength could surmount no rebuff, even with apparent safety in his reach. His struggles to gain the shore seemed but to lengthen the distance between the boat and the strand. At length he again abandoned his hopeless labor. The quick eye of the mother detected his purpose, as he relieved his person of his heavier garments.

"You will not abandon my children to perish!" she cried in agony.

The sailor looked wistfully at the unhappy sufferers. He measured the distance to the shore with his eye and looked over the boat's side, the waters of which, here partially sheltered, seemed to boil and yeast as in a caldron, the receding tide combating the furious gale. To save one of these helpless ones was impossible. He ventured on no word of advice or consolation, lest his mercy should master his judgment, but while the mother yet hoped—while she leaned forward with lips apart, and eyes pressing from their sockets, to catch a word, a breath in answer, he cut all short by diving suddenly into the sea.

The boat reeled and shivered under the momentum given it by the sailor's plunge, but he who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand watched over the forsaken. The mother clasped her little ones yet closer to her breast, and raised her eyes to heaven in an agony of prayer too earnest to wait for words. The wave that she feared was about to overwhelm her, was broken in its crest by the strange weight it bore—and as its waters neared her, a sudden, an unearthly sound broke on her quick ear, and the spray which flew across her face came blood-stained. The dead body of the sailor who had deserted her, bumped an instant against

the boat's side, and then drifted away from the sight of mortal man forever! He had struck upon the sharp points of rock beneath the surface, and escaped the lingering death to which he thought he had left his companions, by a sudden and awful presence of his Maker!

In another instant the deserted woman felt a strange sound beneath her feet. The boat was grating on the sand. Another bound before the wave and it was fast. She sounded the water with her arm, and to her inexpressible joy found solid earth. In an instant she stepped from the shallop, caught her infants in her arms, and aimed for the beach, which seemed at a little distance. The water deepened—to her waist—to her throat—she staggered—and the stifling "bubble cry" of her children nerved her with new strength. An almost superhuman spring, and she was safe again; and anon she recoiled, as the earth seemed to sink under her feet, and another footstep would have plunged her into an abyss, in the very sight of safety. The agony of fear—the strength of despair—the lightning of hope—each seized her by turns, till at length, in a delirium of joy, she left the sea behind her, having escaped its last engulfing wave; and, falling on her face in the damp sand, she poured out her soul in gratitude to the God who had delivered her and her little ones.

She rose, shuddering with cold, now that the struggle was over. Her children, quivering with terror, and sobbing in discomfort, clung to her knees. The wind, as if heaven had held it back until her escape, increased in fury. Rain fell in torrents, and the waves drowned the shore far above the point at which she had first felt safety. Her eye wandered in vain for help; the cold sky, the lashing wave, the bleak rock, the barren sand, mocked the hope of the mother for comfort or safety. A reaction had taken place—her heart was sinking within her.

A voice! Again and nearer! A man upon the rocks, earnestly beckoning, as if some new and imminent danger beset the fugitives from death. She saw no more, but sank insensible upon the sand, and her children raised a piercing wail beside her. Unerring instinct! They did not shriek thus when she sank down in prayer.

Another moment, and the man who was shouting the warning is beside the shipwrecked mother. His hardy wife attends him. She has caught the children, each by a shoulder, with more strength than gentleness, though with gentle purpose, and is scrambling up the rocks. He bears the still insensible form of the mother, and as he ascends his hat has fallen behind him, and is dancing in an eddy of water over the very spot from which an instant before he had caught his unconscious burthen! The tide now at the flood has swept like an avalanche over the nook among the rocks, and the fragments of the deserted boat are fretting among the craggy points of that inhospitable shore.

In the cabin of the fisherman, the mother is soon restored to life. Her first thought is for her children, whom she embraces in a passion of joy. She unclasps a rich necklace from the bosom of her little daughter. "Take this gage of my gratitude," she exclaims, "accept it as an earnest, you to whom I owe the life of my children!"

The fisherman shook his head; "I could not make use of such riches," said he. "The products of my labor suffice me. To you this gold and these jewels will be found much more useful than to me. Retain them."

The mother took the hand of her preserver.—Young and beautiful even in the humble vestments which the fisher's wife had substituted for her rich but drabbed clothing, her air was full of majesty. "Thank you," she cried, "thank you! You are right. The service you have rendered cannot be paid with gold, and God, I trust, will put it in my power to test my gratitude in a manner worthy of you."

"Your safety will be our recompense, and we desire no other," said the fisherman, and the honest face of his wife, lighted with placid joy, bore testimony that she joined in the sentiment.

"Tell me, my friends," the lady asked, after a pause—"on what coast has this misfortune thrown us?"

"On that of Denmark,"

The mother wrung her hands in despair.—"Denmark," she cried, "then are my children still lost, though they have survived the perils of the ocean!"

"While Finna and his wife live," said the fisher, in an effort to console their unfortunate guests, "you have nothing to fear, madame, for yourself or for your children."

"But you know not, my friends, that a price is

on my head and on those of my children. We were flying from the soil of Denmark when the storm forced us back upon it. I am—

"Keep your secret; do not tell it to me!" cried the fisherman abruptly, checking the revelation she was about to make. "All that I have need to know is that you came here in distress, and that you are in worse distress while you remain. The storm will soon abate; the coast of the Low Countries is not far distant; to-morrow, perhaps this very evening, I will conduct you in safety from the kingdom to a place where the persecution of your enemies, whoever they are, shall not reach you. Snatch some repose, meanwhile, and confide in my hospitality."

The good but humble couple hastened to prepare near the hearth a pallet of straw, upon which the beautiful and unknown did not hesitate an instant to place herself and her children. With an arm round each, she was in a moment wrapped in sleep. The good man Finn stood breathlessly attentive, while his guest clasped her children a moment, and then struggled almost from the bed to the floor. Then "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream"—an eloquent expression of joy passed over her pale feature—her lips moved in earnest thanksgiving, and her countenance settled into placid and smiling repose, betokening the consciousness of safety. The fisher and his wife conversed with quick and intelligent glances over their sleeping guest. They both knew that she had again passed through her perils in that vision; they both felt happy and thanked, in her calm slumber, which spoke so well the sense of safety.

In this calm rest she passed many hours. At length her slumber was disturbed by coarse voices outside the hut—they were roughly interrogating the fisher. The questions she needed not to hear distinctly to understand—the answer of Finn she did catch, for it was spoken for her ears as well as for the soldiers who had visited the cabin—

"A hundred pieces of gold!" cried the Fisher, "truly, captain, a sum like that would be worth striving for. Be assured I will take good care of the runaways if they fall into my hands. A hundred pieces of gold! Not a soul should escape shipwreck, from this day forth for a twelvemonth, that I will not bring to your quarters. A hundred pieces of gold! But, captain," added Finn, with the characteristic coolness of a Danish peasant—"but, captain, will you not enter my humble cottage a moment for repose and refreshment?"

The mother shuddered, lest the invitation given in bravado might be accepted in earnest; and then she was a mother, and the lives of her children were at stake; for an instant she trembled at the possibility that her host might intend to betray her. The voice of the captain, as he declined the proffered civility, and renewed his promises to the fisherman, reassured her, as the tones died away in the distance. In a moment more, Finn entered the cabin.

"Lose not a moment, madam," he said. "The storm has abated—the waves are more worthy of trust than man, and we must embark on the instant." All the strength of the mother returned at this new exigence, and hushing her children into silence by a sign, she followed Finn, as he took a circuitous path among the rocks, known only to himself; and in a few minutes, without the exchange of a word, they were embarked on the fisherman's skiff—the fasts were cast off, the honest peasant worked at his oars with a will; and, in ten hours, the dawning light showed him the coast of the Low Countries. Through the night he had been guided by his familiar pilots, the stars; and labor was so much his habitual custom in his hardy calling, he had so often endured it as a matter of course and of habit, that with such a stake in success he did not once think of fatigue.

Suddenly a new danger caught his eye. Two armed boats were pursuing him; and notwithstanding that they were crowded with soldiers, awkward afloat as a cow on stilts, they rapidly gained on him. It was evident that they had been lying in wait near the coast, to intercept the very precious burthen which he carried. He uttered no cry of surprise. "Down, madam," he said, without any appearance of being disconcerted, "down in the bottom of the boat, for it needs ballast!" The mother, unconscious of the threatening danger, obeyed mechanically. In the next instant, musket balls whistled past the ears of the intrepid fisherman—had they sped an instant before, the mother would have escaped the perils of the sea but to have been murdered by the hirelings.

Finn measured with his eye the distance yet between his boat and the shore, and saw that it was impossible to reach it before his pursuers would

overtake him. He formed a sudden and desperate resolution—he ceased to fly. He even turned his boat's head towards his pursuers, and making a trumpet with his hands, shouted—"Boats ahoy! What do you wish?"

"You are not alone!" answered his pursuers. "True," replied the fisherman, as the boats were now so near each other that they could converse with less effort, "True—I have a good cargo of fish for companions. You can provision yourselves with them if you wish—there was no need to fire upon me for that."

"Advance!"

"Aye! aye!" cried Finn gaily yet tremulously. It was proper and natural that a poor fisherman should be awkward and alarmed before two boat loads of soldiers. The coarse brutes enjoyed what they thought was the trepidation and energy of fear, and as they stood up, their boats reeled under their shouts of laughter, as the fisherman's skiff, urged by his nervous arm, shot towards them.

A scream from the lubbers! A splash! The awkward fisher's clumsy boat has struck their bow, with its whole momentum, and awkward soldiers fall over the gunwale all round into the sea. Nor is there less confusion among the other skiff load of soldiers. Their boat dipped water first over one of its sides, then over the other, as the soldiers swung their arms, and swayed, and fell upon each other, in vain attempting to succor their drowning brethren. What! another accident! The awkward and frightened fisherman has taken a sudden sweep, and run into them too. And now he is pulling away for dear life, without a thought for the safety of the soldiers of Denmark! What! a head peeping over the side of the fisherman's boat—a woman's head!—never mind the men overboard—pursue!

But the oars have all been thrown to the drowning men.

"Fire upon them!"

But the muskets have fallen overboard with their owners or from their arms—or they are in the bottom of the boat—in *soak*.

That night the fisherman and his wife laughed long but not loud, for there might have been listeners. The good man, Finn, never made any inquiries about the soldiers, who had taken a cold bath; and as all were saved, as they did not care to bruise their own discomfiture by a single stupid fisherman, as he was too modest to boast of his victory to any body but his wife, the honest couple lived on in quiet and content, until they had almost forgotten the adventure.

On an April morning, six years from that of the shipwreck, a party of soldiers entered the fisherman's cabin. Without the waste of a word, they were seized and bound, hurried to a carriage, conveyed to a seaport, embarked on board a vessel, and confined in a small cabin, where their bonds were taken off. They were treated with kindness, but allowed not a word of communication with any person. The sailor who brought them food did not understand a word of the Danish language, and never opened his mouth to speak.—Thus they sailed; to them it seemed many tedious days, for they could not help connecting the adventure with their succor to the beautiful outlaw and her children. The rattle of cordage, and the tramp of men on deck, told the practiced ear of Finn that the voyage was ended. But to what purpose? They were hurried from their floating prison to a close carriage; the horses dashed away for an hour; the carriage stopped. They were led from one surprise to another. In a magnificent apartment, amid a glare of light, the poor fisherman and his wife confronted an array of nobles and ladies clad in all the gorgeoussness which in that age marked the difference between prince and peasant.

"You are the fisherman Finn?"

For the first time the fisherman and his wife, in their confusion, saw that there were grades of rank even among the nobles who blazed before them, in what seemed to the poor peasants almost the majesty of heaven. The personage who in a stern voice uttered the above question, alone was seated.

"I am that man," the poor fisher tremblingly replied.

"You live on the sea-coast of Denmark, near the village of Lorgen?"

Finn bowed assent.

"You extended hospitality to a woman and to two proscribed children?"

"I did."

"Without regarding the edict which put a price upon their heads, you not only frustrated

the vengeance of the Danish people, but audaciously and alone discomfited and overturned two boat-loads of soldiers sent in pursuit of the fugitives?"

A smile of grotesque triumph at the success of an encounter under such odds, lightened the Dane's eye a moment—then a shade of sadness crossed his features—"The tale, though marvelous, is exactly true."

"And do you know," continued his questioner, with increased sternness in his manner, "what penalty you have incurred?"

"Death!" answered the hero, his form erect and his first confusion and fear entirely thrown off.

"And do you know who were the proscribed whom you dared to save?"

"I knew her Majesty, Isabella, the wife of Christian, my sovereign. I knew equally well the two children, for, if their ornaments had not betrayed them, the edict against them told me who they were. If I have merited death, my life is in your hands." And the wife of the fisherman dragged him almost unresisting to his knees beside her. A murmur ran through the assembly—they thought it was their death-warrant.

"Thou hast a noble and worthy heart, Finn," said the interrogator in a kinder voice. "We have but practised this apparent harshness to be sure of thy identity. An impostor might have claimed thy good deeds—no impostor could have braved death as thou hast done. Thou hast saved, at the peril of thy life, the well-beloved sister and nephews of the Emperor Charles V. Charles is no ingrate—rise Finn, and kiss the hand he presents thee. Fortune and honors attend thee; express but a wish, and I swear its gratification."

"Sire," replied the fisherman, "I am old. I have need only of a cabin by the sea-shore. If I have done well in performing the duties of a faithful subject, in saving the lives of my fellow creatures, in exposing my own life for my sovereign, are not the words of approbation which I have heard from your Majesty a sufficient and glorious recompense?"

"For thee it may be, but not for us. We name thee Warden of the Fisheries at Ostend and enoble thee. Rise, Chevalier Finn!"

The Emperor took from his own neck an order suspended with a string of gold, and Isabella clasped the chain over the rude vestments of the fisherman Finn.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### POPPING THE QUESTION.

One of the merriest fellows of the day is the gallant Col. Carter, of the *Lycoming Gazette*.—The following are his grave and profound remarks upon the science of "*Popping the question*."

Girls are queer little animals—angels, we intended to have said; and we love 'em all, in spite of their faults, folly and flirting. We have "popped the question," at least a dozen times, and a dozen times have we been refused. The frequent reverses have not engendered a feeling of despair; and, strange as it may sound, we are on as good terms with ourself as ever. We rather attribute this want of success to a want of taste and discernment on the part of certain fair ones; and dark as the prospect now is, we entertain a faint hope that, perhaps at some distant day, we may yet woo and win some young, middle-aged, or even old lady, worthy of our small means, but extensive prospects; worthy of our high standing, (six feet in our socks,) and worthy of those graces of mind and person which we are supposed by many to possess. But this is an episode—only indulged in to show our dear "*Marie*," that the decision of this most momentous question has had some experience in the wayward, strange, queer, puzzling, provoking, perplexing, incomprehensible and capricious ways of lovely woman! Now to the text.

If a gentleman should meet with a repulse—a refusal—it is wholly and solely his own fault.—It is in his power to ascertain the state of the lady's feelings before he "unbosoms" himself. But how? Of course, she will never make a tender confession in tender words or tender looks. Oh, no! She will use very little artifice to convince him that she does not care two straws for him, but if she really loves, she betrays the existence of the tender passion in a hundred different ways in the presence of the "dear object." If she meets the "object" in the street, she tries to look cold

and composed, but blushes to her temples. If they should be left alone, and are in close proximity, they become excruciatingly embarrassed; have a sort of choking sensation about the throat—trembling of limbs—faltering of words—changing of color, &c. If he admires any peculiar mode of wearing the hair—any particular style of dress—he will discover that she innocently and unconsciously enough accommodates herself to his fancy. If, on entering the room, she is the last to greet his approach, he may set it down as a very favorable symptom, *ad infinitum*; but we have furnished enough for all useful purposes.

If, then, a gentleman finds a lady in the state which we have attempted to describe, he may propose with perfect safety. But he must be careful as to time and place. The season of sunshine and flowers is the time—when mountain and hill, plain and valley, are clothed in the richest verdure—when the birds carrol forth their songs of joy and love—when the balmy winds of the south give color to the cheek and life to the step—when the sweet murmuring of the brook breaks upon the silence of the forest—when the rosy goddess of the morn bathes the smiling landscape in one bright stream of golden effulgence—when the eyes become soft, tender, dewey, and the lowing of herds proclaim the close of day—when each field speaks of joy and plenty—when every trembling leaf whispers of love—oh, then, then is the time!

As to the place—in some secluded walk, where there is no possibility of interruption. Tremblingly place her delicate, white, soft hand within your own mutton fist, pop the question, and murmur into her expecting ears vows of love and constancy! If she is a sensible, candid, off-handed sort of a girl, she will say "Yes," and thank you. If she is a timid, loving girl, she will probably burst into tears, hide her head in your bosom, and refer you to her "pappy." If she is a foolish girl, she will say "Yes," eagerly, and jump up and kiss you. If she is a coquettish girl, she will look pleased, but pretend to be astonished, and it will require many succeeding interviews before you are able to make her "define her position."

True love, we all know, is diffident, and the question is frequently "popped" without the "popper" knowing what the complexion of the answer will be from the "poppee." If the lady hears you coldly and unmoved—betrays no alarm, no embarrassment, no soft fluttering of the heart, hand and voice—and blasts your hopes by polite utterance of the terrifically terrible monosyllable "No," we advise you immediately to get on your feet again, carefully brush the dirt off your knees, take your hat in your hand, bow politely and indifferently to the lady, as if the disappointment was not so great as she expected, walk yourself off to your lodgings, light a cigar, compose yourself on a soft cushioned chair, speculate upon the future, the caprices and imperfections of sex, the blessings of a bachelor's life, and it is probable you will soon forget her. It must be evident that she don't care a copper about you. It is true, by dogged perseverance you might eventually obtain her consent; but, in nine cases out of ten, hearts do not accompany hands won in that way. But if the lady says "No!" when all her looks and actions say "Yes," do not, we beseech you, tear your hair and fly off in a tangent. The hook has caught, and by giving her plenty of line, and playing with her delicately and scientifically, you can, in good time, draw her to your arms, and she blushing confesses the power and potency of your charms.

A booby of a fellow, now, may spoil all, in this stage of the proceedings, by his haste or tardiness, and let the fair one escape from his unskilful hands, to be caught in the net of some old sportsman.

**AN ODD CUSTOM.**—It appears that it is the custom in some parts of Mexico for young ladies desirous of husbands to throw a stone at the saint set up in front of the church, their fortunes depending upon the stone's hitting him. Madame Calderon de la Barca, in her work on Mexico, relates that during the progress of a promenade, she passed the environs of an old church which looked as black and dismal from this cause as if the prophet Jeremiah had passed through the city denouncing wo upon the houses and dwellers thereof. It is said the ladies never miss the mark, as they take care to practice a great deal before the momentous trial.

"Papa, are the hogs that go to Cincinnati sick?" "No, child, why do you ask?" "Because the papers say they are cured there!"

**ENGLISH WIT.**—There are an half dozen of papers printed in London which affect excessive wit. The Express copies a few specimens—which are so horribly dull, that those who read them get rid of their dyspepsia by some other process than laughter:

We have been requested to state that the hunt at Belvoir Castle, at which Lord Brougham was present, was not a RAT-hunt.

It seems very hard to some of Prince Albert's German relations, that although allied to a sovereign he should be denied HALF-A-CROWN.

The second son of the Marchioness of Londonderry has entered the army as second lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade. The RIFLE-brigade is the regiment chiefly patronized by the aristocracy.

Some people think it wrong that Lord Brougham should be permitted to go loose. Considering that his lordship has been all his life looked upon as a LOOSE FISH, it is as well to let him continue in the wrong course to the end.

A city wit, who saw Lady Jersey following Brougham at the Mansion House Tory feed, likened the circumstance of a CAT in PUR-suit of a RAT.

When Glengall exclaimed that he had a wife of a THOUSAND, Forester sarcastically asked if he referred to MEN OR MONEY!

Monomaniacs are so common among the aristocracy that to distinguish them from their sane brethren of the "order," they have been dubbed the ARISTO-CRAZY!

Mrs. Dennistoun calls "the deformed little man in the wig" a SPOON. It is because he makes, or endeavors to make, such a stir?

**HISTORICUS.**—Was Queen Charlotte Prince of Wales?—[No.]

**AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.**—Who wrote Cock Robin?—[Sir E. L. Bulwer.]

J. P.—How far is it from the Surrey foot of Black Friars Bridge to Michaelmas Day?

[Multiply half the distance by two, and the product will be the answer.]

Mr. Tomkins has returned to his lodgings for change of air, after a visit to his washerwoman for change of linen.

**SET ONE TO CATCH ANOTHER.**—Lord Brougham intends bringing in a bill for the cure of half-mad lunatics. His lordship has promised to be the head of the commission.

**THE WALTZ.**—A friend has favored us with a peculiar letter, written by a girl to a friend at a distance—from which we extract the following description of waltzing:

"Mi dere how ken i opin your ies to The dancen thats goen on I wish i cood sho yoo it is tu nasti butt i write fashonable, tha doo it this wa thee man gos upp and lukes rite intu thee womans ies to see if she wants too wale—thats the name ov it—then he Lafs and with Out winkin putts his arm Round her waste, kaches hur hand in Hien while she laes the other on his arm an then tha hugg wun another an turn roun till sheo feles dissal or kwere an he turns wen she dos an huggs hur awl the kloser to kepe hur Frum faulin or something els and soe tha goe roun an roun til tha thinc thed better stop an thenn tha hyde bee Hind a winder Kurtin an rest till Thare redy to doo It agen.—*Bellows Falls Gazette.*

**PROFESSIONAL INCOME.**—From the Life of Sir Astley Cooper, which has been published in London by one of his relations, as take the annexed account of the professional income of this distinguished surgeon:

"My receipts," says he, "for the first year were £5 5s; the second, £26; the third, £64; the fourth, £96; the fifth, £100; the sixth, £200; the seventh, £400; the eighth, £810; the ninth, (the year he was appointed surgeon to the hospital,) £1,100." (He himself appends a remark, which sufficiently shows his feeling on this subject:—"Although I was a lecturer all the time on anatomy and surgery.")

The extent of practice which he subsequently obtained, may be inferred from the fact that his professional income for the year 1815, exceeded £21,000—nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

**THE INSANITY PLEA.**—"Sam," said a tender-hearted mother to her little son, "what on earth did you throw that kiten into the well for?" "Oh! coz I was crazy!" "Come to your ma, you sweet little cherub."

We find the following conundrum in an exchange paper; it contains more truth than wit: "Why is a newspaper like a tooth-brush? D'ye give it up? Because every body should have one of his own, and not borrow his neighbors."

**THE GUIDE OF BONAPARTE.**—This was the title of a man named Dorsaz, who died recently at the village of Saint-Pierre, in the Swiss Canton of the Valais; and who had acquired a kind of historical celebrity from the achievement, which we find narrated in a French journal, of saving the life of Bonaparte on the passage over the Mount St. Bernard. On this famous march, Dorsaz had been assigned as a guide to Napoleon. They had proceeded about five miles from the village, when the mule which the General rode, happened to stumble. The mule and its rider would inevitably have been precipitated into the abyss skirted by the road, but for the prompt movement of the guide, who, having all along carefully maintained a position between Napoleon and the precipice, by a rapid movement in advance, prevented the impending catastrophe, at the risk of his own life.

A long time afterwards Dorsaz was brought in contact with Bonaparte, who questioned him among other things about his domestic affairs, and finally asked him what he most eagerly desired. The guide said that his most ardent aspiration was to be the proprietor of a small house; that he had been accumulating his savings for a long time in the hope of becoming able to purchase one, but that his actual circumstances were too unfavorable to admit of his making any addition to his little capital. Dorsaz, not knowing that his interrogator was Bonaparte, and regarding it as a misfortune to have acquired the favor of a General, who might, therefore, take a fancy to retain him longer in his employ; seized the first opportunity that offered, of a clandestine escape; and though an active and diligent search was instituted on his disappearance, no trace of his flight could be discovered.

Six months after the battle of Marengo, pursuant to an order of Napoleon, the landammann of the Valais announced to Dorsaz that if he had no horse, Napoleon would cause one to be built for him, at Saint-Pierre; and that if he had purchased one, the cost of it should be re-paid him. This latter was the case; and Dorsaz soon after received the sum which the little house he occupied had cost him.

For many years the guides of that country turned this incident to profit, by pretending to hire out to travelers the identical mule which had borne the future Emperor at the epoch of this famous passage. But, in fact, the equerry of the General purchased it at that time on account of his illustrious master.—*Jour. Com.*

**GRAPHIC.**—A sea captain, being just come on shore, was invited by some gentlemen to a hunting match. After the sport was over, he gave his friends this particular account of what pastime he had: "Our horses being completely rigged, we manned them, and the wind being southwest, twenty of us being in company, away we set over the downs. In the time of half a watch we spied a hare under sale; we tacked and stood after her; coming up close, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; but getting close, off I stood after her again, but just about to lay her aboard, bearing too much wind, I and my horse went on our beam's ends, and in less than half a glass came keel upwards."

"I'll set you down for six months this time," said the New Orleans Recorder to a covey whose term of thirty days in the workhouse had only expired two days before.

"Well, then, you ain't no Whig, said the prisoner; you're a Tyler man."

"Pray what has Whiggery or Tylerism to do with your commitment?" asked the Recorder.

"Why," said he, "the Whigs are opposed to the second term principle, and you Tyler men are in favor of it."

The Recorder thought the principle too indefinite in this instance, and so sent the prisoner down.

**EXPLANATORY.**—"Grandma," said a little girl with rosy cheeks to an elderly dame, "what makes it thunder and lighten?" "Well, my darling, I 'spect the light from the blessed sun gets lodged in the clouds, and when a snag on't gets together it busts. The streak that flies out is the lightning and the bustin' is the thunder."

**A NEGRO DIALOGUE.**—"I say, Baz, where do dat comet rise at?"

"It rises in de 46th meridian ob de frigid zodiac, as laid down in de comic almanac."

"Well, where do it set, Baz?"

"Set? you black fool—it don't set nowhere—when it gets tired ob shining, it goes in its hole."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1843.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"NEW YORK STATE REGISTER—For 1843.— Edited by O. L. HOLLEY. First Year of Publication. Albany. Published by J. Disturnel."

This is a most useful publication, of 432 pp. It is filled up with every imaginable description of useful statistics. It would seem to be an indispensable volume to the agriculturist, merchant, lawyer and politician. After looking it through, it seems surprising that a work of the kind had not sooner made its appearance. Hereafter, it will be deemed indispensable, by every one who ever has occasion to refer to commercial, political or agricultural statistics. It contains every important fact connected with Banks, Commerce, the Tariff, the various professions, counties, towns, post-offices, courts, &c. &c. &c. The talented editor and enterprising publisher should both be liberally rewarded.

"AN ADDRESS, delivered before the Clarkson Independent Temperance Society, at their first Monthly Meeting, April 1, 1843, by the Hon. FREDERICK WHITTLESEY. David Hoyt, Rochester."

This is a chaste and impressive production—worthy the pen of its distinguished author. It is a production of the heart—full of truth, and simple, mellowing eloquence. It was addressed to old friends, with whom its author had often surrounded the festive board, but who now go with him in promoting this blessed enterprise of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

The request for publication is signed, on behalf of the Society, by their Recording Secretary, GUSTAVUS CLARK, Esq., who has been efficiently instrumental in the formation of this Society.

"ANTIOCH; Or Increase of Moral Power in the Church of Christ. By Rev. PHARCELLUS CHURCH. With an Introductory Essay by Rev. BARON STOW. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. Rochester, N. Y.: Sage & Brother, Publishers."

This is an attractive little volume, of about 250 pages, on a subject of surpassing importance to the whole Christian world. We have perused the book with more than ordinary interest and profit. The work is cogent in argument, perspicuous in diction, and exhibits much independence and great originality of thinking. We hope it will be read by every Christian in the land, who has sufficient discernment to appreciate its merits. The chapter on sectarianism is replete with truth, which we think must commend itself to every unprejudiced mind. In another chapter, the author has given the only satisfactory view of conscience, or the moral sense, that has ever come under our notice; although conflicting somewhat with the generally received opinions on that subject. K.

"THE MOTHER'S BOOK."—Here is a work of home production, "by A. G. Hall, M. D." The Doctor is an "irregular practitioner," but by no means unacquainted with the subject upon which he treats. The *regulars* will doubtless find a whole troop of heresies in the work; and we think we detect a few. But every one knows, all *heresies* are not *errors*. The style of the work is unostentatious, and clear and comprehensible.—It treats upon delicate subjects delicately, and cannot fail to be "interesting to those concerned."

The engraver (the doctor of course, could not have made the mistake,) has, in his plate, placed the liver on the wrong side, which error should be corrected in the next edition. For sale at the bookstores.

"THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY."—This is an exciting publication—detailing the sufferings of the glorious reformers in the days of Queen Mary.—

Every Protestant will read it with melancholy pleasure, while all others will look it through to sympathise with those who lived in an age when religious liberty was less clearly understood than it now is.

"THE LOST SHIP."—This is a thrilling tale, which the HARPER's have just issued. It is from the pen of the author of "*Cavendish*," and is founded upon the loss of the Steam Ship President. It will find a ready sale. For sale at SAGE & BROTHERS.

"ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART, No. 7."—The two or three numbers which we have seen of this work merit all the encomiums which have been pronounced upon it. Every mechanic, as well as professional student, should have it. SAGE & BROTHER.

"HOME, OR THE IRON RULE."—The HARPERs have issued a beautiful edition of this exquisite novel. Those who have not read it, have a rich treat before them. To be had of SAGE & BROTHER.

"MARCO PAUL'S TRAVELS."—CARTER & CO. have sent out the 2d vol. of these delightful travels, by that universal favorite of the boys and girls, JACOB ABBOT. Incidents upon the "Erie Canal" constitute the burthen of this volume. They are interspersed with moral illustrations, so sweetly enforced as to be irresistibly attractive.

The same publishers have sent out the May No. of "The Boys' and Girls' Magazine,"—full of little gems for little readers.

"SOUTHBY'S LIFE OF NELSON."—This is No. 6, of the cheap edition of the Family Library. It is the best Life of this distinguished Warrior, which has yet been published. The price is but 25 cts. To be had at MORSE'S.

"SIR JOHN FROISSART'S CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND SPAIN," &c.

The first American edition of the "*Chronicles*" is in a cheap and handsome form, from the "New World" press. It is beautifully executed, fine wood engravings being substituted for the gorgeous plates and imitation of illuminated manuscripts in the English editions. It is truly a great undertaking, and well deserves the public encouragement. It will be published in ten consecutive double extra numbers of the *New World*, at 25 cents each, or \$2 for the complete work; and will be illustrated with over one hundred and twenty engravings, representing the scenes, costumes, sieges, battles and tournaments of the middle ages.

The *Chronicles* extend from 1326 to 1400.—They comprehend every considerable affair which happened during that period in France, England, Scotland, Ireland and Flanders. Froissart, says the publisher, has always been deemed by scholars an indispensable pre-requisite to the reading and right comprehension of modern history. "I rejoice you have met with Froissart," wrote the poet Gray to one of his friends, "he is the Herodotus of a barbarous age." There are two translations of the *Chronicles*, one by Lord Berners, the other by Mr. Johnes. The latter is preferred by the modern reader.

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE," for May.

"LADY'S COMPANION, do.

"THE ARTIST, do.

These three favorite monthlies are out in full bloom. They have on their summer garb—light and beautiful. Every page is a gem, and the engravings are very diamonds. Never have we seen richer specimens of the art in any magazine.

"CELEBRATED CRIMES."—This is a translation from the French of Dumas. Its contents are, "The Countess of St. Geran, Vaninka and Nisida." It is deeply interesting, and is read with avidity. Price 12½ cents. For sale at JONES', Arcade Hall.

A *Cat-ASTROPHE—MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.*—We were particularly amused at an incident which happened to a gentleman of our acquaintance in this city, two or three nights ago. Awaking about midnight he heard in his parlor, fronting the street, sounds like the footsteps of a man searching in different parts of the room for plunder. This, of course, threw him into an unpleasant state of trepidation, being wholly unarmed, and the intruder in the room adjoining his sleeping apartment. Finding it necessary to face the danger he rose, and arming himself with a small chair and a pair of open scissors, he sallied out into the hall.— Here he halted for some minutes deliberating, with "sails shivering in the wind," whether it were best to expose himself, in his defenceless state, to the weapons of his antagonist. But the safety of his wife and children augmented his courage, and he bolted into the parlor with the chair over his left arm, by way of shield, and the drawn scissors in his right hand—minus pantaloons and no defensive armor but his shirt—looking the very picture of Don Quixote in one of his nocturnal adventures. He there met the supposed robber in the shape of a monstrous, but quiet and demure looking black *Cat*, of the masculine gender, who had come in through the open window and enconced himself upon the table, which he wriggled backwards and forwards so as to produce—with the help of imagination—sounds resembling human footsteps. His catship bolted out of the window, and our friend bounded in bed, and applied himself to the comfort of his wife—who was by this time in a worse "fix" than himself—rejoicing at his marvelous escape both from the fangs of the cat and the clutches of the robber.

LIGHT PUNCHES.—The illustrated sayings of the London Punch, are not all bad. We sub-join a few:—

"Taking a Black Draught"—an artist engaged on the portrait of a lady from Africa.

"Handling a Subject."—Queen Victory wringing the nose of Prince Albert.

"A shocking scrape."—A joany-raw playing a fiddle.

"There is a tie that binds us to our homes," is the poetic exclamation of two chained bulldogs who are looking horrible imprecations at each other.

"A man of many woes."—A poor fellow trying to stop his frightened horse.

"Hiding of the Sun."—A mother flogging her darling.

Nothing is more distinctive of the gentleman than coolness under awkward circumstances at table. A fair hostess the other day, by some accident, dropped a plate of broiled venison she was handing, so that it fell against the new cashmere vest of one of her guests. The gentleman quickly restored the crockery to the table, and repeated the first two lines of the song—

"Come rest in this bosom  
My own stricken deer,"

and adding that he was happy to acknowledge the present from a lady of a breast plate!

ALAS THE BACHELOR.—We dropped in suddenly on a visit to a bachelor acquaintance the other day, says the St. Louis Leger, and just as we made our appearance, he put something in his pocket very hurriedly, and looked as guilty as if he had been stealing something. We cast our eyes at his pocket, and half way out hung the secret. It was his stocking! The poor miserable fellow had been darning it, and it astonished us to see that perfection he had arrived in that branch of home industry. You may give him up, girls.

"I shall die happy," said the expiring husband to the wife who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin John." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow; "I am engaged to his brother."

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Voice of Spring.

The pall of dreary, wintery white,  
Had covered long the mountain height,  
And every vale and plain below,  
Was dressed in garb of dazzling snow.  
The muse beheld tired nature's chain,  
And tuned her harp in mournful strains;  
Her matin song she rose to sing,  
When, lo! she heard the voice of spring.

Why tune your harp to notes so sad?  
I come in lovelier garments clad,  
To cheer your spirits at my birth,  
And fill your songs with joyous mirth.  
At my approach the wintery storm  
Hastens to hide its hideous form,  
While joy on every leaf is seen,  
As nature smiles in loveliest green.

Shine forth, thou dazzling orb of day,  
O'er all the earth with quickening ray;  
By more effulgent beams bestow  
Reviving warmth on all below.  
Ye vernal clouds of softest rain,  
Let fruitful showers fill your brain;  
Ye moistening dews your influence lend,  
And nightly on the fields descend.

Come forth, ye robes of verdant bloom  
From nature's all-restoring womb,  
To deck the barren, withered fields,  
With all the verdure summer yields.  
Ye trees, by winter long oppressed,  
Appear in leaves and blossoms dressed;  
And every plant, and herb, and flower,  
Confess the influence of my power.

Ye songsters of the woods, awake!  
Your dreary coverts now forsake,  
And make the cheerless woodlands ring  
With joyful anthems; as ye sing,  
In every bush, on every bough,  
Nature's returning kindness show,  
And warble forth your Maker's praise,  
In cheerful notes, in sweetest lays.  
Ye insects, in your wintery tombs,  
Your wanted liberty resume;  
Break through the bonds which keep you there,  
And fit through sunbeams free as air.  
Join with the beasts that roam the fields,  
With every leaf that summer yields,  
With feathered warblers, as they sing,  
In thankful notes, returning spring.

An lot not man be found alone,  
My richest favors to disown;  
Nor use with base ingratitude,  
What I have ordered for his good.  
For him the joyous spring returns;  
For him the rays of summer burn,  
And nature sleeps in wintery chasms,  
For him her vigor to regain.

Let man, o'er all creation blest,  
Join his glad chorus with the rest;  
With grateful heart his homage pay,  
Returning thanks from day to day.  
That while he sows the earth with seed,  
Heaven his labors may succeed;  
From nature's fount abundance pour,  
And fill the earth with bounteous store.

Rochester, April, 1843.

J. M. O.

[For the Democrat.]

To the Memory of my Mother.

What heart so hard as cannot feel  
The pang a mother's death will bring—  
When thought o'er by gone days will steal  
On recollections' sitting wing?

The placid smile and fond embrace,  
That blessed my childhood's blythe career,  
To death—fall death—have given place—  
And ask of memory a tear.

Though sorrows deep my heart oppress,  
And tears like rain drops melt away  
I could not venture tribute less,  
Than these, thy kindness to repay.

The cheerless hearth, alas! will prove  
The social circle rent in twain,  
Yes, severed is the chain of love  
Whose links may ne'er unite again.

The curtain falls! The shades of night—  
The night of death—spreads o'er the scene!  
Frail dust, with dust again unite,  
But hallowed be the sleep serene!

The soul unfettered soars on high,  
A glorious boon! Ah! who can tell!  
We pause—the solace checks the sigh,  
Tho' keen the last, the long farewell.

Caledonia, 27th May, 1843.

A. D. M.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

To an Oak in Spring.

Long ages o'er thy form have swept,  
Thy years, uncounted, passed away;  
And still hast thou thy vigor kept—  
Still art thou strong, and green, and gay.

Still does each coming spring behold  
A verdant wreath upon thy brow;  
Ne'er hast thou been, though thou art old,  
More bright and beautiful than now.

Does not the weariness of age,  
With dull, cold pace, come o'er thee yet?  
When spring succeeds wild winter's rage,  
Say, wherefore dost thou not forget?

To wrap in living garb thy limbs,  
And toss thy joyous head on high?  
Art thou not weary yet of life?  
Say, dost thou never wish to die?

The scythe of Time, on man that leaves  
That mark which nought can e'er efface,  
A deep'ning wound he ne'er retrieves,  
Hath passed o'er thee, and left no trace.

He boasteth of immortality,  
And scorneth thee that thou art mute;  
Then calmly in thy shade doth lie,  
And rots in silence at thy foot.

But, lofty and unheeding, thou  
Hast stood in Nature's simplest pride,  
Nor raised thy arm, nor bent thy brow,  
When mortals raged, or loved, or died.

To my Wife.

A POEM BY THE LATE MELZAR GARDNER.

Written in absence, on the Anniversary of our Marriage.

Thou who didst teach my youthful muse to sing—  
Strung her new harp and claimed her earliest strain;  
Hover thou near me on thy spirit wing,  
And I will wake its melody again.  
Surely to thee its sweetest strains belong—  
Thy love, thy truth, thy constancy my song.

'E'en from the dawning of my spirit's life,  
No soul hath breathed its sympathy for me;  
No kindly word hath cheered me in the strife;  
And I was like a knarled and blighted tree,  
Which planted firmly on the storm god's path,  
Scorn all its fury, and defies his wrath!

The world hath never loved me. I a child—  
Cast on its bosom, found that bosom cold;  
It spurned me, when I thought it should have smiled,  
And when I offered love, it asked for—gold;  
And showed me—Love an article of trade,  
And Truth and Friendship waiting to be paid!

I loathed it then; and each day nerved my soul,  
As with a year of strength, its hate to brave,  
I never bowed me to its base control;  
And thus my heart became a living grave  
Of strong reflections. 'Thou didst set them free,  
And all its treasured wealth belongs to thee!

It is all thine. Oh! would that it were more,  
And better worth the sacrifice it cost;  
Kind friends—thy pleasant home—and all the store  
Of love thy life hath gathered—these thou lost!  
Each would have shared, and each have claimed a part—  
Now, thou hast love for love, and heart for heart.

A wanderer then—poor, friendless and alone—  
No house—no lands—no hoarded wealth were mine;  
Thou wert my all, and thou wert all my own;  
Ah! I was rich to win a heart like thine!  
Love that wealth buys with poverty will fail,  
But truth like thine is never kept for sale!

I've given up all I loved for thee alone!  
These were thy words which memory eye will keep;  
When thou with me didst brave the cold world's frown!  
And on my bosom sobbed thyself to sleep!  
Best pledge of earnest truth, thy young heart's fears;  
And sweetest proofs of love these bridal tears!

Well might thou doubt my poor world-beaten barque,  
To bear thy fortunes o'er life's stormy sea!  
The tempest then was howling fierce and dark,  
And its wild blast was terrible to thee;  
And but one light shone in the lark sky—  
'Twas love's bright star—our hope—our destiny!

That sad unbidden fear, 'tis past!  
And though there lingereth still that threat'ning cloud,  
No shadows on our spirits can it cast,  
For there that light 'tis powerless to shroud,  
Beams clearer, purer still, as years depart,  
The bright continuing sunshine of the heart.

Star of our wedded life! thy brightening ray,  
Hath never faded from the upper sky!

My spirit's darkness thou hast turned to-day,  
And thy soft beams now light that teardrop eye;  
For this, I thank thee, Father! who to me  
Didst give that light it borroweth from Thee!

Our daughters, come to tell us years have sped,  
Their age, Love's only record of the hours.  
And since I left thee, yet another one,  
Waiteth his sire's first kiss; 'tis thine, my son.

I am alone, and far from them and thee,  
Yet have I swift winged Thought! and to thy home,  
When evening shadows fall, I haste to see  
The smile of joy that waiteth till I come,  
Leaving behind all thought that give us pain,  
To clasp my loved ones to my heart again!

God keep them, ever, and if memory's page,  
When I am gone should bear my humble name,  
Or with the record of the passing age  
Be linked one act of mine deserving fame;  
Long as that fame one heart is treasured in,  
Be thine the praise, thy love inspired to win.

God keep thee, ever, dearest. May no cloud  
Of sorrow cast its shadow on thy brow;  
Or if it come, still beaming through its shroud,  
May Love and Hope shine beautiful as now;  
Till, when the tie that binds our hearts is riven,  
It blendeth with the better light of Heaven.

From the Knickerbocker.

Beating of the Heart.

"In the darkness that veils me I hear only the low  
beating of my heart."—ZANONI.

We're drifting down the stream of time  
In heedless, helpless speed;  
All breathless in the still sublime!  
Our beating hearts in muffled chime  
Along the silence feed.  
And in the hush how mournfully  
Vibrates the measured toll!  
To tell us while we live we die—  
The bosom knell of sympathy  
Plaining the passing soul!

Not when the surging passions roar  
That bodied peal we hear;  
But when the stormy strife is o'er,  
And drooping waves lie down on shore,  
It trembles on the ear.  
Adown the stream, dear constant friend!  
Submissively we'll glide:  
Untroubled how our bark may wend,  
So gracious Heaven the pilot send,  
And we be side by side.

Whether we pall for purple shores,  
(Poor barren wastes, if won),  
Or resting on suspendid oars,  
Grasp musically at drifting flowers,  
The current bears us on,  
And patient as we pass, 'tis well  
To fill our hearts at even,  
And let their beating chime, whose swell  
Solemn and sweet as Sabbath bell,  
Alarm, yet call to Heaven.

Marriages.

On Wednesday morning, June 7th, by Elder P. Church,  
Mr. CHARLES HUBBELL, to Miss ANNA M., second  
daughter of Dea. Sage, all of this city.

On the evening of Tuesday, June 6th, by the Rev. Dr.  
Dewey, HENRY BENTON, Esq., to Miss CAROLINE,  
daughter of Gen. Jacob Gould, all of this city.

In this city, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Shafer, Mr.  
ARNOLD LODGE to Miss ELIZA M. BURRELL, all  
of this city.

On Monday evening, May 29th, by the Rev. Pharellus  
Church, Mr. ABRAHAM PRESCOTT, of Concord, N.  
H., to Mrs. ABIGAIL C. BRACKETT, of this city.

In Perry, Wyoming co., on Wednesday, the 24th May,  
by Rev. D. Eldredge, Mr. THOMAS M. MARTIN, of Ro-  
chester, to Miss EMILY SPENCER, of the former place.  
In this city, on 3th ult., by Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. Wil-  
liam Bull to Miss Martha Everdan.

In Greece, May 23d, by Rev. J. B. Olcott, Mr. William  
Pierce and Miss Clarissa Doty. Also, by the same, at the  
same time and place, Mr. Eri Putnam and Miss Martha  
Close.

In Greece, on the 7th inst., by Rev. James B. Alcott,  
Albert Aldridge, of Rochester, to Miss Sarah Ann Lay, of  
the former place.

In Ogden, on the 30th of May, by Rev. R. Dunning, Mr.  
Samuel F. Church to Miss Caroline Jenkins, all of the  
same place.

In East Bloomfield, on the 17th instant, by Rev. Mr.  
Parker, Mr. Lorenzo B. Noyes, to Miss Nancy P. Rey-  
nolds, all of that place. By the same, at the same time  
and place, Mr. H. Ward, of East Bloomfield, to Miss Cy-  
thia B. Reynolds, of East Bloomfield.

In Auburn, on the 18th inst., by Rev. G. W. Montgome-  
ry, Mr. Henry A. Hawes, printer, to Miss Elizabeth Stone,  
all of that place.

In New York, on the 16th instant, by Rev. George B.  
Cheever, Mr. Wm. Ninde Cole, one of the editors of the  
Waynes County Whig, of Lyons, to Miss Emily W., daugh-  
ter of the late Ovid Goldsmith, of the former place.

In Lockport, on the 31st ult., by Rev. Mr. Curry, Mr. N.  
S. Harrington to Miss E. J. Davenport, both of Lockport.  
In Byron, on the 27th inst., by Rev. Daniel Vaughan, Mr.  
Lyman Rice, of St. Lawrence, N. Y., to Miss Diana In-  
galls, of Byron.

In Barre, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Hovey, Mr.  
G. M. Wilson, to Miss Laura Grates, all of Barre.

On Wednesday, the 12th ult., at Windsor, the residence  
of Mrs. Mary Smith, near Natchez, by the Rev. D. C.  
Sage, James H. Vassie, Esq., of Vidalia, La., and for-  
merly of this city, to Miss Mary Jane, daughter of the late  
Hon. Elijah Smith, of Adams county, Miss.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

Terms.—One Dollar per annum, in advance.

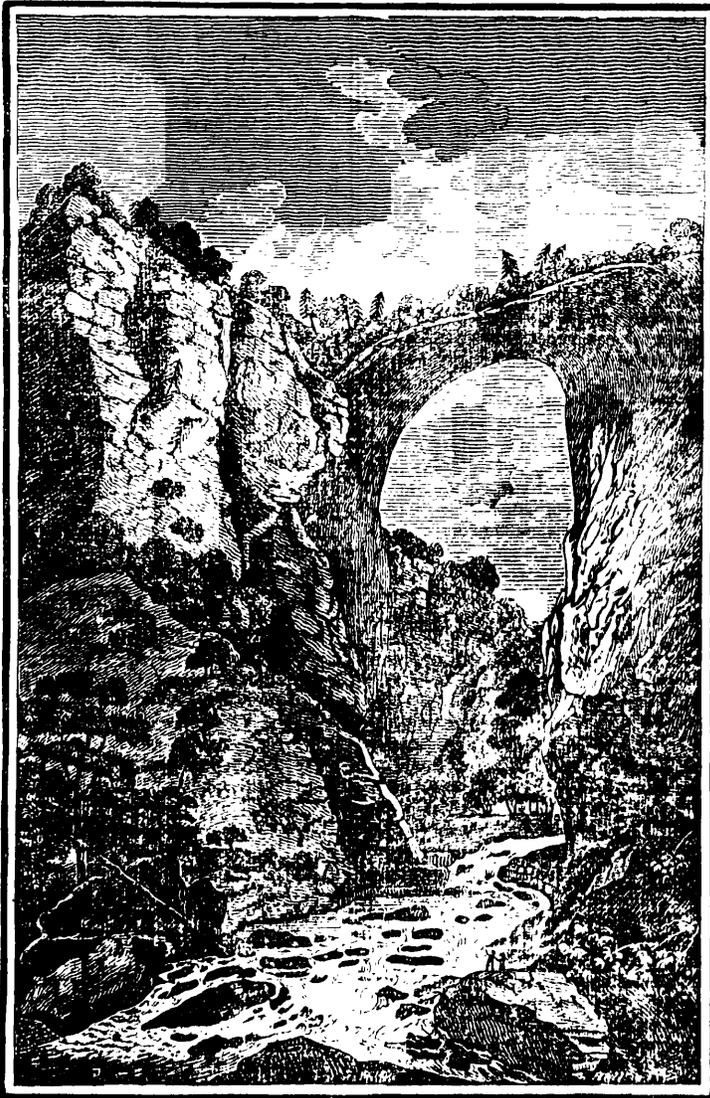
# THE ROCHESTER GEM

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

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1843.

No. 13.



NATURAL BRIDGE—VIRGINIA.

### The Natural Bridge.

This bridge is of solid lime-stone, and connects two huge mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other, is nearly 80 feet, its width about 35, its thickness about 43, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from 220 feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveler may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of lime-stone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of this bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. The stream is called Cedar Creek. The visitor here sees trees under the arch, whose height is seventy feet, and

yet to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights, but they here see what is high, and they tremble, and feel it to be deep.—The awful rocks present their everlasting abutments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed that none but Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below, is pleasing as that from the top is awful. The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance, from the top to the bottom, may be formed from the fact, that when I stood on the bridge, and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either

view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under the beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet, and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some wishing to immortalize their names have engraved them deep and large while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in the book of fame.

We stood over this seat of grandeur about four hours; but from my own feelings, I should have supposed it not more half an hour. There is a little cottage near, lately built; here we were desired to write our names as visitors to the bridge, in a large book kept for that purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled already. Having immortalized our names, by enrolling them in this book, we silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature, and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of Him who can clothe himself in wonder and in terror, to throw around His works the mantle of sublimity.

### Popular Tales.

#### THE MINIATURE.

##### A LEGEND OF LARK GEORGE.

Among the persecuted Christians who sought an asylum in the wilds of America, from the bigotry that raged in Great Britain, during the seventeenth century, was Matthew Huntington. In his native land he had long stood pre-eminent for those virtues which shone forth as beacon lights in the darkness of that period, yet his subsequent history exists only in the traditions of an obscure village. He had suffered much for his belief, and had borne all with the true spirit of a martyr.

Those were the days of horror, when the holy man of God was dragged by the ruthless soldiery from his sanctuary, while praying with his little flock; when he gave up his spirit with calm resignation, as the crackling faggots blazed around him; when the poor peasant, while bending the suppliant knee beside the family altar, sank beneath the sword of persecution which had long been crimsoned with the blood of the innocent and good. From such scenes, Huntington had sought in vain a secure retreat; for in those times the most retired glen among the hills was not beyond the spoiler's reach. He had long cherished a plan of emigrating to this country, and having heard of the death of his only son, who had fallen under the banner of Cromwell, he now determined to carry it into execution.

There was a gloom in the hamlet, when it was known that the old man and his family were to leave it forever. At the close of the day before their departure, the poor cottagers came to bid farewell to him who had been to them all as a friend and father. It was a solemn parting—a parting when the aged were not ashamed to weep. There seems to be a sanctitude in the sincere benedictions of the poor, which Heaven smiles upon and blesses, and Huntington was not indifferent to those which were so freely bestowed upon him on this occasion. There was another, however, who did not excite less interest in this scene, than himself—it was his only child, a lovely girl of sixteen summers; for often had Ellen gone to the humblest hut of the cottagers, and with a kind hand administered to the wants of its inmates. We need not here attempt to describe the feelings of a young girl, when about to leave the friends and home of her youth for an unknown

land; she sought to soothe their bitterness in the stillness of the night. It was a lovely eve of summer—the busy noise of day had ceased—the husbandman, whose song had cheered him through the hours of labor, now reposed in his vine-covered cot, and the flocks, whose bleatings had been heard upon the hills around, now shared the universal silence of nature.

When Ellen opened the wicker-gate of the garden and strolled along its silent walks, she felt a sadness unknown to her before. But the evening wind, as it played among the trees, whose leaves glistened in the clear moonlight—the soothing murmur of the winding brook and the blithe carols of the nightingales—all seemed to have a tone of sympathy for her ear. The delicate flowers which she had so fondly cultivated, were in the perfection of their bloom. She gazed upon every object with an unusual fondness. Every bower, tree and shrub seemed invested with a talismanic charm, which called up a thousand rosy recollections of her childhood, and of the hours of returnless bliss she there had spent with her brother. And as her mind wandered to the tented field, she thought of another, who, though not allied to her by the ties of kindred, now seemed dearer to her than she had ever before imagined. He was a soldier in the service of Charles II. His father was an intimate friend of the King, and at the opening of the war against the Usurper, both he and his son joined the royal army—the one as a general and the other as a minor officer. Henry, while on his duty, had received a letter from Ellen, the purport of which might easily be imagined, and although he could not believe her intentions to leave the country were serious, he started for her father's mansion.

Ellen, with many painful reflections crowding upon her mind, still lingered in the garden. The deep tones of the distant abbey-cock told the hour of midnight—its notes had not yet died away among the hills, when approaching foot-steps were heard. She shrunk back as a plumed cavalier emerged from the shade; but a well known voice soon dispelled her fears. Having embraced each other with a cordiality that bespoke a near attachment, Henry broke the silence, "Well, Ellen, this trick of yours has brought me from my post; but duty often grants a *furlough* to love."

"No, Henry, I would not trifle with you in this manner—to-morrow we embark at Hythe, for America."

Oh, what feelings rushed on her mind when realizing her own situation and that of her lover. She could say no more; but there was an eloquence in the tear that glistened on the dark lashes of her downcast eye, that plainly spoke the language of her heart.

"But," replied Henry, with warm feeling, "not till our mutual hopes have been consummated; surely your father can no longer persist in his opposition to our union; his days are numbered; in a few years he will be gathered to his fathers, and you left without a friend or protector. Come then this very night to the altar—even then you may accompany him to the western world, where you will be beyond the reach of that outrage and cruelty, from which not even the aged nor innocent are here secure; go—I will join you in the close of the war, and try to supply in his heart the place once filled by his son."

Ellen heard the pleadings of his affections, with mingled pleasure and regret; but she seemed anxious to unbosom herself of some thought that haunted her mind. After a painful suspense, as if dreading the consequences her words might produce, she tenderly replied—"My father will never yield my hand to one, whom he says *has slain his only son*."

At these words Henry started back as if some dark and dreadful thought was passing in his mind; but it was not the pang of remorse; soon rallying his firmer feelings he replied:—"I had hoped that this melancholy tale would never have reached your father's ears; he was already exasperated with me for enlisting under the banner which has been stained with the blood of the puritans, but my duty to my sovereign and father demanded it. True, your brother fell by my hand; our chargers met in the strife of battle, our swords clashed in the combat, and not till the fatal blow was given, did I recognise my early friend the brother of my Ellen. What were my feelings, when I reflected on the deed I had committed! In vain I tried to staunch the ebbing tide of life—it was too late! But as he pillowed his dying head in these arms, his last look was full of forgiveness, and heaven will bear witness to my innocence."

"Henry, I know your heart too well to believe it would be guilty of such a crime, but my father is immovable!"

We shall not undertake to describe their parting; such scenes are not for the cold eye of the world to witness. Love, like hope, is often most ardent when all around is despair and gloom; thus, when these lovers could but dimly foresee the time when they might be united, they pledged more strongly their mutual vows of constancy. They parted—Henry for the army, and Ellen for the western world.

As the sun rose on the morrow, his rays were reflected from the white sails of a ship fast careering before an eastern breeze. On its deck there stood a lady—her tearful eyes were gazing on the hills now fast receding in the distance, with that melancholy fondness which we feel when looking for the last time upon the countenance of a friend about to be borne from us forever. "The past was bright like those dear hills behind her bark," whilst all before was dark and cheerless as the raging ocean which spread far away to the westward. She was now on a perilous voyage, at the end of which the welcome of no friend awaited her; and as the dark wave hid the highlands of her native isle, she felt like the poor captive when his prison door shuts out for ever the light of heaven.

After a short, but tempestuous voyage, they arrived at Boston. Here, instead of the smiling land of promise, which they had anticipated as the bourn of a long and dangerous pilgrimage, they saw before them a wilderness inhabited only by savage tribes, whose depredations were then exciting much alarm among the colonists. Huntington was among the little band who settled in the southwestern part of Vermont, at or near where now is situated the beautiful town of Bennington. He however removed himself some distance from the settlement; the place fixed upon for his residence was a wild and romantic little valley on the western side of the Green Mountains. It was a fit spot for the old puritan to repair to, to spend the remainder of his life, far from the world and all its troubles, and to enjoy that peace which he had long, but vainly, sought in the land of his fathers. Its silence had never been broken, save by the sounds of nature, or by the Indian as he pursued his game which fled hither for security in its unexplored depths. High hills rose on all sides, to shut it out from those scenes which mark the abiding place of man. These were thickly covered with trees, clothed in the variegated beauty of a New England first in autumn. The curling smoke, which is the only guide to a human habitation in the deep forest, was no where to be seen. On a distant hill the eye might trace a brook, which bounded over the cliffs, in a beautiful cascade, as if eager to revel with the flowery meads, or to repose after its wandering in the quiet little lake, which slept, as tranquilly in the bosom of the valley, as the infant in its mother's arms. On a hill which sloped down to its still waters, was raised the dwelling of Huntington. Here he enjoyed the solitude of the forest—it was congenial to that religion for which he had sacrificed so many interests. While Ellen was happy in finding herself mistress of a neat and comfortable cottage, her books and her harp were the only companions she wished; but often she would ramble with her favorite dog, through the woods, to listen to the songs of the birds, and to gather the wild flowers which were scattered in profusion along her path. Often, too, seated in a light skiff, she would float over the lake to view the sandy bottom and watch the playful fish, as they darted in the depths beneath. Indeed, in the romantic scenery of nature, there was enough to have excited her admiration always, but even this situation was to have its reverse.

A year rolled by and found them the quiet possessors of their secluded abode; but soon after there was an excitement among the settlers in this vicinity, on account of the devastations and cruelty of the Indians. The husbandman as he toiled in the clearing, kept his rifle near, and the hunter seldom ventured along a new or unknown path; but often as he returned from his daily labor, instead of beholding in the distance the lighted window of his hut, saw nothing but a smoking heap of ruins, and searched in vain for his wife and children, who, perhaps, had fallen beneath the tomahawk or scalping knife. Yet amidst all these depredations, the dwelling of Huntington remained unmolested. The Indian, as he passed by the door of the Christian, had received many favors from his hands; upon his hearth he rested from the chase and smoked the pipe of peace. Among those who had often shared his hospitality was the aged sachem Conduca; his locks had

been whitened by the frosts of many winters—he compared himself to an old oak, its top bearing the marks of approaching decay, which, after having wrestled many years with the tempest, at length was yielding to its fury—that, like it, he would soon fall beneath the weight of years, when his spirit would take its flight to the pleasant hunting grounds in the west, whither his fathers had already gone. The old chief was a firm friend, and had often averted the intended destruction of this defenceless family.

Ellen, during this time, had heard nothing of her lover. She already feared he had shared the fate of her brother, but a letter from his own hand soon removed all anxiety. He informed her that he had made the necessary arrangements for his departure, and would probably sail for America in a few days. This lovely girl went to her couch that night, with a lighter heart than since she had left her native land; but she was awakened from her dream of love by a sound that was like a deathknell to her ear. It was the war-whoop of the Indians! They had surrounded the dwelling, into which they were endeavoring to force their way. The old man feared not—but with the spirit which characterized the early settlers of New England, encouraged his little household in resisting to the last moment.

But all was useless—the blood-hound is not more fierce for carnage than the Indian warrior. Resistance only increased their fury; a volley of balls passed through the window, and the old man fell! His daughter, as she ran to him, saw with dismay the blood upon his bleached locks; she was supporting him in her arms, her tear-drops mingling with the purple stream that oozed from the wound, when a yell of triumph announced their entrance into the house. A tall Indian discovered her, and grasped her dark tresses in his swarthy hand—their richness caught his gaze—his horrid scalping-knife was gleaming before her forehead—but as she turned her eyes, swimming in tears of grief for her dying father, upon his dark brow, he relented. The savage, though pity was a rare visitant in his bosom, could not injure one so lovely; he rudely tore her from the corpse of the old man, and the house was soon enveloped in flames. Who can imagine her feelings, on finding herself the only survivor of this awful tragedy—when looking back upon her home, the funeral pile of her father, as it gleamed frightfully upon the dark forest and glazed snow, and when anticipating, with fearful doubt, the destiny which awaited. Her last friend had been taken from her, and there was no one to attempt a rescue. There was no hope of receiving help from the surrounding inhabitants; for as they strayed that way and beheld the ruins, they would undoubtedly conclude that none could have escaped.

Ellen was borne into captivity by a race whom she had learned to look upon as beings merciless as the wild beasts of the forest. Among that group of dark-browed men, none wore an expression of kindness—not an eye was dimmed with a tear of sympathy, but they gazed with grim ferocity upon their helpless prisoner. She prayed for mercy to hearts that knew not its meaning—to hearts which were as inexorable as death.

Those who came down to the spot where the house stood, saw nothing but a heap of half-consumed timbers, which told the fate of the family! and the stain of blood on the snow, and thick prints of the greedy wolves, as they crowded around the dwelling, and here and there a white lock trampled beneath their feet. They thought all had perished; but at a distance from the house was discovered the track of a foot too delicate for the Indian hunter. They were not at a loss in pronouncing it Ellen's; but the snow being hard, it was difficult to follow their trail, the pursuit was therefore fruitless. Months rolled away, and all was still dark respecting the fate of the fair captive. In the mean time, Henry arrived in Boston; but instead of meeting her whom he loved, heard the melancholy tale of her capture by the Indians. But the affection which he had cherished so long and through so many vicissitudes, was not to be quenched now—his chivalrous spirit was too familiar with danger to be overcome by despair. He visited the valley where she and her father had dwelt;—there he vowed to find her or her grave, and avenge her wrongs. Habiting himself in the garb of a scout, and with no protection except his trusty rifle, he pursued his lonely journey through the forest. Yet long he wandered in vain. None of the Indians whom he met, during many days, could

give him any information of the object of his search. Near Lake George, however, he met an Indian whose friendship he conciliated by presents and favors:—the friendship of the Indian has no bounds. They hunted together frequently, and in his cabin he found a welcome and hospitality which had often been denied him at the door of the white man—he slept as secure in that wigwam as within his father's hall.

The Indian, whom we have introduced to our readers, had held considerable intercourse with the settlers, and spoke sufficient of their language to converse with his guest; and when they rested from the chase, he would often entertain him with reciting his exploits—tales that made the blood chill in his veins—of the midnight attack, when the cries of the helpless infant, and its imploring mother, were silenced by the blood-stained tomahawk. One of these narrations had for him a deep and peculiar interest—of their attack, in the night, upon the dwelling of an old man, situated in a valley near a small lake, which was surrounded by hills so high, that the light of the burning house could not be seen beyond them—of the death of the old man, and the capture of his daughter. Henry soon knew, from the description, that this was a part of the history which he was so anxious to unravel. He asked him to describe the girl and her fate. We will give it in the simple language of the child of the forest:—

"She is called Altahula—(the white dove)—for her eye is as gentle as that of the dove—her voice as she sings in the wood, sweeter than the thrush. She dwells in the wigwam of Conduca, who had known her when she was taken by his son, Taconquet. Our daughters weave the rich wampum for her breast, and sew the beaded moccasins for her feet; and the young men bring her the gay plumes of the forest birds for her head. Yet the color fades from her cheek, as the rosy tints from yonder cloud! Next moon will be the great feast of the harvest, when she will be given to Taconquet—(the young eagle)—whose footstep is that of the bounding buck—he springs like the panther on his prey, and his war-whoop is death."

Henry heard this tale with emotions of joy and painful suspense, and had no doubts concerning the identity of the fair subject of this description. He determined to have an interview; and only a few days elapsed before an opportunity presented itself. He was hunting a deer on the shores of the lake, when he heard the notes of the Æolian harp—it was a female voice, chanting a plaintive air. Stealing cautiously towards the spot, from which it rose, he saw the form of a girl dressed in the costume of an Indian maiden. She was leaning her head upon her arm, apparently gazing on some object on the lake—as the wind lifted the tresses from her neck, its alabaster whiteness bespoke her lineage. He soon recognized the song as a ballad of his native land, to which he had often listened with delight in by-gone days.

It seemed to him like the music of a dream, the spell of which he feared would break too soon. As the music ceased, the singer raised her head, and Henry recognized his long lost—loved Ellen! His first impulse was to rush before her and make himself known; but seeing a canoe advancing upon the lake, he thought of the rashness of such an act, and immediately determined to leave her for the present, and seek his dark companion.—He soon found him in earnest conversation with a young and stately Indian. The attention of Henry was struck with the noble look of the latter; his form was the master-piece of nature, and his majestic bearing and stately movements, plainly indicated the undaunted firmness of his nature.

It was Taconquet, the young warrior to whom his Ellen, doubtless against her own will, was soon to be united. Yes! there side stood the rivals, unknown to each other! As their eyes met neither quailed; but each scanned the other with a suspicious scrutiny. Henry was now obliged to call into action all his self-command; he knew his first object was to gain the favor of this young chief, and addressed him therefore (through his interpreter) as a brother, whose only wish was friendship and peace. It was common for the white man, when thus much acquainted with a chief, to offer him some trifling presents: at this moment Henry formed a plan, which (if carried into execution) he fondly hoped would succeed. He therefore exhibited several trinkets, which were calculated to please the rude taste of his new companion. While the attention of the latter was engaged with these, Henry drew from his bosom his own moccasins; and knowing well that if given to Taconquet, it would go to Ellen,

he hastily engraved a line upon the case and threw it down among the trifles he had before produced. The chief was delighted with the thing, and Henry generously gave it to him.

The unsuspecting Indian hastened with the present to Altahula. The scream of joy with which it was received, pleased his vanity, for he ignorantly attributed it to her delight. It was delight—but there was something associated with that delight which he was unable to interpret—something as dear as life.

She read these words written by a well known hand—"On the shore of the lake, to night, at the setting of the moon." With what a sudden transition did her feelings rise from despair, when reflecting upon the propitious providence which had brought her own Henry thus to be her deliverer? He not only knew her situation, but was that very night to rescue her from the hand of him to whom she was soon to be given.

With impatience she looked forward to their meeting and her liberation. Time never moved with her more heavily than it did upon that day. Evening came—and Ellen fearlessly sought the place of her interview. When she had gained the spot, all around was still—the lake slept in calm beauty, unruffled by a breath of air, and in its blue waters were reflected the cloudless heavens—the bright stars glistened like gems in their depths, and the silvery moon looked down with a smile upon her image in beauty mirrored there.—All upon the shores lay dark and still beneath the shadows of the overhanging trees—it was to her the silence of the tomb! Doubt and anxiety gradually take possession of her heart—she startles at every falling rock and in every stirring leaf hears an approaching enemy—the fern, waving its head to the low but fitful zephyr, becomes to her piercing eye the Indian's plume, and the wild scream of the owl, his war-whoop. But her fears were not altogether unfounded, for her absence had been noticed and the search had already commenced. She hears the same sound which woke her father from his last slumber, and knows that her escape is discovered. And there she stands, trembling as when the hunted fawn, in the tangled forest, hears the deep bay of the hounds pressing fast upon his track and cannot flee. Her heart revives upon seeing a small white speck floating upon the waters—at first it appeared like the lonely swan; but now, as it approaches, the paddles glisten in the moonlight—it is the bark of her lover. The moon is just sinking behind the hills, and their dark shadows o'er-cast the shore—she waves her handkerchief and the lover spies her retreat. In an instant the boat, with Henry and his Indian friend, is upon the shore.

The long, loud war-whoop of the eager Indians makes the hills resound! They have reached the bank—the keen eye of Taconquet is upon the scene below—he sees the white man bearing Altahula in his arms—they reach the boat, and the guide shoves from the shore—the Indians fire together upon them—a piercing death-shriek and a doleful splash follow—as the smoke rolls away, Henry and Ellen are still seen unhurt, but their Indian guide has fallen into the dark waters beneath. Henry seizes the paddle, and drives the boat over the rising waves until the rifle-shots fall harmless in his wake—one moment more and they are beyond the danger of pursuit.

They immediately started for Boston, where they soon arrived, and that wish which by so many unhappy reverses had been delayed, was there realized.

Henry Houghton, after having been engaged in the business of an active life for many years, wished to retire to some secluded retreat. At the request of his wife, he erected a noble mansion upon the spot where many years before had stood her father's dwelling. Here they long enjoyed that peace and plenty which had been denied to the old puritan.

This stone mansion still stands in a romantic valley near Bennington. Beside its hearth we lately had the pleasure of listening to the above tale as told by a young Vermont girl who wore suspended on her neck the miniature of Ellen; with it she has inherited no small share of the beauty which we judge was possessed by the fair original. H.

From the Knickerbocker.  
THE VALE OF GLENCOE.

>About noon, one clear day in the month of February, 1792, news reached the quiet Vale of Glencoe, that some of the King's troops would soon arrive, to make for a short time the Vale their home. A circumstance so unusual caused no slight alarm; for in those days of rebellion and

dissatisfaction, few who rose in the morning to comforts, knew where at night to rest their heads. The soldiers, on their arrival being questioned as to their intent, declared they came but to be quartered peaceably among them for a few days. All now wore a different aspect. The lasses sought out their best attire, to honor, and it may be to win, the brave soldier lads that brought mirth to their quiet vale.

Merry hearts had assembled at the dwelling of the chief. The old piper, his white hair straggling over his furrowed cheeks, for he had seen the snow of seventy winters cover his native glen, seemed to renew his youth as he gazed with delight on the happy faces and light feet who did full credit to the wild spirit stirring pipes.

Among the group assembled was the fair-haired Edith Campbell, with a heart full of happiness, even to running o'er; for that night she had listened to a tale of love from lips that knew no guile. And well had the glance of her mild eye told the secret of her own heart, as she looked confidently in the face of Duncan Macdonald, the youngest son of the chief.

Edith had attracted the attention of Pierce Cameron, one of the officers. Heartless, unrelenting and treacherous, he was indeed well fitted for the task he had undertaken. He had hovered like an evil spirit around Edith in the evening. Twice had he offered his hand to the fair girl for a dance, and twice he had been refused. His look of hatred fell upon them unheeded; for happy in themselves, they saw only the bright suns of joy, and dreamed not of sorrows stormy cloud. He was leaning on the back of a huge chair that had from time immemorial stood in the old wainscotted hall where the joyous laugh went round, muttering to himself: "She smiles on him! Curses on her smiles! Ay, ay, birds of happiness!—Smile while you may; ere long that smiling lip and love dimpled mouth will be as cold as the worm that will banquet on its beauty! Yet," he added after a pause, "I would have saved her. I would have taken her to my warm heart; would have risked the honor of a soldier, to save her from the slaughter, and make her, for a while at least, my own. But she has scorned me; spurned me; and, heedless of the pang she might inflict, before my sight, smiled on another. Ay, smile on! that I may be nerved for the work that begins with morning dawn."

At this moment something touched his foot.—Thinking his dog had followed him, he stooped to drag him from beneath the chair. He laid his hand, not upon a dog, but upon the rough head of an idiot boy. The vacant eye met his angry gaze as he dragged the listener forth, exclaiming, "Villain, what brought you here?" The boy gathered himself up, shook his shaggy head, and said in a piteous tone: "Davie's daft! Davie's daft!" (foolish.) He then kicked the poor idiot till his cries attracted the attention of some of the guests, some of whom came immediately to the spot; among the first came Edith; the poor boy the while crying in the same piteous tones: "Davie's daft! Davie's daft!" She took him by the hand, saying, as she cast a look of scorn upon the officer: "This, Capt. Cameron, is a poor, inoffensive idiot boy, who has a home in every house in the dale, and the sympathy of every heart that beats in it. It were, methinks, unworthy the valor of a soldier and the feelings of a man to treat with cruelty one to whom God has denied the power of redressing his own wrongs."

"Nay, fair Edith," said Cameron, "I meant not to harm the boy. I thought it was my dog beneath the chair. To show you I intended not to harm him, I will be friends with him and ask his pardon. In earnest of which I give him this broad crown."

But the boy, as the officer advanced towards him with the piece of silver in his hand, shrunk behind Edith, still piteously whining: "Davie's daft! Davie's daft!"

"Go, Davie," said Edith, "go, and set by old Allan. You will there be in no danger."

"Ay, come here, come here, ye daft loon!" said the old piper, "and dinna be troubling the gentles wi' your havers. Do ye no ken ye hae nae business at the end o' the ha'? Little credit ye are to me for a' the pains I hae ta'en to gar ye believe like ither decent folk. Sit ye down there! or deil hae me gin I dinna break your head wi' my drone."

Thus saying, honest Allan blew up his pipes; Davie sat down quietly by his side; the lads and lasses resumed their places on the floor; and when the piper struck up "The wind that shakes the barley," the circumstance of Davie's disaster was instantly forgotten. On went the dance, and mere-

rily passed the laugh and jest, till it was announced the banquet wait-d; then up rose old Allan, and taking precedence of the rest, played as he went the gathering tune of the clan. Soon all were seated at the festive board; and well did the old chieftain play the host. High filled he the cup of welcome, and gaily passed the time, till the "ae short hour ayont the twal" warned them to depart, the chieftain cordially shaking the hand of each guest, while old Allan played the well known air of "Guid night! an' joy be wi' you a'?"

With happy thoughts Edith sought her pillow; for she had listened to a tale that gave joy to her heart, and had made a promise that was to join her fate forever with that of him she loved.

Edith was parentless. A mother's care she had never known; and three years previous to the period at which this tale commences, her father had fallen fighting in what he thought a good cause. Her dwelling was only a short distance from that of the chief, where with a maiden aunt she lived, if not in affluence, at least in comfort and content. Edith was the idol of the vale. With spirits light as thistle-down, that floated o'er her native hills, and a heart in which was garnered every pure and noble sentiment, in her the erring found an adviser, the sick a friend, and the afflicted a soother. Her heart yearned for something on which to lavish its devotion. She had found all she wished in young Macdonald, and she was happy.

It was with bright hopes, then, that Edith prepared to press her pillow. But, never unmindful of her duty to that Being who guards and guides the good, before she sought repose she meekly bent the knee. As she thus knelt in humble prayer, she heard footsteps under her casement; and presently a voice in low tones sung the following words:

"The moon is shining clear, ladye;  
The moon is shuning clear;  
Oh, dinna close your e'e in sleep,  
For danger hovers near, ladye,  
For danger hovers nears

"Then dinna sleep to-night, ladye,  
Oh, dinna sleep to-night;  
For death will soon be bus here,  
Although the stars shine bright, ladye,  
Although the stars shine bright."

Edith rose from her knees, and opening the casement, saw by the light of the moon Davie, the idiot boy beneath. To her question of what brought him there, he held up a feather, then a secret token much in use to warn friends to fly, and again sang, in half-whispered accents:

"Up and awa, ladye;  
Up and awa'!  
I'll guide ye frae danger  
Before the cock craw.

"Death's i' the vale, ladye;  
Death's i' the vale!  
I hear i' the night wind  
The coronach and wail.

"Dinna bide here, ladye;  
Dinna bide here!  
Why linger ye, ladye,  
When death is sae near?"

The strain was so wild, the words so fearful, that Edith, sinking with fright, yet determined to know the worst, hastily wrapped her plaid around her, and descends with noiseless step to learn from her mysterious visitor something more than his wild song imparted.

On reaching the spot where Davie stood, the only reply she could get to her question of what was the meaning of his wild words, was: "Death's i' the vale ladye!" And seizing her hand, he almost dragged her along the path that led to the old chieftain's dwelling.

"I cannot go there," said Edith, "the family are all asleep!"

"Sae muckle the waur," replied Davie; "but we maun wak them. Gin ye lo'e the young a'le, gang till his eyrie and wauk him while ye may."

They had now reached the door of the dwelling. At this moment a blue light was seen to ascend, about a quarter of a mile from them. Davie on perceiving it clapped his hands in agony. "It's ower late!" he cried wildly, "it's ower late! In, ladye, in: and dinna stir till Davie comes back again!" So saying, he fled swiftly up the vale.

Edith had now no alternative but to knock and gain admittance. Soon she heard footsteps; and a well known voice asked "who knocks?" "It is Edith Campbell," was the trembling reply. Instantly the door was thrown open, and her lover, in alarm, asked the cause of her visit. Soon the tale was told; but before young Macdonald could reply, a wild cry was heard, and Davie, breath-

less and covered with blood, rushed into the hall.

"Come!" he cried, "the pass is no guarded! The bluid hounds are out, but ye may yet rin free!"

Shouts of murder were now heard amidst the clash of arms. They had barely time to close, bolt and bar, before a party of soldiers was heard at the door. Macdonald woke his father and begged him to fly.

"No," said the chieftain. "I will not not fly till I know wherefore I fly. My son, place Edith in safety, and if flight be necessary, we will thro' the pass and join you. I cannot think they come with ill intent. I have taken the oath of allegiance and have a letter of protection. I am therefore safe."

The knocking still continued at the door. Davie, who had been absent a few minutes, now returned. He had unfastened the casement of a large window at the back of the house, and seizing Edith's hand, he said: "Dinna stay, ladye; dinna stay. The pass is no guarded, and dath's i' the vale!"

Davie now led the way, Edith and Macdonald following the wild cries of murder and death ringing in their ears as they fled towards the mountain pass. The massacre had begun. Men, women, and children were seen flying in wild disorder, while the fires that rose from the burning dwellings of the doomed clan gave noon-day's light to the gray dawn of the morning.

The boy slackened not his pace till he had piloted them safely through the pass; then suddenly stopping, he said: "Ladye, Davie can gang nae farther. I kenn'd I would die; for he struck hard wi' the braid-sword, and then fired."

"And who, poor boy, could have hod the heart to strike thee?" as she looked in his pale face."

"Capt. Cameron," replied Davie, "and I never did him ill."

"May the fiends torment him!" exclaimed the young chieftain, "for harming one so helpless. The vow will serve the little, poor fellow; but I will avenge the wrongs should the proud soldier cross my path."

"Oh, try Duncan, try to bear him to some place where he can find help!" said Edith, as she bent over the poor boy.

"Dinna mind me lady; and dinna seek help on this side the border," said Davie, as he pressed his hand to his wounded side, "There's nae langer a hame for the Macdonalds among the yellow broom and blooming heather. Davie will never mair see the muircock rise whirring frae its nest, nor watch the bonnie plovers flee ower the muirland. Davie's race is run; but ye are safe, ladye, gin ye can cross the border; and Davie may as well die. The bonny briggs are a' burnt down that used to be his biel'd; and the kind voices that bade him come pen, are hushed and still!"

It was by this time broad day-light. On the left of the road was a thicket, and something that bore the appearance of a rude shed, which had probably been used by hunters when chasing the mountain deer. To this they bore the wounded boy. Edith spread her plaid, and on it Macdonald carefully placed Davie. All fear of pursuit was lost in anxiety for the poor lad, to whom, in all probability, they owed their lives; and who had risked his, without a murmur, to save them. They could perceive, as they occasionally cast a glance toward the road, those who had escaped the slaughter flying to seek safety and shelter among the neighboring clans. Duncan, anxious as he was for the fate of his parents, could not leave Edith alone with the dying boy. Dreading to hail from their sheltering place their fling clansmen, no alternative remained but to rest content, and trust to that Providence who had hitherto protected them.

Edith sat resting poor Davie's head upon her lap, endeavoring to staunch the blood that flowed from his wounds. "It's nae use. I maun gang the lang gae. I wad hae liked to lie i' the vale among the kind hearts that aye welcomed me with a smile, and whiles pitied me with a tear; but it maunna be. A strange sod maun cover Davie's breast, and stranger's footsteps press it. And may be, ladye," he continued, while his voice trembled, and a tear stood in his eye, "may be ye may pass the spot; and gin ye but say 'Pair Davie!' I think I'll ken your voice; for my heart has aye loup't at a kind word; and I dinna think I can ever sleep sae sound, or be sae cauld, that I canna feel kindness." He strove to raise himself on his elbow; it was nature's last effort. He fixed his glassy eye on the face of Edith; endeavored to speak again, but utterance was denied; and in a few minutes the spirit of the idiot boy had winged its way to a brighter world.

As Edith and Duncan bent in sorrow over their departed friend, they were startled by a deep drawn sigh; and on raising their eyes, beheld Pierce Cameron with folded arms gazing on them.

"Cowardly wretch!" exclaimed Duncan, as he sprung to his side, "behold your work! You have sent to eternal rest one who would have turned aside to spare the worm that was in his path!—But I have sworn to avenge him!"

The officer mournfully shook his head, while he replied, in a voice of deep sadness: "He is already avenged—fearfully avenged. I have witnessed a scene of bloodshed this morning that will live in my memory while memory remains; and my last moments will be embittered by the part I have taken in the deed. But no time is to be lost; I sought you here to save you. I have sent the soldiers on another track. There," said he, handing a paper to Duncan, "There is a protection that will enable you to pass unmolested."

"But my father?" said Duncan.

"Alas!" replied Cameron, "there lives not one in the vale of Glencoe to tell of the dreadful slaughter! And now," he added, as he threw a cloak to Duncan, and fastened his own round the neck of Edith, "go while you may."

Edith pointed to the corpse of poor Davie.

"Leave that to me, fair Edith," said Cameron. "He shall have a grave in the vale he loved; and the tear of regret shall bedew it from eyes that have seldom wept. And now," he said, taking a hand of each, "farewell! We may never meet again. But in after years, should you hear of Pierce Cameron as one that good men love, think, fair Edith, that you were the light that shone on his path and guided him to virtue."

## Natural History.

### THE QUAIL.

We would walk six miles to shake hands with the writer of the following article, and would not mind, moreover, lending a lick ourselves at the murderous darkey whom he so justly anathematizes. The article is, we believe, from an old number of the Knickerbocker.

SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING THE QUAIL.—The Quail is the bird for me. He is no rover, no emigrant. He stays at home and is identified with the soil. Where the farmer works, he lives and loves and whistles. In budding Spring time and in scorching Summer, in bounteous Autumn and in barren Winter, his voice is heard from the same bushy hedge fence and from his customary cedars. Cupidity and cruelty may drive him to the woods, and to seek more quiet seats; but be merciful and kind to him, and he will visit your barn yard, and sing for you upon the boughs of the apple tree by your gate way. But when warm May first woos the young flowers to open and receive her breath, then begin the loves and jealousies and duels of the heroes of the bevy. Duels, too often, alas! bloody and fatal; for there liveth not an individual of the gallinaceous order braver, bolder, more enduring than a cock-quail fighting for his lady love. Arms, too, he wieldeth, such as give no vain blows, rightly used. His mandible serves for other purposes than mere biting of grasshoppers and picking up Indian corn. While the dire affray rages, Miss Quailina looketh on from her safe perch on a limb above the combatants, impartial spectatress, holding her love under her left wing patiently; and when the vanquished craven finally bites the dust, descends and rewards the conquering hero with her heart and hand.

Now begin the cares and responsibilities of wedded life. Away fly the happy pair to seek some grassy tussock, where, safe from the eye of the hawk and the nose of the fox, they may rear their expected brood in peace, provident, and not doubting that their *espousals* will be blessed with a numerous off-spring. Oat harvest arrives, and the fields are waving with yellow grain. Now be wary, oh kind hearted cradler! and tread not on those pure white eggs ready to burst with life! Soon there is a peeping sound heard, and lo! a proud mother walketh magnificently in the midst of her children, scratching and picking, and teaching them how to swallow. Happy if she may be permitted to bring them up to maturity, and uncompelled to renew her joys in another nest.

The assiduties of a mother have a beauty and a sacredness about them that command respect and reverence in all animal nature, human or inhuman—what a lie does that word carry—except, perhaps, in monsters, insects and fish. I never yet heard of the parental tenderness of a trout, eating up his little baby, nor the filial gratitude of

a spider, nipping out the life of his grey headed father, and usurping his web. But if you would see the purest, the sincerest, the most affecting piety of a parent's love, startle a young family of quails and watch the conduct of the mother. She will not leave you. No, not she. But she will fall at your feet, uttering a noise which none but a distressed mother can make, and she will run and flutter, and seem to try to be caught, and cheat your outstretched hand, and affect to be wing-broken and wounded, and yet have just strength enough to tumble along, until she has drawn you, a safe distance from her threatened children and the young hopes of her heart; and then will she mount, whirring with glad strength, and away through the maze of trees you have not seen before, like a close shot bullet, fly to her skulking infants. Listen now! Do you hear those three half plaintive notes quickly and clearly poured out? She is calling the little boys and girls together. She sings not now "Bob White" nor "Ah Bob White!" That is her husband's love call, or his trumpet blast of defiance. But she calls sweetly and softly for her lost children.—Hear them "peep! peep! peep!" at the welcome voice of their mother's love! They are coming together. Soon the whole family will meet again.

It is a foul sin to disturb them; but retread your devious ways, and let her hear your footsteps breaking down the briars as you renew the danger. She is quiet: not a word is passed between the fearful fugitives. Now, if you have the heart to do it, lie low, keep still, and imitate the call of the hen quail. Oh, mother! mother! how your heart would die if you could witness the deception! The little ones rise up their trembling heads and catch the comfort and imagine safety from the sound. "Peep! peep!" they come to you straining their little eyes and clustering together, and, answering, seem to say, "Where is she? Mother, mother, we are here!"

I knew an Ethiopian once—he lives yet in a hovel on the brush plains of Matowas—who called a whole bevy together in that way. He first shot the parent bird; and when the murderous villain had ranged them together in close company, while they were looking over each other's necks, and mingling their doubts and hopes and distresses, in a little circle, he levelled his cursed musket at their unhappy breasts, and butchered—"What! all my pretty ones? did you say all?" He did, and he lives yet! Oh, let me meet that nigger six miles north of Patchogue, in a place where the scrub oaks cover with a cavernous gloom a sudden precipice, at whose bottom lies a deep, unknown but to the Quack and the looter hunter. For my soul's sake, let me not encounter him in the grim ravines of the Calicoon, in Sullivan, where the everlasting darkness of the hemlock forests would sanctify virtuous murder.

#### VISITATION OF LOCUSTS.

As the locust is now making its appearance in several parts of the country—having appeared first in Virginia, and springing from the ground northwardly as the warm weather advances—the reader may be interested with the following particulars from the Philadelphia Mercury:

We will not tire our readers with a minute description of this orthopterous family, but there are several remarkable facts connected with its existence which are worthy of notice.

They are not only mentioned in sacred but profane history. Pliny describes them, and asserts that they were three feet long, with legs which the women of India used for saws!

Laws were enacted in various parts of Greece compelling the inhabitants to destroy them. Even the Roman soldiers, when stationed in Asia, were obliged to devote much of their time to the same object. We are informed by a father of the Church that 128 years before Christ they caused a plague in the kingdom of Numidia, which carried off 800,000 persons. Asia, Africa and the Southern parts of Europe have been frequently exposed to their ravages. The following are a few instances of their greatest devastations.

A. D. 406. Palestine was overrun with them, and a pestilence ensued in consequence.

591. The same thing occurred in Italy, and the effluvium from their dead bodies destroyed 30,000 persons.

873. France was fatally visited by them.

1600. Russia, Poland and Lithuania were overrun by them, and the air was darkened by their prodigious numbers.

1747-8. Hungary, Poland and the adjacent parts were "inundated" by similar swarms, and

during the same year in August, a vast cloud of them alighted in the suburbs of London, and consumed all the vegetables within their reach.—Numbers were picked up in the streets by the astonished Londoners, as curiosities, and preserved.

1749. They infested Sweden, and fairly interrupted the march of the Swedish army under Charles the 15th, then at its head, in Bessarabia.

1780. They produced a famine in Morocco, and reduced the inhabitants to the utmost misery.

1784. According to Mr. Barrow, the traveler, they covered a territory in Africa of 2000 square miles, and when driven by a strong wind into the sea, lined the coast for 50 miles in extent, with a barrier from 3 to 4 feet high.

1799. They covered the whole country from Mogadore to Tangier, and swept off every thing like fruit and grain in their march.

And 1816. They invaded Poland.

These are the most celebrated periods of their activity, but they are to be found at all times in some parts of the world. The south of France has been frequently visited by them. In 1805, 1822, 1824 and 1825, it became necessary to offer large sums for the destruction of the insects and their eggs. The city of Marseilles paid for that purpose in one year 20,000 francs, and the city of Arles 25,000 more. Indeed nearly the whole population in their neighborhood were compelled to turn out and destroy them for the preservation of their crops.

The locusts, however, have not escaped another fate. In some countries they are collected, dried, and then consumed as food. Those of the Levant have a sweet and insipid taste. In Arabia they are strung in rows by the women, and sold. Indeed we must not forget that St. John in the desert made them a part of his food.

In this country their ravages have not been worth speaking of. About fifty years ago there was a migration of them through this State, and their wings were curiously marked with what seemed to be a W. The superstitious immediately expected the breaking out of war.

Professor Pallas, a distinguished Russian naturalist and traveler, gives an interesting account of their method of marching and flying. They move with caution, but with great resoluteness. On approaching a steam they are much disturbed, and if not in full wing, use various methods of crossing it, which are exceedingly curious.

It will be seen by the foregoing statements that they are not regular visitors, and that their appearance is not to be expected at fixed periodical intervals. But we have said enough for the present, and take our leave, to use a bad pun, of the "Locusts in quo."

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### QUACKS AND QUACKERY.

"It was boasted the other day," says a late number of the London Spectator, "that the great mass of the people of England detest schemes and quacks and that they instinctively see through jobbery and selfishness." To this laudation of John Bull, the editor of the Spectator demurs and adduces numerous historical proofs of the gullibility of that great personage. We incline to the opinion that Brother Jonathan in this respect closely resembles his British relative. We know no kinds of quacks and quackery which may not flourish in this country, and the more impudent the charlatan, and the more transparent the humbug, the more certain is the public to be pleased.

The three orders of quacks who seem to be most successful among us are the medical musical, and mythological. We appear in fact, to be so far behind the shrewd cockneys, with regard to the first class, that not a few individuals might be named who could make no impression on English credulity, but who have come to the United States and acquired fortunes, or, at the worst a respectable competence, by expedients which failed there. Pills, manufactured by the ton, have found, and do still find, as we believe, greedy swallowers, upon the simple ground that no druggist has been honored with a special agency by the great compounder. "Remember, these pills are never for sale except at the depots," ect. Wonderful expedient! Who could have supposed that a fool trap could be so easily invented and so cheaply baited. Lozengers, lotions, and liniments are among the magical discoveries for converting the drugs of a few knaves into the gold of numberless ninnies. Patent-medicine makers used to find the way to general favor easiest by enu-

merating every ill that flesh is heir to, and pleading their respective nostrums as a universal specific. A simpler and more expeditious road to the physical faith of the multitude is now discovered. "All diseases arise from the impurities of the blood," say the most modern medicine men of the patent schools. "We have the secret of removing these impurities—ergo all diseases." The people, the intelligent people, understand this. Nothing can be plainer, and the authors of the system and practice flourish accordingly."

Musical quacks come properly next in order. Their arts are various, but seldom unsuccessful. Some base their pretension on the fact of being from some part of Europe no matter where. A portion of the sage public are greatly impressed with the idea that an "artist" is foreign. If not a Yankee he must be good. Others have invincible faith in an ambitious name. It may be an assumed name, but it answers the purpose. Singular is the attraction of such a one, for instance as Mr. Rossini Snobs. Many worthy persons take it for granted that Mr. Snobs, rejoicing in appellation of Rossini must be great in whatever he professes to do in a musical way. Another class of the followers of Orpheus is composed of those genres who strike out new styles of composition and performance. It is not at all necessary that they should understand a single rule of melody or harmony. They are above all rules. A pretty story, indeed, that they should be trammelled in their sublime flights and their "natural" expressions, by the theories which governed a Handel, a Beethoven, a Cimarosa, or a Bellini! Sometimes they hit upon the notable expedient of bringing into the service of music a species of subjects which music was never before allied—the attraction being the novelty of the association; for example, a sentimental song upon an old shoe, or an old cat, or an old worm fence, or an old almanac; the older the better, that is, the more popular.

The mythological quacks (in our category,) for we cannot dignify them with the title of religious fanatics,) are another singularly successful set of practitioners upon the largely developed organ of wonder. Their secret is a very simple one—to profess something, no matter what, which is perfectly preposterous. A single ray of common sense or probability in their systems would be fatal to them. The more absurd, the more acceptable are they to the mass of morbid minds, to which the greater the mystery the greater the truth. In fact, something of this spirit among all ranks of people is vitality of all empiricism. Whatever is novel, extravagant, and inexplicable has charms for multitudes of men and woman, who recognise no authority in the canons of experience, and who see no force in a mathematical demonstration.—North American.

A WAITING ARTICLE.—Waiting is the great business of life. We begin to wait before we come into the world, and we keep waiting until we go out of it. Everybody is always waiting for something. The child waits to grow big—the boy waits to be a man—the young woman waits to be married, and the young man waits to get into business and make money. Married people wait for children, and when they have them, they wait to see them grow up and settled in the world. The merchant waits for his customers, the mechanic waits for a job, the cartman waits for a load, and the cabman waits for his fare. The lawyer waits for clients, and when he has got them he waits for his causes, and his clients wait for him. The doctor waits for patients, and patients wait to get well. When we get up in the morning we wait for breakfast, or else the breakfast waits for us. We wait for one thing or another until dinner time, and then, those of us who wait down town, go to a chop-house to dine. There wait for the waiter, who is engaged in waiting on somebody else. We order our fare, and then wait till we get it. In the evening, if we attend a lecture or a place of amusement, we wait the commencement, and then, being tired before it is half over, we wait to get away. After that we wait for bed time, and then wait to get to sleep. If we dream or have the nightmare, we are sure to be waiting for somebody or something. Rogues wait for an opportunity of plundering, and when they get into the hands of the law, they wait for their trial. If they get in the jug they wait to get out, and begin their old courses.

Punks wait for offerings, and then they wait for their notes to run to maturity. Creditors wait for their debtors, and debtors wait till they are flush of money before they pay up, and sometimes they wait for a chance of cheating their creditors.—

Newspapers wait for news and advertisers, and then they wait to go to press, and printers wait for more copy. Poets wait for inspiration, and authors wait for a bright idea. The lover waits for a smile from his sweetheart, and the politician just ready to expire with a plethora of virtuous patriotism, is only waiting for a good fat office. When it rains, we wait till it holds up, and when it is cold, we wait until it moderates a little. The farmer plants seed, and waits till it comes up, and then he waits till the grain is fit to reap. The ship waits for a wind, and so does the miller; and the angler waits all day for a "glorious nibble." And so we all go on, waiting along, from the cradle to the grave, until, by and bye, old grim death comes along, and does not wait for any body.

**THE TWINS.**—In Berlin, some twenty years ago, two brothers started business together; they were small in stature, and slightly built; and in such moderate circumstances, that the people prophesied they would not hold out long, especially as their place of business was in one of the very worst parts of the town. The prophecy did not prove true; fortune smiled upon the brothers, and before ten years had passed, their house was one of the largest in the best part of the city, and their business the heaviest in Berlin. These brothers were twins, and strange to say, so like each other, that even their own mother could scarcely distinguish the one from the other. It so happened that the mother of these Dioscuri hired a servant girl, who was so handsome, that both the brothers fell in love with her. Each of them made known his sentiments in a manner not to be mistaken, and each had the satisfaction to find that the prudent maid had no objections to becoming Madame H.

Meanwhile, the brothers disclosed to each other, and to their mother, their feelings and wishes; and, as the affair threatened to produce a fatal collision, they agreed the girl should choose between them. But the latter, on learning their agreement, declared herself unable to choose, as it was impossible to tell one from the other; and even if there existed a corporeal mark of distinction, still, so like were the brothers in speech, thought, deportment and character, that whatever sentiment she entertained for the one, she must have for the other. The result was as follows: The pretty maid continued to live in the house, was by both brothers treated with attention, received presents, &c. All the parties, mother, brothers and girl, came to an understanding that as soon as one of the brothers should die, the other should marry their beloved. For fifteen years and over, the brothers lived together without the slightest misunderstanding; and at last, a few months since, one of the brothers died, at the age of forty-two, and the survivor is about to marry the lady.—*Foreign Paper.*

**THE NEWLY INVENTED STEAM BATTERY.**—We have seen the model, (on a scale allowing a practical development of its design, and manner of working,) of a battery, to be resolved by steam, the invention of T. R. Timbey, Esq., of Cayuga County, in this State, and now on exhibition by Mr. Chase of Syracuse, at the rooms of the "American Institute," in the City Hall.

This model represents—or rather it is in itself—a small circular fort, twenty-three feet in circumference, and about five feet high. In the interior it has, running round, four galleries or decks, dividing the whole height into four stories. Upon each deck are mounted twenty-five guns, making one hundred in all. The whole battery, (parapet, guns, and all,) is moved round its vertical axis by means of two small and beautifully finished steam engines. As it revolves each gun is fired the moment it is brought to bear upon any given object; and in this way one hundred guns can be discharged with the utmost precision, per minute.

The model works admirably, and when the whole hundred guns are fired in rapid succession makes an exceedingly interesting and imposing exhibition. The question of how it will work on a large scale remains, of course, to be tested by experiment, although we believe there is no doubt, in the minds of those best competent to judge, of its entire feasibility.

It is estimated that a fort of 74 guns will weigh, in all, about 1000 tons, and will require to move it with a velocity sufficient to discharge the whole 74 guns in a minute, a small steam engine of 45 horse power, or a force equal to about 225 men.

The walls it is, of course, intended, shall be shot proof, and will consist of an outside casting of iron, at least six inches thick; and an inside lining of oak lagging, eighteen inches thick. The

density of the iron, the elasticity of the circular wall, and the almost impossibility of a shot striking it in a direction perpendicular to the surface, will render it perfectly impenetrable. It strikes us that no ship could stand more than a single revolution of such a formidable machine.—*Express.*

**GOOD, BUT RATHER SAUCY.**—As a lad was amusing himself near the junction of Maiden Lane and Water street, a day or two since, by throwing the "Croton" through a small hose and pipe, a gentleman who was standing near, said to him, rather sharply, "Young man, you had better be in some other business."

"Why so, sir?" asked the boy.  
"Because I don't want the water blowing over here, into my face."

"I must beg your pardon, sir," said the youth, "if it did go into your face; but I was not aware that it went any where near you. But, sir, the water is very nice and pure, and if any has gone into your face, I don't believe you will look any the worse for it." The gentleman said no more.—*New York Paper.*

In "Bent's London Catalogue" we find the names of reprints of American books in England, chiefly within ten years, (not including American editions imported for sale,) and all included, without distinction, in the general list, as English works. To give the different editions of Abbot, Channing, Stephens, Peter Parley, Barnes, Dana, etc. would be difficult.

*American Books reprinted in England.*

Theology.....68 works	History.....22 works.
Fiction.....66 "	Poetry.....12 "
Juvenile.....56 "	Metaphysics..11 "
Travels.....52 "	Philology....10 "
Education....41 "	Science.....9 "
Biography....26 "	Law.....9 "

**IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.**—An English paper has the following card to all fair lovers of worsted work:

Half a pound of soft soap, half a pound of honey, one pint of gin, mix all well together, and, with a sponge, clean the work with it, and then apply cold water in the same manner; dry with linen cloths—the brightest colors will be uninjured.

A pert young upstart while riding in a stage, was attempting to ridicule the Bible; and rudely accosting an aged quaker at his side, on the great improbability that the stone from David's sling, should have killed Goliath—said to him—  
"What do you think about it, old daddy?" "I think, friend," replied the quaker, "he had no difficulty at all in killing Goliath, if his head was as soft as thine."

"What are you doing there all alone, in that large house?" asked a gentleman of an Irishman, the sole occupant of a dilapidated building.

"Sure, and it's an officer I am, your honor," said Pat.

"An officer—how?"  
"Why, you see, the others are all gone and I a left-tenant."

A great many people have wondered what is the initiation into the I. O. of O. F. The Sunday Mercury describes the whole secret in the following paragraph:

"Ride a goat up stairs without saddle or bridle, and if you don't slip off you are an Odd Fellow. That's the way they make 'em."

"Why on earth don't you get up earlier, my son?" said the anxious father to his sluggard boy—  
"Don't you see the flowers even spring out of their beds at the early dawn?"

"Yes, father," said the boy, "I see they do, and I would do the same, if I had as dirty a bed as they have."

"My son," said a pious old lady to her son, after she had read to him a chapter from scripture relating to Jonah, "how must Jony ha' felt when the whale swallowed him?"

"Sort o'down in the mouth, I 'spose," replied the little rascal.

**EXCELLENT.**—At a firemen's celebration in Massachusetts, the subjoined toast was drank:

"Firemen—a privileged class, who always find a warm reception and a welcome at every fireside."

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affectionate dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a sty in them when I saw her last."

In her late work on Mexico, Madame Calderon says Gen. Gaudeloupe Victoria, who, by the by, a recent rumor says is dead, that in his revolutionary campaigns he trained himself to go without food for five days at a time; and that, ever since, he could, not, without annoyance, eat more than one meal in twenty-four hours.

**ANCIENT HISTORY.**—"Master Buggins, come up, and tell me who was Cleopatra?"

"Cleopatra was sister to one of the Pyramids of Hgypt, and came to her unhappy end by the swallerin' of a wasp."

"Good boy—good boy—you'll be a Gibbon one of these days."

The Boston Post is 'to blame' for the following conundrums:—

Why are bustles like historical novels? Because they are fictions founded on facts.

To what color does a flogging change a boy's complexion? It makes him yell oh!

The Bunker Hill Aurora of last Saturday, under the head of "News of the Week," has the following on dit:—A lover recently entered a house which he had been forbidden to visit, magnetised both the old folks, and then ran off with the daughter at his leisure."

**Scientific.**

**THE PLANET MARS.**—The most careless observer of the Heavens cannot have failed to notice for some weeks past, in the constellation LIBRA, a large star, rivalling even in the magnitude and splendor the planet Jupiter, and of a fiery red color. It is

—"the red planet Mars,"

and from its extraordinary brilliancy has been supposed by some to be an entire stranger to our system, a sort of celestial *dansneur*, according to the communication of our correspondent "A. P." some weeks since. Mars has usually been considered a quiet and well behaved planet, and had he really been "playing such fantastic tricks," his "perpendicular motions" would hardly have escaped the observations of our many vigilant astronomers.

The orbit of Mars being exterior to that of the earth, it is obvious, that in his revolutions round the sun his distance from us will be constantly changing, varying, as it does, from fifty millions of miles when in *opposition* to the sun, as at present, to two hundred and forty millions, when in *conjunction* with that luminary. When in *opposition* he appears to a spectator on the earth twenty five times larger than when in *conjunction*.—His orbit is also considerably *eccentric*, and when his *opposition* happens at or near his *perihelion*, he is some millions of miles nearer still, and proportionately brilliant. This occurred in August 1719, when his magnitude and brightness were so much increased that by ordinary observers he was taken for a new star. His *opposition* this year occurred on the 6th of June.

The present month, therefore, will be the most favorable opportunity for making telescopic observations on this body that will be enjoyed for two years. For the year to come it will continue to dwindle away, until it becomes an insignificant star of the third or fourth magnitude.

The planet Mars is interesting to us from its near analogy in many respects to the earth which we inhabit; and it seems reasonable to believe that it is peopled by similar beings. Its axis is inclined to the plane of its orbit about 36° 18', varying from that of the earth but 7°. His diurnal revolution is accomplished in twenty four hours thirty nine minutes and twenty one seconds, making its day but a few minutes longer than ours. It is supposed to be surrounded by a dense atmosphere of very great extent, which doubtless gives it the *ruddy* appearance which it always assumes. A beam of light in passing through a dense medium becomes red—the other rays being absorbed or but partially reflected. Its revolution round the sun is performed in six hundred and eighty seven days, making his year a little shorter than two of ours. No satellite has yet been discovered to accompany this planet, though it is by no means certain that none exists. Should it be attended by a moon bearing the same proportion to the size of the planet that the second satellite of Jupiter does to that body, it would be but ninety seven miles in diameter, and could scarcely be seen by our most powerful telescopes. Future observations, however, may be rewarded by such an interesting discovery.—*Clev. Her.*

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1843.

**AN INGENIOUS MACHINE.**—We have seldom been more highly gratified and amused than we were a day or two since, in examining a machine used to plait whip-stock covers. We had often coveted the patience of those who could sit down and quietly perform such a job with the fine material used for that purpose. We could imagine nothing which could require a greater amount of patience, and verily believed that an individual whose business it was to braid whip-stocks, and who followed it without murmuring, might, with propriety, dispute the palm of patience with Job. But this delusion has vanished; for we have learned that what we deemed the most tedious labor imaginable, is performed with the greatest possible ease and rapidity—not by hand, but by machinery.

Let the reader look at a whip-stock covered with braided fine linen thread, and see if he can imagine a process by which any machine but man, could give to the threads such variety of position—such compactness and beauty. Yet it is done by wood and iron. The process cannot be described, although the machine is small and simple. The spools which hold the thread (14 in number) are carried upon a hoop, which is made to revolve by turning a small crank, and during its revolutions, the spools run over elevations and depressions exactly in the form of a figure  $\infty$  laying sideways, by which process the braiding is performed. It requires but *two minutes*, by this curious machine, to braid a three feet whip-stock! Those who are incredulous can satisfy themselves by visiting the machine itself, which may be seen any day, in motion, in one of the rooms over **BARTON & SMITH'S** edge-tool depot.

And in connection with it, may be seen a machine for turning out whip-stocks. The process is curious though simple. A rough piece of wood is transformed into a whip-stock in just about half a minute—thus requiring but about *three minutes* to make a splendid braided whip-stock! With such facilities for obtaining flogging material, it is a pity that so many rascals go "*unwhipped of justice.*"

**A NEW BELL.**—Rochester can boast of her mechanics. There are none more ingenious—none more deserving of the confidence and esteem of their fellow citizens. Here is our friend **T. D. JACKSON**, of whose ingenious tavern-bell we had some months since, occasion to speak. It is a beautiful piece of mechanism, worthy the place which it occupies—the hall of the United States Temperance Hotel. The principal features which distinguish that bell from all others, he has embodied in one upon a larger scale, for the cupola of the Lima Seminary. The bell itself is exactly of the form of a large wooden bowl, and weighs 150 lbs. The material of which it is made, is entirely different from, and of double the power of, ordinary bell-metal. It is firmly fastened upon an upright post—the hammer is hung upon a revolving beam, which is moved by a rope in a manner similar to ordinary bells. The tone of this bell is exceedingly fine, and the principle upon which it is constructed is so perfectly simple, that it can hardly fail to supersede all others for school, hotel and church purposes. With half the weight, the metal of which it is composed has double the power of sound, and a bell of five thousand pounds weight, may be rung without producing a fiftieth part of the jar of bells rung upon the ordinary principle.

We hope our citizens generally may find time to examine this bell, before it is sent off. It is worth looking at.

**A GALA DAY IN UTICA.**—The Gazette speaking of the festivities of the 18th of July, the day fixed for the visit of the Rochester Military, indulges in the following language:

The 18th of July will afford to our citizens the most brilliant pageant that has ever gratified their vision. On that day the military guests who have been invited by our several volunteer companies to visit our city and partake of its hospitalities, will arrive. Seven companies have already accepted the invitations tendered them, which, with our three, will make a battalion of at least five hundred men. What kind of display this will make, can better be imagined than described. It will be a full meal, of which our own military corps have given us a very agreeable foretaste.

Having pitched their tents on the camping ground, several days will be spent in martial exercise and review, and in the interchange social feelings. Every thing will be as military as possible, excepting that unbounded good will instead of fight, will be the order of the day. There will be all the "pomp and circumstance" without the reality of "glorious war." The beating of the *reveille*, the blast of the trumpet, the rattle of musketry and the cannon's roar will be heard.—The glitter of armor, the dazzle of splendid uniforms and the fluttering of banners, will be seen. But the drum will beat, not to arms, but to breakfast, and the guns be fired for fun, while the warm hearts which the uniforms cover, will throb for each other and all the rest of humanity.—How redolent of the richest strains of harmony, both of soul and music, will be the airs in those days!

So much for the pleasures—now for the dangers of the day. Heed the warning voice of the Gazette:

As for keeping our handsome girls out of the way, that is out of the question for a great many reasons. In the first place, the dear creatures have such an inveterate *penchant* for the military, that no consideration, for their merely *civil* admirers, will restrain them from turning out to see and welcome the brave soldiers. Again, although we have many fine things here to show our visitors, a sight of our beautiful girls is worth all the rest. Hospitality forbids that we should take counsel of our fears in this respect.

No, friends, you shall see them; but allow us to give you a little timely caution. You are venturing into a field whose dangers you little know. You are marching to certain destruction, and the only consolation we can give you is, that you will find it exquisite delight to die of the wounds you will receive.

Bright eyes will shoot their glances more rapidly than repeating rifles, and without ever stopping to load. Every glance will take a soldier right through his heart. No shield or breast plate can protect, or dodging save. The only course left will be to capitulate, surrender, without discretion, throw out—down, we mean—your arms, and yield yourselves, rescue or no rescue, captives for life. Perhaps quarters may be obtained on these terms. We do not fear that these terrors will appal our brave guests, but, on the contrary, that they will meet their doom with a fortitude that will seem almost like a welcome.

As for our keeping our treasures of this kind out of the way for fear of losing them, we confess we are a little horrified at the thought, but we console ourselves with the reflection that we are so bountifully supplied that we have enough for ourselves and our friends also.

**A STRONGER REASON.**—The Duc de Nemours, during the recent celebrations at Rouen on account of the opening of the Paris and Rouen rail road, seated himself by the side of a pretty woman, with whom he entered into a lively conversation. Presently the lady's husband approached in great haste. "I can't let you pass," said the officer at the barricade which separated Royalty from the multitude. "But my wife is there," exclaimed the husband, in a fever of anxious doubt—"my wife is there, with the Prince." "Then I'm sure I shan't let you pass," answered the discreet officer.

So says the Paris correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis*.

☞ A new fashion is being introduced by the ladies of Poughkeepsie. They use *canees* in their promenades. This is dangerous.

**CONCORD MONUMENT.**—The most interesting object in the neighborhood of Concord, Mass. is the simple monument erected on the spot where the first blow was struck against the tyrannous government of the mother country. It stands on the bank of the Concord river, about a quarter of a mile from the village. It is an obelisk, about 30 feet high, surrounded by a plain iron railing. The following is the inscription which it bears—the touching simplicity and beauty of which we have never seen surpassed:

Here,  
On the 19th of April,  
1775,  
was made  
The first forcible resistance to British Aggression.  
On the opposite bank,  
Stood the American Militia;  
Here stood the invading Army—  
And on this spot  
The first of the enemy fell  
In the war of that Revolution which gave independence to these United States.  
In gratitude to God,  
and  
In the love of Freedom, this monument was erected,  
A. D. 1836.

The monument is approached from the public road by a wide avenue, carpeted with a rich green sward and lined on each side by flourishing young trees, which give good promise of meeting overhead hereafter, in many a fraternal embrace. This is a consecrated spot.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**LIBRARY OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.**—Mr. JAMES M. CAMPBELL, of Philadelphia, has just issued two more numbers of this valuable work, which commenced with D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation. The works now in course of publication, are "Llorente's History of the Inquisition," and "Neander's History of the Christian Religion" during the first three centuries. Both are valuable works not only to the professional, but to general reader. For sale at the principal Bookstores. "Campbell's Foreign Monthly Magazine," a most excellent periodical containing the cream of the Foreign Reviews, is also published at the same office.

**A SCHOOL DICTIONARY OF ROOTS AND DERIVATIONS.**—Is the title of a neatly printed little Book designed to train children in tracing the origin of words. A list of Geographical names is added with the accent and pronunciation. The Author is THEODORE DWIGHT.

**READINGS IN AMERICAN POETRY,** BY R. W. GRISWOLD.—This promises to be a very useful book. It contains selections from Bryant, Dana, Longfellow, Wilcox, Sprague, Holmes, Willis, Halleck, Sigourney, and a host of others. Both of the above works are for sale at ALLING'S, Exchange Street.

**"THE KNICKERBOCKER."**—This excellent magazine is out for June—full of the very gems of literature—and is for sale at JONES'. There is no magazine in the United States which has a better reputation than the Knickerbocker—none more deserving of the extensive popularity which it enjoys.

**"HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE."**—Is there a merchant, lawyer, politician or intelligent man of any profession, who does not read this admirable magazine? If there is, he cannot expect to keep up with the intelligence of the age.

The above, with every other description of periodicals, may be had of JONES, Arcade Hall.

**INTERESTING BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.**—CLARENCE MORSE, 28, Buffalo street, has received No. 3 of "Marco Paul's Travels," and the June number of the "Boys' and Girls' Magazine."—Both these are entertaining and useful works to place in the hands of children.

## Poetry.

From the Boston Courier.

## Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill:

Written for the occasion, by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Break forth,—break forth in raptured song,  
And bid it pour thy vales along,  
Thou pilgrim-planted land!  
From fields where ripening harvests bend,  
From marts where thronging thousands tend,  
Arouse thy tuneful band.

The breeze that curls thy watery deeps,  
The strain that o'er thy mountains sweeps,  
Is fresh with freedom's breath,  
Thine annals boast the great and brave,  
Thy star-clad banner tells the wave  
Of Liberty or Death.

Rememberest thou those ancient sires,  
Who, 'mid the Indian's council fires  
Explored a trackless clime?  
The pillar of their God was bright,—  
His cloud by day, his flame by night  
Impelled their course sublime.

Rememberest thou the men who shed  
Their blood upon the bosom red  
When haughty foes were nigh?  
The remnant of that wasted band  
Here,—'mid their buried comrades stand,—  
Oh! bless them, ere they die.

All hail, proud column! strong and fair,  
Which to exulting throng dost bear  
High record of the past,  
And show them on th's glorious morn  
The spot where freedom first was born  
Amid the thunder blast.

Not like those gloomy mounds that rise  
O'er crouching Egypt's sultry skies,  
Nor fretted fane that brave  
Old Time, on Rome's Imperial soil,  
By stern taxation wrung from toil,  
The tyrant from the slave.

But the free gift of hands unchained,  
And hearts encrusted, and homes unstained,  
Thou through the cloud dost peer,  
And warn, like morning's blessed star  
The watchful warrior from far,  
That all he loves draws near.

Still onward o'er the sea of time  
Unfold thy chronicle sublime,  
And teach a race unborn,  
The lesson learn'd on Bunker's height  
To trust in Heaven,—uphold the Right,—  
And base Oppression scorn.

Point to the skies, and bid them read  
Of patriot faith, the hallowed creed,  
And guard its ritual bright,—  
And in the path their fathers trod,  
Those friends of Liberty and God,  
Pass to a realm of light.

## Song.

The following song, written by H. T. Tuckerman, was sung by Mr. Bird at the Faneuil Hall Dinner:

Air—Sparkling and Bright.

Lonely and still was the verdant hill,  
And the waves below yet slumbered,  
The breezes light of a summer night  
All the dewy hours numbered;  
The sentry's tramp from the foe's camp  
With his tone of hasty warning,  
Came low and clear to the yeoman's ear  
As he watched the early dawning.

The heroes thought as they bravely wrought,  
Their country's altar rearing,  
Of a noble land by Valor's hand  
Made free and home endearing;  
In firm array when broke the day,  
The deadly charge they waited,  
And side by side in silent pride,  
With skill their prowess mated.

Then waved the sword, then blood was poured,  
Oppression's host dimaying,  
While the death-rent air and the cannon's glare  
O'er Freedom's birth were playing;  
And that green height with the evening light  
Its crimson turf o'ershading,  
Had holy grown as Freedom's throne,  
Like her starry crown unfading.

Once more the skies with summer dyes  
Above the field are bending,  
And the waters still beneath the hill  
Their crystal waves are blending;  
But Peace divine around the shrine  
Her boundless harvest wearing,  
Bids us proclaim to deathless fame  
Our Bathers' matchless dawning.

To-day a throng with festive song  
The sacred mount o'erflowing,  
Have gathered there with pomp and prayer,  
All hearts with rapture glowing;  
On the gory bed of the martyred dead,  
Its shades majestic sleeping,  
Stands Freedom's pile in Glory's smile  
Eternal vigil keeping.

When Harry was old, to Maria he said,  
"My dear, if you please, we will marry,"  
Maria replied with a toss of her head,  
"I never will wed the old Harry!"

He waited till all her gay suitors were gone,  
Then cried, "A fine dance they have led you,  
The hand that I proffered, you treated with scorn,  
And now, the old Harry won't have you!"

From the N. Y. Tribune.  
Ireland.

Too long beneath the Tyrant's chain,  
Above the broken, trampled fane,  
Has Ireland slept,  
And dimly kept  
Her ancient glory hid away;—  
Will not her sons arise to-day,  
The brave, the strong,  
And round her throng,  
With fearless hearts, and spears and glaives,  
And, like the unstaied ocean waves,  
Be free?

O Ireland, rouse! by all thy fame,  
The glory clustering round thy name  
In other days,  
By hero lays—

By all of song thy shores have heard,  
By all the eloquence that stirred  
Their sleeping dust,  
The great and just,  
Who dared with voice; and dared with steel,  
To rise and smite the Tyrant's heel,  
Be free!

Shall Emmet's shade in vain appeal?  
And all who perished for thy weal  
Lie all unheard?  
Is there no word

Like fire to stir thy million souls,  
Until like yon wild storm that rolls  
The maddened surge,  
They rise and urge  
Their battle to the Tyrant's throne,  
And o'er their last oppressor's groan  
Be free?

O hallowed land of tears and blood,  
Where tyranny has poured its flood  
Of hate and wrong—  
To-day be strong!

Think of the graves beneath your feet,  
Let all true Irishmen repeat—  
Their Emmet's name,  
And like a flame  
Shall patriot indignation burst,  
And Ireland o'er chains accurs,  
Be free!

New York, June, 1843.

IXION.

## Spare the Birds.

BY G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Spare the gentle bird,  
Nor do the warbler wrong;  
In the green wood is heard  
Its sweet and happy song;  
Its song so clear and glad  
Each listener's heart hath stirred,  
And none, however sad,  
But blessed that happy bird.

And when, at early day,  
The farmer trod the dew,  
It met him on the way  
With welcome blithe and true;  
So when at weary eve,  
He homeward wends again,  
Full sorely would he grieve  
To miss the well-loved strain.

The mother who had kept  
Watch o'er her wakeful child,  
Smiled as the baby slept,  
Soothed by its wood notes wild;  
And gladly has she sung  
The casement open free,  
As the dear warbler sang  
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed  
Forgets his weariness,  
And turns his feeble head  
To list its songs, that bless  
His spirit like a stream  
Of mercy from on high,  
Or music in the dream  
That seals the prophet's eye.

O! laugh not at my word,  
To warn your childhood's hours,  
Cherish the gentle birds,  
Cherish the fragile flowers;  
For since man was bereft  
Of Paradise in tears,  
God these sweet things had left  
To cheer our eyes and ears.

## The Song of the Forge.

Clang, clang—again, my mates, what glows  
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?  
Clink, clang—we forge the giant chain,  
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,  
'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides:  
Secured by this, the good ship braves  
The rocky roadstead, and the waves  
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees  
The mist drive dark before the breeze,  
The storm cloud on the hill;  
Calmly he rests, though far away,  
In boisterous climes his vessel lay,  
Reliant on our skill.

Say, on what sands these links shall sleep,  
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?  
By Afric's pestilential shore,  
By many an iceberg lone and hoar,  
By many a palmy western isle,  
Basking in Spring's perpetual smile;  
By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,  
When to the battery's deadly peal  
The crashing broadside makes reply;  
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,  
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while,  
For death or victory?

The Unforgotten Dead,  
Bearing a Temperance Banner—40,000 strong.

BY JOHN NEAL.

They come with martial step  
And banners floating free  
The UNFORGOTTEN DEAD!  
Waking to liberty.

They bear a flag aloft,  
The STRICKEN AND THE LOST!  
Wet with the morning dew,  
And shining, as with frost!

The sun is up in strength;  
Yet they go marching on,  
The followers of Him,  
The steadfast Washington.

As cool and fresh, and with  
A step as arm as though,  
The sunshine as it falls,  
Were changed to winter snow.

And they were on the march,  
At dead of night with Him,  
Moving with solemn strength  
Along that river's brim.

Deep darkness o'er their heads,  
And underneath their feet,  
No hing but ice and snow  
Spread like a winding sheet.

About on every side,  
The signs of death and sleep  
Before—behind—their only hope  
A pathway through the deep.

To fall upon a foe  
Hot with the fumes of wine,  
And sweep him from the earth,  
As with a power divine.\*

What ho! the cry is up!  
The sky is overcast!  
Hark to the wailing Sea!  
And Earth upheaving vast!

The DEAD are on the march!  
The UNFORGOTTEN DEAD!  
The buried are awake!  
And ye may hear their tread!

Behold them on their way,  
Against a mightier foe!  
Led by that name of power,  
To strike a mightier blow!

Their arms—a flag of truce,  
With fragrant lilies bossed,  
Dripping with early dew,  
The UNFORGOTTEN LOST!

Blowing a silver trumpet,  
Moving with prayer and song,  
Behold them on their way,  
Full forty thousand strong!

They come with martial step,  
And banner floating free;  
The UNFORGOTTEN DEAD!  
Waking to Liberty!

\* Read the battle of Trenton.

From the Swedish of Frederika Bremer.

Oh! Blest are They.

O! blest are they who silent weep  
Upon the breast of the forgiven,  
Who bless each other, and will keep  
Love's promise, mutually given!

O! blest are they, who win again  
The friend, whom they have wept at losing,  
And who a blessed heaven regain,  
The paths of peace for ever choosing!

Let all bitter doubts remove,  
Heal the heart's deep-sealed sorrow;  
Tears of reconciling love,  
From the source of love we borrow.

## Marriages.

In this city, on the 16th instant, by the Rev. Pharcellus Church, Mr. Hiram Baker, to Miss Aurilla Tripp, all of this city.

In this city, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. E. H. Walker, of Danville, Mr. Josiah Hurty, Principal of Bethany Academy, to Miss Ann J. Walker, former Principal of the Female Department of Monroe Academy, Henrietta.

In West Bloomfield, New York, by the Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. E. B. SADLER, Attorney-at-law, of Sandusky City, Ohio, to Miss EMILY, daughter of Charles Webb, of the former place.

At Port Gibson, Ontario county, on Wednesday, the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. P. PRATER, Rector of St. John's Church, Canandaigua, SAMUEL BRUSH, Esq., of Columbus, Ohio, to Miss CAROLINE A., daughter of Lewis Jenkins, Esq., of the first named place.

In Buffalo, at the Universalist Church, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. S. R. Smith, Benjamin L. Hubbard, to Miss Margaret E. Johnson.

At Philadelphia, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. H. A. Boedman, Rev. TRYON EDWARDS, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in this city, to Mrs. CATHERINE BRIEN, daughter of Samuel Hughes, of Hagerstown, Md.

In Ulica, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. D. G. Corey, Mr. Jno. N. Parker, of Rochester, to Miss Phebe Downer, of the former place.

In Ulica, on the 16th of March, Mr. James Palmer, Pyrotechnist, of Rochester, to Miss Eliza Gardner, of the former place.

At Auburn, on the 15th instant, Mr. John Woodruff, of the City Hotel, Albany, to Miss Jane White, of Auburn.

BY STRONG &amp; DAWSON.

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# THE GEM

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VOL. XV.

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No. 14.

## Popular Tales.

### HAYDER'S EMERALD CUP.

A TALE OF MODERN ENCHANTMENT.

#### INTRODUCTION.

At a meeting of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society in February last, (Earl Stanhope in the chair,) great interest was excited by an ingenious and amusing paper communicated by W. Ley, Esq., M. K. S., on the virtues and properties of *canabis Indica*, or Indian hemp; which is frequently spoken of in Mr. Lane's translation of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, under the name of Benj, and is known also in the east by the more romantic title of Hayder's Emerald Cup.

The extraordinary effects produced by this drug, appear little short of magical; far exceeding in splendor and intensity the visions of the opium eater, or the soothing dreams of mesmeric sleep. Some strange and well authenticated anecdotes scattered through the paper, forcibly recalled to my mind a circumstance which happened to me some years ago. The more I pondered on that strange event, the more was I convinced that at the time alluded to I must have been under the influence of the anodyne, the effects of which I had just heard so vividly described. My reasons for entertaining this belief I shall give at the conclusion of the following narration.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE STRANGER.

In the summer of 18— I was ordered by my physician to try the air of Cornwall, and by his direction fixed on the neighbourhood of Penzance for my sojourn. All who have visited this part of the Cornish coast, are aware that St. Michael's Mount, the seat of the St. Aabyns, is the lion of the neighborhood; and the pencil of Stanfield has rendered this romantic feature in the landscape familiar to the minds of many who have not ventured very far west of Temple-bar. Like its namesake in Normandy its mount is covered with embattled walls; and a lofty square tower, whose roof supports the hard stone seat of its patron saint, marks the site of the private chapel attached to the mansion.

To see the mount at any time is never to forget it; but to see it as it first met my gaze on a clear calm night in summer, the red light from its many windows reflected in long unbroken lines in the smooth water beneath; the moon throwing her mellow beams about it, silence hallowing all around it, is to see it indeed in the perfection of poetic beauty. I was spell-bound; for the scene came suddenly upon me. The guard's horn, as we entered Marazion, woke me from a dose into which I had sunk on leaving Helston. My mind was made up in a moment to proceed no further that night. Alighting, therefore, at the little inn at which the coach halted, I bespoke a bed, and strolled out to take a nearer view of the giant rock and fortress. The tide was up, and the little narrow way which connects the mount with the mainland was covered with water.

"Do you wish to cross, sir?" said an old boatman, observing me pause on the water's edge.

"No, my friend," said I; "but you may row me round the mount if you will."

I jumped on board his skiff, and we pushed from shore. As we neared the eastern side of the rock, I bade him pause, and it was then enchantment crowned her work, for scarcely had he taken in his oars, when (as if by a preconcerted signal) the deep tones of the chapel organ broke the silence of the night. The spell was indeed complete. Music on the water has ever been a theme for

poets; but music on an eve like this, with such a scene in view, and from the instrument that Milton loved—language cannot describe my feelings at the moment. The voluntary soon concluded, and my gondolier, thinking it a fit time to start, pulled his boat ashore before I had well recovered from the reverie into which music and moonlight had cast me.

The bright beams of a summer sun woke me early on the morrow; but the remembrance of the past evening haunted me like a dream thrice dreamt. My first ramble was to the mount; I followed a steep winding path to the portal, where a tidy old housekeeper answered my summons, under whose guidance I proceeded to view the interior of the mansion. I hurried her rapidly through dining and drawing-rooms, till we came to the chapel, where stood the organ. I inquired who was playing on the instrument on the evening on which I heard it.

"A foreign gentleman," said the house-keeper; "a strange man, nobody knows any thing about him. The organ was open, and I sat down to it myself, but before I had played a dozen bars, the gate-bell announced another visitor."

"It is the foreign gentleman," said my guide, "he always comes to play a bit about this time."

She hurried from the chapel as she spoke, and soon returned followed by the stranger she had spoken of. His dress and bearing were those of an Englishman of rank, but his countenance plainly told that he was of foreign descent.

"Do not let me disturb you," said he, with a pronunciation so purely English, that I began to fancy he must be my fellow-countryman in spite of his face; and thus invited, I performed a short prelude, and requested in return that he would take his seat at the instrument. He complied, and I was astonished at his skill. His pedal playing was nothing short of wonderful. A foreigner he evidently was; but for the country that classed him among the number of her sons, I was strangely puzzled. His theme finished, he made a few remarks on organ-playing, wished me a good morning, and left the chapel. I was in no humor again to lay my hands on the keys; conceit was fairly taken out of me. I strolled through the rooms again, out at the portal, and descended, musing on many things, the steep pathway to the water.

The sun was shining full in my face, and I proceeded, with half-closed eyes, for a step or two. "Take care," said a voice from behind me.—"This is a dangerous road for blind men to walk, a few more steps may take you farther than you intend going." I turned about to discover and thank my kind monitor, and beheld, seated on a high projecting crag, pencil in hand and palette on thumb, my new acquaintance the stranger organist. He closed his sketch-book as I was advancing towards him, and descending to meet me, proposed a walk.

We sauntered through the narrow streets of Marazion in the direction of Helston, and I could perceive by the manner in which the idlers in the road, and the loungers at cottage-doors, eyed my companion, that he was regarded with no common degree of interest by them; for, on passing the village forge, where a noisy knot of them were settling the affairs of the nation in a most satisfactory manner, our appearance so disturbed the debate, that even up to this time no good has come of it that I know of. A donkey browsing by the roadside, and a little ragged urchin with a hoop were, in good truth, the only creatures that regarded our appearance with indifference.

On coming to the hill where I was awakened by the coach-horn, I stopped. "This," said I to

my companion, "is the point from which I first beheld the mount, and such a glorious night from my childhood to the present hour I never remember to have seen, as that on which I first descended this hill. On that night too, I first heard the chapel organ from the water. You were playing." "True, I remember, it was a fine night," said the stranger; "made doubly striking to you, looking for the first time on the scene before us through the more romantic medium of mist and moonlight. I had the like idea—when a poor youth in search of wisdom, I stood alone at midnight, gazing for the first time on the splendid ruins of Palmyra. The moon was high in heaven, and stars in countless numbers thronged around her—not a breath of air was stirring. Could an aspen-tree have sprung up in the waste, its trembling leaves had rested on a night of such deep quiet. I almost feared to breathe while, from beneath the shadow of a palm, I looked as on a dream on all around me. Long lines of ruined columns met my view, and here and there a solitary tree cast its broad shadow o'er a spot strewn with fallen shafts and broken capitals. I was like one enchanted. Morn broke in the east and found me still gazing on these memorials of past greatness, and then it was that I met with ——" "Here he broke off abruptly, "You have traveled much;" said I.

"I have been a wanderer from my youth," he replied.

"Your description of the city of the desert will go far to make me vow a voyage to the East."

"I must return thither myself, shortly," answered the stranger, "and shall be delighted to guide your steps, o'er ground which I am compelled to wander on again."

As he concluded his invitation, we entered the little town again. Since our departure a crowd had collected in the market-place, but not to turn their curious eyes on us. No! our envied importance was eclipsed by something extraordinary; for the urchin had left his hoop, and poised on the shoulders of "Robin Ostler" was shouting and waving his ragged cap, like a voter at an election dinner. We crossed to the market place, and beheld, through a momentary opening in the crowd, the unprecedented attraction. A common street-juggler in his shirt-sleeves and a spangle vest was going through the usual new tricks with cups, balls, knives, and a few dirty cards, while his accomplished fellow-partner in dusty highlows, flesh-colored tights, and a soldier's jacket was gracefully enlarging his friend's sphere of action, by entreating the ladies and gentlemen to stand (as he expressed it) a little backer.

"I wonder," said the stranger, (as contented with our discovery we continued our walk,) "I wonder what these good simple souls would say, could they see some of our modern magic of the east? It would be dangerous work, I fear, for conjuror as well as spectator. Drowning or burning would surely be the end of him, who should show such delusions in Cornwall as I have witnessed in the east. Are you curious on such subjects; would you like to see an Egyptian ocular deception?"

"If a pleasant one, yes," said I. "If not, no."

"I promise you it shall be more than pleasant," he replied. "Shall you be at home this evening? If so, I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you."

I assured him that his visit would be expected with pleasure and we parted.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE VISIT.

I was sitting at my seraphine, trying to remember the subject of the stranger's voluntary on the organ, and watching the sun as he made his way

to the west, when my landlady announced a visitor. The stranger entered at the same moment, followed by a page bearing a box, about the size of a modern writing desk, but beautifully ornamented with crimson and gold.

"Have you determined on going a tour in the east?" began my guest, as the page left the room; "permit me," he continued, "to close the lower shutters of that large window; we must not have too much light in these matters." And then, without waiting for a reply, he adjusted them as he desired. He then produced from the box a glass spirit lamp, four small silver urns, a green silk handkerchief, with a small embroidered silver star in the centre, a few faded flowers, and a small transparent jar filled with brown sand.

He spread the handkerchief on the table, having placed a vase at each corner; he lit the lamp, burnt the flowers, and scattered their ashes on the silk, and having a small globule of water on the star, scattered the sand thickly over all. The crushed leaves and seed of some dried plant being then placed in each of the urns, these little vessels were heated, and soon a thin, gray stream of vapor rose from each of them, filling the apartment with a perfume somewhat resembling incense. Presently I observed the sand growing darker in color—it slowly took the semblance of mould surrounded by a grass border—little green points appeared upon it, and shooting upwards, enlarged, became sprouts, buds, blossoms—in short, a miniature parterre, thick with the fragrant garniture of summer, was before me. I saw the dew drops on their petals, the splendor of the morning sun upon their freshened leaves, the "sweet south wind" seemed to wave them gently forward, and fill the chamber with their fragrance.

The silver star on which the water had been dropped spread forth its form, and shaped itself into the basis of a mimic fountain, sending its little stream high o'er the flowers that clustered round its brink.

Lost in wonder and delight, I deemed delusion had worked its masterpiece; but in this I was deceived, for scarcely had the thought crossed my mind, when I distinctly heard the hum of bees about the borders, and forth from a gaudy tulip flew a little lilliputian specimen of the tribe of industry. His flight was followed by a butterfly of corresponding size, I watched them flutter round the circle, but ere each could light upon the flower it loved, the colors of the garden grew more faint, the flowers seemed drooping, their bloom fell from them, and their stems (as if the wind of the desert had been there) sapless and withered, shrank in the magic mould from which they sprang. I looked for the fountain to revive them, but the stream had ceased, its waters were dried up. The stranger unclosed the lower shutters. What did I look on? Nothing but sand and ashes, the handkerchief and little urns which were now cold and empty.

"This is something more," said my mysterious visitor, "than you see every day; but I have witnessed stranger delusions, and more skilfully performed, though you would scarcely think that possible, but go with me to the east and judge for yourself. The world is still a world of wonders, but men know it not. The vast changes wrought continually in the wide laboratory of nature, are regarded only by the philosopher and the poet."

I was about to reply to his last observation, but a smart touch of pain prevented me from doing so. In a moment my guest perceived it, and as quickly offered me relief.

"You are suffering acute agony," said he, "from *tic douloureux*, if I mistake not; will you trust me as your physician?"

By this time the pain had become intense, beyond my bearing with any thing like a show of indifference, and I was on the point of swallowing my usual dose of opium, when the stranger arrested my arm.

"Pardon the liberty I have taken," said he, "and allow me to prescribe for your disease, and I promise you relief in a quarter of an hour."

Again his hand was thrust into the shrine of mystery, the red box; and forth from its lowest depths he produced a small bottle carefully stopped, and taking a glass from the table, he poured into it a part of its contents, (a fluid of a deep green color,) and presented it to me.

"What is it?" I inquired, hesitating.

"The Nepenthe of Homer," he replied, "the magic potion of Medea. Do you doubt its power, or suspect me, in either case return it to the phial."

His look and manner as he spoke were those of sincerity, and a sharp and increasing pain obliged me to seek relief at all hazards; and I hastily swallowed the contents of the glass.

"You will soon experience relief," said my physician. "Ay, and here is something that will considerably assist us;" and he lifted, as he spoke, my German pipe from the mantel-piece. "You smoke?"

I gave a nod of assent.

"I will fill for you, then."

Suiting the action to the word, he mixed some of the dry leaves (a part of which had been used in filling the urns) with tobacco, filled the pipe and handed it to me, with the air of one who had been used all his life to the courts of princes. Then lighting a cigar, and seating himself by the window, he entertained me with a long and glowing account of his wanderings; and so successfully did he bring Tadmor in the Desert before my mind's eye, that I could have painted from his description. In short, I soon pledged him my word that I would journey with him at least as far as Syria; and in return, he promised me delight, amusement, information, and—what was still better—health. I soon felt the medicine overcoming the pain, and a pleasing, drowsy sensation succeeded my restoration to ease.

"We will start for London, to-morrow, then," said the stranger, "as my affairs require despatch;" and I gave a mute sign of assent, as he repeated, "to-morrow, then, we start upon our travels."

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE JOURNEY.

Gorgeous indeed was the close of the sultry day which brought us within view of the City of Palms; the west was one unclouded sheet of brightness. Shattered palaces, ruined temples, and mouldered tombs, glowed in the crimson twilight, and cast their lengthening shadows on the waste before us. The reality exceeded the stranger's description. We stood for a time, mute with admiration, to contemplate the scene, and then continued our pilgrimage, and entered a long vista of Corinthian columns, at the termination of which was a ruin of the Ionic order.

"That," said my companion, observing my gaze fixed on the fragment, "is all that remains of the once splendid Temple of the Sun. But come," continued he, "let us reach the tombs before twilight falls us." He turned abruptly, and led me to the city walls. "The tombs," said he (as we paused before an open portal among the mansions of the dead), "are the most remarkable relics of this once proud city. There are things within this monument that will much surprise you." He kindled a torch, and we entered a chamber adorned with sculpture and painting. "Here it was," said the stranger, "that I met with one from whom I learnt mysteries in art and science that the world has forgotten; but you will know more presently." We passed onward, and descended a long flight of narrow steps, which brought us to a low, vaulted passage, every turn of which seemed familiar to my guide.

"Where are we now?" said I, as we entered a large circular chamber.

"Beneath the Temple of the Sun," he replied. "From this vault heathen priestcraft worked the seeming wonders which enlivened its blind adorners. The steps that stand beyond the deep portal immediately before us, will bring us to the temple."

I was preparing to follow him, when, as I turned, I saw wreathed like a turban round the fragment of a bust, the green handkerchief from which had sprung the garden, and in front of the pedestal were the little silver urns. The stranger saw my surprise, but made no remark. We ascended the stairs, and I perceived a cold gray light streaming on us from above. I heard music too.

"You hear the flutes of the Bedouin Arabs," said my friend, anticipating my question.

"There must be many instruments," said I, as a strain of rich and varied harmonies floated on the air.

"You shall see," he replied; "follow me."

As he said this we came to the opening that was to bring us to the temple. The gray light became more intense. I felt the cool-night wind breathe on my forehead.

'Twas night; and such a night as that I first described. The queen of heaven again was gilding through her spangled path, her pallid beauty mirrored in the flood which calm and silent as her canopy showed every star that wandered o'er its face. Before me was the mount standing in dark relief against the purple splendor of the sky; its lofty turret bound with silver beams, and its arched windows lighted as before.

I turned to see my stranger guest, but he was gone. I looked around me, on the carpet were the broken pieces of my pipe, and close beside my

chair the seraphine was placed. The music desk was covered by a leaf of vellum curiously indented and illuminated with great care and skill. It contained a few bars of a common simple melody beautifully harmonized. The first chords brought back my dream again, they were the notes I heard while standing in the ruined temple.

I should have gone off in a profound brown study, but for the appearance of my landlady; her tongue and the teapot prevented a repetition of the wondrous vision; and the necessity of moving towards the table was the means of casting further light on my wandering in the tombs; for wreathed about the head of a plaster cast that stood in a corner of the chamber, was the green handkerchief, and in a row before the bust stood the silver urns.

All could now be accounted for. I had been dreaming with my eyes half closed; hearing thro' what would scarcely bear the name of sleep, the conversation of the stranger, and the tones of the seraphine, and seeing indistinctly the objects I have mentioned, while under the influence of a wonder-working, but to me unknown narcotic.

#### CONCLUSION.

The following short passages, extracted from the paper alluded to in the introduction of my narrative, are among those which confirm me in the belief, that Indian hemp was the medicine, and that I had at the time partaken of its marvellous qualities in three different ways. I had inhaled the vapor arising from the hemp seed. I had drunk of an infusion made from the fresh leaves of the plants, and had smoked the dried ones mixed with tobacco. In the first place, speaking of the fume from the hemp, the author quotes the following from Herodotus, who, after alluding to the customs of the Sythians, says, "they take the seed of the hemp and throw it upon red-hot stones, immediately a perfumed vapor ascends." This was the vapor that arose from the heated urns. He next speaks of the first mode of enjoying the drug as follows: "the fresh leaves were eaten, and subsequently a beverage was made from them, having the emerald green color of the leaf;" and he further states of the plant that, "when the dry leaves are mixed with tobacco and smoked, intoxication immediately ensues, accompanied by agreeable reveries."

Many more pages might be extracted in confirmation of my belief. I may, however, observe in conclusion, that I carefully preserved the urns and handkerchief, (which are still in my possession,) in the hope of one day restoring them to their extraordinary owner, for whom I have searched in vain.

Seeing some years ago an advertisement stating that a celebrated physician (calling himself Muly Nanmed) had arrived from the east, I repaired to his house, but my journey ended in disappointment, as I found only an English copy of an eastern *Æscularius*, a prescriber in masquerade. This was palpable enough to me, though undetected by many.

Should I not succeed in restoring the wonder-working urns and kerchief to their rightful owner, I shall place them in the hands of a celebrated auctioneer, whose advertisement of these mysterious treasures it is confidently expected will not occupy more than three sides of the Times newspaper.

#### Sketches of humor.

From the Dublin University Magazine.  
Irish Duellists.—Sixty years since."

Among the duellists of the South of Ireland, at the close of the last century, were several whose deeds are still talked of. One of these was Pat Power, of Daragle. He was a fat, robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face. He on one occasion fought with a fire-eating companion, called Bob Briscoe; when taking aim, he still had a friendship for him, and would show it; so he only shot off his whisker and the top of his ear. His pistol was always at the service of another who had less inclination to use it; and when a friend of his declined a challenge, Power immediately took it up for him. When the Duke of Richmond was in the south of Ireland, he knighted many persons without much regard to their merits or claims. In Waterford he was particularly profuse of his honors in this way. Among his knights were the Recorder, the paymaster of a regiment, and a lieutenant. Power was in a coffee-house conversing with a gentleman he accidentally met, and the topic of conversation was the new knights.

He abused them all; but particularly "a fellow called B—, a beggarly half-pay lieutenant."—The gentleman turned pale, and in confusion, immediately left the coffee-room. "Do you know who that is?" said a person present. "No," said Power, "I never saw him before." "That's Sir J. B— whom you have been abusing." "In that case," said Power, with great unconcern, "I must look after my will." So he immediately proceeded to the office of T. Cooke, an eminent attorney, sat down upon a desk stool, and told him immediately to draw his will, as he had no time to lose. The will was drawn and executed; and then he was asked what was the cause of his hurry. He explained the circumstance, and said he expected to find a message at his house, before him. "Never fear," said Cooke, "the knight is an Englishman, and has too much sense to take notice of what you have said." Cooke was a prophet; the terror of Power's name was sufficient to satisfy the Englishman for the insult.

When traveling in England, he had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion, a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room, when Power entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage, was a tissue of ignorance, blunders, and absurdities, and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage he was always supposed to have the characteristics of his class, and so to be a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person that sent it; he pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols, and follow him. He put them under his arm and with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own silver one from his fob, and presented it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the Coelney he would keep it safe till called for. It never was claimed.

On another occasion he ordered supper, and while waiting for it he read the newspaper. After some time, the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents, he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare, and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and directing him in Irish what to do, he quietly made his supper off the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him "they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell he was ready to give satisfaction to the other." The parties immediately bolted without waiting for a second invitation, and with them, several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid it for them along with his own.

Another of these distinguished duelists was a Mr. Crow Ryan. He shouted along the streets of Carriek-on-suir, "who dare say Boo," and whoever did say so, was called out to answer for it.—The feats of another, the celebrated "fighting" Fitzgerald, are still well remembered in Dublin. He made it a practice to stand in the middle of a narrow crossing in a dirty street, so that every passenger would be forced either to step into the mud or jostle him in passing. If any had the boldness to choose the latter, he was immediately challenged.

### Sketches of Character.

JOHN RANDOLPH.—I remember some years ago to have seen John Randolph in Baltimore. I had frequently read and heard descriptions of him, and one-day, as I was standing in the market, now Baltimore street, I remarked a tall thin, unique looking being hurrying towards me with a quick impatient step, evidently much annoyed by a crowd of boys who were following close to his heels, not in the obstreperous mirth with which

they would have followed a crazy or drunken man or an organ grinder and his monkey, but in the silent, curious wonder with which they have haunted a Chinese bedecked in full costume. I instantly knew the individual to be Randolph from the descriptions. I therefore advanced towards him that I might make a full observation of his person without violating the rules of courtesy in stopping to gaze at him. As he approached, he occasionally turned towards the boys with an angry glance, but without saying anything, and then hurried on as if to outstrip them; but it would not do. They followed close on behind the orator, each one saying nothing to his companion.—Just before I met him he stopped a Mr. C., a cashier of one of the banks, said to be as odd a fish as John himself. I loitered in a store close by, unnoticed, remarked the Roanoke orator for a considerable time, and really he was the strangest looking being I ever beheld.

His long thin legs, about as thick as a strong walking cane, and of much such a shape, were encased in a pair of tight small clothes, so tight that they seemed part and parcel of the limbs of the wearer. Handsome white stockings were fastened with great tidiness at the knees by a small gold buckle, and over them, coming about half way up the calf, were a pair of what I believe are called hose, and country knit. He wore shoes, they were old fashioned and only with buckles, huge ones. He trod like an Indian, without turning his toes out, but plaking them down straight ahead. It was the fashion in those days to wear a fan-tailed coat with a small collar and buttons far apart behind, and a few on the breast.

Mr. Randolph's coat being the reverse of all this, and instead of his coat being fantailed, it was what we believe the knights of the needle call swallow-tailed; the collar was immensely large, the buttons behind were in kissing proximity, and they sat together as close on the breast as the fasteners at a crowded public festival. His waist was remarkably slender—so slender that, as he stood with his arms akimbo he could easily, as I thought, with his long bony fingers, have spanned it. Around him his coat, which was very tight, was held together by one button, and in consequence, an inch or more of tape to which it was attached was perceptible where it was pulled through the cloth. About his neck he wore a large white cravat, in which his chin was occasionally buried as he moved his head in conversation; no shirt collar was perceptible; every other person seemed to pride himself upon the size of his, as they were worn large. Mr. Randolph's complexion was precisely that of a mummy, withered, saffron, dry and bloodless; you could not have placed a pin's point upon his face where you would not have touched a wrinkle. His lips were thin, compressed and colorless; the chin, beardless as a boy's, was broad for the size of his face, which was small; his nose was straight, with nothing remarkable in it, except it was too short. He wore a fur cap, which he took off, standing a few minutes uncovered. I observed that his head was quite small, a characteristic which is said to have marked many men of talent—Byron and Chief Justice Marshall, for instance.

PAGANINI'S ONLY PUPIL.—The following notice of Camillo Sivori, Paganini's only pupil, is from the London Morning Post of the 8th ult.

The morning rehearsal which took place yesterday at her Majesty's Theatre, introduced us to one of the most singular instrumental performers whom we have ever heard. Camillo Sivori is Paganini's only pupil, and is the direct heir of that wonderful master's surpassing power. With him, as with Paganini, the instrument becomes no longer a mere tool. It is part of himself—one and indivisible. While he plays he thinks, talks, weeps, laughs, and sighs through his violin. The execution is an asperation, and the notes flow from his bow as if they were uttered from the soul of the musician rather than produced by his hand. In the tenderer and more plaintive portions of *adaigo* such was the *larmoyant* beauty of his execution, that he drew tears into our eyes; and that fancy might well have been excused which indulged itself in the folly of imagining it heard the wail of some melancholy spirit grieving over its imprisonment in the instrument from which the voice of matchless melody proceeded. The compositions which he played was a *concerto*, written by himself, and Paganini's "Carnivale de Venise." The *canto*, with single and double shakes, which occurs in the second part of the *concerto*, was a difficulty superbly vanquished, with the true ease and quiet manipulation of a master, and the breathless attention and unanimous *bravi* which burst

from the orchestra at its conclusion, proved how fully they appreciated its difficulty, and the skill of Sivori. But while we notice this terrible passage, as far as the mere hand is concerned, we must recur to Sivori's transcendent tone and powers of expression. The mere difficulty is with him no charlatanical exhibition of technical skill introduced for its own sake, but an enrichment of his *thema*, dictated by the most consummate taste, and introduced by as consummate science. Camillo Sivori is a genius. He does not abuse his wonderful ease of hand, although he avails himself of it. The qualities which he primarily seeks are tone and soul, and in these, with the exception of his wonderful predecessor, we confess we know no violinist that has yet approached him. Paganini's revelling description of the Venetian Carnival will be yet fresh in the memory of those who have ever heard the deceased master. While it is full of a technical strength, which somewhat snacks of empiricism, if we may apply such a term to a musical score, it teems with that class of original ideas which Paganini invented, and can never be heard without the most intense relish for its oddity, as well as the greatest wonder at its mechanical difficulties. These last were attacked with an ease and audacity by Sivori which we have only seen paralleled in the original composer. His descent of the chromatic scale was effected with transcendent finish and delicacy, and the lightning like velocity of his *staccato* passages is entirely inexpressible by description. The ear and eye can alone do justice to them. Nor can we forbear an allusion in the highest terms of eulogium, to the quiet beauty with which the *piccato* accompaniment on the violoncello and the pedal note throughout the *capriccio* were thrown in by the orchestra.

The *personnel* of Sivori decidedly belongs to the eccentric class; but you do not remember the oddity of the *petite* figure which stands before you when it commences to play. From that moment you are borne away with the stream of the performer's melody—now almost weeping with the tenderness of an *adagio* passage—then carried away by the *staccato*, which streams around the hearer like a shower of sunshine; and then again listening to a solemn gush of organ-like tone, as the artist sinks into a more sombre spirit.

### Natural History.

#### Courage of the Walrus.

Some of the most remarkable facts noted in connexion with natural history are found in Captain Beechey's "Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole," in the ships "Dorothea" and "Trent," under the command of Captain Buchanan in 1818. The walrusse are described to have acted more like human beings than other animals are ever known to act. These amphibious animals, molested by a party of sailors while they were on land, where they felt less at home than in the water, burst through their assailants and rushed into the sea. They then boldly turned on their pursuers, and attempted as it would seem to overturn or destroy their boat. It was the opinion of the sailors that they had a sort of general, who led them on to the attack.—He was desperately wounded in the battle or strife which ensued, and then his followers are described to have retreated, carrying off their wounded chief, as the Greeks and Trojans did their disabled heroes. Even this is not all. His supposed offspring was observed to have acted under his protection, and when the senior fell the young one continued the contest alone, and gallantly laid down his life in attempting to avenge his king or parent. The writer says—"Several of the crew managed to effect a landing upon the ice without any alarm being given to the animals; but immediately on the first musket being fired, the affrighted group made such a desperate rush towards the edge of the ice that they nearly overturned the whole of our party, purposely stationed there to intercept them. The seamen finding the charge more formidable than they expected, were obliged to separate, to allow their opponents to pass through their ranks, and being thus, in their turn, taken by surprise, they suffered them almost unmolested to perform their somersets towards the sea. What with their uncertain movements, the toughness of their hides, and the respectful distance at which the men were obliged to keep, to avoid the lashing of the head and tusks of the animals, it was indeed no easy task to inflict any serious injury upon them.

One, however, was desperately wounded in the head with a ball, and the mate of the brig being de-

terminated if possible, to secure his prey, resolutely stuck his tomahawk into his skull, but the enraged animal, with a twist of its head, sent the weapon whirling in the air, and then lashing his neck, as though he would destroy with his immense tusks every thing that came in his way, effected his escape to the water. The seamen followed, and pushed off in their boats; but the walruses finding themselves more at home now than on the ice, in their turn became the assailants, and the affair began to assume a serious aspect. They rose in great numbers about the boats, snorting with rage and rushing at the boats, and it was with great difficulty they were prevented staying them by placing their tusks upon the gunwales, or by striking at them with their heads. It was the opinion of our people, that in this assault the walruses were led on by one animal in particular, a much larger and more formidable beast than any of the others; and they directed their efforts more particularly towards him, but he withstood all the blows of their tomahawks without flinching, and his tough hide resisted the entry of the whale lances, which were unfortunately not very sharp, and soon bent double.

The herd was so numerous, and their attacks so incessant, that there was not time to load a musket, which, indeed, was the only effectual mode of seriously injuring them. The purser, fortunately, had his gun loaded, and the whole now being nearly exhausted with chopping and sticking at their assailants, he snatched it up, and thrusting the muzzle down the throat of the leader, fired into his bowels. The wound proved mortal, and the animal fell back amongst his companions, who immediately desisted from the attack, assembled round him, and in a moment quitted the boat, swimming away as hard as they could with their leader, whom they actually bore up with their tusks, and assiduously preserved from sinking. Whether this singular and compassionate conduct, which in all probability was done to prevent suffocation, arose from the sagacity of the animals, it is difficult to say, but there is every probability of it, and the fact must form an interesting trait in the history of the habits of the species. After the discharge of the purser's gun, there remained of all the herd only one little assailant, which the seamen, out of compassion, were unwilling to molest. This young animal had been observed fighting by the side of the leader, and from the protection which was afforded it by its courageous patron, was imagined to be one of its young.

The little animal had no tusks, but it swam violently against the boat and struck her with its head, and indeed would have stove her had it not been kept off by whale-lances, some of which made deep incisions in its young sides: these however, had no immediate effect: the attack was continued, and the enraged little animal though disfigured with wounds, even crawled upon the ice in pursuit of the seamen, who had relanded there, until one of them put an end to its sufferings.

## Scientific.

### A VISIT TO THE CLOUDS.

The Philadelphia Inquirer contains the following letter from Mr. Wise, the celebrated Balloonist:

CARLISLE, June 19, 1843.

MR. EDITOR—According to announcement on Saturday last, I set out on my forty-first aerial excursion, from the borough of Carlisle, at 15 minutes past 2 o'clock. A slight breeze from the west wasted me a short distance, when the ascent became more perpendicular. The first thing that drew my attention, was the immense ocean of heads that presented itself in the square; there appeared to be infinitely more people on the immediate ground, than I have witnessed for some time, at a balloon ascension; and the whole affair appeared more animated from the fine appearance of the military, together with their repeated firing after the departure of the "Comet." When I had reached a point about two miles east of the town, the balloon commenced a rapid and perpendicular ascent, which soon brought me to the base of a huge black cloud; as it has always created a deep interest to spectators to see a balloon passing through clouds, I did not hesitate on this occasion to give my numerous audience an exhibition of this kind, although I might have avoided it, and kept beneath the clouds, where the current would have taken me to Harrisburg, which place was

already distinctly in my view. This part of my adventure, I had reason soon after to regret; although at the present time it gives more gratification to contemplate its reality, than any thing that has lately transpired in my aerial adventures. The details that I shall here give of this terrible scene may be relied on, as I kept myself sufficiently composed to appreciate its grandeur, and observe its physical operations. The cloud, to the best of my judgment, covered an area of from four to six miles in diameter. It appeared of a circular form, and considerably depressed in its lower surface—or I might say, it presented a great concavity toward the earth, with its outer edges very ragged. It was also of a dark smoky color. I noticed at some distance from where I entered the cloud, the appearance of a heavy shower of rain. The first sensations I experienced when entering the cloud, were extremely unpleasant. A difficulty of respiration, almost to suffocation, was followed by sickness of the stomach. This, however, somewhat abated for a short time—the cold in the mean time becoming intense, and every thing of a fibrous nature thickly covered with hoar frost. The cloud at this point, which appeared to be in the midst of it, had not the black appearance it presented underneath, but was of a light, milky color, and yet so dense, that I could only faintly see the balloon above me—a distance of sixteen feet. From the intensity of the cold in this cloud, I concluded that the gas would condense itself, and the balloon would consequently soon descend beneath it again, where the atmosphere was much warmer. In this however I found myself mistaken; for, in a few minutes after entering the cloud, I was whirling upwards with a fearful rapidity, the balloon gyrating and the car describing a large circle in the cloud: a noise resembling the rushing of a thousand mill-dams, with a dismal moaning noise of wind, surrounded me in this terrible fight. Whether this rushing noise was occasioned by the hail and snow, which at the time was mercilessly pelting around the balloon, I am unable to tell. I was in hopes that I should soon be tossed out of the top of the cloud, and there enjoy the congenial sun-shine—so pleasant above the clouds. But in this I was disappointed, for after being hurled up, as I think, many hundred feet, the balloon appeared to be suddenly released, and would fall again with a fearful rapidity, the lower part hurled to and fro, and then again driven up into the cavity of the upper part, all the time discharging gas copiously from the neck, and breakages caused by the ice. This hurling up and down was repeated eight or ten times. Every thing that was not of a fibrous nature, such as the anchor, car and balloon, became coated with smooth ice. All the time that I remained in this cloud, which was twenty minutes, the storm raged with unabated fury, and it was only by the immense loss of gas that I became released from its terrors. I felt an intense drowsiness all the while, which I think was only overcome by the sickness of the stomach, followed by a powerful fit of vomiting. After this, I felt somewhat easier, both in mind and body, (for it is of no use to say that I was not considerably alarmed,) and I grasped a firmer hold of the sides of the car, determined to abide the result with as much composure and observation, as the nature of the case would admit; as it appeared evident that the common discharge of gas or ballast, would neither let me down or up, through this huge tenant of the air. After being tossed up and down, as before stated, I was finally released from its caverns of hail, snow and icicles, and found myself between it and the earth, receiving the benefits of a heavy and cold shower of rain, coming down on the spontaneous parachute principle, with a portion of gas remaining in the balloon, sufficient to raise about fifty pounds weight from the earth. I made a final descent on Mr. Goodyear's farm, five miles from Carlisle. I must remark, that the density of this cloud did not appear alike all through it, as I could at times distinctly see the balloon and pieces of paper, of which a large quantity was whirled out of the car in the beginning of the scene. I also noticed that a violent convoluntary action was going on, like fomentation, and the direction of the passage of the hail and snow was promiscuous. Such is the history of this short, but awful and magnificent trip, and I can assure my readers, that when I again meet clouds of this character, as I have frequently, I shall part company at the earliest opportunity, by ascending sufficiently to pass over them, or keeping sufficiently low to pass beneath them.

Very respectfully, your obedient friend,

JOHN WISE.

Carlisle, June 19, 1843.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### Extraordinary System of Marriage in Russia.

Though Whit-Monday may be considered as the great matrimonial fair, it is not to be supposed that marriages are not celebrated at all times and seasons, except during the fasts. Sometimes the mode of procedure has been very summary, as happened to one of our countrymen. He was a merchant of great respectability, and was attached to a Russian lady. No impediment offered itself, except the one which prevents the union of people of different religions; and, as foreigner and Protestant, he met with much difficulty in obtaining permission. As he had a friend at court who could gain the imperial ear, he was commissioned to apply to the fountain head. It was necessary to await a seasonable opportunity, a good-humored moment, which grants every thing, and then to strike. The opportunity occurred, and it was in the afternoon. "Your majesty," said the petitioner, "will permit me to inform you that one of my countrymen is in great distress." "How?" replied his majesty, "an Englishman in distress? What is it? let me know; if I can remedy it, depend upon it; what help does he require?" "No, your majesty, it is not that; but he wishes to marry a Russian, and the clergy will not celebrate his marriage." "How so? let him be married immediately (*seechass*.) I will give the order instantly;" and in five minutes the imperial signature permitted the nuptials to be celebrated. Now it must be recollected that in Russia a permission of the sovereign is a *bona fide* order; and there is this advantage in despotic governments, that when a thing is to be done, it is done betimes. The Imperial signature authorizes at 5 P. M. the marriage of Mr. A. and Miss B. At 6 P. M. this order gets into the hands of the proper authorities. It arrives at the first office where it is registered; at 8 it gets to another; at 10 it may have passed the synod, at 11 it is in the hands of the police, and at midnight the police officers are trotting through the streets to put it in execution, and summon the parties themselves. Mr. — was fast asleep. He had given the case up as hopeless; he must make the best of it; he must forget it; he was hugging his pillow, 'twas all he could hug; a thundering rap at his door; and before he recovers from his fright an armed police is at his bedside with a roll of paper in their hands. "His liver turned to water." Those who have not lived in Russia can hardly appreciate what the workings of a man's inside are under such circumstances. A cold sweat comes all over him; speak he cannot; but he mutters to himself, "it is all up with me. Oh, my wife and children!" an exclamation which signifies, myself. Mr. — said no such thing; he had no wife and children, nor at that moment did it appear probable that he ever might have any. As he was about to force utterance, he was stopped by the officers, who told him they had a warrant which must be executed immediately (*seechass*.) Mr. — thought of putting on his clothes, and he was sacrificing to the graces, when the officer began reading. Fancy a man roused from his slumbers in the middle of the night, trembling all over from fear more than from cold, sitting upon the edge of the bed drawing on a stocking, spinning slowly out the time, and about to hear, as he supposes, his exile warrant, "By the grace of God, Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., be it shown." What was his surprise, then, to find that this sentence was a permit to be married! "What, now?" said Mr. —, "at this time o' night!" "Immediately (*seechass*)," said the officer; "it is ordered." "Oh, if it's ordered, then I know the rest," said Mr. —; and he hurried on his clothes, and accompanied the officers to the dwelling of his betrothed. What were her feelings upon the occasion, how the matter was broken to her, whether she were asleep or awake, who explained the necessity of immediate compliance—all these matters have not been revealed. Mr. — and Miss — accompanied the police officers to the church, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the middle of the night. The officers had done their duty; Mr. — did his, inasmuch as he had obeyed orders; and all the parties shook hands, went home and went to bed again.

The system of advertising for wives does not exist in Russia; but they may be bought by private contract. The Russian consul at Elmore bought a Kamakaska woman. A common mode of procedure is to employ a third, a dealer in the trade. She has a list of *demoiselles a marier*, of

different ages and different values. Admiral's aide-de-camp employed a middle dealer, who found a wife for him who had 70,000 rubles. They were married, and the money was paid by the lady's father, deducting the dealer's commission, and 500 rubles for a piano forte, which was the young lady's property, but which had not been stipulated for. So there are three modes of procedure in the nuptial line: The summer garden, the *mariage de convenance*, and the pig in the poke.—*Traveling Physician.*

ANECDOTE.—Among the passengers in the cars on the Charlestown branch railroad, when the train ran off the track and was precipitated into the bed of the river, several weeks ago, was a sea-faring man, who was not much hurt, but after rendering what aid he could to others, quietly wended his way towards his home. A few days after this event, he was called upon by some person connected with the government of the railroad, who enquired if he was much injured, and tendered compensation for the fright and hurts which he had received.

Jack indignantly disclaimed the idea of having been frightened, and added that his hurts were of little consequence, being confined to a few inconsiderable bruises, which put him to no inconvenience. He finally consented to receive some remuneration for his injuries, and on being pressed to name a suitable sum, said that he hardly knew how to get at it exactly. He thought, however, that it might be worth a *dollar a foot, more or less!* and he thought the distance which he was pitched, was about *fifteen feet!* He was accordingly willing to take *fifteen dollars*, or he would wait until the distance was measured, and abide the result!

The fifteen dollars were handed him without more ado, which the tar quietly pocketed, declaring that it was easily earned.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

FALSE ALARM.—Last Monday forenoon, our quiet village was thrown into consternation by the announcement that the bed room of a most respectable young lady was found tenantless that morning. Whether she had eloped with some lover; or had departed in a fit of temporary insanity; or had risen early to take a morning ramble, and had met with accident, was a profound mystery. No clue to that mystery was discovered until the middle of the afternoon, when some person reported that he had seen a female answering the description, on Prospect Hill. Immediately a multitude of men left the village to make a search for the fugitive; and found her seated in a stone quarry, on the top of the hill, reading a book, "calm as a summer morning."

Young ladies ought to be sentimental and romantic. It makes them interesting. But, we venture to suggest, that when any young lady is about to indulge her poetic propensities, it is highly proper in her to give friends fair notice of her intentions, and to take a beau along for her protection.—*Binghamton Rep.*

THE BIBLE.—The following passage from Mr Webster's great speech at Bunker Hill, deserves to be circulated far and wide in the Journals of the country:

"It has been said with very much veracity, that the felicity of the American colonists consisted in their escape from the past. This is true, so far as respects political establishments, but no farther. They brought with them a full portion of all the riches of the past, in science, in art, in morals, religion and literature. The Bible came with them. As it is not to be doubted, that to the free and universal reading of the Bible, is to be ascribed in that age, that men were much indebted for right views of civil liberty. The Bible is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine; but it is also a book which teaches man his own individual responsibility, his own dignity, and his equality with his fellow man."

THE AERIAL MACHINE.—"What think ye, Thammas, o' this new fangled project o' fleeing through the air like a wild duck; is'na it a maist extraordinary thing, man?" Naething vera startling about it ava, Archie. Auld as I am, I expect to live to see the day when, wi' a wee steam-engine aneath my oxter, and a penny worth o' coals in my coat pouch, I mak a trip to Kilmarnock, and come back within half an hour! Wonderfu' naething would surprise me noo-a-days, gif it werena an advertisement frae the man in the moon, o' furnished lodgings to let, or a project to big a half way house atween his domicile and the yerth."

A Story of the Revolution,  
OR THE NATIVE PEPPER AND SALT PANTALOONS.

The following is a bona fide fact, taken without emendation from the life of a mother in Israel. It will show that there was an anti British spirit in the women as well as the men of '76. I hope all the girls in Franklin will read it, though I am afraid some of them, especially in the capital of the country, will need a dictionary to find out the meaning of the terms, wheel, loom, &c. The first is the name of an old fashioned piano with one string, the other is a big house organ with few stops. But to the story.

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May, '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend Mass., where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out and my brother that was next older than I, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march next day after to-morrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said that, though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be absent seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of winter garments. There were at this time no stores and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of body and mind into action. I immediately asked what garment was needed. She replied, "pantaloons."

"O, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."

"Tut," said mother, "the wool is on the sheep's backs, and the sheep are in the pasture."

I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take a salt dish and call them to the yard.

Mother replied, "Poor child, there are no sheep sheers within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom," said I.

"But I can't spin and weave it in so short a time."

"I am certain we can, mother."

"How can you weave it? there is a long web of linen in the loom."

"No matter, I can find an empty loom."

By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps towards the yard. I requested my sister to bring me the wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went into the yard with my brother and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool in by my sister, Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining coarse part of the fleece.

The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web got in wove, and cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure—that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvements.

The good old lady closed by saying, "I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving my country. I was relieving poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother."

The garment being finished, I retired and wept till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved.

This brother was, perhaps, one of Gen. Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America? —*Greenfield Mercury.*

TO KEEP BUGS FROM CUTTING YOUR CUCUMBER VINES.—Divide a pine knot into splits and stick three or four around each hill, or drop a few drops of turpentine on each hill, (not on the vines) and it will effectually keep the bugs away until the vine is too old for them to cut it. They only attack the vine from the time it first comes up until it is about an inch high.—*Louisville Jour.*

"I say mister," said a little urchin to a man with a pair of cross eyes, "warn't you born in the middle of the week?" "No you little d—! why do you ask me that?" "Cause I didn't know but you mought have been, seein' you are all the time a lookin' both ways for Sunday."

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—The editor of the Boston Post, that most incorrigible of all editorial wags in the country, gives another 'school examination' in a number of his paper. Read it!

"Class in Natural History, come and recite.—What are the principal fishes in Massachusetts?" "Eels, clams, halibots, &c." "What is an eel?" "An eel is a slippery animal of the constructor specie; it lives in the eel grass and in frying-pans, being very cetatious of life." "How are eels caught?" "In various ways—with hooks and lines, some with spears, and some by setting Mr. Grizzle. Those who catch them with hooks and lines work by the day; those with spears work by the job." "Right." "What is a clam?" "It is an animal which inhabits the mud, and is sold at a shilling a bucket; makes excellent k. k. or clam chowder." "Next may tell me what further he knows of the clam." "It is a very cunning bivalve, and when the market is glutted it strikes off into deep water." "Right." "What is a halibot?" "It is an animal of the whale kind, is called halibot, because it hauls the boat about when it is hooked. Unfortunate fishermen are often toted out to sea in this way and lost." "Where are the halibot taken?" "On St. George's shoal, by vessels called pinkys, because they are painted of a pink color, which tolls about the halibot. Sometimes they jump on board in large numbers, and sink the pinkys, and the men daub the pink over with coal tar, when the halibot swim off and the vessel right." "Very well; if you go on at this rate you will one day be skippers. Take your seats."

A STUMP SPEAKER STUMPED.—"Fellow citizens," said a backwoods orator upon a stump, "I go in for *measures*, not men! (Pass around that two-gallon jug, boys, and try a little of the real rectified 'oil of rye.') *Measures* are what we want, and good measure at that. When the great spirit of freedom took refuge in the eagle's nest upon the mountain cliff, the noble tree that has been cut down upon this spot was only a little twig—that twig was once a simple seed in the ground—that—that—that ground—that ground was just where you see it now—and—and, when in the course of human events it becomes necessary—(Push the jug about, boys; take a drink!)—that a man should take the place of the tree, to spread his protecting branches over you, I'm *here*—I say, fellow citizens, until these arms are lopped off, and this trunk is cut down, just like the tree that stood here before me, I say, boys—(Drink away; there's plenty on it!)—I say, I'm *jeat* as you see me now—*jeat* as you'll allers find this child, Samuel Stentor! I'm—yes—(Hand me the jug, once!)—I'm d—d if I ain't—I'm *stumped!*" —*Ptcayms.*

LATEST FASHION.—The "Sweeper," through the politeness of several *bon ton* ladies, is enabled to announce the tallest New York improvement in *summer bustles*. The great desideratum seems to be the introduction of something cool and agreeable, in place of the various winter articles now used. To accomplish this, they have decided upon the following: A girdle of India rubber hose, of sufficient length to surround the body, manufactured the same as for the Croton water, with the exception that it be made with a swell, from six inches in front to twelve inches across the back—the hose to be filled with frozen vanilla ice-cream. A small glass ornamented tube will be so arranged to the hose in front, as to fall across the neck and evaporate the perfume. After a long walk or *fatisque* comes on, the tube can be brought to the mouth, and the refreshing cream drawn with ease. The fountain is to be supplied at every toilet.

Oh, improvement!—oh, influenza!—*N. York Aurora.*

FOR PARENTS—HOW TO RUIN A SON.—Let him have his own way—allow him free use of money—suffer him to rove where he pleases on the Sabbath day—give him free access to wicked companions—call him to no account for his evenings—furnish him with no stated employment. Pursue any one of these ways, and you will experience a most marvelous deliverance, if you have not to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone mourning to their graves.—*Phil. Presbyterian.*

AN APT REPLY.—Cosme de Medici having a country gentleman dining with him, some Muscat pears were put upon the table, when the rustic remarked, "we give such pears to the hogs." Cosme replied, "we do not," and turning to his servant, added, "quick, take them away."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1843.

**THE CELEBRATION.**—The weather on the 4th was agreeably cool and delightful. The appearance of the unclouded Sun, was welcomed by a National Salute from the "big guns" of WILLIAMS' BATTALION, whose thunderings startled our citizens from their slumbers, to thank God for the return of another anniversary day of our National Independence.

The Firemen had their usual morning parade, and, amid the chime of bells, went through their customary evolutions in honor of the Day.

The several military companies were out at an early hour, and made the heavens vocal with their salutes of joy. Their martial appearance, their admirable discipline, and the spirit stirring music which accompanied them, gave life and animation to the morning hours.

At 10 o'clock, as arranged, the Cold-Water Army, composed of nearly the entire of the children of the city, formed in procession, and marched, to the enlivening strains of Capt. ADAMS' Band (who kindly volunteered for the occasion) to Washington Square. They numbered some two or three thousand, and, attired, as they were, in their holy-day gear, (many of the little girls having garlands of flowers around their brows,) they presented a pleasing appearance. Beside the children, a multitude of our citizens were on the ground, and when the exercises commenced, not less than seven thousand persons were within the beautiful enclosure.

Among the little army were children from the Poor House and the Orphan Asylum, with their little banners—all looking spruce and happy, while mingling with the more fortunate, whose words of kindness gladdened their little hearts. They were escorted to the ground by a company of young ladies who seemed happy in thus evincing their sympathy for the fatherless little ones.

Accompanying these children, was an old sailor, whose misfortunes have long made him a tenant of the county house—although he has been twenty years in the navy, and engaged in all the wars since the revolution. Notwithstanding his poverty, he appears happy—perhaps for the reason that he has recently enlisted on board of "Old Ship Zion." He brought with him a beautiful model of the U. S. Ship Pennsylvania, fully rigged, with seventy-two miniature cannon projecting from her decks—an ingenious piece of mechanism, highly creditable to the old tar.

The exercises consisted of two very appropriate addresses from scholars connected with our district schools, some singing, and a short address from chancellor WHITTLESBY.

After these Addresses, the children partook of the abundant refreshments which had been provided for them. The long table, beautifully decorated with bouquets of flowers, and shaded by green boughs, reflected honor upon the ladies and gentlemen under whose more immediate direction it was arranged. The whole army—made up of the children of the rich and poor—partook of the refreshments with a joyousness and appetite, which gave real pleasure to the thousands of spectators of this novel feast. It was a happy, exciting scene—a scene calculated to thrill the heart of the philanthropist and christian, and furnish food for future contemplation.

Every thing passed off just as all wished it might—without an accident, or a single incident to mar the pleasure of the blessed feast. Those who participated in it will see to it that each succeeding anniversary shall be characterised by a similar heart-mellowing festival.

At 2 o'clock, as per arrangement, the friends of Irish Repeal met on Washington Square. The attendance was not as large as was expected, but a respectable number were out. GRAHAM H. CHAPIN presided, and admirable speeches were made by MESSRS. CHAPIN, STEVENS, BUCHAN, SAMPTON, and CHASE, of this city, and by Mr. McMARRY of Buffalo. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout the meeting, and from the fact that no sign of intoxication was seen in the throng, it was very evident that the cold-water doctrines of FATHER MATTHEW, equally with the Repeal doctrines of DANIEL O'CONNEL, have taken deep root in the hearts of our Irish fellow citizens. God grant that it may continue to prevail, until every Irishman and every American shall entirely eschew the fellowship of that which has done more to injure the country of each than all the other evils which they have endured, combined!

Besides these, there were the spontaneous festivities of the day—the squib, the caronade, the rocket and the thousand etceteras which go to fill up the fleeting hours. Every one seemed happy in his own particular sphere, and, with fewer exceptions than ever before, all were happy without the aid of old alcohol. We watched, with no little solicitude, some of our Washingtonian brethren, who had never yet, within their recollection, passed through a 4th of July sober. But in every instance they triumphed, so far as we have heard. We met one of them about noon, and expressed our pleasure at seeing him "straight." "Yes," said he, "I am straight, and with money in my pocket—thanks be to God and the Washingtonians!" His little daughter, whom he held by the hand, looked up and smiled, while her little eyes filled with tears, as she felt that she had at last a sober father!

May every succeeding anniversary of our national Independence, find us, as a nation, not only rejoicing in our national Freedom, but imitating the virtues of the good men by whom it was achieved!

**AN EVENTFUL MAN.**—The Dover (N. H.) Gazette says there is a man now residing within the limits of that town, who has had more events happen to him in one day than is common. He started from his home sober at 8 o'clock—got drunk before 9 o'clock—got a flogging before 10 o'clock—pulled down a tent before 11 o'clock—got a lock up before 12 o'clock—paid seven dollars for sauce, and was released before 1 o'clock—got drunk before 2 o'clock—fell and injured his leg, and was carried home before 3 o'clock—and took an oath before 9 o'clock that he would never drink any more liquor, and has kept his word. He says that no man has greater reason than he has to hate rum, or thank God for having a lame leg.

**THE END.**—Mr. MILLER has written a letter, which is published in the Hartford Courant. He says he is getting better, having now only twenty-two bites on his back, side and arms. He is afflicted something as Job was, while he says his comforters are not half as rational as Job's were. He does not agree with "bro. Bliss," as to the end. He thinks the world will stand "until after the autumnal equinox."

**APPROPRIATE PROVENDER.**—A man who spelt cabbage with a K, was elected mayor of an English city, and wrote to his grocer to "send him up such provender as he, the new mare, should serve up at a feast to be given to the old mare and the members of the bench." A wag got hold of the epistle, and sent, by the porter, two bushels of oats for the new mare, and some bran to make a mash for the old one!

**GEOLOGICAL SPECIMENS AT THE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.**—In the Geological survey of this State, Geologists were directed to collect seven or eight sets of the rocks, ores, earths, &c. The finest suit of this collection has been deposited in the State Collection at Albany.—Each of the Colleges in the State has also received collections, which embrace specimens of most of the minerals and all of the strata of rocks.—The remaining suit has been given to the "Rochester Collegiate Institute," and has been received by the Trustees of that flourishing Institution.

To the apparatus and minerals, is now added this valuable collection of geological specimens. The Institution now possesses one more important facility to aid in the imparting of knowledge to its advanced students, in one of the most useful and important branches of modern science.

The science of geology is exciting deep interest in Europe and America. Thirty-one years ago the first geological society was formed in England. Then none but the favored few, who had wealth and leisure, ever thought of studying it. Now the science is cultivated, more or less, in every community.

The "Institute" offers excellent facilities to those desirous of obtaining a knowledge of geology. We cannot see why classes could not be formed for this purpose, under the direction of Professor DEWEY, the principal of the "Institute," who, it is well known, is one of the most eminent geologists in the country. We hope to see a movement on this subject soon.

The specimens, we understand, will be arranged in cases, in a room which will be open to the public in a few weeks.

**ENGLAND AND SPAIN.**—It is well known that the King of the French has long felt anxious to unite the young Queen Isabel of Spain to a French Prince. To this England objects most seriously, and will prevent it if she can. Present events in Spain indicate the probable success of the plan of Louis Phillip. The recent outbreak in that unhappy country may result in the consummation of that project. But not if England can prevent it. So anxious is she to do so, that it is now said that the fleet which she has sent over to Ireland is less designed to act there, than to hasten over to the Peninsula, should circumstances seem to render such a step necessary. This is possible; and appearances justify the opinion that the next thirty days will develop some important movements.

**NOVEL SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.**—A paper of 1785 contains the following:—*Arrived*, ship Dissipation, Capt. Voluptuousness—ship Apathy, Capt. Torpidity—brig Intemperance, Capt. Topper, with a crew full of spirits. *Cleared*, ship Modesty, Capt. Simplicity—brig Religion, Capt. Benevolence—ship Speckle, Capt. Hard Dollar. *Ready to sail*, ship Happiness, schr. Public Faith, &c. *Foundered at sea*, ship Gratitude, on her way to France. The scow Public Faith grounded on Certificate Island. The Confederation, Capt. Congress, had to run into port, owing to a defect in her rigging. The ship Refugee, Capt. Tory, was expected daily, with a cargo of brotherly-love and oblivious weed.

☞ An editor whose motto is "hold fast that which is good," complains of the number of subscribers who return their papers without paying up. But he should hold his peace. They are simply acting upon the converse of his motto, "sending back that which is evil."

☞ It is one of the wise sayings of Dr. FRANKLIN, that "God helps those who help themselves." How many thousands sink annually, because they are too apathetic to strike for the shore.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**LIFE OF ELIJAH SHAW.**—A work of about 100 pages has just been published in this city, entitled "A Short Sketch of the Life of ELIJAH SHAW, who served for twenty-one years in the American Navy, taking an active part in Four Different Wars between the United States and Foreign Powers, viz.—First, with France, in 1798—Second, with Tripoli, from 1802 to 1806—Third, with England, from 1812 to 1815—Fourth, with Algiers, from 1815 to 1816, and in 1843 entered on board the Old Ship Zion, under a New Commander, being in the 73d year of his age."

This title is sufficiently full to enable the reader to form a very good idea of the contents of the work. It may be remarked, however, that many of the most brilliant engagements that ever took place between the American and Foreign Navies, are here chronicled, Mr. Shaw having participated in some of those engagements. Mr. S. was also on board the frigate Philadelphia at the time she fell into the hands of the Turks, and as a prisoner of war, endured for the space of about nineteen months, the most severe hardships.

But this work possesses a strong local interest. Mr. Shaw is now, and has been for the two past years, a tenant of the Monroe County House. That one who has spent twenty-one of the best years of his life in the service of his country, should come to want in old age, is a reflection not the most creditable to the American people; but when such a man is compelled to ask support at the hands of any community, that community cannot but feel an interest in whatever interests him.

The work is written in a "plain, straight-forward, matter-of-fact style," and is well worth the trifling sum at which it sells. It can be had at SAGE & BROTHER'S, and at the Counting Room of the Democrat.

"A VOICE FROM THE VINTAGE, or the Force of Example;—addressed to those who think and feel." By Mrs. Ellis, author of the Wives of England, &c. &c."

We wish that every man and woman in the United States could read this admirable work.—It is full of truth, and abounds with genuine benevolence and philanthropy. Some such work was needed; for we are sorry to say that but very few of our men of influence lend their assistance to the cause of temperance. There is a criminal apathy amongst them; and ministers and professed christians are shamefully delinquent. The unfortunate inebriate seems not to be in all their thoughts. This is wrong—disgracefully wrong. Let these cold hearted disciples of Christ read this "Voice from the Vintage," and learn to think of the miseries of those upon whom have fallen the woes of the drunkard. For sale at FISHER'S.

WILLIAM ALLING, 12, Exchange street, has received No. 10 of "Allison's History of Europe." Cheap edition—25 cents per number.

Part First, of McCulloch's Universal Gazetteer, accompanied by a map of the World, may be obtained at the same place. This will be, when completed, a very valuable book of reference. Price 25 cents per number.

SAGE & BROTHER have received Part VIII. of "Brande's Encyclopedia of Science, Literature and Art." This work is well known. Twenty-five cents per number.

"LIFE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT."—The Harpers have issued in cheap form, the life of the Macedonian conqueror. The public are somewhat acquainted with the work, as it was one of the old series of the Family Library. For sale by Sage & Brother.

CLARENDON MORSE, 28, Buffalo street, has received Harper's edition of the "Neighbors" one of Frederica Bremer's delightful tales, and also Part II. of "Martin Chuzzlewit," at the astonishingly low price of 64 cents.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

Correspondence of the Gem and Ladies' Amulet.

MILWAUKIE, (W. T.) June 27, 1843.

**GENT:**—I arrived in this city to-day, after having spent a week in the country, and in compliance with your request, will furnish you with what matters of interest I have picked up during my journey to the West, and since my arrival here. I left Buffalo on the steamer Great Western, on Friday, the 9th inst., and was landed at a small village in a wild country, about half way between this place and Chicago, on the Wednesday following, having had the distinguished honor of being the first person who had ever stepped from a steamboat at that port. The passage was made in good time, and with the exception of two days of rough weather, being detained in Cleveland an entire day in consequence of a storm—was very pleasant. I can recommend the Great Western to travelers as being the finest boat that sails on the Western waters—in speed, beauty and richness of finish, the convenience and pleasantness of arrangement, and delicacy of fare—and her commandant as a first rate specimen of his profession—kind, courteous, and obliging.

We arrived at Detroit on Sunday morning early, glad to have escaped the perils of the deceitful Erie, with no other misfortune than the sickening remembrance of sea-sickness. Starting on our way again, after a detention of about two hours, we passed up the beautiful Detroit, into Lake St. Clair, the clear, calm day giving us a good opportunity to admire the splendid scenery on its hamlet-studded banks. Passing through Lake St. Clair, the boat run continually for many miles upon the sandy bottom—being obliged from the extreme shallowness of the water, to sail in a narrow channel marked out in the centre of the Lake. It is supposed that this Lake was originally formed by the overflowing of contiguous waters upon the low land lying between. We entered River St. Clair, after passing through the Lake. This is, perhaps, the most beautiful of the rivers we pass through in our passage to Lake Superior.—Its waters are clear and beautiful, and its banks, now covered with the rich verdant green of June, the forest here and there broken by small neat settlements, and then again retaining all the wildness and grandeur of untamed nature, present to the eye of the passing traveler many very pleasant scenes.

Just before sun-down we paused at the village of Fort Gratiot, taking on a party and their implements, who were engaged in a mining expedition to Lake Superior, under Col. Cunningham. As the moon was coming up, we passed the Fort, situated at the entrance of the Huron into River St. Clair. It looked neat and handsome in the moonlight, with its white walls and palisades, and houses, its guarded walks, and the regularity of military arrangements; but as the boat did not stop here, we were not permitted the pleasure of an "inspection."

We were now entering the most beautiful of the Western Lakes—the Huron—its sea in vastness. The day was the Sabbath, but as there was no one on board to conduct religious exercises, those not of an ascetic disposition, found none of the usual incentives to devotion, and it had been spent by a majority rather irreverently. In the evening, however, as the boat left the sight of land in the wide spread Huron, the passengers assembled in the saloon, and listened to and aided in a number of "spiritual songs" before retiring, thus partially, as they thought, relieving the undutiful conduct of the day. The night continued beautifully calm and clear, and I found myself in no disposition to forsake its beauties for the secondary pleasure of repose, so wrapping myself in my cloak, I paced the promenade deck until my repeater told that midnight had passed, engaged in a train of reflections which would very naturally be called up in the mind of a "green horn," who was now receiving his first lessons in "sight-seeing." I fancied myself to be the only person on board who was enjoying this opportunity of sentimentalizing, until tearing myself from the glorious scene which had entranced me, to seek my state-room, I unfortunately stumbled upon two individuals—a noble newly-married couple, who were now going to seek a home in the West—who were engaged in the same profitable employment with myself, gazing out upon the broad, calm, moonlit lake, up at the blue serene heaven, and the glorious full orb moon, traveling to its zenith, leaving a track of gill in its path,—musing perhaps, upon the progress of our noble vessel, freighted with its precious burden of unconscious mortals, clearing its way through the dark, clear

water, throwing it aside in sparkling foam with its giant wheels, and leaving in its wake, a track of diamonds, as the moon lit up the waves,—but unfortunately, I was seen, and—they vanished—and so did I.

We were in the Huron all the next day, and just at nightfall we entered the Straits of Mackinaw, and soon came in sight of the Island and Fort. This Island, with its evergreen crowned heights, presents a fine appearance in approaching, but is a bleak sterile spot. The Fort is the station commanded by Capt. Scott, formerly of Rochester. The boat stopped here long enough to admit of a visit on shore; and myself and party clomb up the sides of the hill, and went through the different departments of the Fort. It is substantially built upon the brow and sides of the mountain, and is in a very commanding position for all the entrances to the harbor. It bore evidences, in its regularity and perfect neatness, of excellent discipline. Mackinaw is a station where the neighboring tribes of Indians receive their annual pay from Government, and a number of them reside in the village. Their huts looked as though built at a very remote date, are very much dilapidated, and thatched with the bark of trees. The whole city looks "ancient," and its extensive and excellent fisheries give it some considerable importance, and a "fish-like smell." Along on the shore were several rude Indian lodges, made of cones of poles, covered with matting. I unceremoniously raised the blanket which served as a door to one of them, and looked in upon its occupants. The squaws, either from sullenness or modesty, refused any reply to our salutations, or answer to our queries. A fire was built in the centre, the smoke escaping at the top of the tent, and across a pole were hung some fish to dry, and a bag of corn stood near. The inmates were seated on mats around, partaking of their evening meal of powdered corn and milk. We were not very much flattered by our reception, and soon took leave of the interesting group.

As the evening gun sounded from the Fort, our journey again commenced. In the evening, the passengers amused themselves by participating in a dance in the saloon, for which the band belonging to the boat furnished excellent music. The wind rising, I thought proper to retire early to my berth. We soon entered Lake Michigan, and the next morning stopped at Manitow Islands—a desert spot where the steam boats stop to wood. A couple of shrewd Yankees have purchased a lease of these Islands, for seven years, with the privilege of using the wood, and employ, I am told, some forty men in chopping and bringing it to the wharf, where they dispose of it at a good price. When the lease expires, the land will be cleared of its timber, the only thing for which it is valuable.

Putting out to sea again, the wind had so much increased that I was obliged to seek my berth to escape sea-sickness, which I failed to accomplish—and oh! the recollection of what I endured during that whole day, brings back the nauseating sensation, and I am almost compelled to take back all the good things that I have said of the boat, the captain, and beautiful scenery. But the day passed—and the night—and the next morning was calm and lovely, and we stepped ashore.

As I shall remain a short time in this section of the country, and visit the most interesting portion of the Territory and Illinois, towards which the attention of a great many of our Eastern fellow-citizens is now turned, I will give you hereafter my impressions in regard to the new and apparently thriving cities and villages on my route. Yours, &c.

**ANECDOTE OF GEN. LEE.**—When the General was a prisoner at Albany, he dined with an Irishman. Before entering upon the wine, the General remarked to his host, that, after drinking, he was very apt to abuse Irishmen—for which he hoped his host would excuse him in advance. "By my soul, General, I will do that," said his host, "if you will excuse a trifling fault which I have myself. It is this—whenever I hear a man abusing our Ireland, I have a sad fault of cracking his sconce with my shellalah." The General was civil during the whole evening!

☞ A wise Heathen, who had, evidently, the elements of true wisdom within him, thus prayed:

Great Jove, this one petition grant;  
(Thou knowest best what mortals want!)

Asked or unask'd, what's good supply—  
What's evil—to our prayers deny.

Poetry.

A Psalm of Life.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but a dream!—  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!  
Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living Present!  
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of time;

Footsteps that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

Upon thy Truth Relying.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

They say we are too young to love—  
Too wild to be united;  
In scorn they bid us both renounce  
The fond vows we have plighted.  
They send thee forth to see the world,  
Thy love by absence trying;  
Then go; for I can smile farewell—  
Upon thy truth relying.

I know that Pleasure's hand will throw  
Her silken net around thee;  
I know how lonesome I shall find  
The long, long days without thee.  
But in thy letters there'll be joy;  
The reading—the replying;  
I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee—  
Upon thy truth relying.

When friends applaud thee, I'll set by,  
In silent rapture gazing;  
And, oh! how proud of being loved  
By her they have been praising!  
But should Detraction breathe thy name,  
The world's reproof denying,  
I'd love thee—laud thee—trust thee still—  
Upon thy truth relying.

E'en those who smile to see us part;  
Shall see us meet with wonder;  
Such trials only make the heart  
That truly loves grow fonder.  
Our sorrows past shall be our pride,  
When with each other vying;  
Thou wilt confide in him, who lives  
Upon thy truth relying.

From the Artist for June.

Things that I Love.

I love the murmuring woodlands  
In summer's heat to rove,  
And steal the notes of melody  
That warble in the grove;  
Where o'er the giant forest  
Its branches green entwine,  
In solitude to wander  
At weary day's decline.

I love to watch the shadows  
Along the hill side creep,  
Or through the valley lengthen,  
Or o'er the river leap—  
The breezes soft that waft them  
The crystal waters o'er,  
And his with maiden sweetness  
The ripples on the shore.

I love the starry phalanx  
That evening's gates unfold,  
That dance along night's ocean,  
Like bubble dipped in gold;  
The peerless queen that leads them  
The azure summit through,  
And decks the earth, her sister,  
With pearls of living dew.

I love to sit embowered  
Beneath the evening sky,  
And soar in secret rapture  
To fairy worlds on high;  
On faith's angelic plunions  
To scale the heights above,  
And range with kindred spirits  
Through mantles bright of love.

"It's weel its Nae Waur."

BY EDWARD EGAIN.

It's true, frien's, it's true,  
An' I'm wae to confess  
That our joy might be mair,  
An' our grief might be less;  
But we aye get a mouthfu'  
Tho' we whies kenna whar,  
Sae, O! frien's, be thankfu'—  
"It's weel it's nae waur."

We've a' dreet the girnin'  
O' cauld gloamin' care,  
Yet o' hope's mornin' sang  
Hae we no had our share?  
Tho' the eary be dark whiters,  
There's aye some hit star  
Tae keep us reflectin'—  
"It's weel it's nae waur."

We've sicken'd in sorrow  
At parting to-day,  
But the meeting to-morrow  
Cau chase it away;  
An' if some frien's hae wither'd  
Sin' we were a'far,  
We ken whar the banes lie—  
"It's weel it's nae waur."

Our ill's hae been mony,  
We've a' had our share,  
An' nae doubt we've whies thoct  
That none could hae mair;  
But yet there are thousand's  
Mair wretched by far—  
Then, O! frien's, be thankfu'—  
"It's weel it's nae waur."

From the Knickerbocker.

Some years ago, a clever countryman, returned from abroad, thus mourned his ignorance of the French language, that "universal tongue:—

Never go to France  
Unless you know the lingo,  
If you do, like me,  
You'll repent, by Jingo!  
Starring like a fool,  
And silent as a mummy,  
There I stood alone,  
A nation with a dummy!

"Chaises" stand for chairs,  
They christen letters "Billies;"  
They call their mothers "mares,"  
And all their daughters "fillies!"  
Strange it was to hear:  
I'll tell you what a good 'un;  
They call'd their leather "queer,"  
And all their shoes are "wooden."

Signs I had to make  
For every little notion;  
Limbs all going, like  
A telegraph in motion;  
For wine I reeled about,  
To show my meaning fully,  
And made a pair of horns,  
To ask for "beef and bully."

If I wanted bread,  
My jaws I set a going;  
And asked for new laid eggs  
By clapping hands and crowing!  
If I wished a ride,  
I'll tell you how I got it,  
On my stick astride,  
I made believe to trot it!

The Lawyer's Prayer.

Ordained to tread the thorny ground,  
Where few, I fear, are faithful found,  
Mise be the commencement void of shame,  
The upright heart, the spotless name;  
The tribute of the widow's prayer  
The righted orphan's grateful tear.  
No'er may my prostituted tongue  
Protect the oppressor in his wrong,  
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws  
To sanctify a villain's cause.  
To Virtue and her friends, a friend,  
Still may my voice the weak defend.

Let others with unsparing hand  
Scatter their poison through the land,  
Inflame dissension, kindle strife,  
And strew with ill the path of life!  
On such her gifts let Fortune shower,  
Add wealth to wealth, and power to power;  
On me may favoring heaven bestow  
That peace which good men only know;  
That joy of joys, by few possessed,  
The eternal sunshine of the breast.  
Power, fame, and riches, I resign,  
The praise of honesty be mine,  
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,  
And poor men bless me when I die!

Lines by Whittier.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time,  
When the great truth begins at last to find  
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,  
Earnest and clear, that all revenge is crime!  
That man is holier than a creed. That all  
Restraint upon him must consult his good.  
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,  
And Love look in upon his solitude.  
The beautiful Lesson which our Savior taught,  
Through long, dark centuries its way hath wrought  
Into the common mind and popular thought,  
And words to which by Galilee's lake shore,  
The humble Fishers listened with hushed ear,  
Have found an echo in the general heart,  
And of the public faith become a living part.

A Baby's Complaint.

Oh, mother, dear mother, no wonder I cry;  
More wonder by far that your baby don't die;  
No matter what ails me—no matter who's here,  
No matter how hungry the "poor little dear;"  
No matter if full, or all out of breath,  
She trots me, and trots me, and trots me to death.

I love my dear nurse, but I dread that great knee:  
I like all her talk, but woe unto me!  
She can't be contented with talking so pretty,  
And washing, and dressing, and doing her duty;  
And that's very well, I can bear soap and water,  
But, mother, she is an unmerciful trotter!

Pretty ladies, I want to look at your faces,  
Pretty cap, pretty face, let me see how it blazes.  
How can I, my head going biddy-bob?  
And she trots me the harder, the harder I sob:  
Oh, mother, do stop her, I'm inwardly sore,  
I hiccup and cry, and she trots me the more,  
And talks about "wind," when 'tis she makes me ache:  
Wish 'twould blow her away for poor baby's sake!

Thank goodness I'm still, oh, blessed be quiet!  
I'm glad my dear mother is willing to try it:  
Oh foolish old customs my mother's no lover,  
And the wisdom of this she can never discover;  
I'll rest me a while, and just look about,  
And laugh up at Sally who peeps in and out,  
And pick up some notions as soon as I can,  
To fill my small noddle before I'm a man.

Oh dear, is that she? Is she coming so soon?  
She's bringing my dinner with tea-cup and spoon:  
She'll hold me with one hand, in t'other the cup,  
And as fast as its down, she'll just shake it up,  
And thumpily thump with the greatest delight,  
Her heel is still going from morning till night.  
And over the house you may hear it, I'm sure,  
Trot—trotting! Just think what I'm doomed to endure.

To Helen in a Huff.

BY N. F. WILLIS.

Nay, lady, one frown is enough  
In a life as soon over as this;  
And though minutes seem long in a huff,  
They're minutes 'tis a pity to miss!  
The smiles you imprisoned so lightly  
Are reckoned like days in an eclipse:  
And though you smile again brightly,  
You've lost so much light from your lips!  
Fray, lady, smile!

The cup that is longest untasted  
May be with our bliss running o'er,  
And, love when we will, we have wasted  
An age in not loving before!  
Perhaps Cupid's forging a fetter  
To tie us together some day,  
And, just for the chance, we had better  
Be laying up love, I should say;  
Nay, lady, smile!

Freedom.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

Freedom! beneath thy banner I was born,—  
O let me share thy full and perfect life!  
Teach me opinion's slavery to scorn,  
And to be free from Passion's bitter strife;—  
Free of the world, a self-dependent soul,  
Nourished by lofty aims and genial truth,  
And made more free by love's serene control,  
The spell of beauty and the hopes of youth.  
The liberty of nature let me know,  
Caught from the mountains, groves and chrysal streams,  
Her starry host, and sunset's purple glow,  
That woo the spirit with celestial dreams,  
On Fancy's wing exultingly to soar,  
Till life's harsh fetters clog the heart no more!

Marriages

In this city, June 29th, by the Rev. J. B. Shaw, Mr. JAMES SLIGH to Miss ELIZA WILSON, all of this city.

On Monday evening, June 19th, by the Rev. P. Church, WILLIAM H. HOLT, of Rochester, to HANNAH, daughter of Joseph Leggett, Esq., of Irondequoit.

In Greece, June 27th, by the Rev. J. B. Olcott, Mr. JOHN T. LITTLE, merchant, of Farmington, Michigan, to Miss LORETTE N. JAMES, of the former place.

In Kendall, Orleans co., on the 21st of June, by the Rev. Eli Hannibal of Clarkson, CALEB C. JOHNSON, M. D., to JULIA, eldest daughter of Henry W. Bates of the former place.

In Ledyard, Cayuga co., N. Y., on the 29d inst., ELIHU COLEMAN, of this city, to MARY H., daughter of Abraham Willets, of the former place.

At Leicester, Liv. co. on the 27th inst., by the Rev. John B. Dale, Mr. Philo Parsons, of Perry, Wyoming co. N. Y. to Miss Ann Eliza Barnum, of the former place.

On the 18th instant, at Canandaigua, by the Rev. M. L. R. P. Thompson, Ely G. Williams, Attorney at law, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Caroline M., daughter of Samuel Lyon, Esq., of the former place.

Inodus, on the 8th inst., by Rev. Mr. Mervin, Mr. J. Clark Rogers, merchant, to Miss Louisa, daughter of Hon. Byram Green, all of that town.

In Lockport, on the 14th instant, by Elder Galusha, Mr. Stephen Eaton, of Porter, to Mrs. Hannah St. John, of Lockport.

At Oriskany Falls, on Tuesday evening, 30th ult., by the Rev. O. Bartholomew, Mr. Royal M. Northrup, of Kirkland, to Miss Joanna Stebbins, of the former place.

In Charleston, (S. C.), on the 8th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Leland, Mr. James Harrel, (of the firm of Harjland, Harrel & Allen, and formerly of this city,) to Miss Emma F. Vardell, both of Charleston.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

Terms.—One Dollar per annum, in advance.

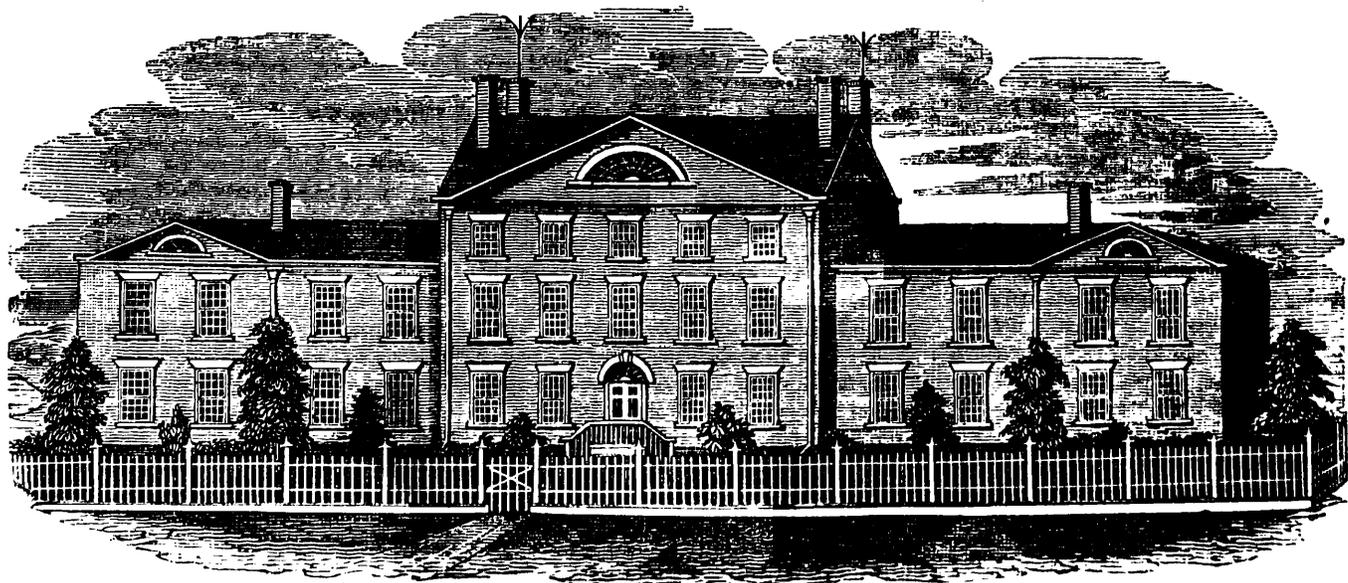
# THE GEM

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Vol. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1843.

No. 15.



HUDSON LUNATIC ASYLUM.

## THE ASYLUM.

The Hudson Lunatic Asylum is located on a rise of ground on the northern border of the city, fronting on Fourth street, and directly opposite the Court House. It commands an extensive prospect of the Hudson river, the Catskill mountains and the surrounding country. From the front windows you can look down the avenue into the principal business street of the city, a view of which serves often to divert the maniac and cheer the melancholic. The building is surrounded by cultivated gardens and extensive airing grounds, where the inmates can exercise and be diverted by games of ball, quoits, &c., while others are occupied in gardening, &c.

The principal edifice is of stone, 120 feet front, and is admirably adapted for the security, comfort and proper management of about sixty patients.

The first story of the centre building is divided into a reception room, parlors and a dining room. The basement of the entire building is appropriated to culinary purposes, the use of the laundress, bathing rooms and a workshop for the diversion of the patients. The second and third stories of the centre building and the wings are devoted to the use of the patients and their attendants. The males occupy the eastern and the females the western portion of the building.

Separated from the main building, are out-wards for the noisy and turbulent class. They are sufficiently remote to prevent the convalescing from being annoyed. When they become calm, they are gradually advanced and encouraged, until health and reason are restored, and the patient returns to his family and the society of his friends.

Twelve years and a half have now elapsed since the institution was opened, and during that time about six hundred patients have been admitted and placed under the most approved plan of treatment, as is conceded by all. It has also been satisfactorily demonstrated in this as well as in other Asylums, that the prospect of cure is the greater where the case has been of short duration; for instance, about nine out of ten cases recover when brought to this Asylum within three or four months after insanity has developed itself.

## Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

### Truth—A Tale of Connecticut.

"Evelyn, do see! I never saw any thing so beautiful in all my life!"

"It is a pretty flower, indeed, Maria. So modest and unassuming too; and how nicely those colors of pink and purple are tinged with white. But, Maria, do you think it is as beautiful, as our own modest violets and carnations?" said Evelyn, thoughtfully.

"Oh, no, Evelyn, not half so pretty. I like our own cultivated flowers much the best, as we have long tended them, and watched with anxiety for their first opening blossom," said Maria with an innocent smile, not thinking that she had given two opinions, in direct contradiction to each other, in a few sentences.

"But, Maria! what do you mean? You never saw any thing so beautiful in all your life; and still think our carnations and violets much the prettiest! You certainly cannot think both true?"

"Oh, no! I only meant to say that it was beautiful."

"But you did not say so, Maria. Mother tells me to speak the truth at all times, and in the most trifling matters," said Evelyn with earnestness, still with mildness.

"Evelyn, it is something new to me that it is wrong to express myself in this manner. Mother has never reproved me for such an expression; besides, she uses them herself, which I believe she would not do, was it wrong?"

It was thus two young and intimate friends—Evelyn Morris and Maria Mordant—talked of the comparative beauty of a flower they had discov-

ered, as hand in hand they tripped gaily along by the side of a favorite rill, situated in the midst of the most beautiful and picturesque scenery, of which the State of Connecticut could justly boast. They had seen but twelve summers, and in each other's society, time had flitted gaily by, and been as one long pastime of innocent pleasure and youthful joy. As yet, the childish simplicity of nature had not been polished by the hand of cultivation, so as to produce firm and fixed principles of virtue; or on the contrary, so as to exhibit, in a great degree, the first budlings-forth of native depravity, and the first fruits of improper mental training.

The respective parents of Evelyn and Maria were New England farmers of considerable wealth and were loved by all for their generous hospitality and unvarying kindness. Mrs. Morris, the mother of Evelyn, was a woman of singular integrity and virtue. Her love and regard for truth, united with a comprehensive view of the consequences of youthful error, led her to guard with a mother's vigilance the mind of Evelyn, and preserve her if possible from the least deviation from the sacred requirements of truth. She explained to Evelyn the sacred nature of truth—her obligations to speak it, and the consequences attendant upon its violation. She taught her to regard it in small and trifling matters—"for trifles," she said, "was the high road to vice in its worst and most degrading forms,"—and also taught that "deceit in action is but a silent falsehood."

Under the training of such a mother, Evelyn was enabled to form a fixed habit of observing truth; which habit constituted an essential prerequisite to add a lustre to every other virtue.

Mrs. Mordant, the mother of Maria, was a wo-

man possessing a heart overflowing with kindness and benevolence, but did not possess that nice discrimination of mind which was conspicuous in the character of Mrs. Morris, and which enabled her to view vice in trifling actions, and great consequences as the result of apparently unimportant events. Mrs. Mordant was one of that great number whose benevolence is so unbounded, as when talking will magnify twenties into hundreds, a good-looking thing a perfectly beautiful and splendid one; or, on the contrary, diminutively speaking, hundreds are reduced to twenties, beauty is distorted into ugliness, and homeliness into perfect hideousness.

Already had the poison, communicated by a mother's example, begun to work in the mind of Maria, when she called the pretty flower of the forest the most beautiful one she ever saw.

Six years soon passed away, and brought their accustomed changes; but to Evelyn and Maria they brought nothing but pleasure and joy.

It was a pleasant summer's day. A select circle of young friends met at the house of Mr. Mordant, to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of Maria. The two friends sat side by side, but they were not the Evelyn and Maria of childhood's days. Instead of the child of play and mirth—now chasing the butterfly through field and grove—now making the woodlands ring with the wild shout of mirth—and now by the side of a mother, receiving instruction, or, perhaps, viewing the pictures of a story book, we see the youth of graceful figure, just blushing into womanhood; whilst Hope, the ever-present companion of youth, decks the future in gay and brilliant colors, revealing to view bright scenes of pleasure, which seem as if winning them on in pursuit, faster than the tardy wheels of time will permit.

Every thing is progressive. Principles early implanted, without a counteracting influence, will grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength. Under a mother's tuition, Evelyn progressed in every virtue, until she had now attained an influence as powerful and extensive as it was chaste and pure. Possessing good natural talents, and these improved by a consistent education, uniting in her character the simplicity of nature with the dignity of conscious innocence, she was rightly calculated to win the confidence and love of all. Retiring in her manner and dignified in her deportment, her virtues did not at first acquaintance appear with the brilliancy of some, and thus she threw a barrier around which kept the vicious ever from her side, while the virtuous could only approach as their true character became known.

The influence of principles over the mind is progressive; and no where can this truth be more plainly proved than in the case of Maria Mordant. At first, the deviations from truth were small, and about trifling things, and were the result of that benevolence which can magnify or diminish according as caprice dictates. By slow and sure degrees, the violations of truth gradually advanced to deceit, until that which was mere habit became a fixed principle of action, and entwining around the secret fibres of the heart, at last ripened into confirmed coquetry.

Maria Mordant possessed talents of a high order, a mind naturally susceptible of the finest feeling, but now sadly blunted by principles which of themselves are enough to blight the purest heart. Possessing a fine figure, united with a genteel appearance, and being apparently so artless in her manner, she was well calculated to gain the admiration and applause of the unguarded and unsuspecting. Indeed, so completely could she control every feature and every action, that

the closest scrutiny, united with the keenest discernment, could scarcely detect her real object. This day, her charms were lavished upon Henry Clifton, and not without some apparent success.

Henry Clifton was a young man of twenty-three, the son of an influential and worthy manufacturer of an adjacent town. Being liberally educated, and possessing talents of no ordinary character, and a gentlemanly deportment, he became the favorite of all, and was destined to act a conspicuous part in the great drama of human life. He had met Evelyn and Maria a few times, and was attracted by Evelyn's gentle and retiring manner and the sweetness of disposition manifest in every action, and by Maria's ready wit and apparent artlessness and sincerity. Young Clifton had been undecided as to which came the nearest to his ideas of a perfect character; and when in company with the gentle, the affectionate Evelyn, would he feel willing to award to her the richest treasure of his heart; but when in company with the confiding, the brilliant Maria, would he again become doubtful and undecided.

Business had that day called young Clifton into the neighborhood of Mrs. Mordant's, and through the earnest solicitation of some of the young company, he was induced to accompany them to Mr. Mordant's, and when Maria saw him enter with the rest as a guest, she inwardly resolved to try what influence she could exert over him, and if possible have his name in the list of competitors for her hand, although she knew the susceptible heart of Evelyn had already declared itself in his favor. It is, however, but doing Evelyn justice, to state that she judged from Clifton's delight in her society, and from his partiality and attention, that he viewed her with feelings of a more ardent nature than those of mere friendship, and in obedience to the dictates of her own trustful nature, she gave her heart to one unsought. Yet, to censure her for such an act, would imply a want of virtue in herself, and her incapability to love virtue in others.

With the adroitness and sagacity of an experienced coquette, Maria managed to chain his attention entirely to herself, and with confidence in her own power, felt assured of ultimate and complete success. In proportion as Clifton's attentions to Maria became more marked and obvious, did the retiring modesty of Evelyn lead her to become more reserved; and for the first time did she doubt the sincerity of Maria's friendship. But this doubt was soon dispelled by Maria's firm assurance that it was only to pass an hour pleasantly away, and that she regarded Evelyn as Clifton's favorite. With such assurances did she clear herself from every suspicion of guilt, and satisfy the mind of Evelyn of her innocence and friendship. At the same time she resorted to many expedients to keep Clifton from the society of Evelyn as much as possible.

After a few months, in which she received devoted attention from young Clifton, Maria saw her complete success in his earnest solicitation of her hand in marriage, as he trusted by her words and actions that he had already gained her heart. Her answer was deferred to a future day, and fruitful was her imagination in devising excuses for its postponement from time to time. With the ever-present restlessness of the human mind, and in imitation of Alexander, who, when he had conquered the world, wept that there was not another to conquer, she, when she attained the summit of her former ambition to conquer, and saw the richest treasure of a noble heart freely proffered for her acceptance, sighed for an opportunity to prove her power again triumphant; and like all others similarly circumstanced, whose object is the pleasure of a conquest, that object attained, threw

away and slighted the heart to which every action formed an important auxiliary to obtain.

By degrees, her attention was diverted from young Clifton, and lavished upon a new object. George Colton, a young man of genteel appearance, came on a visit to some relatives near Mr. Mordant's, about the time of Clifton's proposal, and soon became acquainted with Maria. He was a man of good personal appearance, and well skilled in all the forms and etiquette of fashionable life; but neither nature nor education had endowed him with a mind capable of extensive thought, but, on the contrary, only fit to ape the manners of those nearly as foolish as himself.—Such an one was the next object of Maria's coquetry; and it required no great art to entangle him in its complicated folds—for congeniality of disposition, taste and manners, will assuredly prove a mutual attraction.

At first, Clifton saw with surprise and regret Maria's indifference toward him, and could be only partially satisfied, by a renewed assurance of her unchanging love. For a time, this satisfied his troubled mind; but when he saw the same attentions he had formerly received transferred to another, and he a *fop*, a *coxcomb*, could he but believe her worthless and false? No! he would not harbor the thought; and with the hope that she could explain all satisfactorily, he sought an interview. Arriving at Mr. Mordant's, he was told she had walked out, but would probably return in a few minutes. He waited until his meditations became insupportable, when he walked into the garden, hoping to calm his agitated mind before an interview—proceeding near a favorite bower, where he had spent many happy hours in the society of one who had been his all, and with whom the pleasures of his whole existence seemed firmly bound. Past scenes rose up before him in all their happy joyousness—their fond remembrance seeming to inspire him with new hope—and his own, his better self, stood before him, in imagination, in all her innocence and purity, ministering to his every want, and ready to soothe each wo and lull each troubling care. At this moment a familiar voice started him from his reverie, and with a violent agitation, he waited to hear from whence it came.

Transfixed and mute, he stood, while the perspiration, issuing from every pore, stood in drops upon his marble forehead, and his trembling limbs told of the agitation within. Hearing the voice again, he became as calm and as tranquil as in his most sober moments. He recognized the voice as Colton's, and the words rang through his heart, chilling the blood in its accelerated course.

"Will you consent to become mine now, Maria, and assure me that you never loved Henry Clifton, and relieve me from my suspense and doubt?"

"As to the latter part of your question," answered Maria, "I have often told you that I did not care more for Henry Clifton than I did for any common acquaintance."

"Then consent to become mine, and I shall be more than happy!" said Colton, in an earnest, doubtful tone.

Clifton waited no longer than to hear an affirmative given in answer, when rushing from the spot, he entered his carriage and drove furiously home.

Oh! how drear that moment when the heart's purest affections are blighted—when the aspirations of a noble and generous nature are buried in the blight of disappointment—when our lips are to the cup to partake of a long-expected sweet, to find it suddenly dashed from us by a ruthless hand—when the noble spirit thinks it sees in others the personification of every ennobling virtue, and finds it but a base imitation—

worships at its shrine, and finds it all so false, so unworthy, and yet so fair! Yes, it is drear! And the mind of Clifton felt it in all its force.

When he could sufficiently calm his agitated feelings, he sat down and penned to Maria the following lines:

"CLIFTON HOUSE, June 10, 18—. }  
4 o'clock, P. M. }

"MARIA MORDANT:

"It is but doing an act of justice to yourself, for me to state, that I accidentally overheard your conversation with Mr. Colton, to-day, in which you freely confessed that you never cared more for me than for any common acquaintance; and also accepted his hand in marriage.

"I proceeded to your father's with a view to receive an explanation of your late inexplicable conduct, when, happily for me, it was explained in a way in which deceit could not enter. I therefore freely and formally resign all claims to your hand and heart, and sincerely thank Heaven that I am undeceived before it is too late.

"For the future, we shall meet only as strangers. Of our former friendship I need not speak, for between you and me there is an impassable barrier.

"Trusting that in the smiles of a fop and a coxcomb you will meet your reward,  
I subscribe myself,  
HENRY CLIFTON."

Maria read Clifton's note with feelings bordering on despair, for it revealed to her what she had never learned before—that she truly and sincerely loved him, and that her happiness was more closely connected with him than she had formerly imagined. So completely had coquetry blinded her own heart, that she knew not its real state. How bitter were the tears she shed, that she had driven such a heart forever from her. But it was too late. She knew Clifton was decided. Love George Colton she could not; and for a time she wept in the bitterness of despair. At length, womanly pride reigned triumphant, and drying up her tears, she again assumed an air of unconcern, as though nothing had disturbed the calm serenity of her mind.

Henry Clifton felt for a time the utter loneliness of his situation, but the effects of his disappointment gradually wore away, and in a few months, its remembrance was as a dream. With a heart susceptible of the purest and noblest feeling, and in unison with the impulses of a noble nature, he had fondly and devotedly loved virtue; and it detracted not from his real worth, that instead of paying homage to virtue, he worshipped its imitation. His only sorrow consisted in not finding virtue where he thought it to exist in its most luxuriant and noble state. Virtue being the source and origin of all proper and consistent love, they must of necessity perish together.

In about eighteen months after the close of our preceding narrative, Henry Clifton accidentally fell in company with Evelyn Morris at an evening party, and seeing in her character those same virtues which had formerly excited his admiration, he renewed the acquaintance, and soon became aware of the existence of a passion that had long lain dormant in his bosom, and which at the moment of its origin, and before he became conscious of its existence, by the influence of deceit and coquetry was directed from its proper and legitimate object, and transferred to one unworthy and false.

In a few months more, Clifton had the pleasure of welcoming his bride, Evelyn Morris, to the home of his fathers and to the delights of domestic life.

When the news of their marriage reached Maria, and when the last hope of winning Clifton back again had failed, she, in a fit of disappointment, married the fop and coxcomb George Colton.

George Colton, by his prodigality and intemperance, soon squandered the legacy left his wife by untimely decease of her broken-hearted parents,

and in a few years terminated his own existence by the same continued excesses.

Henry Clifton and wife still live, as patterns of a consistent and virtuous life, and in the enjoyment of every necessary worldly good; and when Maria Mordant became the broken-hearted widow of George Colton, and by her repentance manifested a desire to obey the dictates of truth, then did the liberality and kindness of Henry Clifton and his amiable wife, provide for her wants, but never were they successful in entirely removing those early principles implanted by a mother's example, and which in after years produced the fruit of bitterness and sorrow. A. G. M.

South Chili, July, 1843.

## Popular Tales.

### "THE PLUMMY."

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

#### PART I.

In a narrow and thickly populated alley, just without the walls of old London, there was, and perhaps still exists, a coal shed,—a dark, gaping, dingy recess, well filled with coals, and in one corner a pile of firewood, technically termed "penny bundle," a fringe of ropes of onions, suspended from the once whitewashed ceiling, and a whole barrel of Yarmouth blasters at the door. A back room, dimly seen in the distance, served as "parlor, and kitchen, and all," to the owner of the establishment, consisting of Job Cole, his wife, and two daughters, of the respective ages of twelve and ten. The upper part of the three-storied house, with the exception of the attics, was let out to lodgers, at weekly rents, varying from five shillings to half a crown.

One morning in the month of months, Job Cole was busily employed in measuring a bushel of real Wallsend, scientifically heaping the measure to a perfect cone, when a genteel man walked into the shed, and asked "if Mr. Cole was within?"

"If it's Job Cole you want, I'm the man," replied the retailer of fuel.

"Can I have a few words with you in private?" demanded his visitor.

"Why, I don't see no objections to that," replied Job, "if so be you'll wait till I've carried these coals. First come first served, all the world over, you know; at least it's always bin my maximum. Shant be long. Here, Fanny—Fanny, you slut, come and take care o' the shop, while I runs over to Mother Smithers," bawled he; and down came a girl of twelve years of age, and, upon seeing the stranger, sidled up to the herring cask, and began playing with the savoury fish, glancing now and then at the gentleman with a look between shyness and fear, who, on his part endeavored to enter into conversation with the child, but could extract nothing more than a timid "Yes, sir," or a "No, sir."

Her father, however, soon relieved guard, and throwing down the empty sack cried "That's the ticket! And now, sir, what's your business?"

"A very agreeable business, I hope, as far as you are concerned, Mr. Cole," replied the stranger. "But, before I communicate the object of my visit, it is necessary that I should ask you a few questions."

"Ax me no questions and I'll tell you no lies, as the saying is," replied Job. "But, howsomdever, go it! You'll excuse me; but the fact is, I care for nobody, for nobody cares for me. I fear no bums, not I. 'Cause why? I owe nothing to nobody."

"I've heard a good character of you in the neighborhood," replied the gentleman.

"Don't doubt it," replied Job, with some confidence. "I should like to see that man, woman, or child that could say black's the white of my eye, that's all. Pay everybody—wish I could say as everybody paid me!"

After a little further parley the gentleman induced Job to invite him to a conference in the little back room.

"Your name is Job Cole I believe?"

"You've hit it,—right as a trivet," replied Job.

"Your father's name was?"

"Job, too."

"Have you, or had you, any relations?"

"Why let me see—yes. There's uncle John; but I never set eyes on him. I've heard father talk of him. He went to Ingeys when a young-

ster—some—some thirty years ago—yes, thereabouts. But, if it's the relations you want, I can settle your business in a jiffy. Here Fanny, bring down the Bible, you jade."

The Bible was brought, and on the fly-leaf were written the names and dates of birth of Job Cole, and Sarah Cummins, his wife, and his six children, the issue of his marriage.

"And where are all these brother and sisters?" demanded the stranger.

"Dead! dead as herrings—gone to kingdom come a precious long time ago. I'm the only child they reared; and between you and me and the post, I don't think I'm to be sneezed at!"

The gentleman smiled and bowed in acquiescence to the proposition.

"I'm perfectly satisfied," continued he, "of your identity; and I have the pleasure to inform you that, by the death of your uncle John, you are the fortunate heir to a considerable property."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Job. "Gaz-zooks!—but stop a minute,"—and, rushing to a door which opened on the stairs, he bawled out, "Mother Cole!—I say, mother Cole! My eyes! but if this ain't just like a prize in the lottery.—Better born lucky than rich. You'll take a drop o' something, though? What's your liquor?"

At this moment Mrs. Cole, who was busy washing, entered the room, her face flushed with the heat and exertion, and adorned with a broad-bordered cap of the true London smoke tone and color.

"What the deuce is the matter?" said she, as she wiped her soaped and naked arms upon her blue apron.

"Matter enough," replied Job, with exultation. "Sal, you baggage, this 'ere gentleman says that uncle John, as was in Ingey, has kicked the bucket, and left us lots o' tin."

"Gracious goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, flopping down in a chair. "Well, to be sure! I said something would happen. I see a stranger in the bars last night, and a pus popped out on the hearth. Pray, sir, how much may it be now?"

"Really, ma'am, I am not empowered to say; but it is a large sum—a very large sum, I know."

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Cole, relapsing for a moment into silence, and then rising, cried, "Where's the gals? Dear me! it's turned me quite topsy turvey. Job, do call the gals."

Job obeyed, and Fanny, who had before made her appearance, entered, followed by Dolly, a younger sister about nine years of age.

"Come here and kiss me, dears, do," said Mrs. Cole. "Poor things! There go to your father—we are ladies and gentlemen (?) now, and no mistake. Fanny, go wash your sister's face and hands, and dress yourself—d'ye hear?"

The children, delighted, quitted the parlor to execute her pleasing commands, and enjoy a holiday.

"Excuse me, sir," said Job, "but if I may be so bold, when shall we touch the ready, and know all about it?"

"Here is the card of my employers, Messrs. Smith, Robinson and Jones, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who will be glad to see you. Twelve o'clock to-morrow, if that will suit your convenience, when they will give you every information, and put you in possession of the funds. They also authorised me to say, that if you should require any money, that I was to advance it."

"That's handsome, at any rate," replied Job; "never refuse ready money. 'Spose you tip a five pun note."

"Anything you please," said the obliging gentleman; and taking out his pocket-book, took a note of the amount required from a bundle of the same flimsy valuables.

"What a heap you've got there!" remarked Job, surprised. "I say, excuse me, but will you just let me have a peep at your trotters?"

The gentleman extended his legs, and the superstitious Job, having assured himself that his visitor had really no hoof or tail, received the advance. And then they all laughed heartily, and Job and Mrs. Cole both pressed the bearer of the happy tidings to partake of their hospitality; but he politely declined, promising to avail himself of their invitation when the business was finally settled.

#### PART II.

At least half an hour before the appointed time, Job and his wife were reconnoitering at Lincoln's Inn Fields, to discover the offices of Messrs. Smith, Robinson and Jones. They both appeared in their Sunday clothes, with some alterations and additions. Job's short, black, scrubby crop of hair being surmounted with a new beaver, rather

rough from the admixture of rabbit down, and encircled by a broad riband and a steel buckle; his ruddy, clean-washed face set off to advantage by a canary-colored Belcher handkerchief, his shirt collar, in the absence of starch, falling a *la* Byron; a large red waistcoat with black spots, a blue coat, with yellow buttons, black smalls, and grey worsted stockings, no gloves, but grasping an old brown cotton umbrella in his right red hand, for the protection of Mrs. Cole's new bonnet, "purvised it should rain," as she said; and, as she had expended "a matter of thirty shillings" on that article, she felt very anxious about its safety; and a very smart article it was too, being of a mongrel fashion between Whitechapel and the West End, displaying good materials, of a great variety of colors. A shawl, too—a real "eight-quarter" shawl, depended from her broad shoulders, one point whereof nearly touched her heels, and quite eclipsed the beautiful pattern of her smart gingham gown, with which it did not harmonize either in colors or texture; but the poor soul was happy in her ignorance of true taste, although considerably "flustered."

After referring twenty times to the well thumbed card, and reading down the lists of names at almost every door, they discovered the object of their search.

"Caught him at last, neat as ninepence!" exclaimed Job. "Come along, old woman!" and, entering the passage, he knocked at the door—a single timid knock. No answer. He knocked again—a good hard knock, and forgetting in his excitement, the object of his visit, actually cried out "Coals!"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Cole, checking him—don't be a fool—don't."

The door opened.

"Right as a trivet!" said he.

"What's your business?" demanded the clerk.

"Business?—oh! that's it," giving the rumped card. "Don't be afeared on it, young chap. It's rather s'iled to be sure; but it's all right. We're come about a matter o' money."

"Are you Mr. Cole?"

"Job Cole, at your service."

"Oh!" cried the young man, becoming suddenly flexible, "do me the favor to walk in, sir. Never mind your shoes ma'am," continued he, addressing Mrs. Cole, who was rubbing her thick soles upon the mat at the door.

They entered the clerk's office, and never were clients more ceremoniously received; one handed chairs, and another the "paper," while a third entered a door, on which "private" was painted in large letters. And they had scarcely seated themselves, before out popped their visitor of yesterday, smiling, and extending his hand.

"Our Mr. Robinson will be disengaged in a few moments, and will be happy to see you, Mr. Cole. Good morning! madam," turning to Mrs. Cole, who shook her new bonnet and feathers at him and said, "How d'ye do?"

The clerks were all pretending to be busy at their desks; but were, in fact, scraping away with their nibless pens, and glancing their curious eyes at the fortunate couple.

Their acquaintance kept them in conversation, until summoned by a bell. "Now, if you please," said he, and, opening the door, introduced them to the presence of Mr. Robinson—a gentleman of the "old school," with powdered hair, and gold spectacles, whose bland and easy manners soon made them feel perfectly at home.

Having requested their attention with a little preliminary congratulation upon their good fortune, he proceeded to read the last will and testament of "Uncle John," and, folding it up, continued, "You understand the intent and meaning of this instrument?" inquired Mr. Robinson.

"Not a jot, by the living Jingo?" cried honest Job. "It's all ti-tum-ti and gibberish to me. Pray, sir, can't you give it us in plain English?" Mr. Robinson smiled.

"Well then, Mr. Cole, in plain English, this will bequeaths you the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, which at present produces five thousand pounds a year, or nearly a hundred pounds per week.

"The devil it does!" exclaimed Job; "and what are we to do with it, I should like to know?"

"Whatever you please," replied Mr. Robinson; "It is left entirely at your disposal."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole. "Well it is better to be born lucky than rich."

"Hold your fool's tongue, do," interrupted Job. "I say, sir, have you the stuff here, or where is the dibs?"

"The money is invested in Fives in the Bank

of England," replied Mr. Robinson, "where I should advise you to keep it."

"But, I say," remarked Job, "do you think it is safe? I've heard of banks breaking you know."

"It is perfectly safe, depend on't" said Mr. Robinson, smiling. "The half yearly dividend is due next month, and my clerk shall go with you, if you please to receive it."

"Thank'ee! thank'ee!" replied Job; "I shall feel obliged if you'll just put us in the way, like, for I don't exactly understand these matters. I s'pose, old woman, we must sell the sticks, and cut the old shop? Perhaps, sir, it may be in your way to sell it; it has a good name, and the returns are not to be sneezed at; it's kept me and mine for a good many years."

"I dare say we shall be able to dispose of the concern," said Mr. Robinson, smiling at the importance he attached to the shop; at the same time he naturally inferred that the honest retailer of coals entertained a very inaccurate idea of the fortune which had unexpectedly devolved to him. "If you will allow me, I will also seek for a suitable house for you; in fact, you will always find me ready to assist and advise you, and to protect your interests."

"We're much obliged to you, sir, I'm sure; ain't we, Job," said Mrs. Cole.

"Werry," replied Job, lost in thought for a moment. "I tell you what it is, sir, I'm rather daizied with this luck, and don't hardly know which way to turn. Now I shouldn't like to make an ass of myself, you know, nor exactly let our neighbors think as we was proud, so we'll consider on it. Meantime I should like a trifle just for a shindy. There's my old chum, Tom Simpson the grocer, he's got a large family, and I know he wants a new front, 'cause he's talked to me about it. I s'pose a matter of twenty pounds or so would set all things to right in that quarter. Do you think I may go as far as that?"

"Certainly" replied Mr. Robinson; "that is a mere trifle; and although you will, of course, move in different society from what you have been accustomed to, I think it will redound greatly to your honor to remember those friends you have tried, and from whom you have received friendly offices. Suppose I advance you a hundred pounds now, and see me again to-morrow or the following day."

"I should be afeared to have so much in the house, indeed I should, sir," said Mrs. Cole. "Thirty will be enough, and to spare."

"Lots," said Job.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole sat up nearly the whole night, talking over their great fortune, and forming a thousand different projects for the future; and after putting the amount upon paper, and puzzling over the sum for a considerable time, they at last began to have a glimmering of the extent and value of their possessions.

They were both illiterate, but very good-natured and right-minded people; and Job, in the fullness of his heart, resolved to give away the remainder of his stock to the poor families who regularly dealt with him, and the very next morning his shop was swarmed, and he was so happy.

By the evening the shed was entirely cleared, and he sent to the Blue Anchor, and borrowed chairs and tables, and ordered a hot supper, with oceans of drink, for all his friends and their families in the neighborhood, amounting to about thirty persons in all. It was, in truth, a merry meeting, and the conviviality was kept up till a late hour.

His chum, Tom Simpson, was eloquent and grateful, for Job had dropped in on the morning to invite him, and told him he had had a bit of good luck in the way of a legacy; and then touched upon the covered new front to his premises.

"I'll stand a trifle towards it. Here, catch hold, Tom!" said he, putting a twenty pound note into his hand, "and don't forget to come at eight," and away he ran, leaving the astonished grocer in ecstasies at his unostentatious liberality.

The next day the empty shed was opened as usual; and at eleven o'clock Job and his spouse repaired again to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Fortunately they had fallen into excellent hands, for the firm was highly respectable, and the Mr. Robinson they had seen was a gentleman, and a man of property, and felt a great interest in the honest legatee. He took a house for them, and furnished it; and at once proposed that the two girls should be forthwith sent to a first rate boarding school.

In respect of the father and mother, there existed a greater difficulty, for as Job quaintly observed, "It was a difficult thing to teach an old dog new tricks."

Mr. Robinson, however, recommended a young gentleman of polished manners, but blessed with no fortune, who was to fill the situation of tutor, steward, secretary and companion to Job; and also provided Mrs. Cole with a companion and housekeeper, "to larn her manners," as Job said, laughing.

They both, however, had sense enough to see the propriety of this arrangement, and in six months had certainly made considerable advance, especially Mrs. Cole, for women of all grades are naturally more genteel than the male part of creation; as for Job, he could not for the life of him give up his accustomed pipe, and his pint of porter in the veritable pewter, before he retired for 'the night; and this was the only luxury of his former days that he could not be prevailed upon to abandon. The girls rapidly improved, and Job himself declared that he was convinced that education was a fine thing, after all.

They could not, however, expend one-half their income; the luxuries of the richly-born they could neither understand nor appreciate; but they gave away a vast sum in charity, although Job would not allow his name to be "stuck" in the papers.

Mr. Robinson, who was a real friend, invited them frequently to his table in a family way, until, finding they were presentable, he gradually introduced them and their children into society; and, as there was neither pride on Job's part, nor a vulgar assumption on his wife's, they were every where well received, and gave in return such pleasant parties, under the direction and management of Mr. Frederick Lawson, the tutor, who was every way fitted by birth and taste to do honors in an admirable manner, that their numerous acquaintances eagerly accepted the invitations, especially after the first party, when many went out of mere curiosity, but returned home with expressions of delight and amazement at the display.—Job had discrimination enough to discover that it was not his money alone that made these parties pass so pleasantly; but that it was the skillful arrangement of his tutor.

On his first engagement he had paid him two hundred pounds per annum; but hearing that he had a widowed mother and two sisters, whom he supported, he generously added another hundred, and gave a hint to Mrs. Cole to make them presents now and then, out of her superfluities, which the kind soul most readily complied with.

When Fanny, his eldest daughter, had attained her eighteenth year, he took her from school, by the advice of Mr. Robinson, and engaged an accomplished woman to finish her education. She was a quick, sprightly girl, and very pretty, and had already acquired a tone and manner which surprised and gratified her excellent parents.

About a month after her return home, Job addressing his tutor, said, "Mr. Lawson, Mrs. Cole and me have been thinking—"

"Mrs. Cole and I have been thinking, if you please, sir," interrupted Mr. Lawson.

"Well, never mind grammar, and all that, just now," continued Job, "for I am speaking natural. We've been thinking it's rather awkward since Fanny has come home, to have a young gentleman always fluttering about her."

Mr. Frederick Lawson blushed and trembled; he evidently saw the issue; he bowed and was silent.

"Now tell me, don't you think a likely young fellow like you is dangerous; human nature, you know. You and me have always been friends, and I owe you a great deal, so speak your mind."

"I am sorry to confess, sir, that I think you are perfectly right in your views," replied Mr. Lawson.

"Cool!" said Job; "then you don't fret much about leaving!"

"Indeed sir, you wrong me—"

"And perhaps you don't think the girl worth looking at, and there's no danger."

"Sir, I do think she is a very charming young lady; but I have never regarded her in any other light than the daughter of a liberal and kind-hearted patron."

"You think the old coalman's daughter not good enough, mayhap, for a gentleman?"

"I am too poor and dependent to entertain any thoughts upon the subject."

"Nonsense! a gentleman's a gentleman, if he hasn't a scuddick. To cut the matter short, if you can make up matters with Fan, I shall be glad to have such a son-in-law, that's all. And Mrs. Cole's my way of thinking; so look to it."

A month after this singular *tele-a-tele*, Mr. Frederick Lawson led Frances Cole, the daughter of Job Cole, Esq., to the hymenial altar. And proud was the honest old coalman of such

an alliance; although many scheming mammas, who had eligible sons, were terribly put out, and wondered what the old fool could have been thinking of; and he worth a plum, too.

## Sketches of humor.

From the Arkansas Gazette.

### A Tale of Travel—Lord Morpeth.

A friend has related to us the following story, which he received from the mouth of one of the parties:—

In 1841, a young broad shouldered, big-fisted Kentuckian—a regular bred stock raiser and drover—went on to Buffalo, N. Y., to purchase of Lewis Allen, who had just returned from England, some of his imported stock. After he had closed his purchases, finding he had a day to spare, he determined to spend it in a visit to the Falls of Niagara. So after breakfast, he stepped into the passenger cars, and found the department which he had selected, occupied by a modest-looking and plainly dressed gentleman. In a few moments he commenced a conversation upon the subject most interesting to him, to wit, imported stock, and the bargains he had made, and informed his fellow traveler, in the most decisive manner, what was the best breeds, &c.

The stranger, after hearing him out, without dissenting to what he said, spoke on the subject of English stock generally, the different kind of breeds, the properties of each, the best cross for milk, butter, &c., and displayed in a modest and most unassuming manner, such minute and general information on the subject, that it astonished the other, and he asked him if he was not a stock raiser. He said no, and the Kentuckian asked, as usual, "What might be your name, sir?"—"Morpeth," was the reply. "Morpeth," said he, "Morpeth! Now, I've been all over Kentucky, and traveled to Arkansas, but I never heard of the name before. Where did you come from, Mr. Morpeth?" "From York." "York!" said he, "New York! A great place—beats Lexington or Louisville, I admit; but did you come from the city or country, Mr. Morpeth?" "From the country." "Well, it is a very great State; always saving and excepting old Kentucky, it is the finest country I ever saw."

In short, while they conversed on the subject of farming, and the stranger, without the least parade, seemed to be perfectly familiar with the subject, and after hearing at length the superior style of agriculture in Kentucky, and the astonishing productions there, the cords of fine stock, grain, &c., he related the improvements which had been made in agriculture by means of chemical experiments, the different kinds of soil, the distinguishing properties of each, rotation of crops, effect of climate upon productions, &c. &c.; at length the Kentuckian cried out, "Why Mr. Morpeth, you must have followed farming for a living?" "No," he said, "he had not, but it was a subject of great interest to him."

The rest of the journey was filled up with a description of what the Kentuckian had seen on the Mississippi and in Arkansas, to which the stranger listened with apparent interest. At length they reached the Falls, and amidst constant acclamations of astonishment on the part of the Kentuckian, they passed on to the Canadian side.

Upon reaching there, they saw a number of negroes, dressed in regimentals, with muskets in their hands. "Why, what the devil does this mean?" "Those are regular soldiers," said the stranger. "Soldiers!—negroes for soldiers!—Well, by G—d, did you ever hear the like? Well, when I go back to old Kentucky, and tell them that the British have negroes for soldiers, they'll never believe me in the world. Why, sir, if an Arkansas overseer were to come here with his big whip and give it one crack, I tell you, sir, that a regiment of those black rascals would drop their muskets and beg for quarter. Now, old fellow, you might have heard that we like to have got into a war with the British about some boundary or other. I tell you that the first horn that was blown would raise a regiment in old Kentucky, that would sweep this land from shore to shore. Nothing could resist them, for I tell you nothing can beat old Kentucky for war or raising fat stock."

After a while the bell of the tavern rung for dinner, and they both hastened in, the Kentuckian before. When he reached the room, he found the table half filled with negroes, and stopped.—The stranger without appearing to observe it,

took hold of a chair, and pointed to an empty one by his side. "By G—d!" was the astonished interjection of the Kentuckian, "you are not going to eat your dinner with negroes, are you? I can't do it, sir. I could never show my face at home again, if I were to do so." "Well," said the stranger, "I am rather hungry, I acknowledge; but, as we are fellow travelers, I will not balk your humor. We will go down to the lower island, pass the suspension bridge, and dine on the American side." "Now that is just into my hand, my old fellow; we will do so." When they reached suspension bridge, the Kentuckian was overwhelmed with astonishment, and swore they would never believe him at home when he told of it.

The stranger was perfectly familiar with such things, and told him who was the original inventor of such bridges, and the great improvements that had been made since this one had been put up, the defects in its style, how they could be repaired, improved, &c.

Here the Kentuckian burst out into a hearty laugh, and said, "Well, stranger, I have found you out at last; you are a bridge builder by trade," slapping him on the shoulder in great glee. "No sir," said he, "you are mistaken; but I have been a great deal with persons who are fond of such things, and acquired something of a taste for them." "Well," said the Kentuckian, "I hear the last bell ringing, let us go and get our dinner. We will have a bottle of wine, and I will pay for it myself, for I would rather have lost one of the calves I have purchased of old Buffalo Allen, than not to have been here to-day; for I've had lots and gobbs of fun!"

They sat down to dinner, drank their wine, and the Kentuckian filled up the chasms between the courses with praises of Kentucky, and abuse of the Canadians and British. He had always hated them, and he always would hate them. He would just like to have another brush with them to lick them again, and a great deal more in the same strain, to which the stranger listened patiently; and sometimes with a kind of quiet interest.

He went on to say that he had heard that the English were in the habit of traveling through the country, and then writing books and abusing us. He just wished, by Heaven, that he could catch some of them in old Kentucky. He had heard, as he came along, that there was now a great English Lord traveling through the country to write a book, and he had heard his name. "It was Lord—Lord—Lord Morpeth, I believe."—"That's my name, sir," said the stranger. "J—C—! you don't say so! Tavern keeper, what do I have to pay?" T.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### Orpheus and Eurydice.

A writer in the Democratic Review for the present month, in an article referring to a very beautiful outline engraving, by Dick, of an original drawing of Crawford's Orpheus, made by the sculptor at Rome three years ago, introduces, by way of episode, the following pretty version of the well known fable of Orpheus and Eurydice:

Of all the stories of antiquity, not one is more beautiful or touching than that of Orpheus. Strange that his earnest love, and the unwonted errand on which it led him, after charming successive centuries, and becoming the theme of poets, should be first recorded in marble by a youthful artist whose sight first opened in a land far away from the country of the hero—beyond *Ulma Thula*—beyond the Hesperian Gardens and the Islands of the Blest—and beyond that Ocean which, poured round the ancient world, seemed more impassable even than those sullen waters that guarded Eurydice!

The tale is simple, and in the memory of all. Young men and maidens for ages have listened to it, and old men in the chimney-corner have mused over it. To Orpheus Appollo gave a lyre. Such a gift from such a God was not in vain; and the youth charmed by his music as music never charmed before. The rapid rivers ceased to flow, the mountains moved, and the rage of the tigers was restrained, to listen to his songs. The fairest nymphs were his companions; but he heeded only Eurydice. To her he was united in marriage. But the faithless Aristæus saw her and loved her. She fled from his reproaches, and as she pressed the grass, in her rapid flight, a serpent stung her foot, and she died. The nymphs of the woods awakened the echoes of the mountains with their sorrows; and the rocks of Rhodope, the lofty

Pangæus, the Hebrus, and the sternest parts of Thrace wept. The lover was desolate:

"Te, dulcis bonjux, te sobrii littore socum,  
Te veniente die, te decedente cauebat."

He resolved to regain his lost bride. With his lyre in his hand, he enters the inexorable gates of the regions below. The guardian dog Cerberus is lulled asleep by the unaccustomed strains:

"tenitique iuhians tria Cerberus ora."

The gentle shades of the dead, wives and husbands, magnanimous heroes, boys and unmarried girls, came forward, and wept. The grim ruler was startled. The rock of Sisyphus stood still; the wheel of Ixion ceased its eternal motion; the refreshing water once again bathed the lips of Tantalus; the daughters of Danaus suspended their never ending task; the Furies, with their necks clothed with snakes, ceased to range. All listened rapt to the music, and forgot their pains in sympathy with the bereaved charmer. And now success has crowned his efforts. The woman's heart of Proserpine is touched, and Pluto yields to her intercession. Eurydice is restored, but with one condition. The lover shall not turn to look upon her face, until they are both again in the upper air. Joyful he leaves behind the abode of Death, and Eurydice follows unseen by him—yet still she follows. But who shall impose restraints upon the longings of love? Forgetful of the stern condition, thinking only of her, he casts one look behind. He saw his Eurydice; but with that vision she disappeared forever, as a wreath of smoke fades into the air. He stretched forth his arms to embrace her, but she was not there. He raised his voice to speak to her, but she heard him not. He endeavored to retrace his steps, but the gates of Acheron closed harshly against him. What shall he do? With what words shall he seek to bend the will of the Gods? How shall he assuage his own grief? All is in vain; and he soon meets with a violent death, at the hands of the Thracian women, enraged at his continued fidelity to the memory of his lost wife, and indifference to their living charms. His head is thrown into the Hebrus, and as it floats down the sea, the cold tongue liaps the name of Eurydice, and the river's banks send back the sound.

**BLUE BEARD AND HIS CASTLE.**—The ruins of the chateau de Verriere, on the banks of the Erdre in the department of the Loire Inferieure, are, according to the tradition of the neighboring peasantry, those of the celebrated Blue Beard, the hero of the nursery tale. This formidable personage, who is not altogether a creature of fancy, was Gilles de Retz, who lived in the reign of Charles VII, and was a vassal of John V., Duke of Bretagne. He was tried at Nantes on suspicion of having destroyed a number of children who had been seen to enter the castle, and were never heard of afterwards.

The bodies of several were afterwards found, he having caused them to be put to death to make use of their blood in writing charms and forming incantations to raise infernal spirits, by whose means he believed, according to the horrible superstitions of the times, that buried treasures would be revealed to him. On his trial he confessed the most horrible acts of atrocity, and was sentenced to be burnt alive; but the Duke caused him to be strangled before he was tied to the stake. This execution took place December 25, 1840, and a detailed account of it is still preserved in MS., in the archives of Nantes.

**THE BETTER CHOICE.**—A quaker, residing at Paris, was waited on by four workmen, in order to make their compliments, and ask for their usual new year's gifts.

"Well, my friends," said the quaker, "here are your gifts; choose fifteen francs, or the Bible."

"I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs."

"I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs.—The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a lad of about thirteen or fourteen years. The quaker looked at him with an air of goodness.

"Will you take these three pieces, which you may attain at any time by your labor and industry?"

"As you say the book is good, I will take it, and read it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs.

The others hung down their heads, and the quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

**NOVEL CELEBRATION.**—The people of the U. States are getting up all sorts of good things as appurtenances to the anniversary of our national independence, and among the rest Matrimony comes in for a share. The Newburyport Herald gives the following account of a celebration which took place at Newbury on the recent Fourth of July:

At Oldtown, (Newbury,) the Rev. Mr. Withington's society celebrated the anniversary by turning out *en masse*, forming a procession at the church; where, before the procession was formed, Mr. Nathaniel Little and Miss Edna Lunt were joined in matrimony by the Rev. Mr. Withington, and received the cordial congratulations of a large collection of personal friends, some hundreds of whom had been the pupils of the latter. The procession moved to the orchard of Messrs. R. & D. S. Tenny, where they had good music, an oration by Horace Plummer, Esq. &c. The report in the Herald indicates that the company had a very fine time in the afternoon, with toasts, brief addresses, &c. The Chair took notice of a remark made by one of the speakers, (Mr. Coffin,) in which he had spoken of the "first people in the first parish in the town of the first county of the first State in the United States." He had no objections to any of the applications of this epithet except when it was applied to this State.—Massachusetts was not the first State, nor was it the happiest and best State. There was one State happier, better, and earlier in its origin; and though it had its *act of incorporation* in the garden of Eden, it was still one of the UNITED STATES; he referred to the

State of MATRIMONY.—Happiness to those who have this day assumed the only chain which freemen can wear.

To this sentiment, Mr. Nathaniel Little, the bridegroom of the day, readily and appropriately responded. He said we had heard much of the courage of our ancestors to-day, but nature had never before bestowed upon him a very large share. Perhaps this would account for his deferring to a little later than the usual period the negotiation for a wife, and he would frankly confess that it was not without some effort that he had brought his courage to the stand he had taken to-day. It was then quite unexpected to him that this faculty should be still further tasked by his being called upon to address that intelligent audience. After this good humored introduction, he proceeded with a series of very sensible remarks, and closed by wishing for that audience in return for all their warm hearted congratulations, that they might all "be clothed with the wedding garment at the great feast of the Lamb." The exercises were closed by singing "Old Hundred" by the whole assembly.

**LOVE AFFAIR.**—The Richmond Star relates the following. It is very clear that "the course of true love never did run smooth."

A correspondent sends an account of a love affair in Henrico—in which the lovers found a spirited opponent in the person of the girl's mother. As lovers will, however, they met in secret, vowed eternal constancy, and one day ran off. The mother pursued the couple, caught them, and cowbiled the lover in style, and then took her daughter home. But when a girl will, she will—and so in this case; the lovers formed their plans in secret again, and a few days ago they once more fled, and although the mother has been traveling to and fro with earnest zeal, she has, as yet, failed to find the whereabouts of the fugitives; who doubtless have already put the question of the "rights of person" beyond her control. Such is, substantially, the account furnished by our correspondent.

**BACHELORS.**—In cold weather bachelors are entitled to much sympathy. A portion of their miseries in winter has been thus graphically described by a member of the rust fraternity:

"For a man of phlegmatic temperament—a bachelor—it requires a mighty effort to go to bed of a cold and freezing night—a mightier to turn over when he gets there—but the mightiest of all to get up again. Before he goes he warms and turns, and turns and warms—pokes his toes to the fire, and then his heels—rubs his hands, bakes his shins—and then sneaks off to bed. Then if a shank happens to stray over the linen, six inches from the warm place where it was originally planted, he snatches it back as though it were snake bitten. But when day comes—when breakfast dishes begin to rattle on the table—here we must be excused, for 'tis no joke."

He, or she, who judges a man by his coat, is a fool!

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1843.

**WATERING PLACES.**—We learn that the number of visitors at Saratoga is not as large this year as usual, owing to the two-fold reason of the coldness of the season, and the scarcity of that very necessary concomitant of pleasure-hunting—money. Still, the wealth and the beauty, the vice and the poverty of the land, have not been entirely unrepresented there this season; and those competent to judge in the premises, predict that the landlords will yet reap a harvest of gold, and the visitors one of pleasure, if not of health.

Avon—modest, unassuming, rural Avon—cannot justly complain of the want of her share of attention this season. The excellence of her waters cannot fail to entice to them large numbers of visitors annually. The improvements that have been made the past year, have rendered the place still more attractive, if possible, than ever.

Our Canadian neighbors have, in the Caledonia Springs, some 40 miles above Montreal, a very pleasant watering place. It is but a few years since these springs have attracted much attention; but they are becoming a very fashionable place of resort to the Canadian public. A number of public buildings are now going up, and visitors will soon be furnished with the most genteel accommodations. The proprietor, Mr. WILLIAM PARKER, appears to be a gentleman of much public spirit, and will, we doubt not, do all in his power to render the springs attractive. Many American gentlemen, especially from the south, are expected there this season.

**HISTORY OF THE INFLUENZA.**—In 1880 it prevailed in Europe, and is spoken of as "a pestilential and epidemic cough." In 1743 (just a century since,) it prevailed the world over, and received its present cognomen. In many districts in Europe, scarcely a family escaped. It appeared in April and went off in June. It was never fatal, except to aged persons, or those affected with pulmonary disease. The French called it "*La Grippe*"—hoarseness. It appeared again, in Europe and America, as we learn from a writer in the Troy Whig, in 1762. Also in 1775, when dogs and horses were also affected. In 1782 it was equally universal, and followed severe atmospheric changes. It met its victims on land and sea. In St. Petersburg, 40,000 were affected by it in one day. In 1830, it appeared again, and was followed by the cholera. In 1833, it succeeded that fearful disease. Its progress is, like the progress of most epidemics, from east to west, and is preceded by great atmospheric changes.

**CARDINAL WOOLSEY.**—This celebrated personage was a butcher's son, and owed his rapid promotion to a very simple incident. He was despatched, by Henry the 7th, as an express, to the Emperor Maximilian. He performed the journey more rapidly than it had ever been performed before. After he had left, another messenger was sent to add to his instructions. This messenger Woolsey met, and when he appeared before the King, he was told that new instructions had been forwarded to him; when Woolsey replied that he had met the messenger, but that, while with the Emperor, he had anticipated the instructions sent to him, because he saw that they were necessary to a proper performance of his duties. This so pleased Henry, that he conferred the deanery of Lincoln upon him.

**MORE DOMESTIC MUSIC.**—The "Locomotive Quick Step," is a very pretty piece of music, from the pen of L. THAYER CHADWICK, of this city, which has just been published, and which may be had at WARREN'S and ANDERSON'S music stores.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE HARPER PUBLICATIONS.**—The "*Natural History of Insects*," illustrated by numerous engravings, constitutes No. 8 of the Family Library. There is no division of animate nature more clearly demonstrable of a great First Cause, than that treated of in this interesting volume;—nor is there any division so much neglected by the student. We are indebted to C. MORSE for this work.

"BRANDE'S CYCLOPEDIA," No. 9, is received. Every mechanic and general reader, should have this work in his library. To be had at ALLING'S.

"THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANNAH MOORE."—The HARPER'S are publishing the complete works of HANNAH MOORE in numbers. No. 1 is just out. It is illustrated with a Portrait and a beautiful frontispiece. The admirers of the writings of this truly gifted genius, will be pleased to learn that they now have an opportunity to procure them for "a song." To be had at HOTT'S.

"HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE."—The July number is received at JONES'S, and a most valuable number it is. Every article which it contains, is really important—abounding in statistical information and sound commercial philosophy. The article on the "Hawaiian Islands" is one of the most interesting essays we have read these many days. It is just such an article as the commercial world required at the present moment, and its appearance now shows that the conductor of the magazine is a gentleman of judgment—a literary purveyor who knows exactly when to serve up his rare dishes. "The Internal Trade of the United States," "The United States in Fifty Years," and "The Protective System, its Expediency and Necessity," are each valuable papers, by distinguished authors, which every one should read.

The present No. commences the 9th volume—a good point at which to commence a subscription. To be had at JONES'S, Arcade Hall.

"NEW YORK STATE GUIDE."—This is the title of a work just published by J. DISTURNELL, Albany, containing an alphabetical list of Counties, Towns, Cities, Villages, Postoffices, &c., with the Census of 1840, Canals and Railroads, Lakes and Rivers, Steamboat routes, Canal routes, Railroad routes, Stage routes, and Tables of Distances, with Railroad, Steamboat and Canal arrangements, &c. &c.

It also contains a description of all the Natural Curiosities and places of resort in the State. It is a valuable book of reference. For sale at the Bookstores.

"THE POETRY OF LIFE, BY MRS. ELLIS."—The American publisher has shown his judgment in selecting the works of Mrs. ELLIS, for republication. They merit this attention. The work now before us is novel, but full of intellect. It discusses the poetic characteristics of Nature, Animals, Love, Religion, the Arts, &c. &c., with a true poetic power and sweetness. The work is a rich gem, which all who can admire the really beautiful, will purchase. We are indebted to Messrs. SAGE & BROTHER for a copy.

☞ The "New World" has published in cheap form the "Lives of Celebrated Irish Repealers" by Dr. MADDEN, the well known author of "United Irishmen." The same work contains a memoir of THOS. ADDIS EMMETT. To be had, we presume, at JONES'S News Room.

"LIVES OF CELEBRATED IRISH REPEALERS."—The New World publishers, have sent out, in their cheap form, the first number of this series. It contains the Life of EMMETT. Every Repealer will obtain a copy, of course.

**ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE, No. 11.**—The 11th number of this great work has been received by our booksellers. Its interest is fully maintained. Every student of history should, by all means, read this really grand production.

**"WILLARD'S UNITED STATES."**—We are indebted to Wm. Alling, for a copy of this excellent elementary history. It has no superior as a work for schools, and will no doubt meet with general favor.

**"WOOD SIDE WALTZ."**—This is a very pretty piece of music, composed by Miss McGREGOR, of this city, and just published by Mr. Warren. It is prefaced by a very exact drawing of S. O. SMITH'S residence, from a draft made by our friend JACKSON. As this is a home production, our citizens should see it placed upon all their music tables—where it will be placed, its merit is properly appreciated.

**EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF THE HUMAN WILL.**—A long time ago we recollect hearing of some experiments performed by two ancient graduates of Ecole Polytechnique. A drop of quicksilver hermetically sealed in a small nut-shell, covered with wax, and attached to a thread, on being held over a parcel of dimes placed in a straight line will move from one end of the silver to another, and its motion can be stopped by a mere effort of the will! If this ball be held over a gold watch, a rotary movement can be obtained, and the motion reversed by the action of the mind! We tried the experiment yesterday, and found it to be perfectly successful.—*N. O. Crescent.*

This is interesting, but it would be perfectly charming, if the same effort could transfer the "dimes" from the mint to the operator's pocket. With regard to the rotary motion over the face of a gold watch, it is clearly a humbug; for no straight-forward reciter of facts will so go round the truth!

¶ The manner in which a person disposes of his leisure hours, is the best criterion of his tastes.

**STIRRING ELOQUENCE.**—The following is a specimen of Kentucky eloquence. Old Kentucky can beat in any game, and give odds;—

"Feller Citizens," said a warm admirer of 'Old Tecumseh' and brother James, the other day at a gathering in Gallatin, County, Ky.; 'Feller Citizens, whar was Henry Clay at the battle of the Thames? Why, gents, he was playing poker with the crowned heads of Europe, Holland, and a large part of Turkey—going his thousands better on warry pair, the d—d federal black-leg!—But whar was Dick Johnson at the battle of the Thames? He was up to his knees in blood and mud—tearing the laurel from his lion's tooth, to feed the unfledged eagles of Columby! Let's liquor."

**BOTANY AT A DISCOUNT.**—When the great American Aloe, belonging to Mr. Van Renselaer of Albany, having been in this city on exhibition, was on his way up the river under the care of the gardener, or keeper, a gentleman struck with the beauty of the plant, made many inquiries regarding it. In the course of the passage the inquirer remarked "This plant belongs to the Cactus family, does it not, sir?"

"No, sir, it belongs to the Van Renselaer family," was the reply of the straight-forward attendant.—*Express.*

**AN EDITOR COURTING.**—An absent minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said—

"Well, you want my daughter; what sort of settlement will you make? what will you give her?"

"Give her!" cried the other, looking up vacantly—"Oh, if you wish it, I'll give her a puff!"

"I have lived," says Dr. Adam Clarke, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of too many irons in the fire, conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all—keep them all agoing."

**CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.**—"Does your mother ever whip you, Jim?" "No, she never whips me, but she washes my face every morning."

Letter from the West.

Correspondence of the Gem and Ladies' Amulet.

CHICAGO, June 30, 1843.

To Milwaukie, from which place my last letter was dated, the eyes of emigrants have been turned, as possessing advantages of location which would one day make it the chief city of the west. It is, indeed, the key to a rich country which lies back of and all around it,—a country which will render it a great mart for its products,—and has an extensive bay, and an excellent harbor in progress, which will afford the best facilities for commerce.

I confess myself to have been much disappointed in the appearance and location of the city.—In neither respects does it present a favorable view to the eye of a stranger. Its business portion is hid from view, in approaching, by a high bluff which rises directly from the shore,—in the valley formed by the river flowing between this promontory and a range of cultivated highlands on the opposite or western side, the operations of trade are situated. The harbor, for which the last Congress made an appropriation, and upon which the engineers have commenced their labors, is located at the mouth of the Milwaukie river, about two miles distant. The river is a stream averaging about 300 feet in width and 12 in depth.—It flows to the South through the town, until it reaches a highland called "Walker's Point," an adjunct of the city, when it takes a curve and flows in an E. S. E. course, through a tract of low, flat, marshy land, formed here, probably, by the receding of the waters of the lake, which once flowed over it to the bases of the surrounding highlands. This tract is, I should think, about two miles square. On the promontory rising at the present landing place, are the residences of the citizens—a handsome location, overlooking, from a height of 40 feet above the level, the beautiful bay and distant lake, now only occasionally, in comparison with what is anticipated, whitened by a sail, or its calm, still beauty disturbed by the huge paddles of the steamboat, or the hoarse puff of its high-pressure engine. An excellent quality of building brick is made from the clay in the vicinity.

But few substantial commercial buildings have yet been erected, in consequence of the uncertainty which has existed as to the ultimate location of this department. There is a good deal of building now going on,—a handsome Presbyterian and an Unitarian church are nearly completed.

The department of trade is already over-full; competition is the consequence, and goods sell nearly or quite as cheap as at Rochester. Mechanics and artisans have filled up every space which the advancing growth of the western towns has given for their operations. Many of the latter classes return from their tours of inquiry or adventure, finding no place for occupation. Most manufactured articles can be imported and sold at prices less than the cost of their manufacture here.

The inconvenience which before attended the landing of passengers and freight at this port, has been obviated by a wharf, or pier, built out into the bay to an extent of two or three hundred feet, by driving piles and placing a platform superstructure upon them. Communications by stage routes are had with Madison, the capital of the Territory, about 100 miles distant,—the route passing through the beautiful prairie country watered by the Fox river, esteemed as the best farming land in the Territory;—also, with Racine, Southport, and through the prairies between the latter place and Chicago. Steamboats touch at the wharf every other day,—propellers and sail craft arrive and depart quite frequently.

A great expenditure of capital will be required to make Milwaukie what it should be. Its citizens feel confident that at no distant period it will be a commercial port of no mean pretensions.—Standing upon the bluff, with a gentleman who was formerly a merchant in your city, he pointed out to me the various interesting localities in the town and vicinity, and speaking of its good prospects, exclaimed, "Why, in a short time, you will see a direct communication opened between this port and Liverpool!"

The population at last census was 4,000—it may now amount to 5,000.

The village of Racine is situated about 25 miles south of Milwaukie, on the lake shore. This is the handsomest location that I have seen. It is situated on a bluff that rises in a gradual ascent at a short distance from the beach, its sloping side covered with verdure. The lake makes a slight indentation in the shore, and forms a bay. There can be a good harbor made in the river, where

vessels can safely lie at anchor. There is no pier, and the inconvenience of landing has, no doubt, been the reason for its not progressing as rapidly as its neighbors; but it is now gaining ground in the estimation of emigrants, and will soon be able to compete with any of the seaport towns. It is regularly laid out; the buildings, though generally of wood, are substantial and handsome edifices. You pass through a densely wooded country, a good part of the way from Milwaukie, occasionally meeting with an open space where the axe of the hardy pioneer has made a "clearing" and erected himself a home in the bosom of the forest. The timber is principally beech and maple, standing so close that it grows very erect and slight. The road is narrow, the tall trees rising regularly and majestically on either side, and interlacing their branches overhead, forms a magnificent tunnel, in the still depths of the solemn forest. This woodland extends 10 miles south of Racine, to Southport, where you come out into oak openings, and upon a strata of sand and light loam.

Southport has possessed a very favorable reputation at the East, and has grown up a strong, business-like place. It is thought by some to be rather overgrown, and that the progress of emigration will not sustain it in its present strength. It is built upon an especial bank of sand, and when I visited it, the streets were covered with from three to four inches of loose sand, which, rendered hot by the sun, was blistering to the feet, and made the walking difficult. The prairie country opens almost directly upon the village, and therefore it appears to be the best landing-place for those who come to purchase. Emigration is the chief business at present. The hotels were full, and it was with difficulty I procured lodging. Southport has a pier like that at Milwaukie, where the steamboats stop regularly.

Fifteen miles farther south, within the line of Illinois, is the new village of Little Fort, consisting at present of about 30 families. Its name is derived from a French and Indian fort which once existed at that point. Like Racine, this village is situated upon a bluff, about 40 rods from the shore, rising abruptly to the height of 50 feet.—Steamboats do not now stop here regularly. A pier is to be constructed the present season, which will make it a regular stopping-place, and bring it into notice. It has very good natural advantages, and will in time attract its proportion of emigration. The country, to the extent of 4 or 5 miles to the west, is covered with a sparse growth of oak timber, the remains of primitive forest. The soil is composed of marl, fertile, and produces all the grains and vegetables of the Eastern States. Little Fort is the capital of Lake co. A jail has been built, and a court house is under contract. This is the only settlement of any extent until you reach Chicago.

It is unnecessary to say much of Chicago, as it has long been known as an important port, occupying a position which would eventually make it a commercial city of the first class. I was highly pleased with its appearance, and I fancy that the high expectations felt by its citizens, will not fail to be realized. Its present rapid advancement, the new facilities which will be given to trade by the canal connecting the city with the Illinois river, and the vast extent of fertile grain-growing country around it, its position, at the head of lake navigation, all give evidence of what it must become. It has the disadvantage of being located on low, flat land. In the wet season, the suburbs are covered with water, and the streets and pavements of the city, now high and dry, sink into the quicksand that lies below the surface.

Business has been lively to-day, with the thermometer at 94. It is estimated that 4000 bushels of Wheat have been bought to-day, at an average price of 94 cents. About 40,000 bushels have been shipped eastward within a few days, and a like quantity is now in store.

I paid a short visit among the log-cabins on the prairies of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, a few days since, and will give you some account of them in another letter.

Yours, &c.

**GRACIOUS COMPLIMENT.**—Washington visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on his leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

Get out of my way, or I'll strike you—as the thunderbolt said to the pine. I'll be split first! was the saucy reply,

## Poetry.

From the New Mirror.

How unconsciously in the pure reveries of boyhood, do the exquisite pictures of the Bible take form and color, and enlarge and become vivid in the glow of imagination! Who has not sat in church, and during the calm music of the voluntary, fed his thought upon some passage of the sublime in Holy writ, which, just read, lingers in his ear? It was after such a dream, suggested by a passage of Scripture, that we wrote the lines that follow:—

It was a green spot in the wilderness,  
Touched by the river Jordan. The dark pine  
Never had dropp'd its tassels on the moss  
Tasting the leaning bank, nor on the grass  
Of the broad circle touching evenly  
To the straight larches, had a heavier foot  
Than the wild heron's trodden. Softly in  
Through a long aisle of willows, dim and cool,  
Stole the clear waters with their muffled feet,  
And bushing as they spread into the light,  
Circled the edges of the pebbled tank  
Slowly, then rippled through the woods away.  
Hither had come th' Apostle of the wild,  
Winding the river's course. 'Twas near the flush  
Of eve, and, with a multitude around,  
Who from the cities had come out to hear,  
He stood breast-high amid the running stream,  
Baptizing as the spirit gave him power.  
His simple raiment was of camel's hair,  
A leathern girdle close about his loins,  
His beard unshorn, and for his daily meat  
The locust and wild honey of the wood—  
But like the face of Moses on the mount  
Shone his rapt countenance, and in his eye  
Burned the mild fire of love. As he spoke  
The ear lean'd to him, and persuasion swift  
To the chain'd spirit of the listener stole.  
Silent upon the green and sloping bank  
The people sat, and while the leaves were shook  
With the birds dropping early to their nests,  
And the grey eve came on, within their hearts  
They mused if he were Christ. The rippling stream,  
Still turned its silver courses from his breast  
As he divined their thought. "I but baptize,"  
He said, "with water; but there cometh One  
The latchet of whose shoes I may not dare  
Eve'n to unloose. He will baptize with fire  
And with the Holy Ghost." And lo! while yet  
The words were on his lips, he raised his eyes  
And on the bank stood Jesus. He had laid  
His raiment off, and with his loins alone  
Girt with a mantle, and his perfect limbs,  
In their angelic slowness, meek and bare,  
He waited to go in. But John forbade,  
And hurried to his feet, and stay'd him there,  
And said, "Nay, Master! I have need of thine,  
Not thou of mine!" And Jesus with a smile  
Of heavenly sadness, met his earnest looks,  
And answered, "Suffer it to be so now;  
For thus it doth become me to fulfill  
All righteousness." And, leaning to the stream,  
He took around him the Apostle's arm  
And drew him gently to the midst.

The wood  
Was thick with the dim twilight as they came  
Up from the water. With his clasped hands  
Laid on his breast th' Apostle silently  
Followed his master's steps—when lo! a light,  
Bright as the tenfold glory of the sun,  
Yet lambent as the softly burning stars,  
Enveloped them, and from the heavens away  
Parted the dim blue ether like a veil;  
And as a voice from heaven, fearful exceedingly,  
Broke from the midst, "This is my much lov'd son  
In whom I am well pleased," a snow white dove,  
Floating upon its wings, descended through,  
And shedding its swift music from its plumes,  
Circled and fluttered to the Savior's breast.

N. P. W.

## The Sword and the Staff.

The following lines, suggested by the eloquent remarks of Mr. Summers, on the occasion of the presentation to Congress of the Sword of Gen. Washington, and the Cane of Dr. Franklin, were sung by Mr. Russell, at a recent Concert in New York:

The sword of the hero!  
The staff of the sage!  
Whose valor and wisdom  
Are stamped on the age!  
Time-hallowed mementos  
Of those who have given  
"The scepter from tyrants,  
The lightning from heaven!"

This weapon, oh, Freedom!  
Was drawn by thy son,  
And it never was sheathed  
Till the battle was won!  
No stain of dishonor  
Upon it we see!  
'Twas never surrendered—  
Except to the free!

While Fame claims the hero  
And patriot sage,  
Their names to emblazon  
On History's page,  
No holier relics  
Will Liberty hoard,  
Than Franklin's staff, guarded  
By Washington's sword.

## Charity.

Believe not each accusing tongue,  
As most weak persons do:  
But still believe that story wrong  
Which ought not to be true.

From the Democratic Review.

## The Warning.

BY RH. S. S. ANDROS

It shall not always be!  
The air breathes where it will; the wind  
Is chainless, and the storm is free;  
Shall chains enthrall the mind?  
Creation owns no slave; and man,  
Shall MAN bend low to scourge and ban,  
And quake and suffer, AND BE STILL?  
It shall not always be—  
Arise he must—and will!

It shall not always be!  
Awhile he yet may wear the chain  
In silence, like the northern sea  
Mid winter's sunless reign;  
Awhile he yet may bow him down  
To Power's red scourge and Pride's dark frown,  
And toil and weep, and be a slave;  
It shall not always be—  
The storm unchains the wave.

It shall not always be!  
The lightning smoulders in its mine.  
The thunder sleeps as yet—but see!  
Is there no tempest-sign?  
Ha! tyrant, see! and sheathe thy brand;  
Strike fetter off, from heart and hand!  
Nor crush God's image in thy path,  
It shall not always be—  
Be just—or brave his wrath!

New Bedford, June 18, 1843.

## Forgetfulness.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

There is a haven of sure rest  
From the loud world's bewildering stress:  
As a bird dreaming on her nest,  
As dew hid in a flower's breast,  
As Kesper in the rosy west,—  
So the heart sleeps  
In thy calm deeps,  
Serene Forgetfulness!

No sorrow in that place may be,  
The noise of life grows less and less:  
No moss far down within the sea,  
As in white lily-caves a bee.  
As life in a hazy reverie,—  
So the heart's wave,  
In thy dim cave,  
Hushes, Forgetfulness!

Duty and care fade far away,  
What toil may be we cannot guess:  
As a ship anchored in a bay,  
As a cloud at summer's noon astray,  
As water blooms in a breezeless day,—  
So 'neath thine eyes  
The full heart lies  
And dreams, Forgetfulness!

## A Twilight Scene.

BY W. J. COLGAN

The peace of the twilight, when day is at rest:  
The silence of birds in each moss woven nest:  
The deer on their haunches—their large eyes calm gaze  
On the stream—on the lawn—on the wood's deepest maze.  
The browsing of cattle on sunlighted steep,  
Or drinking where courses run bright, yet not deep;  
The manger—the sheepfold—with creatures so still,  
The wind has scarce breathed on the loftiest hill.

The traveler is dreaming of scenes he has passed,  
While the languor of journey steals over him fast!  
Remembrance is blending with hues of the sky,  
Each tint seems a path of the lands he went by,  
The hour of evening recalls to his mind  
His home, at the sunset he hastens to find:  
And nature smiles down on the wanderer's breast!  
The eyes sad at parting, at meeting how blest.

Oh, Peace! when we seek thee in world-sickened mood,  
In the night of the soul, in the passions so rude;  
Oh, Peace! when we pray in the desolate hour  
For thy still robe of beauty, thy hallowing power—  
There comes o'er the senses the thought of the days  
When the heart was attuned to the spirit of praise,  
When the sunlight went down on the peace of the good,  
And the soul made its joy in its own solitude!

## A Child's Prayer.

Father! now the day is past,  
On thy child thy blessing cast,  
Near my pillow, hand in hand,  
Keep thy guardian angel band:  
And throughout the darkling night,  
Bless me with a cheerful light,  
Fet me rise at morn again,  
Free from every thought of pain;  
Pressing through life's thorny way,  
Keep me, Father, day by day!

## The Oath and the Kiss.

"Do you," said Fanny t'other day,  
"In earnest love me as you say;  
Or are those tender words applied  
Alike to fifty girls beside?"

"Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forbear—  
For by those eyes—those lips—I swear—  
She stopped me as the oath I took,  
And cried, 'You've sworn—now kiss the book.'"

## Variety.

**BEWARE OF STRANGERS, GIRLS!**—The Lewistown, Del. Republican, gives currency to the following paragraph:—

"Married, on the 11th inst., by Henry Isonbise, Esq., Mr. Ira Tallmadge, to Miss Caroline Link, all of Lewiston."

To the above, the Clearfield (Pa.) Banner, appends the following extraordinary comment:

"Mr. Tallmadge is well known to the citizens of this place, having resided here about a year. He went away rather unceremoniously, leaving a respectable wife and one child to shift for themselves."

**WOMAN! DEAR WOMAN!**—"It's quite too bad of ye, Darby, to say that your wife's worse than than the Devil." "An', please your Riverence, I can prove it by the Houly Scripture—I can, by the powers! Didn't your Riverence, yesterday, in your sermon, tell us that if we resist the Devil, he'll flee from us. Now, if I resist my wife, she flies at me!"

"Madam," said a druggist the other day to a lady who was examining some Cologne, "I assure you it is an excellent article, and if you will condescend to approximate the extreme extension of your proboscis to the unclosed orifice of the bottle, you will perceive the truth of my assertion."

"Were you ever in the mesmeric state?" said a believer in the science to a flat-boat Hoosier. "I never was, stranger," said the Hoosier. "I hail from Indianny myself, but I have lived six years in the Iowa Territory."

**A GOOD IDEA.**—Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and be very productive.

**MR. BROWNSON**—speaking of English authors of the present day—says, "Mr. Carlyle, with all his faults, is the only live Englishman it is our good fortune to know."

A lady once asked a Jack Tar why a vessel was called *she*—"because," answered Jack, with a knowing leer, "the rigging costs more than the hull."

**EXPENSIVE GARTERS.**—George the Fourth presented his *chere ami* the Marchioness of Cunningham, with a pair of garters which cost about \$50,000. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage.

"Mr. Swipes, I've just kicked your William out of my store."

"Well, Swingle, it's the only bill you've footed this many a day."

## Marriages.

At Cazenovia, on the morning of the 11th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Clark, Mr. JOHN P. BRITTON, merchant of Rochester, to Miss SARAH E. FAY, daughter of David Fay, Esq., of the former place.

In this city, on the 3d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. John D. Millener to Miss Caroline C. Pratt, all of this city. In Ogden, on Thursday evening, June 30th, by Elder Case, Mr. CALVIN SMITH, to Miss PHEBE HARRISON, all of the same place.

In Chili, on the 4th inst., by Rev. E. Savage, Mr. John Pannell, to Miss Mercy Purdy, all of Chili.

In Greece, on the 4th inst., by Rev. J. B. Olcott, Mr. John Marshall and Miss Nancy Kirk, all of Greece.

At East Cayuga, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. John Chrysler, of Seneca Falls, to Miss Maria Kents, of the former place.

In Seneca Falls, on the 3d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Bogue, Mr. William Williams, of Ovid, to Miss Margaret Laboytoux, of Romulus.

In South Barre, on the 4th inst., by B. Matison, Esq., Mr. Abel Stillson to Miss Caroline D. Clark.

In Albion, on the 3d inst., by Rev. A. N. Fillmore Mr. Joseph A. Albertson to Miss Phila D. Taylor, of the above place.

In Lockport, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Curry, Mr. Norman G. Harrington to Miss Eliza Jaus Davenport, all of that place.

In Byron, July 4th, by the Rev. Mr. Childs, Norton P. Ballard, of Byron, to Miss Margaret Rapp, of Stafford.

In Lockport, on the 11th inst., by J. T. Bellah, Esq., Mr. George E. Galaway, to Miss Betsey Emily Gardener.

At Warren, Ohio, on the 6th inst., by Rev. Mr. Purinton, Mr. Charles Hixson, of Cleveland, and formerly of this city, to Miss Laura A. daughter of Hon. Francis Freeman.

BY STRONG &amp; DAWSON.

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NO. 16.

## Popular Tales.

From the Lady's National Magazine for August.

### THE RED KNIGHT.

BY C. H. FORD.

"I fight for my God, and my love."

"And you love me not. Oh! Annabel, Annabel, little did I think it would ever come to this. I have nourished a vain dream, but—" and the page stopped, overcome by emotion.

He was as gallant looking a page as ever a painter drew or a novelist described. Lithe and graceful in person, with a frank and handsome countenance, few of her sex could have resisted the love of Henri Condi. But she whom he now addressed seemed to belong to that small number. With a proud, cold eye she stood regarding the suppliant who knelt before her, and though a slight color mantled her cheek, her bosom heaved regularly, nor was there any perceptible evidence of emotion on her part. She withdrew her hand from that of the page.

"Rise, Henri," she said, "this becomes neither you nor I—you, as the debtor of my father, who ought not thus to seek his daughter against his will—I, as a child jealous of my father's honor, and conscious of his opposition to a union with you. I speak not to hurt your feelings," she added, quickly, in a softer tone, seeing the blood rush proudly over the young man's face; "but you know my father's prejudices, and the immeasurable distance which he thinks exists between you and me. I will not say I differ with him, but this I will say—" and hesitating awhile, as if doubtful whether she ought after all to proceed, she continued eagerly—"this I will say, that if you had my parent's consent I fear I could not say nay."

"Bless you for those words," said the page, "bless you for those words. You do then love me—at least you do not despise me. I may yet win you," and tears of overwrought excitement gushed into the eye of the page.

"Nay, nay," said Annabel, and there seemed a touch of sadness in her voice, "do not indulge vain hopes. How can you, a portionless page, ever hope to win the broad lands without which we well know my father will never consent?"

"God will be with me," said the page, enthusiastically. "I will take for my motto—'for God and my love;' and go forth and win a name. If I die, shed a tear for me—but if I live, assuredly you shall hear from me."

It was a strange sight to behold those two young beings, for they were as yet only in the first blush of manhood and womanhood—the one of sterner sex, impassioned, enthusiastic and wholly given way to his feelings—the other, in whom we might have looked for the most emotion, calm, reasoning and collected. But though so equable was the demeanor of Annabel, if one could have looked into her heart, one would have seen it throbbing with hope, and already imagining the day when her lover would return, with her parent's consent, to claim her for his bride.

Annabel was an only child, and the heiress of her father's vast estate, comprising manors in many of the richest counties in the south of France. From early childhood she and Henri Condi, the last scion of a noble but impoverished house, had been brought up together in one of her father's castles. Henri was a year older than herself, and had been her guide and instructor for years. Insensibly their childish attachment changed to one of a warmer nature; but although Annabel secretly returned Henri's love, she never before had acknowledged it. She knew her father's prejudi-

ces, and having been educated in the strictest notions of duty to her parent, she thought it best to conceal from her lover the knowledge of her affection, hoping he might eventually cure himself of his passion. And now, though she had been surprised into an acknowledgment by the passionate sorrow of Henri, she almost repented of it when she began to consider the insurmountable obstacles to a union between them. Yet her heart strove against her reason, and, as we have said, a wild hope that he might succeed, flashed across her in despite of her better convictions.

"I should not have told you this," she said, at length, "it were better for both of us to dismiss all vain hopes, and look at our situations more calmly—"

"Oh, do not crush my hopes. Be they vain or not, I would choose to die with them, for they fill my heart with joy. No, Annabel, I will not cease to hope. I will go forth, and with my father's sword will win a name and riches, or die in the attempt. Promise to wait for me four years if I return not before, then give up hope."

A momentary weakness came over Annabel, for when did enthusiasm and eloquence ever fail to subdue a woman's heart? All her calmer resolutions gave way, and she yielded herself passively to her lover's wishes.

"I promise," said she, "God be with you."

Henri clasped her unresisting to his bosom, kissed her now burning cheek, and the next instant, at the sound of approaching footsteps, dashed into a copice and disappeared.

The next morning Annabel learned from her father that his favorite page had solicited a dismissal from his household to join that of the Count Boulogne, famed for his great deeds in war, and now one of the few who still waged a desperate contest against the triumphant English.

A year had passed, and Annabel, in all that time, had heard nothing of Henri, except that he had been knighted shortly after joining the train of the Count of Boulogne. At length, one evening, a palmer stopped at the castle, and being listless for want of occupation, Annabel sent for him to her bower. Perhaps, too, she was prompted to the interview by a latent hope of hearing of her lover.

"You come from the seat of war, sir palmer?" she said.

"I passed through it, fair lady. Would you seek news of any one there?"

The crimson deepened on Annabel's cheek, but she answered composedly,

"I would know, like a daughter of France, how goes the war; and who, of all our brave knights, have most distinguished themselves."

"There is one, lady, of whom you have perhaps heard, for, though many gallant chevaliers are in the camp, this one is said to surpass all in deeds of daring."

"I know not to whom you allude," said Annabel, with beating heart. "It is long since we have had certain intelligence from the seat of war."

"He is called the Red Knight, from the color of his plume, and was originally in the household of Count Boulogne, though now he has risen to have one of his own. His fame is on every one's lips. In the most desperate encounters he is ever foremost, and in battle you must look for his plume in the thickest of the fight."

Annabel felt this knight could be no other than her lover. She could scarcely, from very joy, maintain her composure. The palmer was speedily dismissed when she found she could extract no further information from him, and then clasping

her hands, she fell on her knees before an image of the virgin, and with tears gave thanks for this sudden happiness that filled her heart almost to delirium.

The career of the Red Knight was soon on every body's lips, and having once identified her lover, Annabel heard of him continually through pilgrims and stray travelers from the seat of war. Every month brought intelligence of some new and daring feat he had performed. Now it was a castle he had surprised, now it was a body of the enemy he had defeated against great odds, now it was a walled town he had taken by storm at the head of his gallant followers. Every one spoke of his extreme youth in connection with his wonderful deeds. Yet this youthfulness did not prevent old men, and indeed all who sought glory, from enlisting under his banner, so that soon he was at the head of as gallant a following as that of any nobleman around the king.

How Annabel's heart beat as such intelligence was repeated to her. How, when the narrator had departed and she was left alone, would the glad tears gush into her eyes, and dreams of happiness, long checked, float unrepressed through her mind. They who know our sex, know that under such circumstances, her love increased daily.

She often found herself wondering why Henri had never sent any message to her, but she always ended by concluding that he wished to try her, in punishment for her doubt of his success.

"He will find me faithful," she said, "delay us long as he will. I wonder if he will be so?"

This thought came suddenly and unbidden into her mind, and she dismissed it instantly as unjust to Henri, but, strange to say, it obtruded itself again, and often she caught herself thinking whether this long silence of his might not have something to do with his having forgotten her.

One day, about two years after his former visit, the same palmer who had first told her of Henri's success, appeared again at the castle gates, and, hearing he had come from the seat of war, Annabel sent for him, as before, to her bower. He talked long on indifferent subjects, but at length came to the exploits of the Red Knight.

"What say they now of him?" said Annabel. "I hear he carries for his motto, 'I fight for my God and my love.' Does report say who the lady is?"

"It does. The beautiful Zaymodere, daughter of the Lord Thierry, and the richest heiress in the north of France, is said to be the happy lady.—Men say that, as most of her father's possessions have been won back from the English by the knight's good sword, the old Count has offered her hand to the Red Knight, and that he, nothing loth, has accepted it."

"Can this be true?" interposed Annabel eagerly, displaying more interest in the matter than would have seemed proper in a stranger. The palmer looked up suddenly. But he as quickly resumed his usual immovable expression of countenance.

"Such is the rumor. I myself know for a fact that the knight escorted the lady home to her father's castle last month, and was there sumptuously entertained for many days. And, indeed, brave and renowned as he is, the fair Zaymodere is a prize even for him. Who can doubt but that he will accept her?"

"But," said Annabel faintly, though she made a strong effort to appear composed, "he may have had a former love, as indeed his motto would imply, for it is but lately he has known the lady, and his motto was assumed, as I have heard, when he first entered the wars."

"That is true," said the palmer, thoughtfully, "but then, you know, lady, knights are not always faithful any more than fair dames, and if he had a former mistress, she has perhaps forgotten him."

"Never, I can never—" said Annabel indignantly, no longer able to control her feelings. The accurate knowledge of the palmer convinced her that he was right, and that she had been deserted for perhaps a richer and fairer bride; and the consciousness of this stung her soul with agony, until she lost the control over her demeanor; but the instant she had spoken thus far, reflecting how she had betrayed herself, she stopped, and turning hastily away, burst into tears, and would have flown from the room.

The palmer started to his feet, no longer a decrepid old man, but hale and vigorous, and flinging aside his robe, stood before Annabel, embrowned by exposure, but still in the early years of manhood. He hurried after her, and caught her in his arms.

"Stay, Annabel," he said, in his natural voice, "I am faithful as ever, and what I tell you is only the lying rumor of a camp. Forgive me for having thus tried you, but I knew not how absence might affect your love. My thoughts have never strayed an instant from you."

The glad surprise of Annabel what language can depict? In the revulsion from despair to joy she suffered her lover to draw her to his bosom, and, for the first time to imprint a kiss on her lips. Then she wept long and freely, hiding her face on his shoulder, but at length looking up and smiling through her tears.

Henri, now Count de Condi, with large possessions granted him by the king whose empire he had been chiefly instrumental in restoring, and with a rank and renown that placed him foremost among the brave nobles that surrounded the throne, was now the equal of Annabel, even in her proud father's eyes, and immediately received the old man's consent, who saw, at this termination of affairs, the reason why hitherto his daughter had steadily refused every offer that had been made her, and begged her father not to press her, at least for some years, to marry. In a few months, accordingly, the young couple were united with great magnificence.

The descendants of Henri and Annabel still lived in the north of France up to the period of the first revolution, and were known by the red crest of their ancestor, and his motto—"I fight for God and my love."

Night Scene in a Poor Man's House.

BY MARY HOWITT.

It was in the middle of winter, on the night of the twenty-third of January, when the weather was miserably cold: it neither decidedly froze, nor did it thaw, but between the two it was cold and damp, and penetrated to the very bone, even of those who sat in carpeted rooms before large fires, and were warmly clad. It was on this evening that the seven little children of David Baird, the weaver, stood huddled together in their small room, beside a small fire which was burning comfortably. The baby sat in a wooden cradle at the corner of the hearth. The fire, to be sure, gave some warmth, because it had boiled a pot full of potatoes, but it gave very little cheeriness to the room. The mother had portioned out the evening meal—a few potatoes to each—and she now sat down by the round table, lighting the farthing candle, and was preparing to do some little pieces of housewifery.

"May I stir the fire?" asked David, the eldest boy.

"No, no," replied the mother, "it burns away too fast if it is stirred."

"I wish we had a good fire!" sighed Judith, the second girl.

"Bless me," said the mother, "it is a good fire! Why, there's Dame Grumby and her grandchild gone to bed because they have no fire at all!"

"I should like some more salt to my potatoes," said little Betsy; "may I have some more, mother?"

"There is none, child," she replied, "I put the last in the pot."

"O dear!" cried out little Joey, "my feet are so bad! they get no better, mother, though I did beat them with holly."

"Poor thing!" sighed the mother; "I wish you had better shoes."

"There's a pair," said Joey, briskly, "at Timmy Nixon's for fourteen pence."

"Fourteen pence!" repeated the mother; "it would take a long time to get fourteen pence."

"Mat. Willis begged a pair of nice warm boots," replied Joey, experimentally.

"We will not beg," said the mother, if we can help it—let me see the shoes; and Joey put one of his frost-bitten feet on his mother's knee.

"Bless thee! poor lad," said the mother, "thou shalt not go to work again till it is warmer."

"Mother," interrupted little Susan, "may I have some more?"

"There is no more," said she, "but I have a whole loaf yet."

"Oh dear, oh dear, how nice!" cried the children, clapping their hands; "and give Joey the bottom crust," said one, "because of his poor feet!"

"And give me a big bit," cried Susan, holding out a little fat hand.

The mother divided the loaf, setting aside a piece for her husband; and presently the husband came.

"It rains, and is very cold," said he, shivering.

"Please God," rejoined the mother, "it will be warmer after the rain."

David Baird was a tall, thin man, with an uneasy look—not that he had any fresh cause of uneasiness—his wages had not been lowered; his hours of labor had not been increased; nor had he quarrelled with his master; but the life of a poor man is an uneasy life—a life of care, weariness, and never ending anxieties. What wonder, then, if his face had a joyless look?

The children made room for their father by the fire; Susan and Neddy placed themselves between his knees, and his wife handed him the portion of supper which had been set aside for him.

Mary, the eldest girl, was sitting on a box, feeding the squirrel with the bread which her mother had given her—she was very happy, and kissed the squirrel many times; Judith was sitting beside her, and David held the cup out of which the squirrel drank.

"Nobody has inquired after the squirrel," said the father, looking at them.

"No," replied Mary, "and I hope nobody will."

"They will not now," said the younger David, "for it is three months since we found it."

"We might sell it for half a crown," said the father; Mary looked frightened and held the squirrel to her bosom.

"Josey's feet are very bad," remarked the mother.

"And that doctor's bill has never been paid," said the father—"seventeen shillings and six pence."

"'Tis more money than we can get in a week," sighed the mother.

"I go round by the back lane, to avoid passing the door," said the father, "and he asked me for it three times."

"We will get it paid in the summer," rejoined the mother, hopefully; "but coals are raised, and bread they say will rise before the week is out."

"Lord help us!" exclaimed the father internally.

"Mary, fetch the other candle," cried the mother, as the farthing candle burnt low in the stick and went out.

"There is not one," replied Mary; "we burnt out the other last night."

"Have you a farthing, David?" asked the wife.

"Not one," replied he, rather hastily.

"Nor have we one in the house," said the wife; "I paid all we had for the bread."

"Stir up the fire, then," said David.

"Nay," rejoined the wife, "coals are raised."

"Lord help us!" again sighed David, and two of the children began coughing. "Those children's coughs are no better!" remarked the father somewhat impatiently. And the baby woke—so did Betsy, who had fallen asleep on the floor unobserved, crying, "I am so cold, father! I am so cold!"

"Go to bed with her Mary," said the mother, "for you were up betimes, this morning, washing—pull up your clothes on the bed, and keep her warm."

Mary went into the little dark chamber to bed with her sister, and her mother tried to hush the crying infant.

David was distracted. He was cold, hungry, weary, and in gloom. Eight children whom he loved were about him, and he thought of them only as born to poverty, and care, like himself—he felt unhappy, and grew almost angry as the baby continued to cry.

Cheer up, David, honest man! there is that coming even now—coming within three streets length of thee—which will raise thee above want forever! Cheer up! this is the last hour any of you shall want fire; the last hour you shall want

for candle-light. Thou shall keep thy squirrel, Mary! Betsy, thou shall have blankets to warm thee! The doctor's bill shall be paid—nor Baird, shalt thou ever again skulk by backways to work to avoid an importunate creditor. Joey, thou shalt turn the wheel no longer—thy feet shall get well in woolen stockings, and warm shoes at five shillings a pair! You shall no more want to sell potatoes, nor shall Susan go short again of her supper! But of this, all this, as yet, you know nothing about the relief—and such splendid relief, too, that even now is approaching your door! Wait, little baby, and thou wilt—nurse thy poor tingling feet, Joey, by the fire! and muse in sadness on thy poverty, David Baird, yet for a few moments longer it can do no harm, for the good news is even now turning the corner of your street!

Knock, knock, knock! David starts from his reverie.

"Some one is at the door!" said the wife, and up jumped little David. "If it is neighbor Wood come to borrow some meal, you can get her a cup full," added the mother, as the knock was repeated more lustily.

Up rose David Baird, and thinking of the doctor's bill, opened the door reluctantly.

"Are you David Baird?" asked the letter carrier, who had knocked.

"I am," said David.

"This, then, is for you; and there are twenty-two pence to pay on it," said the man holding forth a large letter.

"It is a summons!" cried the wife in dismay; "for what is David Baird summoned?" and she rushed to the door, with the baby in her arms.

"It is not for me," said David, half glad to escape his liability to pay the two-and-twenty pence.

"But are you not David Baird, the weaver?"

"I am," said David.

"Then," continued the letter carrier, pay me the twenty-two pence, and if it is not right, they will return you the money at the post office."

"Twenty-two pence!" repeated David, ashamed to confess his poverty.

"One shilling ten pence!" said the wife; "we have not so much money by us, good man."

"Light a candle," said the letter carrier bursting into the house, "and hunt up what you have."

David was pushed to the extremity. "We have none," said he; "we have no money to buy a candle!"

"Lord bless me!" said the letter-carrier, and gave David the younger four-pence to fetch half a pound of candles. David and his wife knew not what to think, and the letter man shook the wet from his hat. In a few moments the candles came, and the letter was put into David's hand.

"Open it, can't you?" said the letter man.

"Is it for me?" inquired David again.

"It is," replied the other, impatiently; "what a fuss is here about opening a letter!"

"What is this?" exclaimed David, taking out a bill for one hundred pounds.

"O!" sighed the wife, "if after all it should not be for us! But read the letter, David;" and David read it.

"Sir—Yon, David Baird, the weaver of —, and son of the late David Baird of Marden-on-Wear, lineal descendant of Sir David Baird, Monkshaughton Castle, county of York, and sole heir to Sir Peter Baird, of Monkshaughton, aforesaid, lately deceased, are requested to meet Mr. Dennis, solicitor, at York, as soon after the receipt of this as possible. It will be necessary for you to bring your family with you; and to cover travelling expenses, you will receive enclosed a bill for one hundred pounds, payable at sight.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your humble servant,

"J. SMITH for Mr. DENNIS."

"Sure enough," said David, "David Baird of Marden-on-Wear was my father.

"O, O, O!" chuckled out little David, as he hopped about behind the group, "a hundred pounds and a castle!"

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the wife while she hugged the baby in her arms.

"And," continued David, "the great Sir David Baird was our ancestor, but we never looked for any thing from that quarter."

"Then the letter is for you?" asked the man.

"It is. Please Heaven to make us thankful for it," said David, seriously; "but," hesitated he, "you want that money."

"No," said the letter carrier, going out, "I'll call for that to-morrow."

"Bolt the door after the man; this money requires safe keeping."

"Mend the fire!" said the mother; and her

son David put on the shovel full of coals, and stirred up the ashes.

"Kiss me my children!" exclaimed the father with emotion; kiss me, and bless God, for we shall never want bread again!"

"Is the house on fire?" screamed Mary, at the top of the stairs, "for there is such a blaze!"

"We are burning a mouldy candle!" said Judith, "and such a big fire!"

"Come here, Mary," said the father; and Mary slipped down stairs wrapped in an old cloak.

"Father's is a rich man! we're all rich—and shall live in a grand castle!" laughed out young David.

"We shall have coats, and blankets, and stockings and shoes!" cried little Joey, all alert, yet still remembering his frost-bitten feet.

"We shall have beef, and plumb-pudding!" said Susan.

"We shall have rice-pudding every day!" cried Neddy.

David Baird was again distracted; but how different were his feelings; he could have done a thousand extravagant things—he could have laughed, cried, sung, leaped about, nay rolled on the floor for joy; but he did none of these—he sat calm and looked almost grave. At length he said, "wife, send the children to bed, and let us talk over this good fortune together."

"You shall have your Sunday clothes on tomorrow," said the happy mother, as she sent them up stairs. To bed they went, and after a while laughed themselves to sleep. The father and mother smiled and wept by turns, but did not sleep that night.

## The Old World.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

### LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY THURLOW WEED.

PACKET SHIP GEORGE WASHINGTON, }  
At Sea, June 21st, 1843. }

Having paid the landsman's tribute (sea-sickness) to Neptune, I am now sufficiently recovered to get on deck in pleasant weather and enjoy fresh air and sea views.

We have been "afloat" fourteen days, with light but favorable winds. We are about 2,400 miles from New York and only some 800 miles from Liverpool! This enumeration of miles seems formidable to one who has been accustomed to run either to New York with Captains McLean or Brainard, or to Utica, Auburn or Rochester upon the Rail Road.

The passage so far has been auspicious. The ship has been headed directly to Liverpool from the moment she was put upon her course, and except for two or three hours, in what threatened to be a gale, the large sails have not been taken in.

When the kind and beloved friends who accompanied us down the bay had, on their return to the city, passed out of the reach of my strained vision, we fixed our eyes upon the receding shores, until object after object grew first indistinct and then disappeared. Long before twilight all the traces of land had faded away. We continued to cast long, lingering, last looks homeward until night let down her curtain. And then, separated for the first time, by a liquid element, from family, friends, home and country, came a sense of loneliness to which my soul had been a stranger. Anxious to be alone to indulge "thick coming fancies," I lighted my cigar, went forward and seated myself upon the windlass, for a long, quiet self communion, which however, almost abruptly terminated by a wave that, dashing over the bows, gave me the ill-timed luxury of a shower bath, and drove me, dripping wet, back to the quarter deck.

During the night the wind lulled, and soon after sun-rise when I came on deck, the Captain pointed me to the land-shade of Montauk Point, within about twelve miles of which we could see. Our course had been parallel with Long Island, keeping about 25 miles from shore. We were 45 miles from Sandy Hook at sun-set of the first day.

I happened to be forward when the mates were dividing the crew into "watches," the 1st and 2d mates choosing (as we choose sides at ball-play,) the best sailors for their respective watches. It was a novel and amusing scene. The sailors gave their names "Dick," "Bob," "Bill," "Charlie," "Tom," "Jack," as they were asked. One gave the name of "Howard." The mate replied "your other name?" "Zeb, sir," was

the response. The mate, shaking his head, said "Zeb is not a ship-shape name, let it be *Howard*." Another gave the name of Van Schoonhoven. "Oh," says the mate, "belay that long name and unship your short one." The boy then gave "George," which proved more satisfactory.

After a brief outline of duty, announced in a seaman's manner and language, from the chief mate, (Mr. Gibbs,) the 2d mate's watch was sent below. Among the duties enjoined upon the crew were "strict obedience to orders, a bright look-out, no swearing in the tops, and no bawdy songs when ladies or gentlemen are on deck."

The ship's crew consists of the captain, 3 mates, 17 able seamen, a carpenter, 3 boys, a steward, cook and 2 waiters, a stewardess. Our crew seems an excellent one. Two of the sailors have been former mates of vessels, but for want of such situations, and rather than be idle, ship on board the Liverpool Packets. These lines of packets, by the way, are nurseries for American ship masters. The captains of all these vessels, like Bonaparte's best generals, have risen by merit from before the mast to the quarter-deck. Capt. Burrows, who commands our ship, first came on board the Silas Richards, Capt. Holdridge, as a "Boy," and passed from step to step through the grades of ordinary seaman, able seaman, 3d, 2d and 1st mate, to the high and responsible station he now occupies, so honorably to himself and useful to the owners of his ship. His predecessor, Capt. Holdridge, who came from the same town (Groton) in Connecticut, rose in the same way, and is now fitting out the "Victoria," a magnificent new Ship, to be placed in the same line. Capt. Burrows succeeds, in turn, to the next new ship, though he will leave with regret, as did Capt. H., his favorite "George Washington," a ship that has done her work so far, faithfully and gallantly, and that has been the scene of so many of their trials and achievements. It is a very remarkable fact, and one of which Connecticut and Massachusetts may be justly proud, that almost all of the packet ships belonging to the several lines running between New York and Liverpool and New York and London, are commanded by natives of those States. Indeed, most of the Captains of the London "Liners" are natives of the same town (Lyme) in Connecticut! This fact shows that with the advantages of a common school education, fortified by "steady habits," a New England boy will carve out his fortune even in a profession where humble merit encounters the most formidable obstacles to advancement.

For the first ten days our ship bounded gaily over the billows with fair and fresh winds. But we have been becalmed for two days, and at this moment the mighty elements, that may be so soon lashed into terrific rage, sleep as sweetly and breathe as gently as an infant or a zephyr.

Yesterday large schools of porpoises disported themselves around us for hours. To-day the marine visitors of yesterday are succeeded by whales, real whales, though I cannot vouch for their being "right sperm." The first one "spouted" within a hundred yards of the ship, passing along lazily astern. Another soon appeared on the starboard side of the ship and still nearer, which was followed by two others, all continuing spouting and sporting for two hours. This display of Neptune's curiosities was crowned, after tea, by the appearance of a huge shark in the ship's wake and but a few feet astern.

We are a large, but exceedingly harmonious community. The steerage passengers number over 150, most of whom are disappointed emigrants returning to the Old World, without having found in the New the "ready dug" gold that seduced them across the Atlantic. In talking with some of these people, I find that they return more because they cannot reconcile themselves to our "social reforms," than for the want of employment. Some, it is true, are unfortunate, as some always must be in a world of vicissitudes. The returning English emigrants go home in great disgust with Brother Jonathan. They concentrated all their hatred of our country by saying that "every thing in America stinks, but the vinegar, and that is sweet." But even this picture has its bright hues as well as its dark shades. There are, among the steerage passengers, an old Irish lady and gentleman of the name of Tobin, from Cincinnati, who go back to the Green Isle to die where they were born, that their dust may rest where rests the dust of their fathers. They have lived prosperously in America, but they could die happy only in Ireland. Six children are left in America, and one daughter, with that filial devo-

tion which hallows a daughter's affection, accompanies her parents on this sepulchral pilgrimage.

Noticing an intelligent looking Scotchman forward, I inquired if he too was tired of America? "Na, na, friend. Its no that way wi' me. I'm but running o'er on a matter o' bisness, and to make a short visit. From the first day I set foot in Oneida county, Mr. Wolcott—a vara nice man he is—(perhaps you ken something of the Wolcotts—they are manufactures at York Mills,) gave me employment, and I have not seen an idle hour, or lacked any of the enjoyments of life since. The last winter I purchased a farm in Clinton.—The crops are 'n in and growing, and wi' God's blessin' I will be back to the harvesting o' them. I have help enough in my own family to work my farm. Three sons are well grown lads, and others are coming up after them. The gude wife has fourteen bairns." Much agreeable conversation passed with this industrious, thriving, cheerful Scotchman, (Mr. Brydan) who represents a numerous and valuable class of our emigrant citizens. With the habits, principles and temperament of the Bailie Nicol Jarvie who are to be met in our "Saut Markets," and the "Dandie Dinmots" who fertilize our soil, no stranger need turn hungry or naked from our shores.

There are, by the way, two classes of steerage passengers. Mr. Scotch friend and several others have large rooms partitioned off from the steerage proper, with the benefit of good air and light.—They however "eat themselves," as Pat says, and pay \$50 for their passage. A second class steerage passage is but \$10.

Among the 1st class steerage passengers I was not a little surprised to find the "Columbian Minstrels," for whose high vocal powers our friend Meech of the Museum, has so often made the Evening Journal, voucher. The are on a professional visit to England, where Mr. Rice, the original "Wirginny Nigger" was eminently successful. As these vocalists can out-"jump Jim Crow," and give ten songs to his one, I hope their success may be in proportion. We are indebted largely to Europe for her Fanny Ellsers, Mad. Celestes, Mons. Adrents, &c., &c. It is a pleasure, therefore, to send abroad, in return, these "Columbian Minstrels," whose success, if there is a taste and sentiment in England to enjoy the musical nature, will be more than triumphant.

Nor are these Yankee Minstrels the only national novelty the ship George Washington is wafting to England. We have two thousand wooden clocks on board! These "notions" are of Massachusetts fabrication, and will find, I am informed, a ready market with John Bull. The purchasers are among the humblest of the middle classes, who form clubs of 12, 15 or 20, paying six pence a week into a purse for the purchase of clocks, which are drawn for by lottery, the contribution and the drawings continuing until each member of Club rejoices in a wooden clock. This is one of the triumphs of American Manufactures.

WEDNESDAY, June 28.

Our good ship George Washington has always been a favorite packet. On her June passage of last year, Charles Dickens returned in her to England. Capt. Burrows informs me that he made himself extremely popular with all on board. In his "Notes" he speaks in highly complimentary terms of the ship and her commander.

Grant Thorburn, the well known seedsman and florist, returned to America in this ship, and I make the following extract from his book, for the purpose of saying that every word of it is as applicable to her present captain and crew as to her former excellent commander:—

"If you have a friend in the world to whom you wish well, and that friend wants to cross the Atlantic, tell him to wait for the George Washington, Capt. Holdridge and crew. We have been nine days out, and have not heard an oath from an officer or sailor; sometimes making twelve knots an hour, with the waves as high as Snake-Hill in Jersey, and neither a sigh nor a groan has escaped the ship's timbers. Her sheets of canvass swelling in the breeze, are moved by her steady and willing crew, without noise or confusion—all as if impelled by the god of order."

The same spirit of order and the same proprieties of language and temper, reigned throughout the vessel during the 21 days we were on board of her. But enough for this writing. So adieu for the present.

COURTMACHERRY, (Ireland,) June 28, 1843.

I am here, with my foot upon the Green Isle—the land of my admiration and sympathy from boyhood to the maturity of life.

I left our good ship beating up the channel a-

gainst an obstinate head wind at 5 o'clock P. M. yesterday, in a small boat that came off to us, and after a pull of three hours, made this port before sunset.—It is a delightful spot. The village is situated in the elbow of a deep bay, and consists of a row or contiguous block of stone cottages, all on the side of the street facing the water, while the terraces rising back of the village are dotted with cabins, and patched with fields clothed in verdure and fruitfulness.

The arrival at an obscure town upon the coast, of nine strangers, with a formidable array of trunks, &c., created quite a stir; but when it came to be known that two Catholic Bishops from America and two Priests from France (though one of the latter is from Belgium and the other from Bavaria) were among us, the sensation was truly amusing. The "Repealers" gathered about us in swarms. The coast officer and the constabulary guard appeared embarrassed and excited. I called upon the Excise officer and invited him to examine our luggage. In walking with me over to the hotel, he remarked that as our landing there in the somewhat excited state of the country, would occasion inquiry and remark, it would be his duty to make his examination more rigid than under ordinary circumstances. He then proceeded to take our names, places of residence and vocation, and to examine whether we had arms or munitions concealed. He then inquired the object of our visit and the length of time we intended to remain in Ireland. All this was done with the utmost delicacy and propriety on the part of the officer. We informed him that we took advantage of calms and head-winds to leave our ship and run through Ireland to Liverpool, hoping that we should be so fortunate as to hear O'Connell and to see Father Mathew.

The Custom-House examination over, we were seated to our first supper in Ireland. It consisted of bacon and eggs, fried in the bar room, (a small 7 by 9,) where twenty men were smoking their pipes; served, however, upon a clean linen table cloth, with a fresh roll of butter and a strongly malted loaf of bread.

After supper, the Bishop went with the resident Catholic clergymen, others were sent to neighboring houses, (two only lodging at the hotel,) and I accepted the invitation of the commandant of the coast guard to take a bed at his house, where I passed the evening and night very pleasantly.

The only mode of conveyance, in the morning, was an Irish "jaunting car" with one horse. Nor could a second vehicle be raised in the village! A messenger was therefore despatched (for an English shilling) on foot to Bandon (nine miles) for another car; and at 5 A. M. two one horse jaunting cars, and a scraggy looking cart for the luggage, "reined up" before the hotel.

The Bishops were up at 4 o'clock and at 5 went to the Chapel for Mass, where an immense congregation (the information of their arrival having been spread during the night) had assembled.

At 6 o'clock, having taken a dish of black tea and a boiled egg, we set off for Cork, a distance of 30 miles. The morning air was pure and bracing, and the ride was far more intensely interesting than any I ever enjoyed. The whole scene was panoramic. Every rod, foot, and almost every inch of soil, is in a high state of cultivation. Indeed, the earth is here taxed to its utmost capacity. But vegetable nature teems not alone.—The country is equally prolific in men, women and children. Ireland is in a literal state of human incubation. Ever and anon we came into clusters of cabins and shanties which seemed like intellectual ant-hills. And these cabins were shared in common by bipeds and quadrupeds. In numberless instances, I saw people, pigs, poultry and goats, quietly enjoying the same and only room in the cabin.

We saw hundreds of women and children engaged in spreading sea-weed and sand (impregnated with sand) as manure. We overtook and passed many carts, each with about 12 or 15 bushels of potatoes, on their way to Bandon, where they get at the rate of two-pence (four cents) for 24 pounds. In this way the poorest class of tenants pay their rent.

The lands we passed over to-day (30 miles) are principally owned by three nobleman, viz: Lord Shannon, (deceased) Lord Bandon and Lord Cork. And for the munificent support of these three families, more than a million of their fellow creatures are ground to an earth designed by a beneficent Providence to furnish an abundance for all.

On our way into Courtmacsherry, we passed in full view of the Old Head of Kinsale, the rock upon which the packet ship Albion was so disastrously wrecked many years ago.

The crew of the small boat in which we came ashore consisted of five men. They had a long, hard pull against a current and head wind. One of our party who had a bottle of white wine in his carpet bag, offered it to the men. Two of them drank of it, but the other three declined, saying that they had taken Father Mathew's Pledge.—These men added, that they were out in the boat through all weathers, and by night as well as by day; but that they could endure cold better, and work longer and pull harder since they took the Pledge, and that with God's help, they would never break it.

Several of the most beautiful mansions between Courtmacsherry and Cork are occupied by Protestant clergymen, whose fields and glebes enrich and adorn their "livings;" and yet their congregations, in some instances, scarcely extend beyond their own household. But these Church establishments draw their support from the toil and sweat of the poor peasants, who worship where their Fathers worshipped, in the humble chapels at whose altars thousands are kneeling daily.

We passed every few miles, "constabulary" station, where guards are posted to preserve the peace. These guards, in neat uniform, are the finest looking young men I have ever seen.

We passed, also, the Fair of Ballamabone, in a beautiful valley, where large herds of cattle, sheep, hogs, &c., and "much people" had collected.

The broad and fertile domain of Lord Bandon, through which we passed, would have delighted me far more, if I could have forgotten the tens of thousands who toil and sorrow, that this one man may reap and revel.

But the object of the most absorbing interest was the majestic ruin of the ancient Abbey of Timoleague, whose moss grown and ivy protected walls and tower, could they speak, would reveal the history of many centuries. Had I known that we were to pass this splendid ruin, I should have made arrangements to view it more at leisure.—There are, upon its tablets and tomb-stones, written memorials of more than three hundred years; and within its crumbling walls, the exhumed remains of thousands who have been entombed there, have been gathered in heaps, exposed to the view of all who enter the ruin, teaching lessons of human nothingness, far more impressive and solemn than language could utter.

At Bandon, a large and thrifty looking town, we exchanged our "jaunting cars" for a "royal mail coach," upon the outside of which I rode to Cork, and took lodgings at the "Imperial Hotel." Cork is a busy, enterprising city, with 110,000 inhabitants. Its environs are extensive, highly cultivated and exceedingly picturesque. The scenery which borders the "Cove of Cork," a narrow, deep stream, extending to the British Channel, is of surpassing richness and beauty. The citizens of Cork commemorated the visit of Geo. the 4th, by the erection of an Equestrian Statue of him on a public square, by the side of their beautiful river, the Lee.

Having arranged some Custom House matters touching a box of favorite Havanas, presented to me just as I was leaving New York by my friend Stetson of the Astor, I called upon Counsellor Walsh, to whose lady I had a letter of introduction from her brother, (Doct. O'Callaghan,) and from whom I learned that Father Mathew had already gone, or was on the eve of departure for London. Mr. W. hastened with me to the good Father's Temperance Rooms, where his Secretary informed us that the Prelate did not leave until half-past six o'clock in the afternoon, and was expected at the rooms at 2 o'clock. At that hour I called again with Mr. W. A large number of people were assembled, waiting to take the Pledge. In about ten minutes Father Mathew arrived.—When introduced as an American, he gave me both hands, cordially and kindly, and expressed much regret that he was compelled to leave home so soon.

The people of both sexes, old and young, who were there to receive the Pledge, knelt around the Reformer, who, in the most persuasive and affectionate voice and manner, enjoined upon them a life of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. They rose with joy and gratitude beaming from their eyes, received their certificate and medal, and went their way rejoicing. I looked upon this scene with deep emotion, and would not exchange the luxury of feeling it inspired for a view of the proudest pageant Europe can present.

Dismissing these people, Father Mathew warmly entered into conversation about America. Informing him that Bishop Hughes was my fellow-passenger, he took my arm and started immediately

for the hotel to pay his respects to the Bishop, and remained with us for an hour.

The portraits we have of this excellent man are so faithful, that had I met him accidentally in the street I should have recognized and spoken to him as "Father Mathew." I say that I should have spoken to him, because there is so much of gentleness and benevolence—so much to admire and love—in his face and form, that you could not pass him. I have never seen so many of the bright and beautiful virtues as bloom and blend in this good man's heart, displayed and revealed in the "human face divine."

At six o'clock last evening, Father Mathew left for Liverpool, York and London, where he has engagements. This, I believe, is his first Temperance visit to England.

The general expectation that this truly philanthropic divine is about to visit America, will not immediately be realized. He had a strong desire to visit us, but nothing definite has been settled. If he should be led to believe that his presence and efforts among us would promote the cause to which he has devoted himself, he told me that he would endeavor to cross the Atlantic about this time next year.

My visit in Cork was much too brief, owing to the necessity of hastening up to Liverpool to reclaim my trunk and rejoin my traveling companions. But it was a visit full of incidents and interest.

I rose early this morning and proceeded to the Convent, where Bishop Hughes was saying mass, and I was hospitably invited to remain to breakfast by the resident clergyman. And at half past twelve, declining the kindest tenders of hospitality from Counsellor Walsh and the Lord Bishop Murphy, I took coach for Dublin. Adieu.

## Sketches of History.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

### Interesting History of the Pitcairn Islands.

Capt. Jay, who, while prosecuting the whale fishery in the Pacific, in command of the Nancy, had occasion to visit this Island, describes the present population as a well ordered community of one hundred and thirteen souls. They speak the English language, and recognize the dominion of Great Britain, though their government is administered by magistrates chosen from among themselves. They inhabit cottages built of wood, surrounded by pleasant gardens carefully cultivated. The men appear to be a hardy race; their complexion is brown. The women were decently clothed, and are described as affable and pleasant, possessing many agreeable traits of character.—A European clergyman resides among them, who devotes himself sedulously both to the secular and religious education of the youth.

This Island lies in 20° south latitude and 130° west longitude, about fifty leagues east of the Paumotu Archipelago, or Low Islands. It was first settled in January, 1790, by Christian and his associates,—eight mutineers of the Bounty, and six men and twelve females, natives of Otaheite. Its loneliness and difficult access, rendered it a secure refuge for those reckless and depraved criminals, who, after having wrested from the Captain the possession of his ship, launched him and his adherents in a small boat, in the midst of the Pacific, and abandoned them to their fate. The Island is only four miles long, and seems the summit of a mountain, whose foundations are deep under the fathomless waters. It offers no anchorage for vessels, and can be approached only in boats. In that retreat, relieved from all apprehension of discovery by British vessels, these wretched men thought to lead a life of luxury and ease. Nature has been bountiful in her bestowments there. The climate is mild and equable. Groves of banana, orange and cocoa trees, of thrifty and spontaneous growth, are found in all parts of the Island. The soil yields, with little cultivation, the sugar cane, and every kind of vegetable in abundance. The seas swarm with fish. But even there, these men of violence found no retreat from the fierce passions and animosities which raged in their own breasts, and which had driven them out from communion with their fellows. Hitherto a sense of common danger had united them in efforts to effect their common safety. When union and co-operation had become no longer essential to their security from the avengers of violated law, they abandoned themselves to the selfishness of passion. Vice has power to break all the bands that bind society together. Every man's hand was ere long

lifted against his neighbor, and in ten years one man only survived, all the rest having died, most of them by violence. The contemplation of misery and destruction resulting from crime is said to have produced a thorough reformation in the survivor, John Adams, (his original name is supposed to be Alexander Smith,) who forthwith betook himself to the task of instructing the few women and children in the Christian faith. The docile and simple minded Otaheitan women, were soon converted; and the children, early inducted into ways of pleasantness and peace, in their advancing years have not departed from them. A quarter of a century after the mutineer Adams undertook this labor of love, Captain Beechey visited the island. The repentant reprobate, transformed into a meek and humble follower of the Redeemer, then ruled, with patriarchal sway, a happy little community of sixty-six individuals, "well instructed, orderly, and friendly." He has since been summoned to render an account of his stewardship; but he left behind him the abiding influence of righteous instruction, and the example of a latter life well spent. According to the testimony of Capt. Jay, his pupils and descendants, in 1842, constituted an industrious, and happy population. They numbered, as we have stated above, one hundred and thirteen souls. In 1822, the population was only 53.

Miscellaneous Selections.

PRINTERS.

A writer in the Mobile Herald, who has been for sixteen years connected with the public press, holds the following commendatory language of the members of the craft. None who have had an opportunity of judging will fail to admit the justice of his remarks. He says:

"In all our experience, and we have visited in that time four different Governments, from the one under which we were born and educated, we have always found among Printers not only more intelligence, but more liberality of opinion, more of that noble and high-minded cast of principles that looks with a forgiving eye as well upon the frailties of erring humanity as upon the jars and contentions that grow out of either religion or politics, than any other class of men, not excepting the teachers of the religion of the Bible themselves or statesmen who thunder in the forum. Printers have a sort of freemasonry with the whole world. Conversant not only with the events that are transpiring in their own neighborhood, but over the whole universe, their occupation and the peculiar province in which they move, are all calculated to bring within the scope of their vision and the circle of their interests the opinions and the feelings of the entire family of man. It is a similar community of interests and a personal converse with the whole world, that make the honest tar a whole-souled man, a friend of his species, in whatever port he meets them; but the Printer is his superior in one respect; the garden of science, and the very fountain of learning are in his range, and measureably under his control. With scarcely an exception, there is not one of the profession that a good man might not be proud to take by the hand as an associate and a friend, or that a statesman might not take into his council with satisfaction to himself and benefit to the world."

LOVE AND PARSIMONY.—A remarkable instance of the spirit of economy is given by a journal of the Bas-Rhin. A man went a short time ago to the mayor, at Schelestat, and gave instructions for the publication of a marriage between himself and a young person whom he named. After the lapse of a fortnight, he went again to the mayor, and stated that he had changed his mind, and had selected another wife, and wished her name to be inserted instead of that which he had given in. He was, however, informed that this could not be done without the production of fresh certificates, and the other necessary documents, involving additional fees to the amount of 6*fr.* 5*0c.* This took the would-be Benedict all aback; and, after debating whether this new expense could not be spared, and finding it to be indispensable, he coolly made up his mind to save it, and decided upon taking the first named girl for his spouse.—*Galignani.*

"Jim," said Abner Phelps the other day to his son, "Jim you lazy dog, what do you expect to do for a living?"

"Why, dad, I've been thinking as how I'd be a Revolutionary pensioner."

A BIT OF REAL IRISH.—A jaunting cac-driver, named Paddy Geraughty, was, some time ago, brought before the Magistrates of the head Police office, Dublin, for having used threatening language to a Mr. Ellis, of Hammond Lane. The Magistrates, on hearing the statement of the complainant, directed Geraughty to give security himself in £20, and two other persons in \$10 each, that he would keep the peace.

Paddy and his friends having been ushered by the bailiff into the office of the bond-signer, or person who is to see that the bail bond is executed, the following dialogue took place when the bond was prepared:

Clerk.—The condition of this bond, Geraughty, is, that you will keep the peace for seven years.

Geraughty.—(scratching his head.) For seven years!

C.—Yes, for seven years; and to all his Majesty's subjects.

G.—To all his Majesty's subjects! What is that for?

C.—Why it seems to be a great hardship on you to keep the peace.

G.—Is it to every one in Dublin?

C.—Ay, and to every one in Ireland!

G.—In all Ireland!

C.—Yes; in England and Scotland, also.

G.—In England, and Scotland! Oh! that is on account of the union, I suppose, had luck to it!

C.—And, likewise, in all his Majesty's dominions.

G.—Is it at home and abroad?

C.—Yes, certainly.

G.—Why certainly! by St. Patrick, I'll niver sign it.

Pat was here reminded that if he did not conform to the order of the Magistrates, he would be committed, on which he reluctantly took up his pen to make the mark to the bond, exclaiming at the same time, "Oh! boys, isn't this dreadful for nothing at all!"

When the bond was signed, Geraughty shrugged up his shoulders, saying to the Clerk, with an air of sarcastic triumph, "Well, sir, you have done yer best. Thank God, you can do no more."

C.—Oh! we don't want to do any more. You are now bound to keep the peace to all his Majesty's subjects.

G.—(looking at the Clerk, whilst at the same time he was untying the whip that was across his shoulders.) To keep the peace (peace) to all his Majesty's subjects! Oh! then, by the powers of man, the first fellow I meet that is not his Majesty's subject, I'll make his head smoke.

ELOQUENCE.—The following is an extract from an oration of a gentleman in Missouri, delivered in the meeting house on the glorious Fourth of July.

Fellow Citizens:—Shouts of victory comes up from the neighboring marshes—the cry of freedom defends the voice of nature, and all nature sings aloud for joy. On this glorious occasion I have not words to express the sentiments of my mind—when I think of the great doings of our posteriors, how they licked the British, and my father was in the army, and I was not born, and my mother was't courted yet, and the country was freed from British slavery by the glorious arms of Thomas Jefferson and general Jackson. On this day I call upon you to gird on your swords and beat your spears into plowshares and cry aloud and spare not. On this day let the cannon roar aloud—let the flags be wafted high—let the gleaming of your swords flash in the rays of the sun—let the shouts of freedom fill the air—let the trumpet send forth its blasting strains—and let the gentleman who borrowed my umbrella, bring it back again as soon as possible!

"Why, Jim, what's the matter?"

"O, not much, Ned. I only underwent a gouging operation since you saw me last;—that's all."

"And lost an eye, eh?"

"Yes, and although as romantic as ever, I'm not more than half as vision-ary!"

"Jim, I have just thought of a conundrum."

"Let me hear it; I'm death on them doings."

"Why is your lost eye like the United States Bank? D'ye give it up?"

"Yes, I pass."

"Because it is an 'obsolete eye-dea!'"

"Ned, if I hadn't taken the pledge I'd treat after that, it's such a good 'un!"—*Pir.*

CONUNDRUM.—Who was the first unfortunate speculator? Jonah, for he got *sucked* in.

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1843.

PUSEYISM—ITS HISTORY.—The commotion which this new doctrine is now exciting in this country, as well as in England, renders it important that its rise and history should be understood. To this end, we subjoin an article compiled from an authentic source, which embodies the essential features of its history. It will, we are sure, be read with interest by christians of all denominations:

In the year 1833, the late Dr. Rose, of King's College, the Rev. Mr. Percival, Dr. Pusey, and two or three other clergymen, met in the house of the first named reverend gentlemen, when talking over the progress of dissent, and the unpopularity and even practical neglect into which high church principles had fallen of late years, they came to a resolution to form themselves into a society, though without any formal organization, to use their utmost efforts to revive and bring into practical recognition the class of principles to which we have referred. The celebrated "Tracts for the Times" had their origin in the meeting in question. These tracts appeared at irregular intervals, and were published at prices varying according to the quantity of matter, from twopence to sixpence. The tracts soon attracted general attention, from the startling doctrines they advanced; and as the tendency of all of them was to exalt the authority of the church, and increase the importance of the clergy, by investing them with a special sacredness of character, the new class of opinions made rapid progress among them.—Every successive tract became bolder and bolder in its tone, and approached nearer and nearer the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The principal writers were Dr. Pusey, the Reverend Mr. Ward, the Rev. Mr. Williams, the Rev. Mr. Newman, and one or two others. The series proceeded until it reached No. 90, which so openly and strenuously advocated the principles of the Catholic Church, that the Bishop of Oxford felt called upon to interpose his authority, and put an end to the further publication of the Tracts. The last of the series, No. 90, created a deep sensation, especially as it was soon discovered that it had contributed to made several individuals go openly over to the Catholic Church. The doctrines now held by the Puseyites, who are sometimes called Tractarians, so closely resemble the doctrines of the Catholic Church, that there can hardly be said, on most points, to be any essential difference between them. Among the points to which the Puseyites attach a special importance, is the assumption that all the clergy of the Church of England, in common with those of the Catholic Church, have descended in a direct line from the Apostles. This is what is called apostolical succession. They also maintain, that all children, baptised by the Established clergy, are regenerated when the water is sprinkled upon them; but they refuse to recognize the baptism of the ministers of other denominations as baptism at all.—They hold that there is no hope of salvation for those who are without the pale of the Church. They denounce the Reformation, and look forward with eager desire to a union between the Church of England and the Catholic Church. They maintain that the Church has an authority above that of the State, and that the Sovereign and the Senate are bound to submit to the dictum of the Church. They lay but little stress on those doctrinal matters which the evangelical clergy in the Establishment regard as essential to salvation.—They attach much greater importance to the writings of the Fathers than to the narratives of the

inspired evangelists and the epistles of the apostles. They hold, indeed, that the Scriptures ought not to be read at all by the laity, unless accompanied by the exposition of their meaning to be found in the Book of Common Prayer. They virtually reject the atonement, and set aside as fanaticism what is regarded by other parties as the religion of the heart. They look upon religion as mainly consisting in the observance of forms and ceremonies. They maintain that the bread and wine in the Sacrament are converted, when consecrated by the clergy, into the actual flesh and blood of Christ, and that the sacrament constitutes a kind of continuation of the atonement of Christ on the cross.

This is a tolerably fair synopsis of the doctrines of the "Puseyites." It will at once be perceived that they are in close approximation to the faith of the Catholic Church.

It is calculated that out of 12,000 clergy in England and Wales, 9,000, or three-fourths of the whole, are deeply tainted with Puseyism. In Scotland, again, the whole of the Episcopal clergy, with the exception of three or four, are decided Puseyites. In Ireland, also, the majority of the Bench of Bishops are more or less deeply tinged with it.

**PLEASURE EXCURSION.**—From the frequent pleasure excursions which are made to the upper lakes, Mackinaw, Green Bay, &c., we infer that the world of pleasure begin to appreciate the unsurpassed grandeur which such an excursion develops. If more of our men of leisure, knew in what consisted the real pleasure of traveling, they would be oftener found roaming amid the sublime scenery of the wild west, than they now are.—But the majority of such persons seem to be seized with a mania to see cities and castles—molehills and baby-houses, compared with the wide-spreading beauties of the lakes, and forests, and mountains and rocks and caverns of the mighty west.

Those disposed to enjoy the luxury of a pleasure excursion amid such scenes, should avail themselves of the trip to be made by the INDIANA, Capt. PHEATT. There is no better boat on the lakes, for all that is calculated to make such a trip agreeable, while the Captain himself is one of the noblest hearted tars to be found on any quarter deck. The price of the entire trip is but \$24.—The Indiana leaves Buffalo on the 12th instant.

**AN APPETITE.**—It is said of an over-fed English nobleman, when accosted by a beggar who said he was starving for a morsel of bread, that he threw down a crown with the remark, "There, take that; and I would give a guinea for your appetite." How many amongst ourselves feel precisely thus when sitting down to a well-stocked table. Now, we have two recipes for such. Take a large market basket upon your arm, well filled with provision, and hunt up, on foot, destitute families, who will bless you for your kindness. We will warrant you an appetite after the second trial. If this recipe does not suit, let them make up a party of six or ten, procure a good cook, walk to "the bay," fish two hours and row one, and if, at 4 o'clock, the whole posse have not an appetite, we will agree to eat the entire pot of chowder ourself.

**LEARN TO SWIM.**—A young friend of ours was drowned a month or two ago, because he could not swim. Scores annually lose their lives from the same cause. No parent does his duty to his children, who does not, at as early a period as possible, teach them this art. The fine sand beach of our lake might be oftener visited, with profit by those who have sons—to say nothing of the delightful luxury of a lake bath itself.

**THE RULING PASSION.**—The Richmond Star states that a woman in that city came so near dying from intemperance that her friends had a shroud made for her, presuming that she could not live long. She, however, recovered, and the first thing she did was to *sell the shroud for liquor*.

A young man, in this city, who had reduced his family to beggary, signed the temperance pledge about eight months since, and for six months kept it faithfully, during which time he had regained his strength, and made his family comparatively comfortable. Some two months ago, he was employed by a tavern-keeper, at whose house he boarded. His zeal for temperance enraged his employer, and induced him to form a plan to make the noble-hearted reformed inebriate break his pledge. To effect this, he mixed whiskey with some ginger beer, which he poured out of a beer bottle, and it was unconsciously drank by his unfortunate victim. Before he detected the fraud, the poor fellow had tasted the alcohol. His slumbering appetite was revived, and in twenty-four hours he was again drunk. His poor wife and child are again beggared, and none but those who know what a drunkard's family suffers, can conceive the misery which this family has endured, since the success of this fiendish plot to destroy their peace.

The young man has again taken the pledge, and we have no doubt but that he will keep it, unless some person, with a malice which would make a devil incarnate blush, should again plot his ruin.

This is the second instance which has come to our knowledge, where the same man has succeeded in inducing reformed drunkards to break their pledge. The other case was that of a young Frenchman, who was not aware that his pledge prohibited the use of cider. Taking advantage of this ignorance, this same landlord proffered him what he called a glass of sweet cider, into which he had poured whiskey. The poor fellow drank it and got intoxicated. But thanks to his own good sense and firmness, at the next meeting of the Washingtonians, he acknowledged his error, renewed his pledge, and has since eschewed the society of the man who had thus deliberately plotted his ruin.

We dare not comment upon these acts of baseness. It makes the brain hot to think of them. If there is one spot in the vast universe where the wrath of the Almighty is more intense than in all others, that spot should be made the residence of the cold-blooded hell-hound who would thus deliberately plot the ruin of the noble spirits who are struggling to master the drunkard's appetite.

**ANECDOTE.**—A clerical gentleman of our acquaintance, who had just returned to his parish with an amiable wife, took the following as a text for the first sermon which he preached after he came home: "*Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me, &c.*" The sentimental young ladies pitied their pastor, while the more sensible thought he was served just right, for going out of town for a help-mate.

☞ The river directly above the Falls, now presents a very singular appearance. The bed is entirely bare, and scarcely a drop of water passes over the precipice. It is all directed into the mill races, where it is of more practical utility than it could be were it suffered to tread in the footsteps of poor Sam Patch.

☞ Half of the editorial fraternity seem to be ruralising. In a large number of our exchanges, we find "letters from the editor," dated at some Springs, Mountain House or Cataract. To an editor, these excursions are like

"Tea-spoons full of molasses  
In the vinegar of life."

**RECEPTION OF MR. ADAMS.**—This distinguished Patriot met with a cordial reception from our citizens on the 27th ult. He was accompanied to the city by the committee deputed to invite him, and arrived at 2 o'clock. During the afternoon he rode through the city, in a carriage with the Mayor, Chancellor WHITTLESEY and Gen. MATHEWS, and visited Mt. Hope, the Falls, &c.

An immense concourse of citizens assembled in the Court House Square, at half past six o'clock, to hear his Address—a sketch of which we subjoin—and he afterward received the calls of such as wished an introduction to the "old man eloquent." The Firemen honored the venerable statesman with a Torch-Light Procession in the evening—magnificent and appropriate.

Many Ladies called upon him, and he made them a brief and appropriate speech.

Although arrived at a period of life, beyond that usually allotted to man, Mr. ADAMS still retains much of his early vigor, both of mind and body. The finger of Time is sadly perceptible upon his venerable countenance. Still the head is clear, the eye bright, and the heart warm. Long may the good man continue amongst us, to admonish, counsel and instruct our rulers! Long yet may his eloquent voice be heard in the Halls of our National Legislature, battling corruption and oppression, and defending the glorious instrument which constitutes the basis of our free institutions!

#### Mr. Adams' Speech.

At 7 o'clock Mr. ADAMS took his place upon the staging, accompanied by His Honor, the Mayor, who welcomed him in the following Address:

Sir:—I perform a most willing and pleasing duty on this occasion, in tendering to you, in behalf of my fellow-citizens, their WELCOME to the city of Rochester. We recognise in you, the estimable and esteemed fellow-citizen, the distinguished statesman, the profound and eminent scholar—ever the persevering opponent of every form of tyranny, and ever the ready and unflinching champion of republican freedom,—a man, who has devoted, with singular fidelity, the energies of a whole life uncommonly protracted, to the noblest purposes of life—the promotion of popular rights, and the highest and best interests of his fellow-men.

To such a character, we would tender our cheerful homage and admiration. Such a man, we delight to honor, and we would invoke a Providence yet to add to years already so full, in which to serve and bless his country and mankind.

We have, sir, no ancient ruins, no monuments of antiquity or of ancestral renown, to invite the curiosity of the Antiquarian, the taste of the Scholar, or the researches of the Philosopher.—You visit a young city, the growth, as it were, of a day. The same generation that redeemed the ground upon which we stand from the shades of the primeval forest, still live to enjoy, in the richest profusion, the fruits of their toils and sacrifices; in all the pleasures and blessings of civilized life. The silence of uncultivated nature, has given place to the ceaseless hum of business, and to the voices of gladness echoing from thousands of your countrymen, reaping the advantages, and enjoying the blessings which distinguish the cultivated and refined, from savage society. Under Providence, we would ascribe all these results to our free Constitution, purchased by the blood and sacrifices of our patriotic Fathers, and to the laws and institutions growing out of its wise and beneficent provisions.

In the establishment of our free institutions, in everything conducive to their stability and perpetuity, we have not been, and are not insensible to the important and distinguished part you have acted, throughout the drama of your long and eventful life; and we would repeat to you, welcome! thrice welcome to our city!

Mr. ADAMS was received with three hearty cheers, when he addressed the multitude substantially as follows:—

Mr. Mayor and Fellow Citizens—I fear you expect from me a speech, and if it were in my power, oppressed, as I am, with mingled aston-

ishment and gratitude, at what I have experienced and now see of your kindness, to make a speech, I would gratify you with one, adorned with all the chaste yet simple eloquence which is combined in the address to which you have just listened from your worthy Mayor. But it is not in my power. You may probably think that there is some affectation on my part in pretending inability to address you, knowing, as many of you do, that I have often addressed assemblies like this. But I hope for greater indulgence from you than this. I hope you will consider that I have seen and spoken to multitudes like that now before me, but that those multitudes had frowning faces. Those I could meet, and to those I could speak. But to you, whose every face is expressive of generous affection—to you in whose every countenance I see kindness and friendship—I cannot speak. It is too much for me. It overcomes my powers of speech. It is a new scene to me.

I have been educated in, and have gone thro' the career of a long life of public duty. During that career, I have often addressed public assemblies; but generally in debate, or upon subjects on which I had time to consider and compose, that I might produce something to meet the ear and the affections. But I am here, fellow-citizens, without preparation; and under the influence of those oppressive emotions which your extraordinary kindness has produced. I hope, therefore, fellow-citizens, that you will not expect a speech.

I have been told that my name is as familiar to most of you as household words. Then may I not hope, fellow-citizens, that you will be content to receive household words in return?

I came to you as to my own family, fellow citizens—as one of your own family relations, and not as a public man. And yet it is impossible for me to part from you without saying something to you of the sensations experienced by me since I entered upon the territory of the Empire State.

When, some three or four weeks since, I left my own residence, I did not expect that I should proceed as far west as this—that I should extend my excursion farther than Lebanon Springs, and be able to return home in eight or ten days. But once having entered upon your territory, I seemed impelled, as if by a charm, to proceed. I did accordingly proceed through the length of lakes George and Champlain, and from thence into the neighboring territory of a foreign power. Even there I saw much to admire—much to approve—much that was gratifying to my own heart. For I found prevailing a spirit of friendship and kind feeling, very different from what I have known to exist in other days, and that which is far more conducive to human happiness.

On my return, to my great astonishment, the first place I entered in the State of New York, my fellow-citizens received me with most unexpected respect and consideration. And what more surprised and affected me was the fact that the gentleman who bid me welcome was a long esteemed personal friend, but one with whom I have often differed in opinion upon subjects which have agitated the country.

That reception has turned out to be but a sample of what I now see fully developed;—the first of a series of kindnesses which have excited my astonishment, and awakened the warmest emotions of my heart.

Fellow Citizens—Amongst the sentiments which I have expressed, and the observations which I have made, during my brief tour through this portion of your State, it was impossible for me to forego a constant comparison with what New York was in other days, and what it is now. I first sat my feet upon the soil of the now Empire State, in 1785. I then visited the city of New York—then a town of 18,000 inhabitants. I tarried while in that city, at the house of JOHN JAY—a man whom I name, and whom all will remember as one of the most illustrious of the distinguished patriots who carried our beloved country through the dark period of the Revolution.—JOHN JAY, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs, under the Congress of the Federation, was laying the foundation of a house in Broadway, but which was separated by the distance of a quarter of a mile from any other dwelling.

At that time, being eighteen years of age, I received an invitation to visit Western New York; and I have regretted often, but never more than now, that I had not accepted that invitation.—Oh! what would I have not given to have seen this part of this great State then, that I might be able to contrast it with what it now is!

The spot upon which we now stand was then a wilderness—a country the description of which was scarcely known. This entire region was

covered with forests, inhabited by wild beasts.—Upon your lakes you had no commerce. You were without neighbors with whom to traffic.—All was a solitude, to be turned into a Paradise; and your fathers—you—have turned it into a Paradise.

This city, where was it in 1785? I am told that the first dwelling erected here was erected in 1811 or 1812; and now what do I see there, and there, and there? (pointing to the churches and school houses by which he was surrounded).—How many such buildings have you now, erected and dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, and to instruct you and your children in the important duties you and they owe the Great Supreme? How many schools have you, to teach the rising generation—to rear and nurture their expanding minds? How many squares, beautifully ornamenting your city? How many spacious mansions for the living;—what a delightful spot for the repose of the dead;—have I met in my brief excursion?

Fellow Citizens—This is one of those occasions—these are scenes—of which I should find myself deficient in words to express to you my feelings. In addition to the deep interest which I feel in the deeply interesting scenes which surround me, I feel called upon here to express to you a sentiment which, in a modified form, I expressed to the citizens of a neighboring town. I feel it to be my duty to return to you my thanks for a display of kindness and generous hospitality, which I could not have expected, and which is beyond anything I have ever experienced in any part of the Union.

In the difficulties which often surrounded me during my public exertions in your service and in the service of our common country—in times of trial and difficulty—I have, fellow-citizens, met with a support from Western N. Y., and, before all, from Rochester, which I met with from the people of no other portion of the Union, save from my own immediate neighbors. For this, I feel called upon to return you my thanks, and it affords me a pleasure which words cannot express, that I can at last, proffer you those thanks.

Fellow-citizens—I must not enter into a more precise or particular allusion to those occasions. I see around me, and wish to meet, my friends of all parties; and God knows if I could unite your hearts upon every public question as firmly as they seem knit together upon this occasion of inexpressible happiness to myself, I should consider it a glory far transcending anything which war or peace could give.

I know not, fellow-citizens, how to express to you the admiration with which I have looked upon all that I have seen, or the pleasure which I have felt since I entered your city. Your worthy Mayor has observed that here there are no ancient ruins—no decayed palaces—no statues—no monuments of antiquity or of ancestral renown—to invite the attention of the scholar or antiquarian. No—but there is something better. That is good. I have enjoyed the pleasure which a view of the proud monuments of the past afford. I have seen Venus de Medicis—the Apollo Belvidere—the Laocoon—and the Farnesian Hercules;—wonders of ancient art, which mark the decay of all things human. No, let us not look to antiquity, but to what will be antiquity; to that growing Hercules which has already strangled the serpent in his cradle, and which is fast bursting the bands that confine his childhood.

Fellow Citizens—When I have observed the new creation around me, and inquired by what process and by whom that metamorphosis has been effected, I have been answered that it has been effected by the industry of the men I see around me, or the elder portion of those men. They have effected the change—demolished the wilderness, and erected these spacious dwellings—these magnificent temples to religion and education, which I see around me—monuments of a system of free education—a system which, with a satisfaction I cannot express, I have heard you have established amongst you, and which secures an education to every child in your borders.

Fellow-citizens—It has seemed to me as if, in this region, the God of nature intended to make a more sublime display of his power than in any other portion of the world. He has done so in physical nature—in the majestic Cataract, whose sound you can almost hear—in forest and in field—in the mind of man among you. In what has been accomplished to make your city what it is, the aged have done most. The middle aged may say, we will improve upon what has been done; and the young, we shall accomplish still more than our fathers. That, fellow-citizens, was the boast in

the ancient Spartan procession—a procession which was divided into three classes;—the old, the middle aged and the young; and they had a saying, which each class repeated in turn.

The aged said—

"We have been, in days of old,  
Wise and gentle, brave and bold."

The middle-aged said—

"We in our turn your place supply;  
Who doubts it let him come and try."

And the boys said—

"Heresafter, at our country's call,  
We promise to surpass you all."

And so it will be with you—each in your order. And now, fellow-citizens, I feel an entire inability—a want of words—to express to you the gratitude which I feel for the kindness which you have shown me. In conclusion, I beg you to receive the thanks of a grateful heart; and may the blessings of heaven rest upon you and your wives and children in all future time.

Mr. ADAMS here closed, amid the cheers of the multitude, who had listened, with intense interest, to the remarks of the venerable orator.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THE TRUE ISSUE FOR THE TRUE CHURCHMAN; a statement of Facts in relation to the recent Ordination in St. Stephen's Church, by Dr. Smith and Anthon. Harpers & Brother. Price 9 cts."

This title is sufficiently explanatory of the character of this work—which should be in the hands of every "True Churchman," because it is a defence of the true doctrines of his Church; and of every Protestant, because it is a manly exposition of the mischievous heresy which eminent men are endeavoring to force upon the Protestant world. For sale at MORSE'S, and the booksellers generally.

"THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE, with a Portrait. No. 2. Harper & Brothers. Price 25 cents."

This number embraces several of the most popular productions of this truly eminent lady. Every page breathes the spirit of exalted benevolence and true religion. Every Christian family should procure a copy of this publication; for the writings of HANNAH MORE cannot be too extensively read or studied. For sale at FISHER'S.

"NOTES, explanatory and Practical, on the Epistle to the Hebrews; by Albert Barnes. Harper & Brothers."

The biblical student will need no commendation of these "Notes." The volumes which have preceded the present are a sufficient endorsement of the excellence of this. For sale at FISHER'S.

BLACKWOOD.—The July number of this world-famed Review, has just been re-printed at the New World office. It is rich and racy—with just enough of the grave and gay to suit all tastes. For sale at JONES'.

IDLENESS.—It was the wise saying of some one that the idle man is more perplexed what to do than the industrious in doing what he ought. And is not this true? To an active spirit, what burden is more intolerable than idleness? The idle man cannot be happy. It is a knowledge of this fact which induces so many wealthy men to continue in business long after their circumstances render it unnecessary to labor for bread. There are few millionaires who will not acknowledge that they enjoy less happiness in spending their riches, than they did in making them. That was a wise law of Solon's which made idleness a crime; because while it compelled every man to contribute to the general wealth, it added to his individual happiness. Idleness is not only the devil's cushion, but is the bridge of *ennui* and the steam-pump of sighs.

DISAGREEABLE POSITIONS.—To be placed alone in a stage coach with an old friend you have quarreled with; and to have it rendered absolutely necessary, as the only hope of keeping out of Davy Jones' locker, to extinguish a blazing powder keg. We have heard of men being placed in the first position, and the last occurred the other day in Maryland.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Thoughts on J. Q. Adams' Visit to Rochester.

He came not with a monarch's pride,  
Though tyrant princes, at his side,  
Might justly bow the knee  
In honor of the ruler pure,  
Whose fame shall evermore endure,  
The friend of liberty.

He came, not with a warrior's host,  
Yet where the conqueror to boast  
A more devoted band?  
Millions have started at his call,  
To stay the march of lawless thrall  
And bondage, in our land.

He came, not in the statesman's guise,  
To warp our hearts or blind our eyes  
With eloquent oration:  
A nation's voice has long decreed,  
His spirit too serene to heed  
The breath of adulation.

He came, but not to trumpet forth  
The pompous story of his worth,  
Though few his deeds have wrought;  
Few braved so long a hostile world,  
To keep fair Freedom's flag unfurled,  
Unconquered and unbought.

He came, a Father of the land,  
To see and hear on every hand,  
The signs of happiness;  
To bid his children still proceed  
By every glorious, virtuous deed,  
Their heritage to bless.

He came to cheer the drooping hope  
Of those too timorous to cope,  
With proud oppression's might:  
To show himself a leader (still,  
With tranquil mind, unbending will,  
And eye yet clear and bright.

He came, his country's friend, to prove  
The people's free, untrammelled love,  
Whom he had served so well.  
How they esteemed their aged chief,  
And strove to cheer his sojourn brief,  
Let his reception tell.

What though no glittering warlike force  
His guard became—no cannon hoarse  
In thunder spoke his fame?  
His friends were there before his eyes,  
And shouted to the echoing skies  
In honor of his name.

His voice was heard as when of old  
To Israel's tribes, their guide foretold  
His warfare nearly o'er;  
For joy was chastened by the thought,  
That most who then his accents caught  
Should see his face no more.

Darkness drew on, but lo! thro' night  
A beautiful resplendent sight  
Eclipsed the brightest day;  
Innumerable lights displayed  
Their bearers in a long parade  
Of chivalrous array.

The brilliant pageant moved along,  
A manly, brave and fearless throng,  
Fit emblem of his course,  
Whose life has been a living light,  
Illuming through a lengthened night,  
The moral universe.

Three cheers resounded from that flame,  
A parting tribute to the name  
Of the illustrious guest,  
Who, as it vanished, stood alone,  
Still shining, as he ever shone,  
The purest and the best.

Go, Adams, go, illumine still  
The world, if such thy Maker's will,  
To brighter, better days,  
Or humbly to the summons bow  
That calls thee from this gloom below  
To heaven's eternal blaze.

Rochester, July 29, 1843.

On a Pale Face Lady.

Why is it that on Emma's cheek  
The lily blooms and not the rose?  
Because the rose has gone to seek  
A place upon her husband's nose.

From the Ladies' Companion for August.

Twilight.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

There is a dimness, like a doubt,  
That wrappeth earth and sky;  
When Day hath in its glory died,  
And ere the Night comes forth with pride,  
Of sable majesty.

'Tis like the soft delay of youth,  
Where Love hath built its throne,  
A coy reluctance ere it rest  
Entirely on another's breast;  
'To be no more its own.

It is the gentle pause of Heaven,  
Even as a mother mild,—  
Before some new bequest is lent,  
Inquiring how the last was spent,—  
Of her forgetful child.

'Then Conscience, like that fearful cry  
'Mid Eden's deep repose,—  
"Where is thy brother?"—turns its ray  
Upon the annal of the Day,  
That to its funeral goes.

Perchance the queenly moon ascends,—  
And lo! the haughty Sea,  
On her pale face doth fix his eye,  
And bids his mightiest tides comply,  
And own her regency.

Yet twilight grey, to me is dear,—  
More than the blushing day,—  
Or noontide's plentitude of light,—  
Or sober certainty of night,  
Or moon with silver ray.

For then at sceptred Memory's call,  
Long buried years awake,  
And treads in charmed circles back  
With music o'er their flowery track,  
Their ancient seats to take.

And parted friends, of whom we say,  
In beds of clay they rest,  
Bend meekly down from Glory's sphere,  
And with their angel smile or tear,  
Allure us to the blest.

Dreams of the Past.

BY ELIZA COOK.

As we wander alone where the moonlight reposes,  
And the wind o'er the ripple is tuneful and sweet,  
When the stars glitter out as the day flower closes,  
And the night-bird and dew-drop are all that we meet:

Oh! then, when the warm flush of thought is unsealing  
The bonds that a cold world too often keeps fast,  
We shall find that the deepest and dearest of feeling  
Is pouring its tide in a dream of the past.

Oh! who shall have traveled through life's misty morning  
Forgetting all way-marks that rose on the track?  
Though the things we loved then had maturity's scorning,  
Though we cast them behind, yet we like to look back;

Though the present may charm us with magical numbers,  
And lull the rapt spirit, entrancing it fast,  
Yet 'tis rarely the heart is so sound in its slumbers,  
As to rest without mingling some dream of the past.

Oh! the days that are gone—they will have no returning,  
And 'tis wisest to bury the hopes that decay,  
But the incense that is purest and richest in burning  
Is oft placed where all round is fading away;

Though the days that are gone had more canker than blossom,  
And even that blossom too tender to last,  
Yet had we the power, oh! where is the bosom  
Would thrust from its visions the dreams of the past?

From the Knickerbocker.

Lovers and Husbands.

A THOUGHT BY GARRICK.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore  
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,  
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught  
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

Use the man whom wed like your favorite guitar;  
Though their's music in both, they're both apt to jar.  
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch!  
Not played on too roughly, nor handled too much.

The linnet and sparrow that feed from thy hand  
Grow fond by your kindness, and come at command;  
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,  
For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed at your will.

Be gay and good humored, complying and kind;  
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;  
'Tis there that the wife may her conquest improve,  
And Hymen will rivet the fetters of love.

From the Dial of July.

Manhood.

Dear, noble soul, wisely thy lot thou bearest,  
For like a god tolling in earthly slavery,  
Fronting thy sad fate with a joyous bravery,  
Each darker day a sunnier smile thou wearest,  
No grief can touch thy sweet and spiritual smile,  
No pain is keen enough that it has power  
Over thy child-like love, that all the while  
Upon the cold earth builds its heavenly bower;  
And thus with thee bright angels mate their dwelling,  
Bringing thee stores of strength when no man knoweth:  
'The ocean stream from God's hand ever swelling,  
That forth through each least thing in Nature goeth,  
In thee, O truest Hero, deeper floweth;  
With joy I bathe, and many souls beside  
Feel a new life in the celestial tide.

C. A. D.

As Vanquish'd Erin.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside  
The Boyne's ill-fated river,  
She saw where Discord, in the tide,  
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.  
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,  
Where mortal eye may shun you;  
Lye hid—for oh! the stain of hearts  
That bled for me is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—  
As Time too well hath taught her:  
Each year the fiend returns again,  
And dives into that water:  
And brings triumphant, from beneath,  
His shafts of desolation,  
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,  
Throughout her maddening nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,  
Even now beside that river—  
Unwearied still the fiend returns,  
And stored is still his quiver.  
"When will this end? ye Powers of Good!"  
She weeping asks forever;  
But only hears, from out that flood,  
The demon answer, "Never!"

The Beautiful.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

To a bright bud with heart of flame,  
The Angel of the Seasons came,  
Took its green sheath and hood away,  
And from its blushing depths up drew  
A stream of incense-pure as dew.

He kissed his cheek, and went his way—  
And then a form with temples grey,  
Sood at its side, and taught it how  
To shrink, to shrivel, and to bow,  
On the brown mould its lip to lay,  
And blend with sweet things passed away.

To a fair maid, in beauty's spring,  
Love's angel came on radiant wing,  
Nerved her light foot to skim the plain,  
And made her void a music strain,  
And clasped his cestus o'er her breast,  
Till every eye her power confest.

Another form, with shadowy dart,  
Pressed to her nouch and chilled her heart;  
Pale grew the brow with roses fled,  
And her last breath in groans expired;  
But that which bound her to the sky  
Escaped his shaft—it could not die.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 26th inst., at St. Luke's Church, by the Rev. Dr. H. J. Whitehouse, DAVID BUSH, Jr., Esq., of Shawasssee, Michigan, to Miss SUSAN, daughter of Roswell Lockwood, Esq., of Brighton, N. Y.

In this city, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. C. Dewey, Mr. WILLIAM SHARP, to Miss ELIZA PERRY.

At Pine Hill, July 20th, by Rev. Dr. Corwin, Mr. J. Madison Darling, merchant of Warsaw, to Miss Cornelia, daughter of William Raymond, Esq., of the former place.

In Arcade, on the 11th inst., by L. D. Davis, Esq., Mr. Joseph Haskins, to Miss Abigail Irons, all of China.

In Sheldon, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Joseph Winslow, Mr. William H. Macumber, to Miss Harriet C. Bacon, both of that town.

In Palmyra, on the 28d inst., by Rev. J. Pearsall, Mr. Andrew M. Rhyard, to Miss Eunice Burnett, both of Arcadia.

In Lakeville, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. S. S. Brown, Mr. Jacob R. Spanburgh, to Miss Catharine Pulver, of that town.

In Genesee, on the 20th inst., by the same, Mr. Stephen Heath, to Miss Sarah Chamberlin, late of Hudson, Ohio.

In Centerville, July 18th, by Rev. Bela Palmer, Mr. Jerome Hill, of Rockville, to Miss Sally Augusta Bruce, of the former place.

In Canadesa, on the 16th instant, by J. Webber, Esq., Mr. Henry White, of Ellicottville, to Miss Marcena Sears, of the former place.

In Pennida, on the 12th inst., by Rev. H. N. Leaver, Mr. Christopher C. Thompson, of Palmyra, to Miss Caroline G. Gibson, of the former place.

In Geneva, on the 18th inst., by Rev. P. C. Hay, Mr. Isaac M. Schermerhorn, of Canandaigua, to Miss Maria Barkley, of the former place.

In Albany, July 16th, by Rev. H. L. Starks, the Hon. Daniel D. Spencer, of the Assembly, from Livingston co., to Miss Ruth H., daughter of Mr. A. B. Barker, of Albany.

In South Bristol, Ontario co., on the 18th inst., J. J. Briggs, of Richmond, to Miss Betsey Brown, of South Bristol.

In Genesee, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. S. S. Brown, of Lakeville, Mr. Henry Strong, to Miss Adaline Wynn, of Lakeville.

At Mt. Morris, on the 4th inst., by John Wightman, Esq., Mr. John Rector, aged 67, to Miss Sarah Thompson, aged 16, all of Mt. Morris.

In St. James Church, Batavia, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. James A. Boies, Mr. John V. D. Verplank, to Miss Sarah E. Cary.

In Danville, July 13th, by the Rev. Robert T. Hancock, Mr. Leman D. Coburn, of Addison, Steuben county, to Miss Harriet Ely, of the former place.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Walker, Mr. John Fenstermacher, to Miss Berhobe Dart, all of Danville.

In Le Roy, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Mead, Mr. John Betts, of Danville, to Miss Sylvia Pierson, of the former place.

At Boston, July 13th, Henry W. Longfellow, Professor of Modern Languages, in Harvard University, to Fanny Elizabeth, daughter of the Honorable Nathan Appleton, of the former place.

On the 3d ult., in Frederic, Md., by the Rev. Mr. Patterkin Crosby, W. Ellis, Esq., of Condesport, Penn., to Miss Mary C. Griffin, of Frederic.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

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# THE GEM

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

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1843.

No. 17.

## Popular Tales.

### THE PEASANT BRIDE.

BY MISS M. MILES.

"Without one tie of kindred or of love  
To bind her to the earth."

"To that soft and pleading eye  
Who is there could suit den,"

"And Selim to his heart has caught,  
In blushes more than ever bright,  
His Nommahal."

'Twas a sweet summer sunset, and the lingering beams fell soft upon an English cottage with its clustering roses, and grass plat in front, so pleasant and green. It seemed fitted for the abode of peace and happiness, yet the stillness around it, the carefully closed casement, and neglected garden, bespoke it the abode of sickness or sorrow. The sunset hues faded, and the shadows of evening fell deeper, and as a dim light appeared in one window of that lonely cottage, two travelers dismounted at the inn opposite, and having refreshed themselves strolled through the village.

"Well!" exclaimed the older of the two, in a tone that plainly denoted vexation, "of all your wildgoose vagaries this is the most *outré*! What on earth tempted you, Roscoe, to leave Castle Clarendon, and set forth like some doughty knight without your retinue, upon an unfrequented road, merely because your lady mother informed you of the approach of the beautiful Miss Leston, the heiress?"

A smile passed over the handsome features of the Earl of Clarendon, one of the most popular young noblemen of the day, who had just come into possession of a large unincumbered estate, but he vouched no reply to the petulant inquiry of his friend, who continued in the same tone—

"Now, Roscoe, I really believe you were afraid of the arrows tipped with gold, or you would never have made so precipitate a retreat merely because she was expected upon a visit to the castle. She is reported to be young and pretty."

"She may be all these," answered the young nobleman, with something of a curl upon his beautiful lip, "and withal not suited to fill the station of Lady Clarendon, for which my lady mother designs her, without a thought that her only son may choose to please himself in this most momentous case,—now clear that brow, George, and let us for one month lay aside the 'pomp and ceremony' of our rank, and wander where

'There is no sound of festival  
Echoing from the lighted Hall.'

"I am weary of being the 'lion' of the hour, and for the ensuing four weeks am plain Mr. Wilmot."

"That aristocratic bearing will betray the friend," exclaimed Capt. Beaumont, "and as I am a younger son, with nothing but my good sword to recommend me, I will retain my own cognizance, it being one but little known in these barbarous regions."

The young men sauntered by the banks of the pretty stream that ran meandering through the village, till the moon was high in the blue vault; and then turned towards the inn. In passing the cottage, which was retired from the road, they stopped a moment to admire its lonely beauty, and were standing within the pretty yard, when the house door was thrown open, and a girl apparently about fifteen, of surpassing beauty, stood in the moonlight, the rich curls flung back from her brow, as she gazed upon the intruders with a bewildered look. Suddenly she sprang towards

Roscoe, and grasping his arm, cried in imploring accents:

"Oh! my father is dying, do come with me, for he is so wild"—and she wrung her hands in agony.

The beauty and artlessness of the girl, joined to his own kindly feelings, induced him to comply, and with Beaumont he entered the low doorway.

Upon a bed was extended the corpse of the father, evidently the victim of intemperance, and the death-pang no doubt terrified his child in her lonely watch till she rushed forth for assistance. The life had just departed, and it was long ere they could persuade the desolate girl that he was no more. When the dreadful truth rushed upon her mind, she buried her face in the clothes of the bed, sobbing convulsively, and muttering to herself—

"All! all alone! I wish that I could die too—Jeanette has now no home!"

Every feeling of compassion and pity was aroused in Roscoe's mind, as he gazed upon the sad and beautiful being thus cast upon a rude world deprived of all natural protectors.

"Can we leave her thus?" burst involuntarily from his lips.

"No!" was the immediate response of his friend. "Remain, Roscoe," he added, "and I will go for some one to assist this poor girl."

The young Earl did not think his dignity lowered as he stooped to raise the bereaved child from her painful position beside the corpse. He seated her beside him, and used every argument to soothe and console. Her convulsive sobbings became gradually stilled, and by the time that Capt. Beaumont had arrived with the landlady of the inn, she was restored to a state of calmness; but with an expression of such utter forlornness imprinted upon her lovely face, as powerfully affected the two young men, and putting a purse into her hand, they hastily left the cottage to conceal their emotions.

From the idlers round the inn, they learned the history of Jeannette Gray, the "Village Flower," as she was called by the peasantry around. Her father had removed there about two years before, and had neither held communication with the inhabitants or suffered his young and beautiful daughter to mingle in the village sports—and excepting the old grey-headed schoolmaster, who loved the child and occasionally gave her instruction, none entered the cottage. The father was a cold and stern man, and it was rumored that many a dark act had compelled him to seek the shelter of that quiet spot—and at last he became a thing for the finger of scorn to point at; seeking in deep inebriating draughts an oblivion for memory.

A few of the peasants assembled to pay the last duties to the old man, from a feeling of pity for the child; and as the grave was filled up, turned carelessly away—whilst she flung herself upon the small mound weeping passionately, notwithstanding the efforts of the kind landlady to console.

"Law, now, don't grieve so—you shall come home with me, and every one will do you a kind act—do not grieve so—poor girl!"—and she drew her from the church-yard to her own dwelling.

Days passed on, and Roscoe and his friend spent their time in rambling over "hill and dale," but evening invariably brought them back to the village inn. Capt. Beaumont began to feel uneasy. Why was Clarendon unwilling to leave? Why almost petulantly tell him that he might return to the castle when he pleased if he was tired of realizing? He knew his friend well, and that with all his great and good qualities he was romantic

and enthusiastic in the extreme—and Jeannette was but one to realize a poet's dream—

"Not the face of heaven  
In its serenest colors, nor earth in all  
Its garniture of flowers, nor all that live  
In the bright world of dreams, nor all the eye  
Of a creative spirit meets in air,  
Could in the smile and sunshine of her charms,  
Not feel itself o'ermastered by such rare  
And perfect beauty:—yet she bore herself  
So gently, that the lily on its stalk  
Bends not so easily its dewy head."

Well might he fear for him—for the haughty spirit of the young noble had indeed bowed low to the innocence and holy purity enshrined in the bosom of the lowly peasant girl.

"This is worse than *madness*," exclaimed Beaumont, at the close of a long argument, "What can Jeannette be to you but a passing dream?—Consider your long line of ancestors—your rank in society—the prejudices of all your titled connexions; and last, not least, her utter want of education, of accomplishments to fit her for such a high station, and then whether your proud name would not be tarnished by such an alliance."

"And look abroad into the world, Beaumont, and see amidst its tinsel glare if you know of one heart as pure from corrupting passions as hers, beauty as perfect without a touch of woman's vanity to mar it. Seems she not more like a guiltless child, free from all taint of worldliness and sin?"

"When one whisper of adulation is on her ears, when crowds bow and offer up incense at the shrine of the *new beauty*, and she is surrounded by splendor and wealth, think you she will retain this simplicity, this purity?—You are fascinated now, Roscoe, but with all your intellectual gifts, you will find that mind as well as beauty will be wanting to constitute happiness. But I have warned you, and shall leave you to yourself."

"Not without giving me your word as a man of honor not to betray my confidence," replied Roscoe, with something of pique in his tone.

"On that you may rely," said Beaumont, and they separated.

Beaumont was obliged to leave his friend and rejoin his regiment, and dearly as he had loved him from his boyhood, Roscoe was glad to be relieved from the restraint which his presence imposed.

Jeannette was his constant companion in his rambles by the side of the river and over the pleasant meadows. Her sadness had worn off, and there was a sweet playfulness in her manners, joined to her entire dependence upon him that completed the conquest of his heart. He saw in her, indications of native talent, and the mildness and beauty of many of her ideas, just suited his romantic turn of mind. And she, that beautiful being, whose look betrayed his influence over her affections, whose eye so timidly turned to his for approval, was she to bow as some sweet flower, because the storm-cloud was near? Her destiny yet remains to be told.

They were wandering one evening by the river's bank, and after watching the waves reflect thousand different colors from the beautiful sunset, Clarendon drew her towards a rustic seat in silence. He felt the time drawing near when he must leave her, and many contending emotions were swelling in his proud heart. She gazed into his face with something of fear, for the expression of it was different from what she had ever known it. He caught the look, and smiling sadly, said:

"Do not be frightened, Jeannette, I am perfectly well."

"Then why do you look so, Mr. Wilmot?" for so she had been accustomed to call him; "have I offended you?" and a tear started to her eye.

"Offended!" he repeated—"Blessed angel as you are, you could not offend." Then seizing her hand he added impetuously—"Jeannette, will you unite your fate with mine?—Will you give me a husband's right to protect you?"

Jeannette covered her face with her hands, and trembled violently; and even her neck was stained with the deep crimson. He needed no other reply, and folding her to his heart, whispered, "Mine forever." Then it was that her tears burst forth; and she wept on his bosom from excess of happiness.

They were wedded in the village church, and then for the first time did the astonished girl learn that instead of Mr. Wilmot, she had wedded the wealthy and powerful Earl of Clarendon, whose name had reached even that secluded spot. She was glad for the "Village Flower," and blessed her as she passed through the church-yard where she had so lately been a mourner, a young and happy bride.

But when Roscoe folded her to his heart as his own, and called her by the sacred name of wife, a cloud dimmed her brow, and the smile that had before wreathed her lip faded. "Do you repent already, my own Jeannette?" he asked in the deep tone of strong affection. "Dearest, I shall take you to my own proud home, ere many weeks are over, whose sunshine you will make. I long to present my beautiful bride to my kindred."

"But will not those kindred despise me?" she asked in a low sad voice. "Will they not look down on the peasant girl with scorn? Better had it been that we never had met." And Roscoe, even while he fondly soothed her, could not but acknowledge to himself that her fears were not wholly groundless. But she was now his own, and the solemn tie could only be broken by death.

Some weeks passed on, and Jeannette saw with the quick-sightedness of woman, that her husband, although tender and kind as ever, was ill at ease. The time was drawing near when he must present his young bride to his family, as he could not remain longer from his home. Innocent and lovely as was the being who looked up to him with such confiding tenderness, he felt that she was incapable of appreciating the powers of his mind. The magic touch of education was wanting to render her perfect.

One evening he was sitting buried in reverie, un mindful of the presence of his wife, who was standing by a distant window. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Oh! that she possessed the accomplishments, the knowledge of others?" Jeannette's quick ear caught the words, and her trembling limbs almost refused their support; but she succeeded in leaving the room unobserved. What a world of misery was opened to her view. She threw herself upon the bed and wept long and bitterly. But though lowly born, she was possessed of a more lofty spirit than one would have deemed could have dwelt in that timid girl. She felt that she was not fitted for the wife of one so gifted. "He is ashamed of his choice," was her thought, and even amidst those passionate tears was her resolution taken. She knelt down to ask aid from above; for when her father in her childish days sternly forbade her to pray, she would wander forth, and in some solitary place, with only the canopy of the deep blue sky above, pour forth the orisons of her innocent heart.

She arose from that prayer, sad, indeed, but calm and collected, and sought her husband. He raised his eyes upon her entrance, and putting out his hand, drew her fondly towards him, and kissed her cheek.

"You have been weeping, dearest," said he, as he gazed anxiously in her pale face. "Have you any sorrow unshared by me?"

Jeannette laid her head upon his shoulder, so as to screen her face, and for a moment her resolution wavered; but she soon nerved herself to speak—and with all the artlessness of her character, told him that she had heard his exclamation and long read his thoughts.

"I am not worthy of you, dear Roscoe," she said in conclusion, "and you ought to have chosen a bride among those in your own rank. But our fate is one—send me from you a while, and I will try to learn those accomplishments, and gain the knowledge you prize so much. I already bless the good old schoolmaster who did not let me grow up in utter ignorance." And overcome by her feelings, she covered her face and wept.

Clarendon was both affected and pleased, although his heart sunk at the prospect of separation; but he had been communing with himself, and he felt all the disadvantages to which he had subjected her. He knew, with her natural abilities, that a few months would model the tinged

child into the intellectual woman—and he was touched to the heart with the generous sacrifice she was willing to make. He soothed her with many a tender word of affection and approval, and smilingly said—

"Only a few months, dear Jeannette, and then my kindred shall be proud of my beautiful bride. 'Till then, no one shall have a glimpse of that sweet face,"—playfully kissing away her tears.

The curtains in the small but pretty drawing room of Mrs. Everard, (a widowed sister of the dowager Lady Clarendon, who was a rare and superior character, and having early known sorrow, had withdrawn from the world on a limited income,) were closely drawn, for it was a damp and dreary evening. The candles were lighted, and a good fire in the grate, although it was early in the fall. She was busily engaged in reading, when a ring somewhat louder than usual, aroused her attention, and the servant announced the Earl of Clarendon, accompanied by a female, into her presence. She started from her seat to welcome her favorite nephew, and after warmly embracing him, turned a look of inquiry toward her companion. With one hand he put aside the veil that shaded the surpassing beauty of his Jeannette, and leading her to the lady, said with a look of pride and love—

"My wife! my dear aunt, and to your care and kindness I must commit her."

There was an expression of innocence and purity in the countenance of the young creature before her, that won her heart, and she kissed her fair brow and bid her welcome as warmly as if she had known her for years; without a single inquiry for the solution of what seemed to her a strange mystery. But soon was the romance of the past weeks confided to her, and in a moment she felt how all important it was for Jeannette to be other than she was ere she could be presented to his ambitious and aristocratic family, whose pride would at best meet with a severe blow, and though she lamented her nephew's imprudence, she would for his sake save his sweet bride from the chilling influence of his titled connexions.

"I will not betray your confidence," said she to him, when they had discussed many plans.—"Jeannette is but a child yet. Leave her one year with me, and go abroad, and when you return, she shall be all you wish. Till then, she shall pass as a *protege* of my own; and that look of love tells me how she will, for her husband's sake, employ the hours of absence."

Captain Beaumont remained with his friend a few weeks at the castle before the latter went abroad, and laughingly told him, that as he chose to give up the heiress, he would win her himself. Maria Weston was one calculated to please him—lively and affectionate, with a warm heart, but a mind wholly undisciplined; but this, however, was not perceptible in every day intercourse, and he soon became one of her most devoted admirers.

"Take care!" said Roscoe, who had studied her character with more attention from the time he had seen his predilection. "Remember—I, in turn, warn you. But now, dear Beaumont, I leave my cause in your hands. Use your influence with my mother and remove her prejudice against unequal alliances, ere I return; for I have expressly told her I should not select a bride from the ranks of fashionable society." And they parted, to meet again, under somewhat different circumstances.

Month after month passed away, and Mrs. Everard saw with surprise and delight the facility with which Jeannette acquired those accomplishments necessary to the high station she was to occupy. She studied early and late, and though her cheek was a shade paler, yet her countenance bore an expression of intellect that greatly added to its charm. She seemed to rouse as from a dream, and her mind drank deeply at the fountain of knowledge. Of music, Roscoe was fond, and had delighted to hear her warble simple airs she had caught from the village girls; for her voice and ear were both fine, and when, after passing hours either at the harp or piano, she would rise pale and exhausted from weariness—the thought was constantly, "Roscoe shall not be ashamed of his wife!"

Mrs. Everard often entreated her to desist, fearing such unremitting attention might undermine her health; but a playful smile was her answer, as she reminded her protectress that in a few months more her husband would return. Dearly did the lady love the sweet girl, and she gazed upon her with a feeling of reverence, as she felt the beauty of her character, and the holiness of

her young love. Their days passed peacefully on, interrupted only by frequent letters of encouragement and affection from Clarendon, when a message from Lady Clarendon, announcing her intention of visiting her sister, threw Mrs. Everard in a state of perplexity. To refuse the visit was impossible, and to expose Jeannette to the scrutiny of this woman of the world, equally so. Jeannette herself immediately proposed remaining in her own apartment until the lady left. Her heart grew heavy, she knew not why, at the idea of being under the same roof with Roscoe's mother; and when she first caught a tone of her voice as she passed at a distance, she wept, without being able to give a reason for her tears.

A night or two before the intended departure of the lady, Jeannette felt herself more than usually oppressed. She threw open her window, and gazed forth upon the beauty of the scene. It was calm and clear, and the blossoms that clustered beneath it, whose fragrance was "borne upon the night wind," were glittering in the moonbeams. It was midnight; and although so late, she felt no inclination to retire. Her thoughts were afar with the wanderer, and she thought of all his love, and the state of lowly dependence from which he had rescued her, with a feeling of veneration and gratitude, blended with the deep, strong devotion of woman, till tears mingled with the prayer she murmured for his safety.

A light slumber surprised her even where she sat. How long she remained asleep she was incapable of telling, but she was roused from an uneasy dream in wonder at the position she had fallen asleep. Her hair was damp with the night dew, and gathering up its rich folds, she prepared to seek her bed, when a distant grating sound fell on her ear. She listened, and again she heard it, as of some one attempting to force a window.—She cautiously approached one from which she had a view of the front entrance, and plainly distinguished a ladder planted against the house.

Throwing a shawl over her head, she stole gently from the room to that part of the house where the servants slept. Not a feeling of self intruded, and though her face was a shade paler, her step was firm. Opening the door of the room of an old servant of Mrs. Everard's, she went directly up to the bed, and rousing him gently, whispered in deep concentrated accents—

"Hush! your mistress is in danger—there are persons attempting to force an entrance into the house. Hush! make no noise, for your life, but wake the men servants and come quick to the street door."

She had no time for more, for a loud scream burst upon her ear. She sprang from the room into the passage. Another and louder shriek made her heart almost sink within her; but rallying all her energies, she ran swiftly along in the direction from which it proceeded, and paused almost breathless before the door of Lady Clarendon. A stifled sound of distress left her not a moment for reflection, and bursting open the door, she recoiled a moment in horror. A strong and dark-looking ruffian had drawn a handkerchief round the lady's throat, and she was already purple in the face. The noise caused him to turn round, and the beautiful girl, heedless of her own danger, had only time to spring past him and catch the handkerchief from her neck and raise her up, when she felt her own hands grasped tightly, and a glittering weapon raised above her head. She did not scream—she did not even quail, as his laugh rang through the apartment; she only felt that death was near, and her soul went up in prayer.

Whether it was her firmness, or look of angelic purity that intimidated the ruffian, she knew not, but the knife glanced aside, and fastened securely in the floor. Ere he could draw it forth, the room was filled with the servants of Mrs. Everard, and he was secured. All the necessity for exertion was over, and she fainted. When she recovered, she found herself upon a sofa in her own room, and surrounded by anxious faces.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed, starting up with the impression of horror fresh on her mind.

"With friends, my dear girl," said Mrs. Everard, folding her to her heart, "and free from danger; but how much do we all owe you!"

From the confessions of the man, they gathered that he had heard of the arrival of the Countess at Mrs. Everard's, and knowing her to be wealthy, had left a gang to which he belonged at a little distance, till he had secured an entrance; but her screams exasperated him, and fearful of detection, he resorted to the most effectual means of silencing her.

In consequence of the fright and agitation she

had undergone, the lady was confined a few days to her room; and Jeannette again resumed her employments.

The third evening after, she was playing a sweet plaintive air, when the Countess suddenly entered. She rose hastily, and stood blushing and trembling beneath the earnest gaze of the mother of her husband. The proud lady stooped and kissed her brow.

"Young and beautiful maiden," said she, "you have saved my life. I know not who you are, but whatever boon you ask of the Lady Clarendon, it shall not be denied you."

Jeannette's forehead was stained with crimson one moment, and she turned deadly pale the next, as kneeling before her, she answered:

"Your affection and blessing is all I seek."

"Methinks it were easy to love such an one as thou," said the lady with a smile; "but I must know who it is upon whom I bestow this blessing."

"Upon the wife of your absent son, lady," she replied, rising with an air of gentle dignity; "and the only boon she craves is the blessing of his parent."

The lady started back in astonishment and looked at Mrs. Everard, who had entered the room, for an explanation. In a few words, simple, but full of feeling, she told the events of the past months. Lady Clarendon was a woman of the world, and few deemed her to possess acute feelings—but she had a warm heart that early sorrow had somewhat chilled. Thoughts of other days came over her, and she remembered that in giving up one who had loved her well, to fulfil a father's stern command, and wedding the earl, she had passed through life with blighted affections. Her pride was lulled to rest as she thought of the high-minded girl who had risked so much for her. "Shall I condemn them to a life of sorrow?" was her question to herself. "No!" and whilst both her sister and Jeannette waited tremblingly for her next words, she laid her hand upon the clustering ringlets of the latter, as she solemnly said:

"Bless you, my sweet and humble child, and may you be blessed in your young love," and amidst many tears, drew her to her bosom.

A year had gone by, and again the young Earl of Clarendon set foot upon his own native shore. His heart bounded with delight as he came in view of Mrs. Everard's pleasant dwelling; but it sank within him as he saw that, excepting in the servant's room, the shutters were all closed.

With a forboding of something wrong, he rung, and old Hugh presented himself at the door.

"Where is your mistress?" was his hurried question.

"At the castle with your mother, my lord," said the man, as he looked upon his agitated face.

"And—my wife, he was about to say, but recollecting himself, turned hastily away, and throwing himself in his carriage, he told them to drive on to the castle, where he was received with open arms by his mother and aunt. The next day was his birth-day, and great preparations having been made to celebrate it, his appearance was hailed with every demonstration of joy.

Mrs. Everard drew her nephew aside, and told him that she had carried Jeannette to pass the time with her husband's sister. "So you see, my dear Roscoe, I have placed your treasure in safe hands, and as you cannot leave to visit her till after to-morrow, you must clear your brow, and do honor to your guests by amusing them. I am not certain that Jeannette would feel so anxious to run to you," and with an arch smile she left him.

The halls of Clarendon Castle resounded with mirth and revelry; but there was no smile on the lip of its master. He wandered about restless and uneasy. The sound of distant music fell on his ears, and there was something in it that soothed his harrowed spirits, and he drew near the room from which floated such bewitching harmony.—The lady sat with her back towards him, but his mother and Beaumont, who were among the few that surrounded her, beckoned him in. A veil hung in loose folds around her person, and concealed her features. She rose from her seat, and at the same moment Lady Clarence, raising the veil, said:

"It is in this way that I punish the want of confidence in my son; and rich in beauty, and warmed into life by the Promethean touch of mind, he clasped to his bosom his own Jeannette.

"What think you of my peasant bride?" asked Roscoe of his friend, as she gracefully returned the greeting of her husband's kindred and acquaintance, to whom his stately mother presented her, "Is she not lovely?"

"Lovely indeed, and good withal," replied his friend in a melancholy tone, as he glanced towards his own gay and thoughtless wife, the once courted Miss Leston. "I would that Maria possessed but a grain of yon fair girl's gentleness. Her jealous whims embitter every moment of my life."

"Jeannette shall try her influence over her," was Roscoe's reply—"Perhaps her magic wand may transform her."

"Pray heaven it may, for there is but little happiness for either."

And she did transform the proud and haughty girl into a being as gentle as herself; for her own sweetness and persuasion made her to see her own folly, and in the renewed confidence and happiness of his married life, George Beaumont acknowledged that he blessed the hour in which his friend married his peasant bride.

## The Old World.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

### LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY THURLOW WEED.

LIVERPOOL, July 7, 1843.

Having passed four hours of two successive days at the Liverpool Collegiate Institution, viewing the wonders of mechanism, painting, sculpture and science, displayed by the "polytechnic exhibition," I cannot resist the inclination to give you some idea of the magnitude of this extraordinary collection. It will, however, be but a feeble outline of the most striking objects of interest.—Any thing like a description of them would fill volumes.

The Liverpool Collegiate Institution is as large as the New York City Hall. Four stories and forty-two rooms are occupied with the polytechnic exhibition. The exhibition, in character and design, is identical with the fair of the American Institute. The latter shows what young America is doing—the former what old England has accomplished.

Room No. 1. is devoted to gas apparatus, patent stoves, &c., in which we are not far behind John Bull. No. 2 exhibits cooking apparatus and agricultural implements, where we also can boast of our exhibitions. No. 3, with decorative gilding, was no better than ours. In No. 4 were numerous and beautiful models of ships, steamers, &c., but here too we are their equals. No. 5, with models of rail ways, and No. 6, for book-binding, show nothing that we cannot do as well. No. 7, Paisley shawl room, exhibited specimens of ingenuity and industry that ought to secure its citizens against starvation. No. 8 exhibited more nautical models; No. 9, potter's ware; No. 10, mechanical model of Hobart-Town; No. 11, refreshment room; No. 12, fountain and plants, both of which were very beautiful. No. 13 is the room where the collegiate board meets. It contains many full length portraits of kings, noblemen and celebrated men, by the best artists, among which you see George the 3d and 4th, Geo. Canning, Lord Stanley, Mr. Huskinson, Napoleon, Bonaparte Duke of Clarence, Duke of Wellington, Duke of York, Mr. Gladstone, &c., by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Bradley and other eminent painters. No. 14 exhibits 46 recent improvements in machinery, all of which were in motion by steam. No. 15 displayed the recently invented machine for setting and distributing type, which I both believe and hope will prove a failure; for I cannot endure the thought of seeing the "art preservative of all arts," to which the world is indebted for a Franklin, degenerate into mere mechanism. Let us preserve what there is left of the intellectuality of printing. No. 16 contains improvements in electricity, galvanism, weights and measures. No. 17, hearth rug and carpet looms. No. 18, stocking weaver's looms. No. 19, fringe looms.

Room No. 20, contains the Rev. Dr. Russell's extensive and most precious autographs and manuscripts, and here I lingered, with a devotion not unworthy of our Rev. and excellent Dr. Sprague, for hours, and then was forced to go away unsatisfied. I must give you some idea of the magnitude and value of these treasures—treasures, too, that like the Sybilline leaves, increase in value as they diminish in number. Of the kings and royal family of England, there are original signatures or letters of 51 different individuals. Of the kings, &c., of France, 13 original signatures or letters. Of the miscellaneous autographs and letters (amounting in number to 161) from illustrious generals, philosophers, philanthropists, states-

men, poets, painters, authors, &c., I will give you a specimen. "A letter from Richard Baxter," addressed to all that fear God in the borough and parish of Kinderminster, dated Tatteridge, near Burnett, Feb. 10. There are letters from Theodore Beza, the reformer; from the Regicide Bradshaw; the autograph of John Bunyan; notes of Mr. Burke's speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings; a receipt of Calvin, the reformer, for his salary as a minister at Geneva, dated 1551; letter of Canova to Sir Thomas Lawrence; letter of Lord Chatham; letter from William Cowper; the signature of the martyr, Crammer, to a document dated Aug. 9, 1547; a letter of the Earl of Derby dated "Knowlesby, my home this iiiii of Auguste, 1586;" a letter of Charles James Fox; letter from Benjamin Franklin; the original manuscript of bishop Heber's "From Greenland's Icy Mountains;" a letter from the author of "Hervy's Meditations;" a letter of Dr. Johnson to Miss Porter, his relative, of Litchfield; a letter of La Fayette; signature of the Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favorite; note of Lord Mansfield; a letter from the Duke of Marlborough, dated "Hague, Sept. 3, 1701;" a Greek letter from Melancton; a letter from Sir John Moore; a letter of Lord Nelson, dated on board the Victory, July 1, 1805; autograph of Sir Isaac Newton; a letter of William Penn; a letter of Pope; a letter of Richard Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools; the manuscript of the 1st chapter of the 3d volume (English edition) of Sir Walter Scott's Kennilworth; a letter of Mrs. Siddons; a note from Laurence Sterne; the last letter but one written by Rev. John Wesley; a letter of Zimmerman; an ancient deed executed by Queen Ann; the manuscript of Burns' "Elegy on the late Miss Burnet of the Monbodo," &c. &c. &c.

Room No. 21 was devoted to antiquities, curiosities, &c., which amounted in number to more than 700 and in character were rare, unique and interesting. Days might be passed delightfully in this room, but I was forced to limit my examinations to an hour. These treasures were contributed for the exhibition only, by distinguished antiquarians in different parts of the kingdom. I will designate a few of them. A needle-work cap worn by Queen Elizabeth; among the walking sticks which attracted notice, was one cut from the ruin of Palenque, and another at the falls of Niagara; one of Cromwell's basket hilted swords; two Afghanistan swords; a Polish pistol of 1662, and a Hungarian portal of 1460; a fragment of the ship plank upon which Lord Nelson fell mortally wounded; ancient stone hatchet found in a ruin at Armagh, in Ireland; an ancient Roman brass mortar, full of Roman coins, dug up in Salisbury Plain; a cast of Hannah More; the cap, gloves and shoes worn by Lord Byron at Missolonghi; a snuff box with a cameo of Napoleon, Maria Louisa and the king of Rome; a crucifix made from a bone of Martin Luther; history of the World by Sir Walter Raleigh; a fac-simile of Washington's revolutionary accounts; a Shakespeare cup very elegantly carved from a mulberry tree planted by the bard himself, with a medalion of the poet, and these words by Garrick:

"Behold this fair goblet—'twas carved from the tree,  
Which, O, my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by thee,  
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,  
What comes from thy hand, must be ever divine."

In room 22 there is lithograph and copperplate printing; No. 23 is devoted to philosophical apparatus, glass cutlery, blowing, &c.; No. 24 is the Chinese room, of the nature and interest of which those who saw the Chinese curiosities exhibited at Philadelphia, can form an opinion.

In room No. 25, is what the proprietor has very appropriately called "the happy family." It is a large cage, in which a family of upwards of one hundred in number, made up of cats, rats, hawks, starlings, owls, doves, monkeys, mice, squirrels, porcupines, rabbits, &c. &c., dwell together in perfect amity, and manifest for each other much and mutual affection. When I went in, a large grimalkin was a-sleep, and four huge rats lay reposing upon her back, while her kittens and two young rats were at their gambols about the old folks! An owl was feeding a starling with fresh meat. These animals are very playful, and the birds are musical. It is an assimilation of hostile natures which fulfils much scripture. The room attracts and delights all visitors. A friend who went there with me is in treaty with the proprietor of the "happy family," and is not unlikely to tempt him across the Atlantic.

Room No. 26, exhibits mercantile and mechanical specimens in great varieties; No. 27, specimens of iron manufacture; No. 28, illustrations

of the history of Liverpool; No. 29, natural history—some 500 specimens; a Gothic hall; No. 31, articles of taste and vertu; No. 32, sculpture gallery; No. 33, architectural drawings and models; No. 34, anatomical models and preparations. Rooms from No. 34 to No. 42, inclusive, were devoted to paintings, engravings and prints. Here, too, where days might be passed pleasantly, we had but hours. The principal gallery contains 213 paintings by British artists, and 207 by foreign artists. The whole number of paintings in the exhibition exceed 600. Of their value some estimate may be formed when their character is known. I will name a few, which, in passing, arrest and rivet the attention. A portrait of Canova, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; portrait of Samuel Foote, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; portrait of Lord Hood, by the same artist; Village Girl, by Bradley; Stopping the Supplies, by Thomas Webster; Caleb Balderstone, from the Bride of Lammermoor, by Bishop; Christ's entry into Jerusalem, by Aglio; portrait of Hogarth, by himself; the Bride of Lammermoor, by Lander; portrait of Mrs. Montague, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; (she had flowing fiery red hair, with sharp features and flashing eyes.) The Passions, a glowing picture, by an unknown artist; the Deserter, by Geo. Moreland; John Gilpin, (a glorious picture,) by Witherington; Don Quixote, in his study, (an exaggeration,) by Hanell; the Marys at the sepulchre, by Townsend; a Seaport, by Claude Lorraine; Holy Family, by P. Paul Rubens; Departure of Jacob, by Rembrandt; Woman anointing the feet of the Saviour, by Paul Veronese; Woman taken in Adultery, by Titian; Dead Christ with Saints, by Vandyke; Dutch Fair, by Teniers; Love crowning Science, by Guido; Jason and Medea, by Salvator Rosa; Conversion of Saul, by Rubens; Head of Cicero, after death, by Carlo Dolci; Rembrandt's Daughter, by Rembrandt; Howard relieving a distressed Family, by Wheatley; portrait of Handel, by Hogarth; Rembrandt's magnificent picture of "Belshazzar's Feast," contributed for the exhibition by the Earl of Derby. There were many pictures by old masters which I have not mentioned, and which, thoesteemed as among the finest efforts of genius, I could not appreciate; and indeed, to my rude taste and defective judgment, there were many of the productions of comparatively unknown artists, whose names impart value and stamp fame upon their works. But I must leave the polytechnic exhibition.

In a former letter I spoke of Liverpool as having been extensively and profitably engaged in the slave trade. I have since ascertained that its sins, in this respect, were of the deepest and darkest hue. An extensive block of stores on the quay, erected by merchants engaged in the slave trade, took the name of the "Goree Piazza," which they still retain. George Frederick Cooke, the great tragedian, who came on the stage here in 1779, to play Richard the Third, after having knelt too devoutly at the shrine of Bacchus, was loudly hissed, but after resolute efforts to hiss and pelt him off, finally obtained a hearing, and addressed the audience as follows:—

"It is hard enough to submit to the degradation of such a profession as that in which I now appear, but it is the lowest depth of disgrace to be compelled to play the buffoon for the amusement of a set of wretches, every stone of whose streets, every brick of whose houses, every block of whose docks, is grouted and cemented by the blood and marrow of the stolen and murdered African."

It is added that the indignant and withering rebuke of a drunken play-actor was more effective in arousing the shame and stinging the conscience of the Liverpool African merchants, than the appeals of Clarkson or Wilberforce.

This rebuke of the African merchants of Liverpool, reminds me of an incident that occurred at Mr. O'Connell's, in Dublin. While in the library waiting for Mr. O.C. we were struck with two links of an ugly-looking iron chain and broken manacle, which hung in the room, and after some speculation about the probability of its having been used by the government to enslave or oppress some of the patriots of 1798, Mr. O.C. entered, and before we left, Bishop Hughes remarked to him that we were curious to know the history of that broken chain. "That chain," replied Mr. O.C., "reveals the history of cruelty to a stolen negro, from whose leg it was taken. I fear America is implicated, but of this I am not sure"—here he was interrupted by a committee, and we lost the remainder of his story.

Strangers are struck with the Herculean strength of the Liverpool dray horses, than which the world does not produce finer animals. The drays

to which they are attached weigh a ton. I scarcely dare tell how enormously they load these drays, lest the statement should be discredited. We saw one to which two horses were attached, drawing five hogsheds of snag up a street of an elevation equal to that of State street opposite the Evening Journal Office. And this seemed but a moderate load.

We had some amusement but not much difficulty at the Custom House, where those of us who landed in Ireland found our trunks, &c. The officers were very courteous to me, and though I had a package of sealed letters, that ought to have gone into the mail, and a few contraband periodicals, they allowed them to pass. Father De Smet, who has a trunk full of Indianward robes, war implements, medicine bags, &c., was let through for a trifle; but Bishop Hughes, for whom a friend had put up two small bottles of snuff, (about a pound,) had to pay a duty of eighteen shillings, or \$4. "You must do this, sir," said the officer, "in honor of the Queen"—"for which I should like to give her Majesty a pinch," replied the Bishop. If the snuff is as good as the pun, I should not object to pay the duty on it. Adieu.

LONDON, July 12, 1843.

The modes of conveyance in and about London, are by omnibuses, hacks and cabs, or if by water, iron steamers and wherries. Omnibuses, which crowd the principal avenues here, as they do Broadway, in New York, were only introduced in 1830. They take you to any part of the city (in their route) for sixpence sterling. In cabs, whether for one, two or three persons, you pay a shilling a mile, and sixpence for an additional mile, or two shillings if by the hour. Every thing is taxed here. A hackney coach pays a duty of ten shillings per week. Each wheel and spring of every vehicle is taxed. In the country, the coachman is compelled to show his license (to post) to the gate (or "pike," as Sam Weller calls them) keepers. There are over 2000 hacks, and over 900 omnibuses for London and its environs. The latter, it is computed, carry over 70,000 passengers daily.

The first vessel propelled on the Thames by steam, was brought from Glasgow in 1815, eight years after our Hudson River was thus navigated. The steamboat fare to Woolwich, Greenwich, Margate, Rainstate, Gravesend, &c. &c. is reasonable, and these excursions are exceedingly pleasant to a stranger.

I walked through Paternoster Row, among the booksellers, to-day, and into the London House of Wiley & Putnam, who you know are leading booksellers and publishers in New York, and to whom I had a letter from my friends the Harpers. These gentlemen are doing much to enforce a knowledge of American books upon the British public. But they find many discouragements. With the exceptions that exist among enlightened men of liberal minds, the great mass of Englishmen look upon us as a people scarcely able to read and comprehend, and much less qualified to write or think. And yet in looking upon themselves and running over the "American Book Circular," which these gentlemen have pushed all over Europe, I was proud of the literary wealth of my country, and of the array of names we present, that even British supremacy, in letters and science, does not cast into the shade.

Mr. Alison, in his history of Europe, takes occasion to show how much better qualified he is to speak of Europe than of America, by the remark that while the "American soil is not wanting in genius, European habits and ideas are necessary to their due development." This conclusion is drawn from the circumstance that Washington Irving, Dr. Channing, &c. have published their works in England. This assumption, however, is destroyed by the fact that these writers produced their best works before they crossed the Atlantic; and if further proof is wanting, we have it in the conclusive circumstance that some of our "ripest and rarest scholars" have not even yet had their "habits and ideas developed" by a visit to England. But I refer to this more for the purpose of saying that Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, in their preface to the circular, have rendered American literature good service, by notes and statistics which, while they correct the errors into which Mr. Alison may have fallen unintentionally, expose the falsehoods and rebuke the insolence of British reviewers and travelers.

To the charge that "intellectual ability of the highest order meets with no encouragement in America," the circular opposes the fact that nine editions of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," and that 12,000 copies of Stephens' "Central Ameri-

ca," both very expensive works, have recently been sold in America. The position is further fortified by strong facts, not the least of which is that while our own books sell, large and expensive editions of all valuable European books are published and sold in America. The circular affirms, too, upon good English authority, that the Lexicons, by Robinson, the Text-book editions of Horace, by Anthon, the contribution to Spanish History, by Prescott, Medical Jurisprudence, by our respected townsman, Dr. T. Romeyn Beck, and even a Dictionary of the English Language, by Noah Webster (!) are the best works, in their several departments, existing in the language!

The circular exposes some very discreditable English piracies upon American literature, and inquires who, in looking over the titles of London publications, would suppose that "Quebec and New York, or the three Beauties," was the same as "Burton, or the Sieges;" that "The last days of Aurelian" is nothing less or more than Mr. Ware's "Probus, or Rome in the third Century;" or "Montaine," only a new title for "A New Home;" and that Sparks' "Life of Ledyard, the American Traveler," appears here as "Memoirs of Ledyard, the African Traveler;" "Judge Story's Law and Bailments," cut into fragments by Theobald and appended to his Notes on Sir William Johnson; and finally, that a volume of "Charcoal Sketches," written by Joseph C. Neal, of Philadelphia, appear here *entire*, bound up without credit, in the "Pic Nic Papers," edited by Charles Dickens!

Appropos of Dickens, I was about to call on "Boz" the day after my arrival in London, with a friend who is well acquainted with him, but delayed the call at the suggestion of Bishop Hughes, who said from the strange questions asked him about America, based upon Dickens' character of us, he would advise me to read the last number of "Martin Chuzzlewit" before I made my call.—Having read that number, it is scarcely necessary to say that the call was indefinitely postponed. Was ever such malice or ribaldry perpetrated?—Dickens has actually out-trolopped Fidler and Hall. His caricature of New York is even coarser than that of another man of romance, who, after enjoying the refinements of Europe, sought and "Found" his "Home," sadly out of temper. And all this tirade, the grossness of which is only equalled by its stupidity, blurted forth because the American Congress did not think proper to pass an inter-national law of copy-right for an author who, with idiotic arrogance, made the mercenary object of his visit the principal topic of a speech delivered at Boston immediately after his arrival.

But let me get back to Wiley & Putnam's "American Book Circular," where I find "metal more attractive." Let it be remembered that the sale of American books in England encounters many obstacles other than those I have referred to, among which are large discounts to booksellers, heavy duties and enormous sums paid for advertising. Only few books are purchased by individuals. It is not here as with us, that every family has its library, small or large, according to its means and tastes. Books are generally purchased for circulating libraries.

The "Circular" contains a more formidable catalogue of American publications by American authors, than I had before met with, and there is neither extravagance nor egotism in saying, that it presents a galaxy of names which any country or age might claim with pride and gratitude. I will name a few of the works that are now sold in London, and may be found in well selected English libraries. The Letters of John Adams, addressed to his wife; American Annual Register; Sparks' American Biography in 10 vols; Bancroft's History of the United States; the Works of Benjamin Franklin in 10 vols, at 8l; Memoirs of Franklin, written by himself; Memoirs of Robert Fulton; Goodrich's Universal Geography; Life of Patrick Henry; Holgate's Atlas of American History; Washington Irving's Works; Life and Writings of John Jay; The Madison Papers; Marshall's Life of Washington; Timothy Pitkin's Statistical View of the Commerce of the U. States; Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, which the Edinburgh Review says "is one of the most successful historical productions of our time;" Histories of Yale College and Harvard University, the first by Baldwin (*our* Baldwin) and the latter by Josiah Quincy; Renwick's Life of De Witt Clinton; Spark's Life of Ledyard; Col. Stone's Life of Brandt; Life of Red Jacket, by the same author; Life of Peter Van Schaack; The Discoveries and Addresses of Gulian C. Verplanck, upon American Arts and Antiquities; Writings of Washington, edited by Sparks, 12 vols, for 10l; Speeches,

and Forensic Arguments of Daniel Webster; Wirt's Spy Letters; Catlin's Notes and Letters to the North American Indians; DeKay's Turkey; Dewey's Old and New World; Fisk's Travels in Europe; Schoolcraft's Travels to the Sources of the Mississippi; Silliman's Travels in Europe; Stephens' 'Incidents of Travel' in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, Russia, Turkey, Poland, Yucatan, and in Central America; Audubon's Ornithology (I am not sure that Audubon is an American); Coleman's Agricultural Report; Silliman's Journal; Ewbank's Hydraulics; Channing's Works.

But I must stop, though I have only taken here and there a name, and have not gone half through the catalogue. Chancellor Kent's Commentaries upon American Law, are authority here, and the book is in frequent request. Several American physicians and surgeons stand high in the estimation of their brethren here. The six published volumes of the "Natural History of New York" was for sale here. Messrs. W. & P. have paid forty guineas for advertising this work, which begins to attract attention. Several copies have been sold to libraries, and a few to wealthy individuals. The work is regarded as highly creditable to our State by all who see it. Scientific men, on this side the water, speak of it as a valuable contribution. The work sells here at \$9 per volume.

I went from the book-sellers to the "Mansion House" and "Guildhall," for the purpose of seeing some of the criminal courts in session, but they were all closed except that of the Lord Mayor, a handsome, intelligent looking gentleman, whose ermine robe was fringed with gold, and who sat in a small room surrounded by lawyers, policemen and vagabonds. They were half an hour determining whether a chap who stood in the "dark," was an inch or two within or without the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction when he picked a pocket. The accused, however, got the benefit of the doubt, and was discharged. But if he would not pick a pocket on either or both sides of a jurisdictional line, then ugly looks go for nothing.

Our next visit was to Newgate, the receptacle for criminals during the last seven hundred years! Its frowning, gloomy walls but too clearly told its character and history. I sent my card to the Governor with a stranger's request to visit the prison, which was courteously granted. A matron conducted us through the apartments and cells for female convicts, of which there were now but 25, about half of whom were awaiting trial, and the others had received sentence of transportation. He pointed out an interesting girl, about eight years old, that had been kidnapped by thieves in Scotland, and brought to London, to be instructed, after the manner of the "Artful Dodger," in light-fingered mysteries. A keeper then conducted us through the apartments for male prisoners, of which there are now less than a hundred, many of whom were about to be taken to the hulks for transportation. The cells are large and clean, but cold and damp. We were shown the place where the walls were, to the general amazement, scalded by a chimney-sweep, who made his escape. The iron ruffles in which "Jack Shepard" was confined, are also exhibited to visitors. The door through which capital offenders are taken out for execution leads through the kitchen.—There has not, however, been an execution at Newgate for more than a year. The "Old Bailey" is connected with "Newgate," but the courts are not now in session. There is a chapel in Newgate where service is performed twice on Sundays and on Tuesdays and Fridays. Each cell is supplied with the bible and Episcopal prayer book.

Mr. J. R. Brodhead, the agent of our state to obtain the Colonial History of New York, with whom he had exchanged cards, found us at breakfast this morning. He is devoting himself very assiduously to the duties of his agency; but while a general permission to transcribe documents has been granted by Lord Aberdeen, he is required to select and designate the pages, copies of which are wanted. These are taken to an official, who after reading them, allows or prohibits the agent to make copies. I was glad to learn that Mr. Brodhead has found and obtained copies of the official correspondence of Gen. Montcalm, giving a full account of the military operations at Ticonderoga, &c. &c., during the French War. This supplies a valuable lost link in our colonial history. Mr. Brodhead, in the kindest manner tendered us the benefit of his knowledge of London and procured for us admission to places of much interest.

We are indebted to Mr. Timothy Wiggin, a distinguished merchant of this city, (to whom Mr.

Corning gave me a very fine letter) for many attentions. To-day he procured for us, from the Rev. Dr. Horner, of the British Museum, special permission to visit the library of the Hon. the East India Company, in Leadenhall-st.; and from the Governor of the Bank of England, special directions to an officer of that institution to show our party through the great "Monster" on Monday or Thursday of next week. Mr. Wiggin is a native of New Hampshire, and in frame and stature, resembles Jonathan Mason, the M'Neils, and my deceased friend Robert Hunter, who were born in the same vicinity. He seems about 65, but is hale and robust. He has for 43 years resided in London, and has been very useful to American merchants, and suffered severely, I believe, in 1836 and '7, by reason of relations with and confidence in American houses. Just before the commencement of our last war with England, Mr. Wiggin was so much incensed by the arrogance and aggressions of the British government, that he abandoned his business here, returned to America, took his residence, temporarily, at Boston, where his sanction, efforts, and means were freely devoted to whatever was required to defend the soil and preserve the rights of his native country. With the return of peace, he came back to London, and has taken no other interest in American politics since, than as a looker on.

I have seen Queen Victoria! And she seems a nice young woman, of whom the people think the better now, that she is nursing her own baby! We caught up a rumor that Her Majesty would leave Buckingham palace at half-past two to-day, and therefore took an omnibus that set us down by St. James' Park Gate. Reaching the palace, we found a detachment of horse-guards drawn up in front of the gate, around which some 500 or more well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were in waiting. In half-an-hour the Queen's carriage and four, with two postillions and two pages, drove into the court yard, followed by three other carriages and four. In a quarter of an hour more, the horse guards mounted, and soon after the Royal cortege galloped through the gate into the park. We were advantageously posted, but the Queen, evidently not knowing precisely where we stood, had leaned forward to adjust her slipper, and did not rise till the carriage was passing us, so that we had but a glimpse of her face. We had, however, a regular stare at Prince Albert, who appeared passive, docile and happy, as all young gentlemen who marry Queens and palaces ought. L., who had a better view of Her Majesty, says that Sully's portrait of her is faithful and striking. The Prince Regent and Princess Amelia, (a prettily-dressed boy and girl,) were in the next carriage. The Queen was in deep but plain morning for the Duke of Sussex. There was very little pomp or parade in this movement. I have seen more pretension where there was less rank, and more smoke with less fire. But suffering acutely from a jumping tooth-ache and an aching face, caught in the damp-cells of Her Majesty's prison at Newgate, instead of walking with the multitude in a beautiful park, under a light sky, I hurried to my lodgings to take opium and close this long, and I fear, dull letter.

## Sunday Reading.

### The Temple of Juggernaut.

Some proceedings at the India House, before the General Court of proprietors, on a motion (not yet finally acted on) in regard to abrogating as unauthorized the continuance of the annual payment of \$6000 towards maintaining the Temple of Juggernaut, have produced a petition from the London Baptist Missionary Society, which states some appalling facts as to that superstition. It is as follows:—*Nat. Int.*

"To the Court of Proprietors of the Honorable East India Company the respectful memorial of the committee of the General Baptist Missionary Society sheweth—

"That the Society your memorialists represent employ several missionaries in Prissa and neighboring districts more immediately connected with the principal Temple of Juggernaut.

"That the missionaries of the Society, while pursuing their benevolent labor, have frequently witnessed the most appalling scenes of misery and death, occasioned by the worship of that idol.—They have seen dead or dying pilgrims scattered for miles on the main road to the idol's temple, or by the sides of the roads, and have occasionally counted from 40 to 140 corpses, and even more, lying together in a small space of ground, the

corpses of pilgrims that had died, exhausted by fatigue or disease, the effect of their pilgrimage.

"That the worship of this idol is impure and abominable to a degree which your memorialists dare not to describe.

"Your memorialists beg humbly to express their great satisfaction in the repeal of the pilgrim taxes at Juggernaut, Gya, and Allahabad, but they most deeply regret the continuance of the Government donation to Juggernaut's temple. A recent letter states: 'A grand delus on has been practised upon the Christian world in reference to the abolition of the tax. The support of the Government awarded to the idol having been drawn from the collection of the tax, it was understood that, when it was abolished, the sum of 34,000 rupees, and 1,000 rupees to provide cloth for the idol's cars, have been devoted in perpetuity—a sum sufficient to support the idol in all its influence and glory.' To these sums are added the proceeds of the temple lands under the management of Government officers, so that the whole sum annually paid to Juggernaut's temple is an excess of 60,000 rupees, or £6,000 sterling per annum.

"That the idol's worshippers should possess the revenues of lands devoted by his votaries to the temple, is not made by your memorialists a subject of complaint; but they are grieved to behold the Government of India, by a contribution from the public treasury, identifying themselves with the support of idolatry, and thus to see the impure and desolating worship of Juggernaut encouraged and honored by the annual payment of so considerable a sum for the support of the revenues of India.

"By this payment the idol is honored, his festivals are rendered more splendid, a greater number of worshippers are attracted to the temple, and the deluded Hindus are led to believe that the Company acknowledge the divinity of Juggernaut, whom they thus support.

"Hence the missionaries of your memorialists frequently find this support of Juggernaut urged as an evidence of the idol's divinity, and as an objection to the reception of Christianity.

"Your memorialists submit that this direct support of idolatry must be extremely offensive to God, whose hatred of idolatry is so strongly revealed in His word, and that such procedure, by incurring His displeasure who rules among the nations, must more fearfully compromise the safety of the British empire in India than all the machinations of its enemies.

"Your memorialists, therefore, implore you to exert your authority that the idols of India may no longer receive support and honor from the public funds, or from British officers; but that the idols and temples, with their endowments when any exist, may be left entirely to the care and management of their own votaries alone."

[Here follow the signatures.]

RELIGION.—How much religion have I? Just as much as you act out in practice. Religion is not like bank stock, which can be locked except when needed for occasional use. Yet many persons seem to consider it as something which can be kept in reserve, laid away in the heart, or only to be displayed on special occasions. What opinion should we form of the man who should inquire, "how much wisdom do I possess?" We should say just so much and no more as you exhibit in practice. But he replies, "I use but little, it is true. My plans and conduct do not denote much, if any; yet I have a supply for occasional use." This would crown the evidence of his folly. But religion is as unlikely to be locked up as wisdom. Then how much religion do you act on? That is all you have.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

HANGED FOR A SINGLE LINE.—Hume one day complained, in a mixed company, that he considered himself very ill treated by the world, by its unjust and unreasonable censures; adding that he had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which were but a few pages that could be said to contain any reprehensible matter; and yet for these few pages he was abused and torn to pieces. The company for some time paused; when at length a gentleman drily observed, that he put him in mind of an old acquaintance, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for a forgery, lamented the extreme injustice and hardship of his case, inasmuch as he had written many thousand inoffensive sheets, and now he was to be hanged for a single line.

## The Fortune Teller.

January.—The gentleman born in this month will be dissipated, morose and jealous—the lady will be peevish, passionate and ill-natured.

February.—The gentleman born in this month will be cold, calculating and miserly—the lady will possess a fine, good mind, but an unsympathizing heart.

March.—The gentleman born in this month will be high-tempered, energetic, generous, sincere and ardent in his attachments—the lady will be intelligent, handsome, yet timid and changeable.

April.—The gentleman born in this month will be highly intellectual, but indolent—the lady will be mild, agreeable, and ever ready to sympathize with the distresses of others.

May.—The gentleman born in this month will possess a mind of the second order, pleasing in manners and person—the lady will be fond and affectionate, sincere, but not handsome.

June.—The gentleman born in this month will have a fine mind, but be too much swayed by passion to be happy—the lady will be warmly attached to her husband or lover, but of a melancholy and jealous disposition.

July.—The gentleman born in this month will be handsome and insinuating, but incapable of a long and lasting attachment—the lady will be delicate in mind and feature, always ready to offend, and as constantly regretting it.

August.—The gentleman born in this month will be homely, ungrateful, yet intelligent—the lady will be gay and fond of pleasure, with no little animation and highly intelligent.

September.—The gentleman born in this month will be virtuous, unassuming and often unsuccessful in his enterprises—the lady will be dignified and intellectual.

October.—The gentleman born in this month will be brave, generous, sincere and high minded—the lady will be modest, amiable and agreeable, more remarkable for mental than personal beauty.

November.—The gentleman born in this month will be retired in disposition, beloved by his friends, but unpopular with the crowd—the lady will be warm hearted, candid, sincere, but will be neglected.

December.—The gentleman born in this month will be bold, revengeful and daring—the lady will possess great intellect, but forward and unhand-some.

There is a boy in New Orleans so lazy, that he writes Andrew Jackson thus—&rew Jaksn.

That's equal to the way the fellow spelt Psalm Books. It was thus—Zam-Bux.—*Lowell Cour.*

But it is not equal to the way a young man spelt funds. It was thus—Phthunz.—*New Bedford Bulletin.*

Nor the lad who spelt sidget—Phidgt.—*Providence Daily Chron.*

The fellow who spelled Coffee—Kaughphy—beats the whole of them, for he spelled it without using a single letter of the word.—*Times.*

But the Ferrymen who spells Little Canoe can take the cake—x N U.—*Nashville Banner.*

Give the boy whose father's name was Jacob a chance. He spelt it "Ge-kup."—*Expounder.*

"A corpulent intellectualist is a contradiction in terms, a palpable catchword. One might as well talk of a leaden kite, a sedentary will-o'-the-wisp, a pot bellied spirit, or lazy lightning.

"Obesity is a deadly foe to genius; in carneous and unwieldy bodies the spirit is like a little gudgeon to a large frying pan of fat, which is either totally absorbed, or tastes of nothing but the lard. Let no man attempt to write who has a protuberant stomach; let no man reckon upon immorality, who cannot distinctly feel and reckon his own ribs; for the thinnest bow shoots the farthest, and the leanest horse wins the race.—Nothing fat ever yet enlightened the world; for even in a tallow candle, the illumination springs from the thin wick."—*Anon.*

A straight Quaker of choleric temperament was insulted by a market man, near his own door. He rushed with fury on his enemy. His good wife, hearing the noise of the conflict, hastened to the spot, and threw herself between the combatants, exclaiming: "John, stop! stop! remember your religion." "What's that to me when I am mad?" was John's reply.

"What are you at now?" asked a mamma of her daughter, who was thrumming on the piano with her windows wide open. "She is beating up for recruits—drumming for a husband," cried an old bachelor who chanced to be passing the house at the moment.

HIBERNIAN HUMOR.—I remember an anecdote which Governor Clinton and General Morton used to tell with great gaud. On some occasion they took a boat at Whitehall to cross over to one of the islands in the Bay. It so happened that the boatman was from the Emerald Isle.

"Bear away, my lad," said General Morton; "we're in a hurry."

"Yes, General!" replied Pat, pulling away lustily at the oar.

"You call me General. How do you know who I am?" asked Morton.

"Know you?" exclaimed Pat. "What a block-head your Honor must take me to be, not to know the great General Morton, the pride of the Bathery, and the great little god of war."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried out the Governor; "there you're caught, General. But pray, my friend, do you know who I am?"

"Why, to be sure I do," says Pat: "the renowned Governor Clinton, the Irishman's real friend: Not know ye! Don't I pray for ye both every night? and wasn't the last boy we had, christened by the name of De Witt Clinton General Morton O'Neil! and isn't it happy his mother would be this night if she had a pair of shoes and stockings to put on to the creator?"

Double fare, and a good supply of shoes and stockings, sent the humble namesake of the great O'Neil to his home a happy fellow that same day.

The recent death of Lieut. Colonel Bon calls to mind (says the Paris Presse) an anecdote showing the regard Napoleon felt for his father, Gen. Bon, who had been killed in Egypt. The widow lived at Romans, on a small pension of 600*l.* a year, and succeeded in getting her son placed at St. Cyr. One day that the Emperor visited the school to pass the pupils, a young lad left the ranks and presented a petition to Napoleon.—"Who are you?" said the Emperor. "Sire, I am the son of General Bon; my mother lives on a pension of 600*l.*" "Berthier," said the Emperor with animation, "take a note of this; put down 6,000*l.* for the widow; the son is from this moment a baron of the empire, with an endowment of 2,000*l.* a year, and let him have a lieutenant's commission in any regiment of my guard he chooses." In a few days afterwards young Bon was incorporated in a regiment of cavalry belonging to the guard.

BIRD TRACKS IN STONE.—It appears from the last number of Silliman's Journal, just published, that Dr. James Deane, of Greenfield, Franklin county, was the first observer in 1834, of the foot prints of extinct species of birds in the new red sandstone of the Connecticut River. He communicated his discovery to Professor Silliman and Hitchcock, who at first were incredulous as to the alleged cause of the observed marks. But soon Professor H. explored the whole valley of the Connecticut and fully confirmed the discovery of Dr. Deane, giving the name of Ornithichnites to the marks. The bones of a gigantic bird whose feet must have been large enough to have made these prints, called Dinorms have lately been discovered in New Zealand.—*Northampton Cour.*

DOING GOOD.—How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most usefulness. Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.—*Crabbe.*

A POSER.—"Behold the fruits of drunkenness," said a landlord to an only daughter, whom he almost idolized, as he kicked a poor inebriate into the street.

"Poor fellow! I see," replied the daughter. "Let me caution you to beware and not get a drunken husband."

"Who makes the drunkards, father?"

The landlord sloped. The last question was a poser.

NOT SO COARSE.—A school boy coming one day to that celebrated line of Pope, "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" read it—"a little lawyer is a dangerous thing."

HISTORICAL QUERY.—Why is it probable that King Charles I. consented to be executed? Because they asked him whether he would or not.

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1843.

"NEW MAP AND GAZETTEER."—This is a map which has just been published by Messrs. SHERMAN & SMITH, accompanied by a Gazetteer, got up by D. HASKELL, late President of the University of Vermont. It is the noblest specimen of map engraving which has ever been got up in this country; but it is its accurate delineations of the country, in all its aspects, which renders it deserving of universal patronage. Not only are state and county lines given; but town and section lines, in every state, are accurately laid down.—This is vastly important, and greatly enhances the value of the work. The Courier and Enquirer says of the work—"So far as the ornamental portion of this great work is concerned, we repeat that it is superior to any thing that we have seen. It is splendidly bordered by scroll work, and by the introduction at proper places, of fourteen of the most important cities of the United States.—Among which, New York and New Orleans are most conspicuous and upon a larger scale. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington Charleston, are very accurately represented, and beautifully engraved, as is the case with all the rest, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, &c. &c. These views, it seems to us, are worth half the price of the whole work, as specimens of our rapid improvement in the arts. However, it is to the utilitarian portion of the map, that we wish to call the attention of the public. In this respect it is invaluable, and those who examine it will, with ourselves, be astonished at the vast amount of important information here embodied, and wonder, as we do, how such labor could be performed in four years—the time, we understand, the proprietors have been engaged in it. To accompany the map, a gazetteer of seven hundred and fifty pages has been prepared, which will of course be a most important auxiliary, though there is no absolute connection—we mean no indispensable connection between them. As each publication will be valuable independently of the other, the Map and Gazetteer will be only \$12, and the Map alone will be sold for \$10. This Map itself, ten years ago, would have been worth thirty dollars, and the Gazetteer five at least."

There is an odious spirit in many persons, who are better pleased to detect a fault than to commend a virtue.—*Anon.*

These are the eloquent tattlers of town and country. They are confined to no sex, age or condition, and make more disturbance than an armed band. They are the devil's minute men—always ready to speak evil—two-legged tigers, only in their natural element when tearing character to pieces. They appear defective in two essential particulars—hearing and speaking. They can neither hear good nor speak good of a neighbor. A thousand virtues are buried to dig up a single fault. If you, reader, have ever been disturbed by this malady, be healed; for while you do mischief to others, you add nothing to your own stock of joys. Say nothing, unless you can say something good of your neighbor. Or in case it be necessary to refer to his defects, be careful to refer to his virtues, if he have any. A merciful man has a merciful tongue.

A BEAUTIFUL TOAST.—The following, one of the finest toasts we have ever read, was delivered at the celebration of the 4th of July by the Nashville Literary Institute of Pittsburg. It is as follows:

By John Fitzsimons.—WASHINGTON—Providence left him childless, that the Nation might call him Father.

**"CHOWDER ASSOCIATION."**—Only a very few of the world yet know that a "Chowder Association" has been formed in this fresh water region. But it is a "constitutional fact," nevertheless, although its constitution is yet unwritten.—There may be those in this mundane locality of ours who will turn up their delicate proboscis at this fishy announcement. But who cares? Such indications of displeasure have been metted out to the pioneers of every great work. It is to be expected that the *scales* of all regions will oppose the combination of the lovers of chowder. They always have—they always will.

The first meeting of the association—amid the groves, cliffs and precipices of Irondequoit—was joyous and exhilarating. Armed with all the implements, condiments and fixtures, necessary for such an occasion, the chief cook, with his assistant and foragers, were on the ground at an early hour. Some, in trolling for *pleasure*, caught *pick-erel*; while victory, in superabundance, *perched* upon the banner of those who quietly struggled to call finny spirits from the fishy bay. Upon such a day—with the sun only taking an occasional peep from behind the clouds, as if to smile upon the noble efforts of the "association"—there was no difficulty in procuring an abundance of the basis of a kettle of chowder. Indeed the *wag-ish* tenantry seemed to appreciate the honor which awaited them, and, to their credit be it spoken, they accepted the invitations cast to them, with a promptness, which induced one of the least successful of the party to *crabbedly* declare, that "he had lost his good opinion of them from their great anxiety, by *hook* and by *crook*, to *worm* themselves into good society."

At the proper hour, and with a proper appetite, the "association" did ample justice to the rich food set before them, to wit: two as "*prattly kettles of fish*," with the essential fixens, as ever tempted the maw of a hungry man. Talk of "roast beef and plumb-pudding"—of turkeys, venison and bear's meat—the real epicure, the man who knows "what is what"—who can't be humbugged by the gammon of sleek-worded publicans—would run a quarter, with the thermometer at a hundred, for one spoonful of "chowder," rather than eat a mouthful of this common provender, served up by the common caterers for the very common public!

The man was not insane who first made good books,  
Nor he a fool who invented ball and powder;  
But oh how great the man who first made fish-hooks,  
And taught the world the art of making chowder.

**ORATION.**—The last Paw Paw (Michigan) Democrat contains an oration delivered on the 4th, by D. A. COBB, Esq., which is marked with sublimity throughout. It commences thus:

"Fellow Citizens—inhabitants of Michigan, and members of this great Republic—with pleasure and pride I hail with you this anniversary of our Nation's birth. *Where were we two centuries ago?*"

We reckon echo answered—"I don't know;" and it would be a pretty smart echo that should know. A question like this should be referred to Mr. PAUL GROVE, of the city of New York, who refused to vote for a new State loan without first receiving the "consent of posterity."

Thiers' History of the French Empire will probably be the greatest work of the age. The great man is most assiduous in his labors. He rises every morning at 5, and writes unceasingly during the day. Five of the ten volumes are now completed. A year will be required to complete the residue.

**ENGLISH BULL.**—A Parish Clerk of East Retford lately notified a vestry meeting of the Parish to determine what color the church should be *white-washed*.

**REASON IN A DOG.**—A gentleman in Roxbury related to the editor of the Bay State Democrat, the other day, the singular account of the conduct of a dog. He owns a small dog, and a larger one in the neighborhood is in the habit of visiting him, and the two spend much of their time together. One day the owner of the small dog observed the larger one enter his garden with a bone in his mouth, and proceeded to bury it in a remote part of the grounds. Shortly after, the small dog appeared near the house with the identical bone, and proceeded to regale himself upon it. While thus employed, the larger friend made him a call, and perceiving his occupation, scrutinized his chum for a moment attentively, and then proceeded to the hole in the earth where he had buried his bone a short time before. Ascertaining that it was gone, he ran back to where his friend was feasting, and making a violent assault upon him, wrested the bone from him and took possession of it himself. These facts are well attested by a highly respectable individual, and they are curious in exhibiting reasoning powers on the part of the dog, and also a sense of justice that is rarely surpassed, and sometimes not equalled by the biped race.

We have a dog giving equally conclusive evidence of possessing reasoning powers. His old master was an active Fireman, and at night, upon the first alarm, whether it were given by the cry of "fire," or by the ringing of the bells, he would awaken his master either by scratching at his door or, if in the room, getting under the bed, and violently raising it with his back. And he still retains his old habits. He is always the first to hear an alarm, and puts off with all the promptness of an old fireman. Unfortunately for his fame, he is at present attached to no particular company. He formerly was, and never failed to effectually contribute toward dragging the engine.

Now the question is, if this dog does not reason, how can he so readily distinguish between a fire alarm and any other noise?—or, particularly, between the ringing of the bells for fire or for church?

*From the Boston Mail.*

**OUR COURTS OF JUSTICE.**—It was Dickens, we believe, who, in remarking upon our Courts of justice, said it was a difficult matter to tell the Judge from the criminal or the parties litigant—so great was the mingling up of persons and places, and so few the emblems of office. This simplicity in the administration of justice may be a very good thing, if not carried too far; but there ought to be certain rules of propriety regarded, nevertheless. We could not but notice, while attending the trial of the Phoenix Bank cases at Concord on Monday, that Mr. Wyman, the late President of the Bank, sat down to the dinner table "cheek by jowl" with the District Attorney (who framed the indictment charging him with the larceny of about \$250,000) and other officers of the Court.

There is less fastidiousness now than formerly in matters of this kind;—whether from our more familiar acquaintance with crime or greater simplicity of manners, we leave for others to say. But we remember a fact in our political history which may be mentioned in connection with this paragraph. When AARON BURR was on his trial at Richmond, a personal friend invited him to dinner, and Judge \_\_\_\_\_, who was to preside, was invited also. Both attended. When the Judge saw BURR he was offended; but out of respect for his host he remained, and notwithstanding he abstained from all conversation with BURR, the fact of his sitting at the same table with him, was made the theme of censure in most of the journals of the day.

A great many actors and actresses "about town" are out of employ, awaiting the opening of the "Old Drury," the National, and the little Eagle.—*Boston Post.*

We advise them to go to work, at some honest vocation. The men loafers might make good hod carriers—as they are already used to *staging*. The women critters might earn their bread in a farm house—their profession having made them acquainted with the art of *spinning long yarns*.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**PRODUCTIVE FARMING:** or, a Familiar Digest of the recent Discoveries of Liebig, Johnston, and other celebrated writers on Vegetable Chemistry. By JOSEPH A. SMITH.

This is a cheap publication compiled with great care and judgment, and containing 150 duodecimo pages. It contains, in an intelligible form, more valuable information in regard to the science of agriculture than can be found in any other work of equal compass. It is sold at the low price of *thirty-one cents*. For sale at MORSE'S.

**"SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND."**—This is an admirably merry work—full of quaint sayings of "The Clockmaker." It is an excellent offset to DICKENS' "Chuzzlewit." It is written in true Yankee style, and abounds with pure morals, and genuine wit. At HOLT'S.

**"ALISON'S EUROPE, No. 12."**—This deservedly celebrated work is rapidly drawing to a close—a fact which those who read it will regret, only, however, because it will be very long before they will be favored with a history so pure in its style and graphic in its delineations of character and events. At MORSE'S.

**"A SPEECH ON TEMPERANCE."**—Dr. HUME has given a beautiful dress to his witty poetic Address. It has been got up on a card, and is sold cheap.

**"MEREDITH."**—This novel, by the Countess of Blessington, is said to be an exceedingly interesting work; and what constitutes one peculiarity about it, although it is an English novel, it was published in this country before it was published in London! Price 25 cents. For sale at JONES' News Depot.

**"CHANGE FOR DICKENS' NOTES."**—This is an admirable offset to Dickens' American "Notes." It is from the pen of a Lady—full of life, wit and sarcasm. Price *one shilling*. To be had at SAGE'S.

**AN HONEST BOY.**—The New York True Sun contains the following interesting paragraph:

"A few days since a woman whose husband belongs to one of the ships of war, received a check for the monthly allotment of his pay, but on her way to the Bank unfortunately lost the check, (which was drawn for \$18,) together with \$8 and some change in money. Her loss was severe and her distress was great. The lost money was, however, found by an honest boy, who brought the wallet with its contents to the right place, where the poor woman will find it safe. The lad might have appropriated the money, with perfect impunity, to his own purposes, as hundreds would have done, but he had imbibed the principles of honesty, and was governed by their impulse, and now, instead of the upbraiding of a wounded conscience, and the loss of self respect, he doubtless feels the rich reward of conscious integrity. The name of the lad is E. F. Smith, at 51 Fulton street. Let him, and other young men who may chance to read this, adopt the motto, 'Be honest,' indelibly upon their characters."

A truly noble boy, and worthy of public commendation and honor, in these mercenary times.

There is in Paris, if we mistake not, an institution for the promotion of honesty by dispensing medals and rewards to instances of distinguished probity. The institution is a good one; and the boy above referred to, might well apply for its prize.—*Alb. Adv.*

That "honesty is the best policy" was illustrated, some years since, under circumstances quite similar to those detailed above. A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for aid for his sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing \$50. The aid was refused, and the distressed family was pinched with want. The boy revealed his fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed his good resolution—the pocket-book was advertised and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the \$50 to the sick mother and took the boy into his service; and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind if not to the pocket.

Poetry.

A Heart to Let.

BY JOHN BROUGHMAN.

To be let,  
To be let at a very desirable rate,  
A snug little house in a healthy state;  
'Tis a bachelor's heart, and the agent is Chance,  
Affection, the Rent, to be paid in advance.  
The owner as yet, has lived in it alone,  
So the fixtures are not of much value—but soon  
'T will be furnished by Cupid himself, if a wife  
Take a lease for the term of her natural life.  
Then ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget  
An excellent Bachelor's heart to be let!

The Tenant will have a few taxes to pay,  
Love, honor, and—heaviest item—obey!  
As for the good-will, the subscriber's inclined  
To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind;  
Indeed, if he could such a matter arrange,  
He'd be highly delighted to take in exchange,  
Provided true title by prudence be shown,  
Any heart unincumbered, and free as his own.  
So ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget  
An excellent Bachelor's heart to be let!

Answer.

BY A LADY.

I called, as per notice, the "snug house" to see,  
But failed to get in, for want of a key;  
Tho' by those who well knew it, I have been told  
That the room is too small, and rather too cold;  
The rent is too high—and what is still more,  
It, I fear, has been rented too often before;  
And had it not been that you always saw fit  
To serve on each Tenant a notice to quit,  
One might have remarked, and, by patience and skill,  
Have filled up the blank in a Bachelor's will.

There are doubts whether you can now claim the estate,  
On the grounds that you've entered your lien up too late;  
And if there is truth in the current report,  
You have lately been seen to drop into Court—  
And now, when in doubt your suit you have pressed,  
You ask a bond, a judgment confessed:  
And thus having managed adroitly your part,  
You would levy at once on some fair Lady's heart,  
Therefore I've concluded, for reasons you'll own,  
That hearts to be let, better be let alone!

Sonnets—By B. Halleck.

MRS. HEMANS.

Queen of the lute and lay, whose song of yore  
Swept o'er the earth in music many-toned,  
Bearing along tales of heroic lore,  
With triple immortality crowned;  
Where dwells thy spirit in that brighter world  
With the innumerable dead of other days?  
In what bright orb hast thou thy pinions furled?  
What star of beauty trembles to thy lays?  
Thine was a lofty strain; thy lyre gave back  
The voice of God in ever-glowing song  
Melodiously; as o'er its fairy track  
Swept the full tide of harmony along,  
Thy spirit's purity breathed on thy lyre,  
Bathing its music in seraphic fire.

NIGHT.

Hail, glorious night! Queen of the ebony throne,  
Dark robed—and wearing on thy dusky brow  
The coronal of living gems that shone  
O'er Eden bright and beautiful as now;  
To thee I turn 'neath thy dim reign to rove  
O'er contemplation's ever-verdant field,  
Where thought with thought in sweet communion rove,  
To the rapt soul their endless treasures yield.  
Fann'd by the pinion of the viewless wind—  
Cheered by the music of the rolling spheres—  
Crowned with the wreaths of hope and fancy twined—  
Girt with the memories of departed years,  
My spirit revels with a mighty glee,  
At the full feast spread forth, oh Night! by thee.

Wife to her Husband.

Linger not long! Home is not home without thee,  
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn:  
Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee,  
Gently compel and hasten thy return.  
Linger not long!

Linger not long! Though crowds should woo thy staying,  
Bethink thee: can the mirth of friends, though dear,  
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying  
Costs the heart that sighs to have thee here?  
Linger not long!

Linger not long! How shall I watch thy coming,  
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,  
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,  
And silence hangs on all things like a spell.  
Linger not long!

How shall I watch for thee, when tears grow stronger,  
As night draws dark, and darker on the hill!  
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer;  
Oh! thou art absent—art thou absent still?  
Linger not long!

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth me,  
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;  
For oh! I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,  
My cup of happiness is all too full!  
Linger not long!

Haste—haste thee home into my mountain dwelling!  
Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest!  
Haste as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,  
Flies to its haven of securest rest!  
Linger not long!

Huzza for the Teetotal Mill.

Two jolly old toppers once sat in an Inn,  
Discussing the merits of Brandy and Gin;  
Said one to the other, "I'll tell you what, Bill,  
I've been hearing, to-day, of the Teetotal mill,  
You must know that this comical mill has been built  
Of old broken casks, when the liquor's been spilt;  
You go up some steps, and when at the door sill,  
You've a paper to sign at the teetotal mill.  
You promise, by signing this paper, (I think),  
That ale, wine and spirits, you never will drink;  
You give up (as they call it,) such 'rascally swill  
And then you go into the Teetotal mill.  
There's a wheel in this mill that they call 'self-denial  
They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;  
Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been ill,  
You are very soon cured at the Teetotal mill."  
Bill listened and wondered, at length he cried out,  
"Why, Tom, if it's true, what you're telling about,  
What fools we must be, to be sitting here still,  
Let us go and look at the Teetotal mill."  
They gazed with astonishment;—there came a man,  
With excess and disease his visage was wan;  
He mounted the step, sign'd the pledge with good will,  
And went for a turn in the Teetotal mill.  
He quickly came out, the picture of health,  
And walked briskly on in the highway to wealth;  
And, as onward he pressed, he shouted out still,  
"Success to the wheel of the Teetotal mill."  
The next that went in were a man his wife,  
For many long years they'd been lying in strife;  
He had beat and abused her, and swore he would kill,  
But his heart took a turn in the Teetotal mill.  
And when he came out, how altered was he,  
Steady, honest and sober—how happy was she;  
They no more contend, "no you sha'n't," "yes I will,"  
They are blessing together the Teetotal mill.  
Next came a fellow, as grim as a Turk;  
To cure and to swear deemed his principal work;  
And he swore that morning his skin he would fill,  
And drunk as he was, he reeled into the mill.  
And what he saw there I never could tell,  
But his conduct was chang'd, and his language as well;  
I saw, when he turned round the brow of the hill,  
That he knelt and thanked God for the Teetotal mill.  
The poor were made rich, the weak were made strong.  
The short was made short, and the long was made long.  
These miracles puzzled both Thomas and Bill,  
At length they went in for a turn in the mill.  
A little time after I hear a great shout,  
I turned round to see what the noise was about;  
A flag was conveyed to the top of a hill,  
And a crowd, among which were both Thomas and Bill,  
Were shouting, "huarrah for the Teetotal mill."

The Chapter of Misses.

The dear Misses we meet with in life,  
What hopes and what fears they awaken!  
And when a man's taking a Miss for his wife,  
He is Miss-led as well as Miss-taken.  
When I courted Miss Kid, and obtained the first kiss,  
I thought in the warmth of my passion,  
That I'd make a great hit in thus gaining a Miss,  
But 'twas only a Miss-calculation.  
For so many Misses surrounded Miss Kid,  
With me and my love interfering;  
A jealous Miss trust put into her head  
That she ought not to give me a hearing.  
There's a certain Miss-chance that I met with one day,  
Who ne'er set my hopes to destruction,  
For she had a suspicion of all I might say—  
And all owing to one Miss-construction.  
Deceived by a Miss-information, I wrote,  
The cause of her anger demanding;  
Miss-direction prevented her getting the note,  
And introduced Miss-understanding.  
When to make her my wife I exultingly swore,  
Miss-belief made her doubt my intention,  
And I nearly got wed to Miss-fortune, before  
I could wear her from Miss-apprehension.  
But when she no longer would yield to Miss-doubt  
Nor be led by Miss-representation,  
She had with Miss-like a serious fall out,  
And to wed felt no more hesitation.  
But when at the church to be married we went,  
Miss-take made the fat parson linger,  
And I was annoyed by an awkward Miss-fit,  
I could not get the ring on her finger.  
Having been so Miss-used I kept a strict watch,  
Though I still lived in fear of Miss-carriage:  
I found out, too late, that an unlucky Miss-match  
Interfered with the joys of our marriage.  
Miss-rule in our dwelling made every thing wrong,  
Miss-management there took her station;  
Till my cash, like the time I take writing my song,  
Was all wasted by Miss-application.

The Cross.

Symbol of Shame! mysterious sign  
Of groans, and agonies, and blood,  
Hail! pledge of love, of peace divine,  
From God!  
Symbol of Hope! to those that stray,  
The pilgrim's vows extend to thee;  
Star of the Soul, thou guid'st the way  
To Calvary!  
Symbol of Tears! we look and mourn  
His woes, whose soul for man was riven;  
Where, wanderer! is thy due return?  
To heaven!  
Symbol of Empire! thou shalt rise  
And shine, when lauds in darkness sit,  
On Eastern domes that greet the skies,  
And minaret.  
Symbol of Glory! when no more  
The monarch grasps his diadem,  
Thou still shalt burn when worlds are o'er,  
A peerless gem!

The Shoemaker.

BY MISS H. G. GOULD.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."  
The shoemaker sat amid wax and leather,  
With lapstone over his knee,  
Where, snug in his shop, he defied all weather,  
Drawing his quarters and sole together,  
A happy old man was he!

This happy old man was so wise and knowing,  
The worth of his time he knew;  
He bristled his ends, and he kept them going,  
And felt to each moment a stitch was owing,  
Until he got round the shoe.

Of every deed that his wax was sealing,  
The closing was firm and fast;  
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling  
Of pain to the toe; and his skill in healing  
Was perfect, and true to the last.

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,  
With gentle and skillful hand,  
He took its proportions with looks of pleasure,  
As if you were giving the costliest treasure,  
Or dubbing him lord of the land.

And many a one did he save from getting  
A fever, or cold, or cough,  
For many a foot did he save from wetting,  
When, whether in water or snow 'twas setting,  
His shoeing would keep them off.

When he had done with his making and mending,  
With hope and a peaceful breast,  
Resigning his awl, as his thread was ending,  
He passed from his bench to the grave descending,  
As high as the king to rest.

A Summer Day.

BY MISS LONDON.

Sweet valley, whose streams flow as sparkling and bright  
As the stars that descend in the depths of the night;  
Whose violets ring their rich breath in the air,  
Sweet-spendthrifts of treasure the Spring has flung there.

My lot is not with thee, 'tis far from thine own;  
Nor thus, amid Summer and solitude thrown;  
But still it is something to gaze upon thee,  
And bless earth, that such peace on her bosom can be.

My heart and my steps both grow light, as I bound  
O'er the green grass that covers thy beautiful ground:  
And joy o'er my thoughts, like the sun o'er the leaves,  
A blessing in giving and taking receives.

I have heap'd up thy flowers, the wild and the sweet,  
As if fresh from the touch of the night-elfin's feet:  
A bough from thy oak, and a sprig from thy broom,—  
I take them as keepsakes to tell of thy bloom.

Their green leaves may droop, and their colors may fade  
As it dying with sorrow and parting with thee;  
And my memory fade with them, till thou wilt but seem  
Like the fitting shape morning recalls of a dream.

Let them fade from their freshness, so leave thy behind  
One trace, like faint music, impress'd on the mind:  
One leaf or one flower to memory will bring  
The light of thy beauty, the hope of thy spring.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Shaw,  
Mr. JOSEPH EDGEELL, to Miss ELIZABETH M.  
SHELDON, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, in St. Luke's Church, by Rev. H. J.  
Whitehouse, D. D., Mr. A. H. WALLACE, of Mobile,  
Alabama, and ELIZA A., daughter of Charles B. Bristol,  
Esq., of this city.

On Wednesday morning, 26th July, in the Presbyterian  
Church, Woodville, Miss., by the Rev. James Purviance,  
Rev. ROBERT L. STANTON, Pastor of the said church,  
and formerly of Rochester, N. Y., to Mrs. ANNA M.  
BLACKFORD, of Washington City, D. C.

On the 29th ult., at Canaan, N. Y., by the Rev.  
Dr. A. Yates, Mr. E. T. Schenck, of the city of Rochester,  
to Miss Anna M. Van Horne, daughter of Abraham A. Van  
Horne, Esq.

In Geneva, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. J. G. Gulick,  
Mr. William C. Reed, to Miss Lavine Merrill, all of the  
above place.

In Geneva, on the 29th ult., by D. Whiting, Esq., Mr.  
Truman Sutton, of Pittsford, Monroe co., to Miss Cornelia  
Bailey, of Avon.

In Cambridg, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Oaks, Mr.  
George W. Graspey, to Miss Martha S. Webber, all of  
Cambridg.

At Bennington, July 18th, by Rev. H. Spencer, Mr.  
Jacob Conklin, to Miss Hannah Anderson, both of Jerusa-  
lem.

On the 16th March, 1843, by Rev. F. W. Binderman,  
Mr. G. Washington Griffin, late of Fenfield, N. Y., to  
Miss Mary Ann Lehman, late of Lyons, N. Y., formerly  
of Strasburgh, France, all of Waterloo, Wellington Dis-  
trict, Canada West.

In Parma, on the morning of the 6th inst., by the Rev.  
E. F. Crane, Mr. Kendall A. Raymond, to Miss Clarissa  
J. Tucker, all of Parma.

In Perry, on the 6th instant, by Rev. J. Parker, Mr.  
Charles Halsey, of Henrietta, Monroe co., to Miss Fanny  
W. Smith, of the former place.

In Avon, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas,  
Mr. J. W. Sherman, to Miss Selina Gorton, both of Le  
Roy.

In Carlton, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Beckwith,  
of Albion, Mr. Hanford B. Weed, to Miss Elizabeth Ken-  
yon, both of that town.

In Geneva, on the 13d inst., by Rev. P. C. Hay, DD.,  
Mr. Charles G. Brundage, of Lyons, Wayne county, to  
Miss Charlotte, eldest daughter of J. V. R. Schermerhorn,  
Esq., of Geneva.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

Terms—One Dollar per annum, in advance.



# THE GEM

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

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No. 18.

## Popular Tales.

### The Doomed Son, or Family Honor.

This is the title of a story of strange interest, which we copy from Douglass Jerold's *Illuminated Magazine*. The scene is laid in the Canton de Vaud, in the year 1828. The peasantry of that part of the Swiss Highlands possess a strong feeling of family pride. They can trace their lineage by authentic histories to the first period of the Christian era, and many have even the titles of nobility for the small farms on which they labor, engraved on copper, of the time of the Consuls.

The following is a domestic incident in the history of one of these families, which consisted of a father and mother, two sons, the eldest twenty-five, the youngest but eighteen, and two daughters of intermediate ages. The youngest son, a fair-haired, well formed boy, was one of those wild, unmanageable lads who are at once the bane and the favorite of the district. His open, joyous, handsome countenance, his reckless courage, his untiring hilarity and fun, made his neighbors tolerate a series of mischievous and wicked pranks which would have brought down condign punishment upon one of greater age or less winning exterior. At last, growing more reckless and ungovernable, he one day galloped off with a neighbor's horse, was gone a week, and making acquaintance with a girl of loose character, sold the horse to furnish the means of debauchery. Deserted and robbed by his paramour, the guilty young man, awakened to a sense of his real situation, attempts to reach home. He wishes to see his mother, and obtain from her the means of escape to a neighboring province. He is pursued, is wounded in attempting to effect a desperate escape, and is worn out by hunger and fatigue.—After the narration of his perilous escape, the story is thus told:—

When evening approached, he commenced the last and most perilous portion of his journey. He was now in a country where his face was known to every one, and the distance was almost too great to be passed in the few hours of darkness. With much labor, however, he succeeded in reaching his home before daylight, clambered into a hay loft where his brother was certain to come for fodder for the cattle—covered over with the hay and waited for his arrival.

Soon after day break he heard his brother's step, and his agitation was almost beyond endurance. He now for the first time began to consider how he should be received—a thing which had not yet entered into his mind. That he would be given up to justice was out of the question; but would he be allowed the shelter of home?—He at last summoned courage to leave his hiding place, and found his worst fears confirmed—his brother, so far from receiving him with affection, started from him with an expression of horror, and would not even allow him to come near.—“You are the first of your race that has ever committed a crime like this, and you have brought shame on a family that has been without reproach since the birth of our Savior.”

The boy could make no answer but tears—but faint with hunger he exclaimed:—

“For God's sake give me food, I have not eaten for forty hours!” The brother's heart was moved, he abstained from reproaches, fetched him food and wine, waited while he ate it, and then rising and assuming a countenance of severity to conceal his emotion, said, “Come with me into the barn, and I will pile the straw round you, and you will be safe for a time, till we can devise what is to be done. If you present yourself to

your father in his present state of mind, he will kill you. Leave me to make your peace, if, indeed, that be possible, for your mother also is deeply incensed, and it will require time to overcome her repugnance to intercede for you. It must be attempted gradually, or it will assuredly fail of success.”

In his hiding place he remained during the day, and it was not till past midnight that his brother ventured near him. He came without a light, and speaking in a low tone said, “The officers of justice have been here to-day, and have only just left the house, on hearing of the affair of a lamb, which has been found in the cave. It is not doubted that you are the culprit, and they are gone in that direction to seek for you. I have not ventured to communicate the secret to your father or mother. Only your sister Julia yet knows it, and she is ill in bed. You must stay here for the present. In the morning I will break the affair to the family.”

With this promise he was compelled to be satisfied. The brother left him food and departed. All that night and the next day he remained alone, but in the evening the brother came as before with food. His countenance was sombre, his voice severe, and his words were few and cold.

“May I not see my mother?” said the youth.

“No,” was the stern reply.

“Nor my sisters?”

“No, your father has forbidden it.”

“Then what am I to do?”

“You will know by and by; I shall be with you again before midnight!” and he suddenly left the barn without a single word of kindness.

“God help me!” said the boy. “What will become of me?” and he put aside the food untasted.

Not till nearly two in the morning did the brother return; he brought with him a dark lantern and materials for writing. “It is all arranged,” said he; “your father will not see you himself, but he consents to allow your mother and sisters to see you, if you are willing immediately to leave the country—pass over to Morat, where there is a recruiting station for the King of Sardinia, and enter his service under a fictitious name. If you agree to this proposition write down your consent forthwith, and you shall be admitted into the house.”

“If the sentiments of my mother and sisters are like your own, Adolphe, I scarcely wish to see them.”

“Do not deceive yourself, they bear you no affection,” replied the brother, “and in consenting to see you they are solely influenced by a wish to preserve the honor of the family.” Two more hours elapsed, when the brother returned and conducted him into the house; no one was there to receive him—and he was proceeding to his own bed, when his brother stopped him.

“Not that way,” said he; “your bed is in the strong room.”

This was a room of which the walls were of thickness to defy the effects of an ordinary fire, and was used to preserve the records and documents of the family, together with such pieces of valuable property as were not in constant use.

“Why am I put here?” said Carl.

“For safety,” replied the brother. “Should the officers of justice come in search of you, there is a trap door, known only to your father and mother, through which you can escape.”

In this room remained the young Carl till the following evening, when he was desired to descend to the parlor. His younger sister, who was ill, had risen from her bed to see him, to cover his face with kisses, and entreat him to reform his conduct.

“I cannot stay, Carl,” said she, “my mother tells me I must go to bed again, but you shall hear from me.” She put into his hand a little purse of money, burst into tears, and as she left the room, said,

“There is much to do to-night, Carl, and I am not allowed to share in it. I hope all is for the best. Pray to God—pray to God.”

The mother gave way to no tenderness at the sight of her prodigal son; but hastened to load his pockets with valuables which she told him he might require on his journey, and would serve to make him friends where he was going. It was in vain that he urged on her that these things were unnecessary, and above all, the heavy bag of dollars, as he supposed it to be, which she fastened into the pocket of his jacket.

“I shall have more than I want, mother, in the bounty money, and I thought to have sent back even a part of that, for the use of poor Julie's crippled mother. I shall not need this money; pray send it to them if you can spare it.”

The mother made no reply, and scarcely seemed to hear him. She persisted, however, in her task, and he, fearing to offend her still further, desisted from his efforts. “That is enough, mother,” said the daughter, who was assisting her in the task of filling his pockets.

“Three presses,” added she, “and the car is ready.”

In vain did Carl endeavor, by those winning caresses with which he had formerly softened his mother's heart to his transgressions, once more to soothe her gloomy reserve; she seemed to have wrought her mind up to a pitch of unnatural firmness, and remained silent and absorbed. Carl knew that the load with which his pockets were filled, would seriously impede his march; but he saw to make further opposition, or leave any of them behind, would still add to his mother's anger. He therefore allowed her to continue her task, determining to disembarass himself of the unnecessary weight as soon as he should be alone.

The brother, who noticed his chagrin, said—

“It is of very little consequence, Carl; submit to your mother's will; you will have but a little way to go,” said he; “when once out of the boat, it is but a few miles to Morat.”

Carl now learnt that two boatmen were engaged to ferry him across the lake of Morat, and that his brother would accompany him on his voyage. That it could not be delayed a single night, and that this night had been chosen because of the darkness, or he might have been allowed another day under the paternal roof.

At last the time arrived for the separation.—The mother and sister remained as stoically cold as ever; and when, at the last moment, the poor youth exclaimed, “Well, mother, I have given you much uneasiness, but this is the last moment you shall have occasion to be ashamed of me—I will make myself a character if God spares my life.” The face of the mother became convulsed with the force of suppressed emotion—twice she returned to embrace him, but twice stopped short and gave him a cold adieu. The brother hurried him away. They found a conveyance ready to take them to the water side, where they embarked on board a small boat, and pursued their way across the lake. All the efforts of the youth to engage his brother in conversation proved fruitless; he preserved a gloomy silence. There was an oppressive heat in the air, which forebode a storm, an occasional flash of lightning, and large drops of rain at intervals. They had remained some time without exchanging a word, when young Carl suddenly started up and said, “I can bear this no longer, Adolphe, I am suffocated; they

have loaded my pockets so that I am weighed down; it was kind of my mother and sister thus to think of my wants when I should be far away from them; but I would have rather had a few tender words from them at parting, (parting perhaps forever,) than all the presents they have pressed upon me. Strange that I should be so cast off; that I was not allowed to explain any thing. I am guilty, I know, but not so guilty as you suppose. I did not intend to steal the horse. I believe my wine was drugged by the woman I had the misfortune to meet at the auberge, for I slept till the middle of the next day; it was too late to return. The following day I was infatuated—mad—I could not resolve to separate from her—she persuaded me to sell the horse—it was the only means of enabling me to stay with her. I consented, but you know not the agony of remorse which took possession of me from that moment. Bitterly my wine I suffered. Surely, you will forgive me, Adolphe, for you know the fascinations of a woman at my age, and you have yourself gone near to be guilty also. What, not one word, Adolphe? not one word? when we are parting perhaps forever. Well, well—be it so—when I am gone, perhaps you may feel that you have been too severe,” and he relapsed into silence. “Good God! Adolphe,” said he, as a flash of lightning lighted up the face of his brother, and showed it livid and convulsed, “what is the matter with you? are you ill? your face is frightful!

“No—no,” said Adolphe, “not ill, not ill, but this parting—this parting—is—is—too much for me!”

“Then you do feel for me, Adolphe,” said Carl—“you will intercede with my mother, and let me know that she has forgiven me. God knows I love her tenderly, and would sacrifice my life for her; but her mind is poisoned, and it is in vain to plead with her at present; years must elapse before my stern father can be reconciled—perhaps never, for his whole soul is fixed on the honor of his family, which I have staid. I wish it were a time of war, Adolphe, then I might have a chance of distinguishing myself, and I might make a name on which he might dwell with pride—my own is lost to me forever.”

“Forever,” echoed Adolphe, and his hollow tone sunk deep into the heart of his brother.—Carl felt how much he had sacrificed, how vain the hope to re-establish himself, and he burst into tears.

“I cannot breathe, Adolphe,” said he, rising in the boat, and endeavoring to take off his loaded garments, but his brother seized his arm.

“Wait yet a moment,” said he, pulling him down into his seat again; “I have something to say to you—something of the greatest importance; it is the last opportunity, and the moments are precious. Where are we? added Adolphe, addressing the boatmen; “it is so dark I can distinguish nothing.”

“Two-thirds over,” said one of the boatmen, “and near the deepest part of the lake.”

Carl had again risen and was trying to take off his heavy jacket; but before he could accomplish this, Adolphe exclaimed, “Now,” and pushed him with the end of his cane. Carl seized the cane firmly to save himself, but his brother let go and at the same moment one of the men seized his legs, threw him off his balance, and in an instant he was in the water, sinking with rapidity.

“I thought your courage would have failed,” said the ruffian who had aided in the murder.—“Why did you let the fellow go on with his gabble? I was inclined to do it without you. If he had continued his talk, your heart would have turned to butter; he has a tongue to melt the devil himself, had he once suspected our purpose. Holy Mary! there he is again!” exclaimed he as the head rose above the surface of the water; I knew he was a desperate swimmer; pull away, pull hard out of his reach!”—at the same moment striking at the poor victim with his oar; the distance was, however, too great to inflict a serious blow; it only knocked off his cap, and cut a wound in the forehead, and he sank once more out of sight.

“It is over,” said the brother—“it is over,” and he sank back fainting on the bench. Scarcely was he seated, however, when a loud scream reached his ear; the poor boy once more raised himself to the surface, and he saw by the faint light of the moon the blood streaming down his face. With furious and desperate struggles he was trying to keep himself afloat, while he put forth the most passionate appeals for mercy.

“Oh, save me, save me, brother; let me live and repent; Oh God, soften his heart.”

Then with one hand trying to buffet the water,

with the other he endeavored to lighten the load in his pockets: they were firmly sewed up, and as the dreadful truth flashed upon him, he screamed, “Oh! my mother, my mother! my pockets, my pockets! Oh, save me, save me, my brother!”

The brother's heart, steeled as it had been by the stern arguments of the father, hardened by family pride, and the dictates nature had perverted by a distorted sense of honor, was not proof against such an appeal. He was now as anxious to save him as he had been to secure his destruction.

“Row to him,” said he to the men, and seeing that they hesitated, he seized an oar and plied it vigorously. Carl was making his last desperate struggle. Adolphe held out his hand to save him; but one of the boatmen exclaiming, “we have gone too far to draw back,” raised his oar aloft, and with one furious blow, split the poor victim's skull, and he sank to rise no more.

To rise no more! Be not too sure of that, tigers! and, above all, you two miscreants who have undertaken this horrid deed for hire. For you there is no redemption! The others have been acting under the same horrid perversion of judgment which influences the members of the holy brotherhood of the Inquisition; but for you there is no palliation. Woe to you in this world and in the next! The deed was shrouded in darkness, but it was not permitted to remain so. The three criminals wended their way back; but the deed was scarcely complete when the storm which had so long threatened, now burst forth in all its fury. Long did they struggle against the violence of the winds and waves, every moment in danger of being overwhelmed—their efforts weakened by their terrors at the idea of being sent to give account of their wickedness. All night did they buffet with the storm. As morning dawned it began to clear away, and they reached the shore in safety, but not before the surrounding country was astir, and hundreds were witness of their arrival. This ultimately led to the detection. Were not this dreadful deed recorded in the proceedings of a court of justice, posterity might be excused for doubting the possibility of an act so atrocious from motives so apparently inadequate. That a mother could so far overcome all the instincts of nature, as to sanction the assassination of her son merely to acquiesce in the stern decree of her husband—but with her own hands to manufacture the instruments of destruction, and this under the pretext of promoting the comfort and happiness of the unsuspecting victim; this seems so repugnant to the feelings and experience of mankind, that any less testimony would not suffice to produce conviction. Yet there is a circumstance more extraordinary, if possible, than even this; and that is, that instead of inspiring horror among the people of the district, the deed had their entire approbation.

The part of the lake selected for this deed of horror was one which seem to offer the most perfect security from detection; the great depth of the water, the lead and iron which were secured to the person of the victim, and the texture and material of which his clothes were composed, seemed to afford an assurance that the body would remain at the bottom till long after decomposition should be complete, and all probability of recognition impossible—the process would be aided by the fishes which abound there. There was only one point at which the lake was accessible, and this was several miles from the spot where the murder had taken place—memorable for having been the scene of the destruction of the army of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, (husband of Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV. of England) which was entirely defeated by the Swiss at the battle of Morat, and driven into the lake. A tree planted a few days afterwards in the centre of the village to commemorate the event, is now one of the remarkable objects of the district. I saw it still growing luxuriantly after a lapse of four hundred years, of great magnitude, and likely to live half a dozen centuries more.

The hurricane which had gone so near to destroy the murderers, had produced so violent disturbance on the lake as to throw the body on shore at this place; it was soon recognized, and a rigid search was instituted for the assassins. The loaded pockets so securely fastened, and the dreadful chasm in the skull, put out of question the first suggestion of the possibility of suicide—the boatmen and the victim's brother who had been seen landing the morning after the storm, were arrested and interrogated—the explanation they had given of the purport of their midnight voyage was found to be false—they confessed their

guilt; the whole was discovered, and the officers of justice proceeded to arrest father, mother and sisters; all were committed to prison to take their trial for this most unnatural and inconceivable crime.

On the trial, the father undertook his own defence, and in an eloquent and impassioned oration, boldly claimed for himself the patriarchal right of life and death; repudiated every form of government which had existed in his country for two thousand years; and declared that the original rights of his race to govern themselves in their own way, though long in obedience, had never been abandoned. That he knew he must submit to punishment, but that his conscience acquitted him of guilt; and were the same circumstances to come over again, he should act in the same manner; that he had inflicted on his son such a punishment as the crime deserved; and that it had only been inflicted secretly because his own race was for the present under coercion, subjected to a government which they, therefore, outwardly obeyed, but under a permanent protest; that had it been practicable, he would have preferred that the deed should have been done openly, in the presence of his clan, but that this would have betrayed the crime, and consummated the disgrace of his family; and that he gloried in the self-command which enabled him to subject his feelings as a father to his duties as a patriarch—but his family being now irrevocably disgraced, he was therefore quite indifferent to his fate.

He was condemned to twenty years' solitary confinement, which, at his age, was confinement for life. His wife and family to periods varying from eight to twelve, according to the degrees in which they were supposed to be under the influence of the father, and, I think, the boatmen were subjected to the same punishment as was the chief.

The most extraordinary part of the story remains to be told. Criminals in that country, as in many others, before they are finally incarcerated to undergo the penalty of the law in a long imprisonment, are exposed to public gaze on a platform, (a kind of pillory,) for the space of one hour, with a record of their crime placed conspicuously over their heads.

Such was the process in the present case; but when the culprits were placed on the scaffold, a universal shout of execration arose from the mob of several thousand persons who surrounded it. It appeared that these people were from the district where the culprits resided, and had walked all the distance to testify their disapprobation at the punishment inflicted for an act which they did not acknowledge to be a crime.

## The Old World.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

### LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY THURLOW WEED.

LONDON, July 19, 1843.

There is unquestionably a vast amount of poverty, destitution, distress and suffering in this great “ulcer,” as Mr. Jefferson called cities.—But there is in their habits or policy, some trick of concealment for which great credit is due. With rare exceptions, wretchedness and mendacity, in rags and filth, seldom obtrude themselves upon you in the streets of London. The beggars you do encounter are, for the most part, so palpably in studied costume, and with rehearsed parts, that your risibility, rather than your sympathy, is moved by their appeals. The cases of real suffering are so few as to impose but a slight burthen upon your pocket, for a ha-pence is all that is expected or asked. You meet the poor in shoals, but they seem to have employment which supplies them, scantily, I suppose, with the necessities of life. A few maimed persons sat, as in New York, on the side walks, and blind people are led about by faithful dogs, whose bruised limbs and sightless organs, with mute but resistless eloquence, speak to the hearts of those who “feel for other's woe.” You meet, too, occasionally, beggar women with two infants in their arms.—One of this class besieged me with such pertinacity, and in such “set terms,” that I said to her, you want a ha-pence—now I will give four ha-pences if you will tell me which of those children is borrowed? She affected to be wounded by this suspicion, and protested that they were both her own, and that while she was without food they were suffering for nourishment. But finally with a promise of sixpence, and being assured that I

would not expose her, she admitted that not only one, but both of the babies were hired, and that she paid, to their different mothers, two shillings a week each, for the use of them. She added that they nursed her own boy, who was older, while she was out with "the twins."

There is, I suppose, abject poverty and squalid vice in the loathsome forms that are so often described in the purlieus of London, but these regions are so distant I see little chance of reaching them. The city is so constructed that the wealthy, the middling and the poorer classes reside in each other's vicinage. Very narrow courts, lanes and alleys run back from the streets. These courts, &c., are mostly occupied by the laboring poor, but they seem far more comfortable than the denizens of many of our own narrow streets.

Another thing struck me with surprise here.—*Profane swearing has gone quite out of fashion.* I cannot speak for the nobility, because I have not reached their circle, but with all the other classes, cursing and swearing is "honored in the breach" rather than "in the observance." Oaths and imprecations, so common in America, are not heard here, ever among the watermen, cabmen, coalbearers, or scavengers. The language of blasphemy, in its various "sliding scales" of enormity, came as a part of our education from the mother country. It is not reasonable to hope, therefore, that among other English fashions, adopted by Americans, our people will soon forbear to mingle the name of the Creator and Redeemer profanely either in their idle conversations or their excited controversies?

We have been recognized but by three Americans since we came here, though London is full of Yankees. I detest the custom of temporary denationalization which has obtained among Americans in Europe. It is a pitiful affectation.—I hunted up, immediately after my arrival here, a young gentleman who has been several months abroad, and to whom I brought a letter from his father, and of whom I hoped and expected to see much, but he has not been near us. I have met several who must have known me (all raw) as an American, as readily as I knew them; but they "passed by on the other side." The other day, in returning from our pilgrimage to see Queen Victoria, we got into a 'bus in front of a gentleman whom I should have known to be a Yankee, (as the wag told Alderman Brasher,) if his "hide was in a tan yard." I entered into conversation with him about London, but for half an hour he gave no sign. I finally said, "You are an American, I perceive, sir." The ice being thus broken, we talked on without restraint, and have since been much together. This gentleman is of the legal profession in Nassau street (very intelligent and agreeable) who is making a run to the continent for his health. At the depot, when we came from Liverpool, I saw a gentleman of such unquestionable American bearing, that I offered him my hand. In taking it cordially, he said, "Is your name W——?" "Yes sir." "My name is H——, of Nashville. I was introduced to you some years ago at Albany." This gentleman, who is the editor of a Jackson paper, is the same who was engaged in a rencontre with a son or sons of the late U. S. Senator Foster. He has recently received the appointment of agent of Captain Tyler, to look after the tobacco interests of the southern states. Having obtained what information was required here, he proceeded to Vienna.

Mr. Brodhead remarked the other evening upon the exceeding regularity that existed in the London post-office, and I was surprised to-day by an evidence of the truth of this remark. Some of my friends did me the favor to send a copy of "The Northern Star." The parcel was about three inches long and less than an inch wide, and was simply directed to "T—— W——, London." The packet ship that brought this paper arrived here night before last, and yesterday morning the paper was left at my hotel! Had this paper been to the care of Baring & Brothers, there would have been no mystery in the matter; but how the post-office clerks and penny-posts divine the whereabouts of obscure strangers, is more puzzling.

I had supposed that street shows, for the edification of the sovereigns of the garrets and cellars, had abated here as with us. But in this I am mistaken. On our way yesterday to Westminster Abbey, we saw a particularly miscellaneous crowd assembled at some distance in a narrow street, which had been attracted, as we found, by a strolling company of "ground and lofty tumblers," who had stopped their donkey wagon, spread their cloaks in the street, and, in appropriate costume,

were about to commence their "unrivalled, universally admired, never-to-be-equalled and truly wonderful feats of strength and agility." When the hat went its rounds for pennies, those who had them, (this class of the audience were in a very decided minority,) gave as readily as if the mountebanks had been invited to come to that particular street by the particular individuals who were so fortunate as to witness their prodigies.—And at Greenwich, the other day, I saw for the first time in full thirty years, a regular and legitimate "Punch and Judy" exhibition! During this long lapse of time, I am sorry to say that I could discover no improvement in "Judy's" manners or temper. She was the same incorrigible scold and vixen now, at Greenwich, in England, that she was when I saw her, in 1837, at Catskill, in America; and she indulged in the same vexatious airs and attitudes until she provoked "Punch," now as then, to box her ears, at which John Bull was as much delighted, in his age and wisdom, as Brother Jonathan was delighted in his youth and simplicity.

Talking of "Puppet Shows," I am reminded of Sickels! There must be thousands in our State, who remember this indefatigable little-man, with an enormously big wife, to whom, from 1800 to 1811 or '12, the villages were indebted for rustic and primitive theatricals. I certainly can never forget the ecstasies into which I was thrown during my "first night" at Sickels' exhibition—an enjoyment which would have been complete had not my father, who took me to the door and paid the potent sixpence that gave me entrance, denied himself the luxury of laughing at "Punch and Judy" and weeping over "the babes in the woods." But when some two or three years afterwards, I was again admitted to the "exhibition," Sickels had multiplied his wondets by the addition of a "naval engagement between two ships," where, according to the show-bills, there was to be "firing on both sides," with an assurance at the bottom, that "during the performance there will be good music on the organ." I thought the perfection of the scenic art had been attained.

Noblemen, as a class, here, are distinguished as readily by the plainness of their dress as by the simplicity of their address. Were you to judge of rank by the cut and texture of the coat, or the tie of the cravat, you would be sure to mistake the footman for the peer. The Duke of Wellington, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, though certainly not "out at the elbows," are, when seen in Parliament, quite plainly dressed gentlemen. But their footmen and valets adorn their persons with as much taste, and as elaborately, as thequisites who are to be seen in American drawing and assembly rooms. And the consequential personages who stand in noblemen's halls, to answer the bell, are so redundantly decorated with lace, spangles and powder, that they remind you of the Mock Duke in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife." The "swell" genus is almost extinct here. There is occasionally an old beau, who makes himself up of artificial hair, teeth, eyebrows, whiskers, calves, &c. after the manner of "Potts," whom Lockhart immortalized in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk;" and you sometimes meet a thing that owes its existence to its tailor, but they are rare, and belong it is said, to Crockford or some other gaming house proprietor. The moral of all this is, that we, instead of a new London rig all round, as was anticipated, wear our American made clothes. This is a great luxury to me, who, like dominie Sampson, have been accustomed to find a new garment, in the morning, on the chair from which the old one had been removed, as often as time and circumstances rendered such a change proper and necessary. Our coats and waistcoats, though not of the latest fashion, are such as were worn in London only six or eight months ago; and my hat (one of Frothingham & Co's fine beavers) is so much better than those to be found here, that I am proud to wear it as a specimen of American manufacture.

While sitting the other evening at a large-table in the coffee-room of our hotel, we were struck with the number and depth of the indentations upon its leaf, and after various conjectures the waiter was called, and in reply to our inquiry how the table got so many wounds, said—"Its the free masons, Sir. They spoils all our tables. When the song or the sentiment pleases them they comes down right hoavey with the hedges of their glasses. There's quite a number of the lodges sup here hevery week." Upon inquiring whether the tumblers, as well as the tables, did not suffer from such violent contact, he answered, "Oh no, Sir; they has glasses made for themselves, strong enough to knock an box in the head." This inci-

dent, which occurred several evenings since, is brought to mind from the circumstance that while I was writing, the members of the fraternity in the adjoining room to me are now singing

"The wife of a free and accepted mason,"

in such high glee and joyous chorus, as to leave no doubt but that the tables will catch it again to-night. The ancient Free-Mason's Tavern, of which we have read so much, and which Hogarth introduced into one of his great pictures of London, was, I believe, in the vicinity of Blackfriars, and for aught I know, this very hotel may be the Phoenix that sprung from its ashes.

There are few, if any, respectable hotels in America whose proprietors have not a private library of standard English works. But it is otherwise here. With every disposition to oblige guests, your host cannot, when you want to look at Shakspeare, Byron, Johnson, Scott, &c., take the volume from his own library; nor can he, like our deceased friend Cruttenden, give you the quotations and correct readings from the British classics without referring to the texts. To purchase books at English prices, when we can get them at home for less than a quarter what they cost here, is out of the question. Nor do you fare much better at the circulating libraries, from one of which I ordered a work yesterday.—It came to me in five volumes, for which I pay as many shillings sterling.

The keepers of the "crack" hotels here have generally been in the service of noblemen, who, in their reward for their fidelity, establish them in business. Others have been intelligent and favorite head-waiters, who have saved enough from their receipts to establish themselves. Head-waiters and Chambermaids pay for their situations. Two of the waiters in this house pay sixteen shillings (or \$4) a week to its proprietor for the privilege of doing his work and attending upon his guests. The other waiters pay a less sum.

The young gentleman to whom I referred in another part of this letter, as not having returned our call, came in an hour afterwards. He visits Europe more for information in relation to civil engineering, mechanics, &c., than for pleasure, and had been actively engaged for several days, but he is now done with London, and goes to Scotland with us.

The Queen went to the opera, in state, last evening. The price of tickets, when it was known that her majesty was to grace the occasion, rose to two sovereigns. There was a great rush for seats. A young gentleman from Baltimore, spoken of in a former letter as a fellow-passenger, who has attached himself to our party, gives a ludicrous account of the scramble. He stationed himself at the theatre door soon after four o'clock in the afternoon, and at half past six, when the doors opened, was lifted off his seat by the mass that had collected around him, and thus carried into the pit, where he stood, wedged in, panting for breath, till half past 12 o'clock!

I have spoken of the high price of books here. I paid either a dollar or nine shillings a number for the first four numbers of "The Burney Papers." The 5th number, that had not appeared in America when I left, cost me a guinea here! I am as much astonished as vexed, by the way, that these delightful Memories of Madame D'Arbly are so little read. With the exception of Hannah More, there are no memoirs for the last fifteen years so replete with interest and information.

We went yesterday to a review in Hyde Park, which, to us, was a brilliant affair. The only very distinguished personages in the field were the Dukes of Wellington and Cambridge, the latter being, as you know, one of the two surviving sons of George the 4th, and uncle to her present Majesty. He has command of a regiment, which adds some fifteen hundred pounds per annum to his income. I posted myself early near Hyde Park gate, through which the field marshal was to pass. This gave me a good view of the hero of Waterloo, who, with his smile, passed me on a walk. The veteran shows that old age has no respect for rank. He did not sit erect in his saddle, and his head and hands were both tremulous; though when I saw him afterwards, in the sham fight, receiving and despatching his aids to the different divisions, he seemed two or three inches taller and twenty years more youthful.—There were 2000 "red-coats" in the field, and the review occupied two hours.

I was more interested with the people than with the troops. All classes were out, the day being extremely pleasant. Here, as with us, on such occasions, booths, stands, &c. &c. with refresh-

ments, were erected throughout the park. You saw nothing, however, in the way of beverages, but ginger beer, which was cried at a penny a (pint) bottle. Women and boys circulated among the spectators crying "cherries, all ripe, two-pence a pound, full weight;" "strawberries, rare and ripe, three-pence a pottle;" &c. &c. But the principal traffic was in "stands" and "seats." Every garret and cellar within the precincts of Hyde-Park had been rifled of chairs, benches, boxes, &c. to accommodate those who wanted to see or sit. At an early hour the crowd gathered in a small circle around the troops. Soon a detachment of horse guards were ordered to enlarge the circle, and then commenced a backward movement in a dense mass of human beings (men, women and children) and a breaking-up and over-setting of stands and chairs that was exceedingly ludicrous. The multitude, after retreating a few rods, would make a stand and resume their position, only, however, to be broken up again as the dragoons approached; and in this way the horsemen cleared an area (which did not at first embrace more than twenty acres) of at least a mile square. And this was done so quietly that although the horses were constantly against a wall of people, not one was hurt, nobody got into a passion, and there was no cursing.

There was great competition among the proprietors of stands and seats, for occupants. The prices fluctuated for the same stands. When a particular stand became eligible, from the circumstance that the Duke had planted himself opposite to it while the column passed him in review, the privilege cost half a crown, (unless secured by chance before-hand,) though ten minutes before it went begging at sixpence. I rented an old chair from a poor woman who rejoiced in two of these convenient household articles, together with an empty barrel across the head of which was a board. She was "a field," (having three "young 'uns" to assist her) with as high hopes and as much solicitude about the day's venture, as the merchant whose "mind is tossing on the ocean,"

"Peering in maps, for ports, and piers and roads,"

for the safe moving of the "argosies with hearty sail" which he expects from the Eastern Indies. I was to pay three pennies for the chair, and a penny to the boy who carried it about for me. With this portable stand I was quite independent, and therefore "kept moving" with the boy and chair at my heels, mounting my rostrum as often as there was any thing within the walls constructed of heads and shoulders that attracted attention. At the close of the review, when, in addition to the sum stipulated, I added two pennies to the boy's share of the "spoils," his bright face showed that he was mentally saying, "whatever may have been the luck of the other rentees of old chairs, I am rich and happy."

The review, as I remarked before, called forth all sorts of people and in vast numbers. But good order and good temper pervaded throughout. I mixed with the spectators, but did not, during the day, see any violation of the proprieties of life. The Park was thronged with highly respectable females, who walked among the plainest and roughest of the other sex, without being shocked, as would, I am sorry to say, have been the case at an American review, by profane or obscene language. Indeed, during the whole day I neither saw nor heard any thing to offend the eye or the ear.

LONDON, July 21, 1843.

S—— and myself have dined with Dr. Samuel Johnson! Are you incredulous? Then let me explain. We dined at the "Dr. Johnson Tavern," a steak and chop house, in "Bolt Court," where the great English scholar and moralist lived. In entering the threshold, passed so many hundred times by the author of *Rasselas*, emotions of reverence and awe came over me which the presence or personification of genius, virtue or piety only can inspire. Would that these walls could impart to visitors some portion of the ethereal spirit with which their former illustrious occupant was so deeply imbued.

When Dr. Johnson came to London he took up his residence in a Court which still bears his name; but he soon removed to the house I refer to in "Bolt Court," where he resided many years, and where so many of his achievements in letters and literature were accomplished. These courts both run out of Fleet street, and are in the vicinity of Temple bar and the strand. The room in which Dr. Johnson read and wrote, upon the first floor, is a projection from the main building, about twelve feet long and eight wide, with a flat roof, through which he had a sky-light construct-

ed. This room remains as he left it, though the other portions of the building have been slightly modernized.

We ate a silent dinner, but memory was active and alert in conjuring up images of the painters, poets, philosophers and sages, who, in that Augustan age of British literature, surrounded this great literary Leviathan. The foot-prints of men whose learning and researches, whose talents and genius, contributed to the supremacy which England attained in letters, in science and in the arts, during the eighteenth century, had been left upon the plank that we now pressed. It was here that Boswell watched and waited with obsequious attention and patience, for the "fitly spoken" words that fell from the Lion's mane, see his claws, and hear him roar. It was here that Goldsmith came to encounter reproof. It was here that Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Langton came for social communion. It was here that Beauclerk, Stevens, Colman and Sheridan polished and chastened their wit. It was here that Dr. Percy, Sir William Forbes and Mr. Cambridge replenished their stores of knowledge.

It was here, too, that Windham and Walpole and Burke passed hours in those "collisions of mind" to which the world is indebted for its mental lights. And here beauty, as assiduously as learning, paid its court. Here Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Siddons, Hannah More and Frances Burney came to "make tea" for the Rambler! It was here that the Doctor, on the occasion of Mrs. Siddons' first visit to "Bolt Court," when a chair was not immediately at hand for her, said, "You, madam, who have kept your visitors so frequently without seats, can the better excuse this discourtesy."

In this court the giant in intellect, but elephant in person, was wont to take exercise, with gait "between an amble and a roll." Here the caterers in "Paternoster Row" used to goad him on with his literary labors; and here "printer's devils" used to beleaguer him for "copy." Here authors beset him for "prefaces," players for "prologues," and surviving friends for "epitaphs." Here he made his powerful but unavailing appeal for Royal clemency to the Rev. Dr. Dodd. It was here he rescued the manuscript sermons of the Rev. Dr. Blair from an oblivion to which they had been consigned by an autocrat publisher.

Dr. Johnson, you know, was an inveterate Tory in literature, religion and politics. In politics as in all else that concerned his principles (or prejudices) he was inveterate, vindictive and denunciatory. America, before and during the Revolution, came in for full and rounded measures of abuse, expressed in language and sentences that fell from his lips like thunder-bolts. In speaking of us to the Rev. Dr. Campbell, he is represented by Boswell as saying: "*Sir, they are a race of convicts, and had ought to be thankful for every thing we allow them short of hanging.*" But I am willing to forgive him for that and all his other Tory offences, for a single paragraph in the pamphlet entitled "TAXATION NO TYRANNY," which he wrote for the Ministry, in reply to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress, in 1775. The manuscript copy of that pamphlet, which was submitted to the ministry before publication, contained the following paragraph, which does not appear in the printed copy. The style would sufficiently establish its paternity, if there were not other and conclusive evidences of its Johnsonian origin:

"Their numbers are, at present, not quite sufficient for the greatness which in some form of government or other, is to rival the ancient monarchies; but by Dr. Franklin's rule of progression, they will in a CENTURY AND A QUARTER, be more than equal to the inhabitants of Europe. When the Whigs of America are thus multiplied, let the princes of the earth tremble in their palaces! If they should continue to double and to double, their own hemisphere would not contain them. But let not our boldest impugners of authority look forward with delight to this futurity of Whiggism."

The reasons for suppressing this paragraph are transparent. It was a "hand writing upon the wall" of fearful import. Less than half the term of years to which Dr. Johnson looked forward have been numbered, but the prophecy is more than half fulfilled.

I have been to Westminster Abbey, that magnificent and sublime sepulchre for monarchs, princes, philosophers, philanthropists, poets and painters. All that I had heard and read of the architectural and historical wonders of the Abbey, into whose vaults, aisles, chapels, naves and niches, the ashes of the illustrious dead of eight centuries have been gathered, left me wholly un-

prepared for the grandeur and gorgeousness of the memorials here revealed. Here reposes all that remains of the mortality of those who were ennobled either by birth or by deeds, with all that marble and brass can do to perpetuate their fame. But tombs and tablets and monuments and statues, however ambitiously adorned or exquisitely wrought, serve far more effectually to illustrate a Creator's power, than to magnify a creature's rank or name.

I lingered about these silent chambers of the mighty dead with inquiring eyes, until the visitors' hours had expired. Westminster Abbey has been so often described that it is a relief to feel that my wholly inadequate powers need not be charged with a task of such difficulty and magnitude. And even were it otherwise, I should not have the presumption to attempt it. To say nothing of the thousands of comparatively ignoble whose undistinguished ashes rest here, there are nearly four hundred tablets, monuments, mausoleums, statues or other obituary memorials of persons whose history and character constitute the written annals of England.

If some of the inscriptions upon these monuments strike others as they did me, I shall not weary your patience by transcribing a few of them.

That Duke of Buckingham, who was distinguished during the reign of King Charles I, lies in brass effigy, with a Roman costume, upon an altar with this inscription:—"I lived doubtful, not dissolute—die unresolved not unresigned. Ignorance and error are incident to human nature. I trust in an Almighty and all-good God." And below, both prepared by himself, is this:—"For my king often, for my country ever."

The following is an extract from the inscription upon the monument erected to the memory of the young princes who were murdered by the order of Richard the Third:—"Here lie the relics of Edward V. King of England, and his brother Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard the usurper. Their bones, long and anxiously inquired after, having laid 190 years in the rubbish of the tower stairs, were on the 17th July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered."

The monument of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, is one of the most costly in the Abbey. They lie, in bronze effigy, under a stately canopy. The inscription, after setting forth the Duke's qualities, states that his "Dutchess was of a noble family; for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters were virtuous. This Dutchess was a wise, witty and learned lady, which her many books do well testify, &c."

There is an expensive and exceedingly appropriate monument to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, with an inscription closing with this exclamation:—"How much reason mortals have to pride themselves in the existence of such and so great an ornament to the human race!"

The monument to the memory of Major Andre, is a beautiful sculptured group, representing the first interview between Washington and Andre. The figure of Washington has been three different times so badly mutilated that new heads were supplied. There is now a striking and undefaced likeness of the father of our country in Westminster Hall.

The colossal marble statue of George Canning and another of James Watt, both by Chantry, stand conspicuously in the Abbey, and are noble specimens of art. Would that the unwieldy, ill designed, un-American marble effigy of Washington that shocks the national feelings of those who visit the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, had the form and comeliness of one of those all but speaking statues.

The monument erected by King James the first to the memory of Queen Elizabeth is the most imposing and costly, as it is most interesting in other respects, to visitors, of any in the abbey. A full-length likeness of the Queen, in her robes, is admirably cut in brass and placed in a recumbent posture upon her tomb. The inscription, among other things, describes her "as the mother of her country and the patroness of religion and learning; that she was herself skilled in many languages; adorned with every excellence of mind and person; and endowed with princely views beyond her sex; that in her reign peace was established; money restored to its just value; Ireland, almost lost by the secret contrivances of Spain, recovered; the Spanish armada defeated; and, in short, all England enriched; that she was a most prudent governess, and for forty-five years a virtuous and triumphant Queen," &c. &c.

The coronation chairs, two of which stand in the abbey, are interesting, not less for their antiquity than the uses to which they have been so long consecrated. The most ancient of these chairs was brought by King Edward I, with Regalia, from Scotland, in 1297. The other was made for Queen Mary. On coronation occasions (which take place here) one of these chairs is covered with gold tissue and placed before the altar. These relics of ancient monarchy, while it is evident that the utmost skill and taste of the artisan was bestowed, show that the business of chair-making, in those days, was in its rudest state.

We made an excursion to Windsor Castle the day before yesterday, which, unfortunately for us, chanced to be the only day in the week that the State apartments are closed. The view, as you approach this magnificent palace, situated as it is upon an elevation which overlooks, as well the broad grounds and beautiful park connected with it, as the villages which dot the landscape in the other directions; and the view of these objects from the palace, abundantly repay you for a visit, even though the rooms should be closed. This castle, you know, is one of the most ancient, as well as the most splendid in England. It covers an area of thirty-one acres, and its gray walls and towers, of impregnable strength, are truly imposing and majestic. There is a Royal cemetery within the castle walls, in which the remains of the deceased members of the present royal family are deposited.

After wandering about the courts, walls and towers of the castle, I strolled through the ancient town of Windsor, and observing the name of "Mrs. Ford" on a sign, my imagination went off upon a canter through all the pranking scenes of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," nor did it rest until it led me through "Datchet-dune" to the very spot upon the river where the fat knight, smothered in a buck-basket, with foul linen, was thrown "by Ford's knaves," like a litter of blind kittens, into the Thames! And in looking around, I saw the tree through the branches of which (according to Spencer, in his most happy portrait of Sir John Falstaff) a boy stood laughing as Sir John rose from his impure baptism with the water dripping from his gray beard and scarlet vestments! But though the tree was there—the boy was gone—and this broke my reverie.

We walked from Windsor to Eton, for the purpose of seeing a School in which the flower and chivalry of England has for so many ages been prepared for Oxford and Cambridge. This school is I believe governed upon Republican principles, the sons of noblemen being required, as strictly as the sons of Commoners, to perform certain menial services for their seniors, until they, in turn, become entitled to the same services from their juniors. The school numbers over 700 pupils now. They were out "cricketing," in great numbers, upon the ample and beautiful green in the rear of the school, a game which they played with great spirit.

While waiting for the omnibus, a boy some 12 or 13 years old came to a man standing near me, who had cherries and strawberries to sell. "Are your strawberries full of worms, Garvy?" "No, my Lord." "How much for this pottle?" "Six cents, my Lord." "Are you going to the trot, Garvy?" "Yes, my Lord. Will your lordship be there?" "Yes, which horse shall I bet on?" "Neither, my Lord, from anything I say to your lordship." This running talk was kept up until the boy eat his pottle of strawberries, adding a handful of cherries by way of dessert, and walked off, when the man informed me that this sprig of nobility was "Lord Dungannon," that title, with a large estate, having descended to him, I think from a deceased uncle. The school, added my informant, is full of the sons of noblemen, but they are not all as "well-behaving and nice young men as my Lord Dungannon."

IRELAND.

Mr. MOONEY delivered a highly interesting lecture on the ancient history of Ireland, on Tuesday evening, in the Old Concert Hall, to a most respectable auditory. We wish we could devote space to a tolerable outline of this discourse.

Ireland, it appeared by the proofs adduced, was peopled by a succession of adventurous tribes from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea; the most considerable of which was that which arrived under the command of the sons of *Melchius*, about 1300 years before Christ. This colony had to contend with the scattered tribes they found on

the island, which they vanquished in battle, and established a dynasty and government that continued unbroken for the long period of two THOUSAND years—a longer period of sixty of government than any nation, ancient or modern, can boast of. Ireland was then called *Scotia*, by the Milesians, in honor of their mother, who died there.

The successors in the government of Ireland were the lawgiver to ancient Scotland for 1500 years; which was called *Scotia Minor*, or the *Little Scotia*—it being colonized under the auspices of the Irish kings, by a race of *Picts*, from the north of Europe, and continued an appendage of the Irish crown until the sixth century. In proof of this, the lecturer read an extract from *Bede*, the most trustworthy of the Saxon historians, who wrote in the seventh century—who writes—"The posterity of Carbra Reada are to this day called *Dal Redih*, or the Irish occupiers of the part." O'Kennedy, in his *Chronology of the Stuarts*, asks: "How can the Caledonians, in the face of the authorities *Bede* and *Fordum*, have the egregiously folly to deny their Irish origin?" The lecturer read several other authorities, tending to establish the same thing.

In the progress of the ancient Irish, a form of government was established by the celebrated lawgiver, *Ollumh Fodha*, which evinced a very high state of equity and civilization; and some of the leading features of which are to be found in the British and American constitutions of the present day. This government was composed of the chief orders of the people—the princes, chiefs of the militia, doctors of learning, and bards, who were also provincial historians. The chief men of all these orders and classes met by request of this wise monarch, in the celebrated Hall of *TARA*, every third year, and there propounded a series of wise laws, which were observed, and copied in the western part of Europe, in succeeding ages, and received the denomination of "*Celestial Judgments*" from the ancient Irish, who, as well as the modern inhabitants of that country, "*Loved Justice better than Life.*"

Amongst these laws were the *Trial of the twelve men*, (trial by jury, the bulwark of freedom,) and that equitable social law, the law of *GAVIL*, which the free people of America have stamped with their estimation by engraving in their jurisprudence. It is thought by some that *ALFRED* of England invented the trial by jury; but this is a mistake. It is an Irish law, known in Ireland even before the introduction of Christianity. According to *Leland*, an English historian, O'Halleron and others, it was found by St. Patrick on his examination of the *Brehon* and *Druid* records, to have been one of their leading laws, in the arbitration of the disputes about land. *Alfred*, who was educated in the Irish College of *Tuam* in Ireland, in the ninth century, made himself acquainted with the whole fabric of Irish jurisprudence and government, and by that model framed the Constitution of England, which was continued exactly after the Irish model until the Norman conquest, in the tenth century, when the Feudal laws and primogeniture were introduced into the British system.

Mr. Mooney then proved that the Caledonians sent representatives to the Irish legislature of *Tara*, for 1500 years; that it was in fact the seat of Western empire in government, laws, literature, arts, sciences, music chivalry, &c. The laws of Ireland, from the beginning, provided for the regularity and exactitude of Irish history. An office was established in each of the four provinces of Ireland, called a *Senachie*, or "*Recorder*," whose business it was to present every third year to the National Assembly of *Tara* a faithful transcript of all that took place in his district of a public character. This was read, and ordered to be enrolled in the *Senachie more*, or book of Antiquity, which formed the commencement of the history of Ireland, and was that model which Edward the Confessor of England followed in the construction of his "*Dooms-day Book*," which is authority with lawgivers to the present day. The office of "*recorder*" is now one of administration of law both in the English and American system.

Mr. Mooney then read several authorities, all English, to prove the above and many other similar traits of ancient power and wisdom of the Irish nation. Amongst these *Warner*, the English historian, says: "Will any critic in this country (England) any longer confidently assert that the Irish had not the use of letters till after the arrival of St. Patrick and the conversion of the island to Christianity? Ought we Englishmen rather not take shame to ourselves that we have hitherto allowed that ancient, gallant people with such illiberal contempt—who had the start of the Brit-

ons for many ages IN ARTS AND SCIENCES, IN LEARNING AND LAWS."

Sir James Macintosh, speaking of Doctor O'Connor's History of Ireland—"some of Dr. O'Connor's hearers may hesitate to admit the degree of culture and prosperity he claims for his country; but no one, I think, can deny, after perusing his proofs, that the Irish were a LETTERED PEOPLE, while the Saxons were still immersed in darkness and ignorance." Another English writer, *Toland*, in his history of the British Druids, says—"at this era the Irish were the most enlightened cultivators of letters in Europe, and so great was the respect in which their learning was held by the Saxons and North Britons, that the Druids of these countries, for ages, were initiated into their arts, knowledge, and mysteries by the Irish Druids." *Cumden*, another Englishman, says—"Saint Patrick found the Irish Druids, who contended with him at *Tara*, eminently versed in Grecian literature and astronomy."

The lecturer, after reading these and other proofs, glanced at the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, which was principally effected by the ministry of St. Patrick. It appeared that by the close alliance ever preserved between the Caledonians and Irish, who were in fact one people, in language, government, customs and race, they were enabled by their combined legions to resist the Roman arms; and though Rome subjected all the then known world to her sway, she was successfully resisted by the Irish legions and Irish generals at the *Granpion Hills* which divide Scotland from England. For four centuries the contest continued under the Roman generals, *Cæsar*, *Agricola*, *Adrian*, *Severus* and others,—and none of these great Roman commanders ever could subdue the joint legions of Ireland and *Caledonia*, commanded by *Gaius Goothe*, *Cather Moore*, *Fingall*, and other Irish military chiefs; and proud and haughty Rome was at last obliged to draw a limit to her dominion, by erecting the celebrated "*Roman Wall*," that still exists above the earth, extending from the *Clyde* to *Solway Firth*, a distance of sixty miles, a monument not of Roman greatness, but of Irish and Scottish valor.

England was finally cleared of the power and oppression of the Romans, by the bravery of the Irish legions under the great *O'Niab* in the beginning of the fifth century. He not only drove them from England, but pursued them through Gaul (now France) to the very foot of the Alps, where however he fell by the hands of an assassin.—His army becoming dispirited, retired, and carried with them 200 captives into Ireland, amongst whom was *Magonius*, afterwards the apostle Patrick. These captives were sold for the term of seven years, the customs of war in those ages; and *Magonius* passed from Ireland to his native country, Gaul, on the expiration of his term. He acquired a knowledge of the Irish language, and his uncle, St. Martin, of Tours, being an ecclesiastic of the Christian faith in Gaul, he was educated in the church, and went to Rome to receive ordination as a Bishop and Missionary from his holiness the Pope. He was honored there by the distinctive title of *Patricius*, an order into which none were admitted but the patrician class. His conversion of Ireland to Christianity was effected in two years, and all those who became his followers, called their male children after him, *Patricius*, which in time was abridged to *Pat*, *Patrick*, *Paddy*—but that distinctive title, which, in the palmy days of Rome, was held in the highest honor, Mr. Mooney regretted to find was frequently made the medium of a sneer at his countrymen in this country, by ignorant persons, who know little of their own history or the history of the great nations now no more.

Mr. Mooney then took a rapid view of the spread of literature by the colleges founded by the Christian missionaries of Ireland; who, in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, penetrated into every part of Europe, establishing churches, colleges, and universities. Oxford University was founded by *Assor*, the Irish preceptor of *Alfred*. *Charlemaigne* sent to Ireland for learned men, and brought from thence *Claude Clement* and *John Scott*, who founded the university of Pavia and Paris. And Ireland earned from Europe, by its hospitality and its colleges, the honorable distinction of *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*—"Island of Saints and Doctors."

The ancient Irish, as well as the modern, cultivated passionately poetry and music.

Mr. Mooney then introduced several beautiful specimens, as well as a facsimile drawing of the celebrated "*Harp of Tara*," now deposited in the Dublin Museum, which Moore has linked to immortality by his soul inspiring verse.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

**ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.**—Many of our readers, probably, have read or heard something of the Baroness de Feucherès—an English woman, though a French Baroness—who died about two years ago, leaving an immense fortune, the succession to which has given rise to suits without number, in both the English and French Courts. One of these suits, and the latest, was brought by Messrs. Pininger & Westmacott, attorneys in London, against one of the heirs, to recover about ten thousand pounds which they claimed for services and money expended in establishing his heirship. Their counsel, in opening the case, gave the following history of the Baroness:—

The Baroness de Feucherès was of the humblest origin; she was one of ten children; her father's name was John Daw, and she was born at St. Helen's, in the Isle of Wight, in the year 1790. There was no register of her baptism, but it appeared that her parents were in the most destitute circumstances, for Sophia Daw, afterward the Baroness de Feucherès, was an inmate of the parish workhouse of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, from 1796 to 1805, when she was put out as a parish apprentice. Shortly afterward she went to live under the protection of a gentleman, who, upon breaking off his connection with her, settled on her a small annuity, which she afterward sold, and the produce of which enabled her, in 1809, to apprentice herself at a school in Chelsea, where she acquired the rudiments of that education which afterward enabled her to make so conspicuous a figure.

From 1809 till 1815 Sophia Daw resided in Gloucester street, Queen's square. Here she educated herself, acquired a knowledge of the languages, and made herself mistress of many accomplishments. During this period she also became acquainted with the Duc de Bourbon, and in the year 1815, after the peace, went over to France, and formed an intimacy with a nobleman who resided in the establishment of the Duc de Bourbon, and who afterward became her husband, Adrian Victor, Baron de Feucherès. In 1817, Sophia Daw, or as she called herself, Dawes, returned to England, and was living in Poplar street, New Kent road. For some purpose she thought it necessary or expedient, while living there, to have herself baptized as an adult. In the particulars there registered, she stated that she was born at Southampton, in 1792, and that her parents resided there.

In 1818, Sophia Dawes was married to the Baron de Feucherès. She was then possessed of 214,000 francs, which she had derived from the bounty of the Duc de Bourbon. At the time of the marriage a contract was entered into, under which the parties marrying stipulated that the survivor was to have the property possessed at the time of the marriage; but after acquired property was to be subject to the control of the parties. On the occasion of this marriage, the Baroness got her father, who was then living, to make an affidavit, in which he stated that she was born in 1795. From the time of the marriage until the year 1824, the Baron and Baroness de Feucherès resided together without any remarkable occurrence. The lady's talents and accomplishments enabled her to make a conspicuous figure at the French court, where it seems she enjoyed considerable influence.

It appeared, however, that the Baron de Feucherès entertained some suspicion as to the nature of the intimacy which existed between the Baroness and the Duc de Bourbon. To allay his suspicions, the Baroness induced the Duc de Bourbon to make a declaration that she was his natural daughter. This served the purpose for which it was intended only a short time. The nature of the connection between the Baroness and the Duke soon became too plain, and in 1829 the Baron de Feucherès obtained a regular decree of separation, or what we should call divorce, from the French courts. After this the Baroness resided openly with the Duc de Bourbon until 1830, when he died, leaving her by his will property to the amount of £500,000.

There were suspicions that he had come to his death unfairly and by violence. The Baroness de Feucherès was tried for this in the Criminal Court in France and acquitted, and it was only justice to her memory to add, that from all that had since transpired, and though all the particulars had been thoroughly investigated, there did not appear to be any foundation for this, the most serious of all the imputations on her character. Some time after her trial and acquittal, the Baroness formed the determination to return and reside in England. She purchased a place near Christchurch for about

£20,000. She purchased a house in Hyde Park square, and transmitted about £100,000 in money to England. She came over herself in 1840, being then in very bad health, and the 15th of December, 1840, she died, leaving no will, but leaving a testamentary paper, by which she left several legacies, among others one to the celebrated Odillon Barrot, and the bulk of her property to a niece, Charlotte Taillemand, the daughter of a sister who had married a Frenchman, Monsieur Taillemand.

**A DIAMOND BRACELET.**—Mrs. Sigourney received a costly diamond bracelet from the Queen of the French, as a token of regard, a short time since. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens gives an account in one of the periodicals, of a visit to Mrs. Sigourney, in which she alludes to the beautiful present as follows:

We had been conversing a full half hour, when I happened to remember my promise to the youngest member of your party, regarding the diamond bracelet. Our request to see it was granted with the utmost good nature, and the royal present brought forth—fold after fold of tissue paper was removed, the crimson case unclasped, and there lay the bracelet, coiled like a glittering serpent on its bed of white satin. It is indeed a beautiful ornament, not more remarkable for its intrinsic value than for the exquisite taste exhibited in the arrangement of every gem. A row of large, clear pearls curves round the gold where it swells upward from the clasp, and these are guarded by two corresponding rows of diamond brilliants of the purest water, a line of them curling along each side of the pearls. The gold is just sufficiently massive for elegance, and chased all over in minute scales. Indeed, the workmanship is thoroughly beautiful, worthy the taste of a queen, even of that most tasteful nation—the French.

We gathered a few flowers from the yard as we went out, to press as a memorial, and after promising to return again in the evening, took our leave, unanimously delighted with the lady the bracelet, and everything we had seen.

**A PHENOMENON.**—A friend who has just returned from the South, tells us that about forty miles this side of Tuscaloosa, on the road to Huntsville, the driver pointed to a large hole in a field, which he said was the greatest curiosity in the world. The passengers went to the spot, and found a round hole about seventy feet in diameter, with the earth on all sides apparently solid, and overgrown with grass. There was water at the bottom, apparently a hundred feet from the surface. It is at the top of a ridge of earth, upon which, at the distance of twenty rods, stood the deserted dwelling of the owner of the plantation. The driver stated that about three years ago, in the dusk of evening, the planter was startled by a rumbling noise, and stepping from his door was astonished to find that a magnificent pine tree more than a hundred feet high, and a noble oak which stood by its side in the open field, had both disappeared! On going to the spot, this hole appeared, but nothing was to be seen of the trees, nor has the top of them ever been reached, though a sounding line has been sent down three hundred feet. The planter thought it unsafe to remain so near a neighbor to such a catastrophe, lest that should befall him and his family which befell the pine and the oak; and so he removed to another house a mile distant, yet nothing of the kind has happened since, and the wonder still remains unaccounted for.—*Jour. Com.*

**ELECTION ANECDOTE.**—"Are you naturalised?" said the judge of the election, at the 1st Ward, 1st Municipality, on Monday.

He spoke to a man with a foreign look and a French accent, who presented his vote.

"Naturalised?" said the Frenchman, in astonishment—"Yes, by gar, I is—I have one, two natural eyes: but see what you shall see, I is not natural-footed,"—and here he pointed to a wooden leg—"dere," he added, "I lost dat on board de Constitution when she fought the Guerriere. Ah! dere was hot work dere, by gar!"

The Judge thought the fact of his having lost a leg in such an action was of itself a sufficient certificate of citizenship. So he took his vote.—*N. O. Picayune.*

**ALL MEN LIARS.**—A clergyman in the north of Scotland, very homely in his address, chose for his text a page in the Psalms—"I said in my haste, all men are liars." "Ay," promised his reverence by way of introduction, "ye said it in your haste, David, did ye? Gin ye had been here, ye might hae said it at yer leisure, my mon!"

**PROOFS OF AFFECTION.**—At the Middlesex county court on Thursday last, the following graphic scene took place: Commissioner—How do you get your living? Plaintiff, (a pretty looking woman)—I get 'em in the streets, sir, (laughter.) Commissioner—How, madam? Have the kindness to tell us how. Plaintiff—I sell vegetables and flowers, and other things in season. Commissioner—And how came you by that dangerously black eye? Plaintiff—Oh, that's nufink. My husband gave it me—cos he's so precious jealous? Commissioner—And pray why is he jealous? Plaintiff—Cos he likes me so, (roars of laughter.)—Commissioner (laughing)—You have striking proofs of affection, however. Plaintiff—Ar, you may laugh, but, 'pend on it, ven a man really likes a 'oman, he's sure to whop her.

**LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.**—There is philosophy here. Always look on the bright side.—No matter how dark your path may be—no matter how many briars and thorns obstruct your way—look steadily on the bright side. Happy they whose hearts are so constructed that all is bright before them. The bitter is made sweet—the dark, light—sorrow is turned into joy—grief into pleasure—and on every side the good and the beautiful, the bright and the glorious, triumph over sin and deformity, fear and doubt, and the very heavens that gather blackness to the suspicious and mooping, are hung in vestments of glory and grandeur—so beautiful that the heart cannot contemplate them without bursting with fulness of joy.—*Portland Tribune.*

"Susan, my dear, stand up and let the gentlemen see what you have learned at school. What does c-h-a-i-r spell?" "I don't know, marm." "Why, you ignorant critter, what do you always sit on?" "Oh! marm, I won't tell!" "Won't tell! why what upon airth is the matter with the gal? Speak, I tell you." "Oh! I didn't think you know'd it—it was Bill Cross's knee—but he never kissed me but twice!" "Artquakes and apple sass, I shall faint!"

**A GENUINE PADDY.**—An Irishman yesterday called on a benevolent clergyman of this town and asked for aid as one of the Fall River sufferers—which was readily granted. The reverend gentleman proceeded to question the "sufferer" as to the extent and nature of his loss, and where his property was situated. He replied that he had not as yet lived in Fall River; "but, please your Reverence," says Pat, "I am expectin' to go there in a very few days!"—*New Bedford Bulletin.*

**DANCING.**—"I am now an old fellow," says Cowper, in one of his letters; "but I had once my dancing days as you have now; yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as conversing with her at home, when I could observe her behavior at table, or at the fireside, and in all trying scenes of domestic life. We are all good, when pleased; but she is the good woman who wants not the *fidale* to sweeten her."

"Patrick," said an employer the other morning to one of the workmen, "you come late this morning; the other men were at work an hour before you."

"Sure, and I'll be even with them to-night, then."

"How, Patrick?"

"Why, faith, I'll quit an hour before 'em all sure."

An ignorant fellow being about to be married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the service; but by mistake got by heart the office of baptism for riper years; so when he was asked in the church—"Wilt thou have this woman, etc." he answered, "I renounce them all." The clergyman said, "I think you are a fool;" to which he replied, "All this I steadfastly believe."

**STYLE.**—A pedantic fellow was complaining to the celebrated Lord Erskine, that he had fallen over his brother's Park gate and "extensively abraded the epidermis on the facial portion of his person." His lordship remarked, that it was a most fortunate circumstance his brother's gate was not as high as his style, or he would evidently have broken his neck.

A boy looking at the moon the other morning, remarked that it must be pretty near out of chance.

"Why so?" asked another.

"Because I see it has got its last quarter," replied the urchin.

**THE CRAVAT.**—A medical writer in the Newburgh Telegraph offers a series of arguments against the bandage which men wear round their necks. Besides being very injurious to the throat, he contends that it is no addition to personal appearance. An example is given of the other sex. They are seldom addicted to throat diseases, and yet they never bandage their necks in the coldest weather.—Sensible men will generally agree with the Newburgh Doctor. One thing at least is certain. If it be expedient to wear cravats in winter it is wholly unnecessary, and exceedingly annoying in summer. We copy our fashions from England and France, where the intense heat experienced in the United States, is rarely known.—The wiser mode would be to imitate the costume of the Russians one half the year and of the Arabs the other half. With the thermometer at 90 deg., a man might almost prefer hanging at once, to the wearing of a handkerchief round his neck.—*Phil. N. American.*

The fountain at Union Park, being in full play and illuminated with gas lights, attracts crowds of visitors, and is really a splendid affair. A new feature has been introduced, by the hiring of chairs after the French fashion. One of our Broadway exquisites, on Wednesday evening, was about to accommodate himself with a seat: "Those chairs are to hire, Sir," said the woman in attendance. "How much?" "Two cents each." "Give me five," said the dandy. The woman collected, and brushed the chairs, and he seated himself on one—hung an arm over the other two—and a leg for each; coolly took out a principe cigar, lit it with a loco foco match, and in this position gazed most luxuriously on the foaming cascade, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. "May I trouble you for one of those chairs for a lady?" said one of the pedestrians. "Cant part with any—hired'em all, sir—Mrs. Thingamy there wil accommodate you."—*Noah's Messenger.*

Wilson, of the Planters' Banner, tells an anecdote of a young Irishman who recently underwent an examination at Opelousas, preparatory to the practice of the law. "Suppose," said one of the legal gentlemen, "a man had stolen a sheep in St. Mary and was taking it to St. Landry, could he be prosecuted for it in one of the intermediate Parishes, if arrested?" "Yis," said the candidate for legal honors. "Give us your reasons," said the lawyer. "Why," said Pat, "because the law considers that he was stayling of it all the way." He was allowed to pass.

**NOMENCLATURE.**—A gentleman at the West named his eldest daughter "Thomas Jefferson," having previously "taken a vow" to name his first child for the hero of Democracy. His two next children, sons, he named "One" and "Two," and determined to name his remaining daughters after the States of the Union, beginning at the West. He had got as far as "Illinois" and "Indiana," when our informant "came away."—*Boston Adv.*

A few days since, a Jonathan from the country who had taken lodgings at the American House, was rather surprised when he came to the dinner table, to see nothing on it. "What will you have?" asked the waiter. Jonathan stared about him—"I dun know." "Would you like a bill of the fare, sir?" "Thank ye—I don't care if I do take a small piece!"—*Uncle Sam.*

Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die, even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done, is like a vein of water flowing hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day it will start forth as a visible perennial well.—*Carlyle.*

Reader, always go the "big figure." Always aim at "high grass." Always endeavor to assume a position among the intelligent and refined. Remember, that in the great theatre of human life, as somebody says, a box ticket will take you all over the house.

A country editor, in speaking of a steamboat, says: "She had twelve births in her ladies' cabin." "Oh, life of me," exclaimed an old lady on reading the above, "what a squalling there must have been."

Digby says he never sees an unsocial person but what he thinks of Swift's remark, "that there are some solitary wretches, who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private."

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1843.

**HOW TO DO GOOD.**—A quaint writer who takes to himself the cognomen of Chas. Quill, gives a short and easy method of doing good, which will be found as effectual a one as can be adopted.—He says—"Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. Begin at the Centre and work outwards. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some pecadillo, some undesirable gesture, sour your visage towards a sister or daughter, pray cease to teach beneficence on a large scale. Begin at the next door neighbor, whether relative, servant, or superior. Account the man you meet the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. 'How can I make him or her happier?' This is the question. If a dollar will do it, give the dollar. If advice will do it, give advice. If a look, a smile, or a warm pressure of the hand, or a tear will do it, give the look, smile, hand or tear. But never forget that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributory atom every moment."

There is a tavern not far from the city called the "Fintish Inn." A poor fellow, half corned, asked a passer by what it ment? "It means," said the stranger, "that when they get hold of a chap that likes grog, they never let him go until his pocket is emptied, or he 'finished'—that is, ready dressed for the grave!" "Well, I guess I'll not stop there," said the bruiser. "I have heard of such places before, and I guess I'll find the Washingtonians, who, I understand, 'finish' work differently."

**AN UNLUCKY BRIDEGROOM.**—A minister of the gospel in Stonington, Connecticut, recently married or pretended to marry a daughter of his deceased wife by a former husband. The people of his neighborhood not liking this match have taken to serenading him every night with tin pans, horns and shells, and have thus rendered his situation very uncomfortable.

**THE ONLY DIFFERENCE.**—It was said at the meeting of the Washingtonians on Sunday, that there was only this slight difference in the reception met with by drunkards when they had money and when they had none. In the one case, the rum-sellers gave them their right hand;—in the other their right foot.

**MUSQUITOES.**—The Charleston Mercury says: "We doubt if 'the oldest inhabitant' can recall a time when the mosquitoes were so numerous, their bills so sharp, their manners so bad, and their perseverance so irresistible, as in this month of August 1843. We speak advisedly."

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**PEERIRA ON FOOD AND DIET.**—This is a valuable work, upon a very interesting subject. Its author is a distinguished London physician, and he treats his subject in a most lucid and learned manner. The various articles used as food are submitted to a critical analysis. Their chemical properties are very clearly defined, in connection with their alimentary principles. The nutritious, power of bread, rice, potatoes, fish, meat, sugar, &c. &c. &c. are given, and the proper regimen for dyspeptics, for persons in delicate health, &c. are also stated in a clear and comprehensive manner. Tables of the food used in various London hospitals are also given, together with numerous other tables, highly useful to the physician and general reader.

The American editor, Dr. C. A. LEE, accompanies the text with valuable notes, which add greatly to the value of the work, for the American public.

The work is said to be the most scientific and valuable of any which has been published upon this subject. It is full of useful matter, and cannot fail to be useful to those who study it. It contains a very little heresy upon the subject of beer and other intoxicating drinks; but it has so much that is good upon the same subject, that the total-abstinence reader will not be disposed to find much fault with it.

It is a large volume, beautifully printed by J. & H. LANGLEY, New York, and may be had at the bookstores in this city.

**"THE DOWNFALL OF ALCOHOL."**—This is the title of a very excellent temperance discourse, which Dr. HUME has just published. It is neatly got up, and contains a great deal of really interesting matter. The subject is handled ingeniously and with effect. It makes a pamphlet of 36 pages, and may be had at the bookstores. We hope the friends of the cause may be induced to purchase copies, for the proceeds would be of service to the author, while the address itself will be of essential service to all who read it.

**"MARY & MARTHA,** or the two friends" is the title of a new story off domestic life, from the pen of Mrs. ELLIS, author of the "daughters of England," &c. It is a beautiful tale, with a fine moral. Published by the New World.

**"BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE."**—MASON's reprint of Blackwood's Magazine for August, has appeared. It is well filled with choice matter. "Marston" is said to be written by the author of "Ten thousand a year."

**"THE VILLAGE DOCTORS, AND OTHER TALES,** BY T. S. ARTHUR."—These are excellent little stories—each enforcing a useful moral in a most impressive manner. We wish every one could read them. For sale at JONES's, Arcade Hall.

**EMPHATIC AND NEAT.**—A steamboat captain, after hearing JOHN QUINCY ADAMS speak, is said to have made the following quaint remark: "Oh! that we could take the engine out of the old "Adams," and put it in a new hull!"

**"ALISON'S HISTORY, No. 13."**—This grand work is rapidly reaching its termination. The present number is rich in description and incident. For sale at Hoyt's.

**THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY MAGAZINE** is one of the best family periodicals of the day. It is published monthly in New York, and is very neatly got up. For sale at JONES' News Room.

**AN INDULGENT MOTHER.**—A likely young man somewhat raw of aspect, but anxious for a marriage license, presented the following missive yesterday at the clerk's office on a well thumbed paper:

"this is to certify that i give my consent to — mi sun to git mared to hoo he pleases this given under my hand This day of our Lord 1843 July the 26 ————— her mark"

An eccentric beggar thus laconically addressed a lady, "Will you, ma'am, give me a drink of water, for I am so hungry I don't know where to stop to-night?" We doubt whether more meaning could be embodied in so few words.

A coxcomb talking of the transmigration of souls, said, "In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was the golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady—"time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

**"The Handkerchief!—The Handkerchief!"** cried Othello—"Dang it," said a sailor in the pit—"blow your nose with your fingers, and go on with the play."

**LETTER OF THE LAW.**—A girl was tried for stealing a pair of black stockings; but it being proved upon evidence that they were odd ones, she was acquitted.

Poetry.

From the Western Literary Messenger.

The Toil Hardened Hand.

Let the fool plume himself on a delicate hand,  
Excelling the snow flake in pureness of white;  
Of a softness like velvet, exquisitely bland  
To the feeling of touch and enjoy his delight.

I envy him not a possession so rare,  
My ambition aspires something higher than this,  
Though dainties and dunces may think and declare  
A snowy soft hand the perfection of bliss.

Let the fop with his lotions, cosmetics, cologne,  
Eau'de rose, and pearl powder, and sweet ottar, gul,  
Lave, anoint, and perfume, and the soft hands own—  
He owns in addition, a much softer skull.

He sees in the soft hand the texture of wit;  
He deems it the measure of talent and worth;  
Fond fool, he possesses of neither no whit—  
His hand is his intellect, empire and earth.

Away with his wisdom, that is but skin deep;  
Fops, dandies, and dunces, off, each to his den,  
I take not the hand of a coxcomb, but keep  
My respects and salutations for much better men.

But give me the grasp of the toil hardened hand;  
How honest its pressure, how frank its rough hold;  
There's truth in its welcome,—though ragged and tanned,  
I value it higher than silver or gold.

The toil hardened hand gives me proof of a soul,  
Not to vanity wedded, conceit and false shame;  
But faithful and fearless, with God for its goal,  
And justice its object, its practice and aim.

The toil hardened hand is the index of truth,  
Independence, integrity, intellect, pride—  
Not the pride horn of folly, the rose of youth,  
But the pride the heart teaches with truth for its guide.

The toil hardened hand is the hand of the free,  
The bold, the deserving, the manly, the good,  
Who cling to the fetters? who bows the slack knee  
To the tyrant as none but a slave-spirit could?

Not to be with the toil hardened hand!—no, he stands  
Erect in the image of God, and the chain,  
Though its links be of silver, and golden its bands,  
He spurns—will be free, and his freedom maintains!

The toil hardened hand, though its owner be poor,  
Farmers, artisans, laborers, how humble so'er—  
Is the hand clasping honor, and honored the more,—  
And the hand the Almighty must hold the most dear.

Then give me the grasp of the toil hardened hand,  
How honest its pressure! how frank its rough hold!  
There's truth in its welcome, and rugged and tanned,  
I prize it yet higher than silver or gold.

A Thousand a Year.

The reader, to fully appreciate the beauty of this bal-  
lad, should hear Russell sing it to his own inimitable music.

"If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green,  
If I had but a thousand a year!  
What a man I would be, and what sights would I see,  
If I had but a thousand a year."

"The best wish you could have, take my word, Robin  
Rough,  
Would scarce find you in bread or in beer;  
But be honest and true, and say, what would you do,  
If you had but a thousand a year?"

"I'd do—faith, I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green,  
I'd go—yet I scarcely know where:—  
I'd scatter the chink, and leave others to think,  
If I had but a thousand a year."

"But when you are aged and gray, Robin Rough,  
And the day of your death it draws near,  
Say, what with your pains, would you do with your gains,  
If you then had a thousand a year?"

"I scarcely can tell what you mean, Gaffer Green,  
For your questions are always so queer;  
But, as other folks die, I suppose so must I—  
"What, and give up your thousand a year?"

"There's a place that is better than this, Robin Rough,  
And I hope in my heart you'll go there,  
Where the poor man's as great, though he hath no estate,  
As if he'd a thousand a year."

Be Kind to Each Other.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone!  
Then 'midst our dejection,  
How sweet to have earned  
The best recollection  
Of kindness—returned!  
When day hath departed  
And Memory keeps  
Her watch broken hearted,  
Where all she loved sleeps!

Let falsehood assail not,  
Nor envy disprove—  
Let trifles prevail not—  
Against those we love!  
Nor change with to-morrow,  
Should fortune take wing,  
But the deeper the sorrow,  
The closer still cling!  
Oh, be kind to each other!  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone!

From the Cincinnati Gazette.  
Recollections of Childhood.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

Oh! bright they gleam in mem'ry's rays,  
And sweet the thoughts they bring—  
The visions of my childhood days,  
When life was one long spring;  
When forth from ev'ry waving tree,  
And ev'ry flow'ret's cup—  
Sweet strains of low voiced minstrelsy  
To Heaven's blue arch went up.

No other skies seem half so fair  
As those of earlier days—  
Which blend my childish voice of prayer  
With Nature's song of praise.  
In dreams they hang above me yet,  
Just as intensely blue,  
As when my heart from out their depths  
Sweet inspiration drew.

I wonder if the Moon's pale light  
Still falls within my bow—  
To beam upon the tandrified vine,  
And silver o'er the flower;  
Perchance those vines are torn away,  
Those trees all lowly laid—  
And crushed to earth the cherished flowers,  
Which grew beneath their shade.

I hope they've spared the aged thorn,  
Which grew beside the brink—  
With shining leaves and snowy buds  
So faintly tinged with pink;  
To shed upon the summer air,  
Its fragrant breath at even,  
As when each blossom seemed an urn  
Whence incense rose to Heaven!

Oh! oft in thought I seem to rove  
Again the pebbly shore,  
And listen to the lute-like tones,  
I ne'er shall list to more!  
Soft as the light upon that sea,  
Those silv'ry voices come—  
Sweet as its low-breathed melody,  
On mem'ry's waters borne!

Land of my love! forever dear!  
Again and yet again,  
Thy mem'ries come my heart to cheer;  
Like some familiar strain,  
Which brings sweet thoughts of love and home,  
The pilgrim's spirit o'er,  
And bids the shadows flit away,  
Which veiled his path before!  
Oxford, Ohio.

Love.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

When the tree of Love is budding first,  
Ere yet its leaves are green;  
Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nursed,  
Its infant life has been;  
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring  
The buds from off the tree,  
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing  
Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found  
A home in the free air,  
Pluck them, and there remains a wound  
That ever rankles there.  
The blight of hope and happiness  
Is felt when fond ones part,  
And the bitter tear that follows, is  
The life blood of the heart.

When the flame of love is kindled first,  
'Tis the fire-fly's light at even,  
'Tis dim as the wandering stars that burst,  
In the blue of the summer heaven.  
A breath can bid it burn no more,  
Or if at times its beams  
Come on the memory, they pass o'er  
Like shadows in our dreams.

But when that flame has blazed into  
A being and a power,  
And smiled in scorn upon the dew  
That fell in its warm hour,  
'Tis the dame that curls round the martyr's head  
Whose task is to destroy;  
'Tis the lamp on the alters of the dead,  
Whose light is not of joy!

Then crush, even in their hour of birth,  
The infant buds of Love,  
And tread his growing fire to earth,  
Ere 'tis dark in clouds above;  
Cherish no more a cypress tree  
To shade thy future years,  
Nor nurse a heart flame that may be  
Quenched only with thy tears.

From the Norridgewock Press.

During Divine service at Rev. Mr. Peet's Church, last Sunday, and while the choir were singing the second hymn, a beautiful bird made its appearance, and after flying about in different parts of the house, occasionally joining with the singers a note or two of "sweetest music," departed, like the dove from Noah's ark, through the window.

Hast thou come from above, thou sweet bird of Spring,  
To make us of earth, a visit, and bring,  
Pere blessings from Him, who ruleth on high,  
And wisheth his children in goodness to vie?

Or wert thou so charmed with the music divine,  
As to unwittingly quit the grove and the vine,  
To hover awhile in the presence of prayer,  
And seek to divert the attention from care?

'Tis ominous sure of goodness to see,  
A bird of bright promise and glory in thee,  
But tell me, sweet bird, if in heaven above,  
Thou singest thy songs, of exquisite love?

From Bentley's Miscellany.  
Calm be her Sleep.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Calm be her sleep! as the breast of the ocean,  
When the sun is realising upon its still wave;  
She dreams not of life, nor its stormy commotion,  
For the surges of trouble recede from her grave!

Calm be her sleep! as the winds that are sighing  
Their last faintest echo amid the green trees;  
No murmur can reach her—unconsciously lying,  
She heeds not the tempest, she heeds not the breeze!

Calm be her sleep! as the flower that closes  
Its beautiful petal in night's chilling air!  
She has folded her shroud, too, and sweetly reposes—  
Oh! far be the sorrow that dimmed once so fair!

Calm be her sleep! as the whisper of even,  
When the hands have been clasped, and the knees bent  
In prayer;  
She has chanted her hymn at the portal of heaven,  
And found the affection denied to her here!

Calm be her sleep! may the breathing of slander  
O'erhade not the pillow bedewed with our tears!  
Away from her turf may the cruel words wander  
That clothed her young spirit in darkness and fears!

Calm be her sleep! may the tall grass wave lightly  
Above the meek bosom that blessed us of yore;  
Like a bird, it has found out a region more brightly  
To nestle its pinion—but glad as no more!

Marriages.

In this city, on Wednesday, the 23d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Bassett, Mr. Charles Harrison, of Syracuse, to Miss Marion W. Young, of this city.

At Penn Yan, on Tuesday evening, 29th inst., by the Rev. James Richards, THEODORE B. HAMILTON, Esq., of this city, to Miss EMILY, daughter of the Hon. Henry Welles.

In Bergen, on Tuesday, Aug. 29, by the Rev. Josiah Pierson, Mr. LANSING W. HOYT to Miss LOUISA GENETTE PIERSON, all of that place.

On the 29th instant, by Elder Savage, ELKANAH B. PHILLIPS, to SUSAN C., eldest daughter of Truman Brown, all of Chili.

At Pittsford, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Richardson, Mr. JAMES G. SHEPARD, Attorney at Law, Nashville, Tennessee, to Miss MARY A. COGSWELL, daughter of William Cogswell, Esq., of Pittsford.

In Wheeland, by Rev. Gibbon Williams, E. G. WOOLCOTT, Esq., of Lockport, to LOUISA, daughter of Gen. Theron Brown.

In Batavia, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Corwin, John E. Bishop, M. D., to Miss Lydia A., daughter of Dea. E. Barkley, all of that town.

In Mizville, Allegany county, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. H. K. Stinson, Mr. Truman E. Goodrich, merchant of Warsaw, to Miss Julia A. Ruggles, of the former place.

In Perry, on the 6th inst., by Rev. J. Parker, Mr. Cha's Halsey, of Henrietta, Monroe co., to Miss Fanny W. Smith, of Perry.

At Fenner, Madison co., on Tuesday, 22d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Pickseley, C. F. Croaman, of Rochester, to Miss Mary L. Wilson, only daughter of the Hon. Thomas Wilson, of Fenner.

In Batavia, at St. John's Church, by Rev. Allen Steele, Mr. Franklin L. Goodrich, Printer, to Miss Mary Hurlburt, daughter of George Hurlburt, Esq.

In Attica, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Richard Morse and Miss Jerusha, daughter of Grove Cooley, Esq.

In Middlebury, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Fellows, Mr. Albert Plumly, of Lima, and Miss Nancy Cox, of the former place.

At East Bethany, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Motell, Mr. Henry E. Hayden, of Detroit, Michigan, to Miss Mary E. Aldrich, of the former place.

At Utica, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. David Plumb, Mr. C. H. Buhl, of Detroit, to Miss Caroline, daughter of James C. Delong, Esq., of the former place.

ELECTION NOTICE—Sheriff's Office, Monroe County—Rochester, Aug. 24, 1843.—A general Election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday 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 15, 1843.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:  
Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Senator for the Eighth Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will occur by the expiration of the term of service of Abram Dixon, on the last day of December next. Also the following county officers, to wit:—  
Three Members of Assembly.  
A Sheriff, in the place of Charles L. Pardee, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.  
A County Clerk, in the place of James W. Smith, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.  
And four Coroners, in the place of the present incumbents, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully,  
S. YOUNG,  
Secretary of State.

N. B. The editors of all the public newspapers printed in the county of Monroe, will please give the above notice one insertion in each week until the election, and present your bill to me immediately for payment.

au25 CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

Terms..One Dollar per annum, in advance.



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### Popular Tales.

From the Mas. of a late Physician.  
THE ANGEL BRIDE.

It was evening—the evening of a Summer Sabbath. The sweet hush of nature unbroken by a single sound of busy life, harmonized but too painfully with the oppressive stillness which pervaded the chamber whither my footsteps were bent. It was on the ground floor of a pretty residence in the outskirts of the village of G——. Its open windows overlooked a garden where taste and beauty reigned supreme—a second Eden, which extended with a scarce perceptible declination to the very margin of the stream, where it was bounded by a white picket, and a hedge of low trimmed shrubbery, over which the eye caught the flashing waters as they swept on glowing in the crimson radiance of sunset.

I entered the house, and stepped lightly along a carpeted passage, tapped softly at the door of the chamber of sickness—aye, of death!

“Welcome, Doctor!” said the silvery voice of a lady, who sat by a low couch, partially hung with white drapery. “Welcome! the dear sufferer is now in a quiet slumber—but must be presently awake, and one of her first enquiries will be for you.”

“How is your sweet Lucy now?”

“She has been quiet and apparently comfortable all day. It is her Sabbath, doctor, as well as the worshippers who go to the earthly courts of Zion. Oh,” she added, while the sunlight of joy irradiated her features, pale with long vigils at the bedside of her sweet Lucy, “oh, how full of consolation is this scene of mortal suffering, of early bitterness, of expiring hope!”

“Yes, my dear friend,” I replied, “your cup of affliction is indeed sweetened from on high. I have seen death to-day clad in robes of terror. He took from my hopeless care a victim all unprepared, even after long and fearful warning; and the recollection of the sad struggle, the terrible anguish of the vanquished, the fierce triumph of the conqueror, and the piercing wail of exhausted nature, haunt my memory still, and even in this earthly paradise I cannot forget them.”

“And is poor Edward gone at last to his dread account? Oh, how fearful!” and the gentle lady covered her face and wept.

Some time elapsed. I lingered at the couch of Lucy till she should awake, and taking from the stand a small though elegant copy of the Bible, I opened its silver clasp, and my eye caught the simple inscription on the fly leaf—“To my Lucy—a parting gift from Clarence.” I had designed to read a portion of the word, but my thoughts were for the time engrossed.

I had known Lucy May from her infancy, and she was scarcely less dear to me than my own daughter. Indeed, they had grown up like twin blossoms, and were together almost every hour in the day. Seventeen summers they had each numbered—though Lucy was some months older. No brother or sister had either of them, and hence the intensity of mutual love. Their thoughts, their affections, their pursuits were in common. They called each other sister, and their intercourse honored the endearing name.

And Clarence—the giver of the little volume in my hand—who was he? Clarence Hamilton was the son of my best earthly friend, and a nobler youth in all the lofty faculties and endowments of the heart and intellect, never rejoiced in the vigor of life and early manhood. To him had Lucy been betrothed more than a year, and he was now absent from the village, though we

trusted when each sun rose that its setting would fetch him back in answer to our cautious summons. Especially had hope and expectation grown within our hearts on that evening, yet had not a word been spoken on the subject by the widowed mother of the lovely Lucy. At length, however, she raised her head and observed the open volume in my hand, she said, in an assumed tone of cheerfulness—

“I hope Clarence will come this evening. It is now—”

“Clarence!” said the sweet patient, opening her dark eyes, and looking eagerly around. Her eye rested only on her mother and myself, and with a slight quiver, and a sad smile, she said—

“He is not come.”

“No my darling, he has not yet come; but there is more than an hour to the close of the day, and then—”

“God grant he may come,” said the maiden, and she added with energy, “if it be His holy will. Oh! doctor, my dear, kind friend, your Lucy is wearing away fast, is she not?” and then observing the emotion which I attempted to conceal, she said, “but I am better to-day, am I not? Where is Ellen? Why does she not come?” Her mother turned an inquiring glance on me as I took the thin white hand of the young girl in mine, and marked the regular but feeble beatings of the pulse.

“Shall I send for your daughter, doctor?” she asked.

I acquiesced, and in a few moments Ellen was sobbing most violently, with her face hidden on the bosom of her sister.

“Ellen, my sweet sister,” said Lucy, “your father has told me that I must leave,” and her voice faltered, “my own dear mother, and——” but she did not utter the name of her lover, for at that moment the voice of one of the domestics was distinctly heard.

“He is come! Mr. Clarence is come! Now God bless my dear young lady.” Lucy uttered a scream of joy, and clasping Ellen around the neck murmured, “Father in Heaven, I thank thee!” and then fainted with excess of happiness. Her swoon was brief. She recovered almost immediately, and her face was radiant with happiness.

Clarence Hamilton was pursuing his studies at a distant College, and the letter which summoned him to C——, had scarcely intimated danger in the illness of his betrothed. It had been delayed on the way, and but half of its journey had sufficed to bring the eager student to the spot where his heart had stored its affections, and centered its hopes next to heaven; for Clarence was more than a high-souled, noble-hearted man; he was a disciple of Jesus Christ, and he was getting himself ready to be an apostle of his holy religion. He had nearly completed his course of studies, and was then to be united to the beautiful Lucy May.

Three months before the Sabbath evening of which we write, Lucy was in health, and with her companion Ellen, was performing her delightful duties as a Sabbath school teacher. Returning home she was exposed to a sudden storm of rain, and took cold. Her constitution, naturally weak, was speedily affected, and consumption, that terrible foe to youth and beauty, seized upon her as another victim for its mighty holocaust of death. At first the type of her disease was mild, but within three weeks it had assumed a fearful character, and now her days were evidently few.

For this dreadful intelligence, Clarence was not prepared. He feared, but he hoped more, and though his heart was heavy, hope kindled a bright

smile on his manly face as he entered the little parlor, where he had spent so many hours of exquisite happiness. He had alighted from the stage just before it entered the village, and proceeded at once to the residence of Lucy.

As Mrs. May entered the room, the smile on his lips faded, for her pale face told a tale to his heart.

“Clarence, my dear Clarence, you have the welcome of fond hearts.”

“How is Lucy? Why is your face so deadly pale? Oh! she is not dangerously ill—tell me,” and a thought of misery came into his heart—“she is—oh my God, my Father in heaven, strengthen me!—she is dying—even now dying!”

“Nay, nay, Clarence,” said the mother, soothingly, “Lucy lives, and we must hope for the best; be not alarmed if you see her face even paler than my own. Are you able to see her now?”

There was but little consolation to his fears in the reply of Mrs. May. Lucy was living, but there was an anguish in the expression “hope for the best,” and he said hurriedly,

“Oh, take me to her at once—now,” and he pressed his hand on his throbbing brow, and then sinking on his knees, while Mrs. May knelt beside him, he entreated God, in a voice choked with emotion, for strength to bear this trial, to kiss the rod of chastisement, to receive the bitter with the sweet; and prayed that the cup might pass away from him, even as did his Master in the days of his incarnation and anguish, he arose, and with a calm voice said—

“I can see her now.”

At this moment I joined them, with Lucy’s earnest request that Clarence should come to her at once. We entered the chamber just as Ellen had partially opened a blind, and the last rays of sunlight streamed through into the room, and fell for a moment on the white cheek of Lucy, rendering its hue still more snowy. Alas! for Clarence.—As his earnest gaze met the eyes of his betrothed—her whom he had left in the very flush and perfection of youthful loveliness—now how changed! His heart sank within him, and with a wild sob of anguish he clasped her pale thin fingers, and kissed her colorless lips, kneeling the while at the side of her couch.

“Clarence, my own Clarence,” said the sweet girl, with an effort to rise, which she did, supported by his arm. He spoke not—he could not—dared not speak.

“Clarence, cheer up my beloved;” but her fortitude failed, and all she could do was to bury her face in her lover’s bosom and weep. We did not attempt to check her grief; nay, we wept with them and sorrow for a while had its luxury of tears unrestrained.

Clarence at length broke silence.

“Lucy, my own dear Lucy! God forgive me for my own selfish grief;” and he added fervently, lifting his tearful eyes to heaven, “Father, give us grace to bear this trial aright,” and turning to me, added, “Pray for us, doctor—oh! pray that we may have strength to meet this hour like Christians.”

When the voice of prayer ceased, all feelings were calmed, but I deemed it advisable to leave the dear patient to a brief repose; and Ellen alone remaining we retired to the parlor, where Clarence learned from us more of her illness, of her true condition, for I dared not delude him with false hopes.

“Doctor,” he said, with visible anguish, “is there no hope?”

“Not of recovery, I fear, though she may linger along some time with us, and be better than she is to-day.”

"Then God's will be done," said the young man, while a holy confidence lightened up his face, now scarcely less pale than that of his betrothed Lucy.

Day after day the dear girl lingered, and many sweet hours of converse did Clarence and Lucy pass together; once even she was permitted to spend a few moments in the portico of the house; and as Clarence supported her, and saw a tinge of health overspread her cheek, hope grew strong in his heart. But Lucy doubted not that she should die shortly, and happily this conviction had reached her heart, ere Clarence came, so that the agony of her grief in prospect of separation from him, had yielded to the blissful anticipation of heaven, that glorious clime where she would, ere long, meet those from whom 'twas "more than death to part."

"Dearest Lucy," said Clarence, as they stood gazing on the summer flowers, "you are better, love. May not our heavenly Father yet spare you to me—to your mother—to cousin Ellen—to happiness?"

"Ah! Clarence, do not speak of this. It will only end in deeper bitterness. I must go—and, Clarence, you must not mourn when I exchange even this bright world for the Paradise of Immortality."

Clarence could not answer. He pressed her hand and drew her closer to his throbbing heart and she resumed, pointing to a bright cluster of amaranth—"See, there, Clarence, "is the emblem of the life and the joys to which I am hastening."

Three weeks had passed. It was again the evening of the Sabbath. I stood by the couch of Lucy May. Her mother and Mary sat on either side, and Clarence Hamilton supported on a pillow in his arms the head of the fair girl. Disease had taken the citadel, and waited its surrender to death.

The man of God, her pastor from childhood, now entered the room, and Lucy greeted him affectionately; and when he said, "Is it well with thee, my daughter?—is it well with thy soul?"—she answered, in a clear, confiding tone of voice—

"It is well! Blessed Redeemer, thou art my only trust."

Clarence now bent his head close to the head of Lucy, and whispered in her ear, but so distinctly that we all heard—

"Lucy, since you may not be mine in life, oh dearest, be mine in death; let me follow you to the grave as my wedded wife, and I shall have the blissful consolation of anticipating a re-union in heaven."

The eye of the dying girl lighted up with a quick and sudden joy, as she smilingly answered—

"It is well, Clarence—and I would fain bear thy name before I die!"

We were startled at this strange request and answer, but no heart or lip ventured to oppose it. Lucy then said—

"Mother, dear mother, deny not my last request. Will you and Ellen dress me in my bridal robe? I will wear it to my tomb."

Clarence also besought Mrs. May to grant this wish, and let him win a bride and a mother; and she answered—

"As you and Lucy will; but it will be"—and her heart spoke—"it will be a mournful bridal."

Lucy now motioned us from the room, and we retired. Clarence was the first to speak:

"You will not blame me that I seek, even in the arms of death, to make her my wife. Oh! how much of bliss has been crowded into this one anticipation; and though it will be indeed a 'sad bridal,' it will sweeten the cup of bitterness which is now pressed to my lips."

In a few minutes we re-entered that hallowed chamber; the light of day had faded, and a single lamp was burning on the stand. Lucy was arrayed in a muslin robe, which scarcely outrivalled her cheek in whiteness, save where the deep hectic, now heightened by excitement, flushed it. Clarence seated himself by her, she was raised to a sitting posture, and supported in his arms. She placed her wasted hand in his, and said, half playfully and half sadly, "'Tis a worthless offering, Clarence."

He pressed it to his fevered lips—his face pale and flushed by turns. The minister arose and stood before them, and in a few words and simple, united those two lovely beings in a tie which all felt must be broken ere another sun should rise. Yet was that tie registered and acknowledged in heaven.

As the holy man pronounced them "one flesh," and lifted up his hand and voice in benediction,

Lucy put her feeble arms around Clarence, and in a low voice murmured—

"My husband!"

"My wife!" responded Clarence, and their lips met in a long and sweet embrace.

We gave them congratulation through quick tears, and exchanged the sweet kiss of holy love and friendship.

That night, before the last hour, the angel Azrael came as a messenger of peace to that bridal chamber, and though new fountains of earthly bliss had been opened in the heart of Lucy Hamilton, she repined not at the summons, but while heavenly joy sat on her features, and her lips murmured "peace—farewell, husband—mother—sister—all," her pure spirit took its flight, and her lifeless body lay in the ardent embrace of the wretched but humble Clarence, who still lingers in this weary world, doing his Master's work, and waiting his Master's will to be re-united to his Angel Bride in heaven.

## The Old World.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

### LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY THURLOW WEED.

BELFAST, (Ireland) Aug. 3, 1843.

We left Dublin, with an American party six strong, in the Royal Mail Coach for this place.—The distance is 80 Irish or about 100 American miles, which was driven in 12 hours. The suburbs of Dublin, in this direction, are less beautiful, and exhibit a population less comfortably housed than in other quarters. Ashbourne, a new village, is the first place for changing horses. Here is an ancient tower in good repair.

The next point of interest is Drogheda, a town situated on the river Boyne, with a population of more than 20,000, whose annals are replete with stirring events. After a gallant resistance in 1641, its defenders were finally overpowered and put to the sword by Cromwell's Army. Here is an obelisk commemorating King William's victory in 1690. This place abounds in antiquities, among which is a priory erected by King Richard II.; an Augustine abbey; a castle once inhabited by the archbishop of Armagh; the remains of Monasterborie abbey, &c. &c. There are several fine modern structures, among which is St. Peter's church and spire, of hewn stone; the Linen hall, corn market, barracks, hospital, &c. The general aspect of the town, however, is any thing but pleasant. It presents no indications of prosperity. Its population, to a great extent, are evidently unemployed, and there is consequently a corresponding amount of destitution and suffering. The harbor and bay of Drogheda, extending some two or three miles from the Irish sea, are vainly inviting the trade and commerce for which the town and its inhabitants are languishing. There is a deep and strong Repeal sentiment at Drogheda, which, for the present, keeps hope alive, but when these hopes are blasted, should that unfortunately happen, desperate men, with hungry wives and children, will do desperate things.

Dundalk is a fine town with several spacious public buildings, and is surrounded with rich fields and parks, but is not otherwise interesting.—There is a field here, and hereabouts, for the benevolent labors of Father Mathew.

Newry is a pleasant, bustling, active, manufacturing town, enjoying a very good coasting trade. A canal, navigable for vessels of 150 to 200 tons, passes from Carlingford Bay through the town.—The descent from the Dublin road into Newry is by a steep hill, from which you have a delightful view of the town and bay. It is refreshing to find, in oppressed Ireland, here and there a spot where the evidences of comparative prosperity and happiness exist. The Abbey of Newry was founded in the 12th century by Mac Laughlin, and endowed by Hugh de Lacy. Newry contains over 10,000 inhabitants. This being market day, a large number of peasantry had assembled, in whose dress, countenance and manner, were agreeable indications of the improved condition and increased comforts of the people of the north of Ireland, where something more of the advantages of trade and manufactures are engaged.

After passing Banbridge, a pleasant town in the county down, you come into the flax growing part of Ireland. Here, for some thirty miles, luxuriant flax-fields, the pulling of which has just commenced, met the eye in every direction. Every tenant has his patch of flax, some containing a

quarter, some half, and others three quarters of an acre, while the farmer rejoices in fields of flax containing, in some instances, from ten to fifteen acres. Along here you see better dressed women in cleaner cabins, and in many instances, neat cottages, feeding the spindle or plying the shuttle.

Hillsborough is a pretty town, surrounded by an industrious and thrifty agricultural population, whose neat, white-washed stone cottages present an aspect of cheerfulness and comfort seldom found in Ireland, much of which is attributed to the liberality of Lord Downshire, a wealthy nobleman who in various ways gives encouragement to industry, extends patronage to enterprise, and manifests a laudable desire for the welfare of his tenants. The park, castle and broad domain of Lord Downshire, each furnishing evidence of great wealth, are in full view from the road.

Next to Hillsborough comes Lisburn, in Antrim, known abroad by the excellence of its damasks, which are fabricated here in great quantities. Its cambric and muslin fabrics are always in much request. The view north from Lisburn is bold and picturesque. Beyond a rich valley, commences an elevation which rises for several miles, and terminates in a high mountain extending as far as the eye can reach, and under the shoulder of which Belfast is situated. These mountains would resemble some of the bald ones in New Hampshire, except that upon every patch of soil, wheat, or oats, or barley, or rye, are seen waving.

From Lisburn it is but seven miles to Belfast, a place which bears so strong a resemblance to American cities that I became at once domesticated here. There is much intercourse between Belfast and New York. This has produced an assimilation in manners too obvious not to be noticed. I dropped into familiar conversation with merchants at the hotel here, and felt almost as much at ease as I should have been at the Astor House. This qualification, by the way, is not strong enough. It is quite as impossible for the guests of the Astor to feel as much at ease in any other hotel, as it is to find elsewhere the enjoyments and luxuries that surround you there. I know something now of the hotels of England and Ireland, which, in some respects, may claim superiority over American hotels; but I have no hesitation in saying, that for half the money paid for apartments at the very best hotels in London, you can secure all the quiet, all the attentions, all the conveniences, and much more than all the luxuries and delicacies, at the Astor House. Nor is this opinion of an humble American alone. I have met English gentlemen who hold the same opinion, and I am assured that Lord Morpeth, whose knowledge and taste will not be questioned, frequently speaks of the Astor as the best hotel he has ever known.

Belfast has increased more in wealth and population for the last fifteen years, than any other town or city in Ireland. In 1832 its population only reached some 35,000. They now claim to have a population of over 100,000. The Rev. Dr. Cook, the most learned and eminent divine in the north of Ireland, to whom I had letters, is in London. I lost much valuable information in not seeing this distinguished man.

We visited the linen manufactories and bleaching establishments, which are the principal source of business and prosperity to Belfast. Not more than one-half of the looms are now employed, though business is reviving. Linens are manufactured at Belfast for all parts of the world. America, however, is regarded as their best market, though most of the orders from our country reach the manufacturers through English houses.

I intended to have said a word, in another place, about the Irish Poor House system. Each county has its spacious and extensive poor house, for the erection and support of which the property of Ireland is heavily taxed. But I am told that the system does not work well. The poor, unless driven to the direst extremity, will not go to the poor houses. Women evince the strongest aversion to places which offer them shelter and food, mainly it is said because they are there deprived of the chances of occasionally tasting tea and tobacco. There is another objection which some speak of with horror. They are not only scrubbed clean when they go there, but are required to perform daily ablutions in cold water! "It is bad enough," said one of them, "to be compelled to drink their ugly cold water, bad luck to them, without having the life frozen out of you with washing in it every morning."

The coach, at several of the first changes out of Dublin, was beset by an unusual number of very importunate beggar women, whose claims were urged, sometimes in the most piteous accents, and

et others, with an adroitness and humor quite amusing. At Drogheda, the beggars besieged us in a way which, though embarrassing to a young lady, was quite amusing to the other passengers. In handing this young lady into the coach after dinner, a woman approached us saying "your honor will sure give something to a poor starving widow for the sake of the sweet lady that owns you." To get rid of this mode of attack, I gave her a penny. This encouraged another, who exclaimed "your honor's a happy man, with such a beautiful lady by your side. Don't forget a poor creature with eight starving children." She got her penny and departed only to give place to a third, who began, "long life to your honor and to your honor's beautiful lady. May you find the sweet little ones quite well when you get home." This one gave place to another who commenced, "God bless your honor and long life to your honor's jewel of a lady. It was a lucky day she made choice of your honor, who is so good to the poor widows." This, to use a cant phrase, was "coming it too strong," and the lady exclaimed, "go away, you jade: I am not married at all." But nothing daunted, the hag continued, "well, if not married already, its soon you will be, for you're too good and sweet a lady to let his honor be breaking his heart for you." My small coin was exhausted and rather than stand such fire the lady gave the "jade" a penny herself, when we spared further annoyance by the guard's "all right" to the coachman, the crack of whose whip dashed the hopes of half a score of other "widows" who were gathering for the onset.

STEAMER COMMODORE, }  
River Clyde—9 P. M. }

We took passage in this fine, staunch and beautifully finished and furnished steam packet, from Belfast to Greenwich, in Scotland. The distance is 86 miles. The cabin fare is half a sovereign. The fare on deck is two shillings sterling. Four o'clock is the hour fixed for leaving Belfast, but when we arrived, at a few minutes before four, the quay was choked up with cars, trucks, crates, hampers, men, women and children; the crates and hampers filled with pigs, poultry and vegetables going to Paisley and Glasgow, to be eaten; and the men, women and children going first to Scotland to the hay and oat, and then to England for the wheat harvest. After a scene of great noise, confusion and labor from four till after seven o'clock, the vegetables, and the animals, biped and quadruped, were stowed away either under the hatches or upon deck, when we took our departure from Belfast. The channel, for several miles, is narrow and intricate, but our vessel dodged around, by short curves and abrupt angles, among the buoys and beacons with admirable obedience to her helm, and in an hour we were far enough out to have abundance of sea room, with the Irish coast in sight on our left, while the shores of Scotia were dimly seen on our right.

I went forward, after we got under way, among the deck passengers, some 250 in number, two-thirds of whom were as wild, ragged and desperate a set of fellows as I have ever seen. Many of them were Connaught lads, who, from economy in words, or some other cause, are in the habit of using scythes, hooks, pitch-forks, or whatever argument, of this description, they may happen to have in their hands, for the purpose of convincing those with whom they differ. But fortunately there were no differences here. All was hilarity. After a few songs, a dance was called, when, instead of a fiddler, a fifer was procured for the occasion. A ring was made. The insides were required to sit, those next to kneel, and the outer strata's were allowed to stand up. This gave all a chance. The dance (Irish jigs) commenced with great spirit and with more grace than I expected to see in dirt and rags. The parties "leading off" continued to dance more and more vehemently, until exhausted, when they called successors to the floor, and in this way the amusement was prolonged until a late hour.

On board the steamer I met with a most extraordinary man—in many respects the most extraordinary of any living individual. That there are other men who have lost both arms and both legs by amputation, I doubt not, but that those others walk about erectly, and are able to feed themselves, and even to write, I much doubt. This individual is NEIL DEWAR, a native of Argyle-shire, in Scotland, who was shipwrecked on the coast of Labrador in the schooner Rebecca, of Quebec, in 1817. The survivors (the captain, mate and four of the crew) found themselves upon the inhospitable shore of Labrador in the month of November, with a cask of sherry brandy their only sustenance. The mate and one of the crew

perished with cold and hunger. The captain died soon afterwards.

The subject of this paragraph was so badly wounded in the legs as to be unable to accompany his companions in an attempt to find assistance. These companions returned towards night the following day with information that they had found an Indian hut, to which they with difficulty assisted him. Here they found a hunter with a white man and two Indians in his employment.

The hunter did all in his power to relieve the sufferers, but it soon became evident that nothing but amputation would save the lives of Dewar and Donaldson, one of his companions. The latter died from loss of blood, during the operation. The life of Dewar was saved by an application of hot pitch to his bleeding stumps. The operation was performed by the white man, assisted by the Indians. His arms soon healed, but his legs continued in a deplorable state till spring, when his kind host had him conveyed to the coast on a sledge, and in September he obtained a passage in the schooner to Quebec, at which place he was received into the hospital of St. Ro-que and very kindly attended by the nuns. But here it was found necessary to re-amputate both his legs!—In 1819 he obtained a passage home to Scotland, but on the passage his wounds broke out afresh, and while in the Glasgow Infirmary, a third amputation of both his legs was performed by surgeons Corkindale and Cumin!! The wounds soon healed, and for nearly twenty years he has enjoyed excellent health. By the aid of cork legs and the assistance of a cane jointed to a cork arm, he walks without difficulty. He takes his meals by jointing a fork into his left arm, and by "unshipping (as he expressed it) the cane and shipping a knife" into the joint of the right stump.

GREENOCK, August 5, 1843.

SCOTLAND, the birth-place of Burns and of Scott, the land of lake and mountain, is revealing her beauties to my admiring eyes. Nor in her case does the reality disappoint the expectation. Scotia's bards have scarcely taken a poet's license in their descriptions of her lake and highland scenery. I have had as yet, but a day's enjoyment among them, but that is sufficient to enable one to attest the fidelity of those who have celebrated the picturesque charms of the Clyde, Dumbarton, Loch Lomond, Ben Lomond, Loch Long, &c. &c.

We left the Belfast steamer at an early hour this morning at this town, in whose harbor there is an appearance of considerable commercial activity. It has, I learn, several ships constantly employed in the East India trade. It is situated on the Clyde, under the brow of a hill, along which its principal street extends for more than a mile. On the opposite sides the hills of Argyle-shire and Dumbartonshire are seen. As an evidence of the pride and enterprise of the citizens of Greenock, it is stated that when the government was about to erect a custom house, they subscribed and paid \$10,000 to ensure the construction of one that is now an ornament to their town. Greenock is the birth-place of the justly celebrated Watt, of whom there is a splendid statue by Chantry in Westminster Abbey.

After an early breakfast we took the steamer for an excursion through the lakes. The morning was dark and rainy, not, however, without a bow of promise in the west; and soon after we were afloat upon the Clyde, the sun appeared to brighten a genial sky and to bless a beautifully verdant landscape. Soon after nine o'clock, Dumbarton Castle, lifting its two frowning, bald rock towers high up in the clouds, attracted our attention.—Arriving opposite the castle the steamer lay in the stream until passengers for Loch Lomond were despatched to the shore in a small boat. And this proved to be no sinecure job, for, in addition to some twenty passengers, there were two packs of dogs in leash, a litter of puppies in hamper, with liberal supplies of small arms, fishing tackle, ammunition, "provan," &c. &c. for gentlemen having deadly intentions toward grouse and trout.—In good time, however, all were landed on the beach at the foot of Dumbarton castle, and proceeded from thence on foot to the ancient town of Dumbarton, from which place the sportsmen despatched cars for their "luggage."

Dumbarton-Castle is a fortress of much historical interest. It is a rock in the Clyde measuring a mile in circumference at its base, and rising almost perpendicularly on all sides to the height of 560 feet. During the early Scottish Wars, this rock was always strongly fortified; but impregnable as it seems, it was once taken, in the night, by means of ladders so placed as to enable a scaling party to ascend the most precipitous points.

The assailing party was commanded by a Capt. Crawford, who was personally the most efficient man in the daring and difficult enterprise. Sir William Wallace, after his capture, was for a long time confined on Dumbarton Rock, in a tower still bearing his name. At the union between Scotland and England, the former stipulated that Dumbarton castle should always remain a fortification, with a garrison to protect its works.—There are, therefore, detachments of infantry and artillery stationed there now.

At Dumbarton there was a scene as rich as that from which Sir Walter Scott drew his first chapter of the Antiquary. Passengers for Loch Lomond take coach here over to the lake, which is five miles distant. The quiet town of Dumbarton was invaded this morning with an unusual number of visitors, to say nothing of dogs, luggage, &c. Extra conveyances had to be provided. This created delay. The "Dumbarton Arms," as well as the "Coach for Loch Lomond," rejoiced in "Mrs. Currie" as proprietress. There was a gentleman with us, who, with less perhaps of natural hostility to "womankind" than Monk-barns, manifested the same testy impatience that characterised the Antiquary's colloquy with "Mrs. Macleuchar," whose placard assured the public that her coach for "Queen's ferry" left Edinburgh promptly at 9 o'clock. This gentleman first mildly urged "Mrs. Currie" to hasten the departure of the coach, which she said would be "round to the stand in no time." After waiting a few minutes he rang the bell furiously, and when the lady made her appearance the gentleman pointed to the clock with the remark that she had kept him twenty minutes too long, and that if he lost the steamer by her means he would not pay her a baubee for the coach. She reiterated the assurance that the coach would be round to the door by the time the gentleman could get down stairs—and then retreated to her own dominions.

The gentleman hastened to the door and waited for a few moments, when, there being no sign of the coach, he returned to the sitting-room and again rang the bell. When "Mrs. Currie" appeared, he assailed her with a volley of imprecations, and while threatening her with pains and penalties for interrupting his visit to the Trossachs, the Coachman's horn announced that all was "right," and the landlady marshalled her excited patron to the door. But here an unexpected delay occurred. The testy gentleman's son was missing! It was now "Mrs. Currie's" moment of triumph and revenge! "The coach canna wait, sir. It is o'er late noo." "But I cannot leave my son!" "It na' my fault that your daft son is na here." "Wait but a moment—run after my son, boy, you shall get a penny for it."—"Will you step into the coach, sir, or shall I despatch it without you?" "The 'Emperor' will be half way up the Loch before it gets there, and gentlemen will miss their visit to the Trossachs!" "I treat you to wait but a minute, Mrs. Currie." "Awa' wi' your Mrs. Currie's; it is but a moment since we were missin' me an ugly old woman; but it is no use claverin' here. The coach must be awa'. You can wait another day for your near-do-well son." At this critical moment the young gentleman was seen running towards us with a boy at his heels. During this scene the other passengers were convulsed with laughter, and Mrs. Currie, while taking her revenge, in great apparent earnestness, had much difficulty to preserve the rigidity of her own muscles. It turned out that the youth had indulged a very natural desire to get a sketch of Dumbarton Castle, and while engaged in his drawing, had forgotten the coach.

In our drive to Loch Lomond, about two miles from Dumbarton, we passed the cottage in which Dr. Smollet was born. Farther on are highly cultivated grounds and stately mansion, owned and occupied by a descendant of Smollet.

We were joined at the foot or out-let of Loch Lomond, by a large and fashionable London party, among whom was a Diana Vernon in habit, hat, manners, &c. but I doubt much whether Mr. Francis Osbaldistone would have discovered in this "counterfeit presentment" much resemblance to the charming original. The party, consisting of about sixty, was taken in a large durham boat from the Balloch Suspension Bridge to the steamer that lay puffing off her high pressure stream out in the lake; and when aboard and under way a scene opened as rich and beautiful as painter or poet ever imagined. Loch Lomond is 28 miles long, and varies in breadth from half a mile to five miles. It is studded with islands, some of which are half or three-quarters of a mile long, while others are but a few rods. "Iach Mulvin," the

largest Island in the Loch, belongs to the Duke of Montrose, and hundreds of deer are seen feeding and sporting as you pass. When we came in sight of Ben Lomond, his head was hid in the mist, but as we approached, the veil was rent and a splendid spectacle presented itself. Ben Lomond is 3200 feet above the level of the Lake, and taken in connexion with the objects that surround it, is eminently bold and striking. But it is not to any single object that this tour owes its attractions. The charm is continuous and variegated. Of the 32 Islands in Loch Lomond, some are rocky and precipitous, others are of even surface and carpeted with verdure, while others are handsomely wooded. There is one view which reminds you strongly of West Point, though it lacks the grandeur of that scene. At another place you seem, as at a pass in the Massachusetts railroad, running into the mountain without any possibility of an opening.

This tour, it will be recollected, takes you into the country of the Mac Gregors. These hills are memorable for the protection and impunity they gave to Rob Roy. It was from these mountain fastnesses that Rob Roy used to make his incursions upon the herds and flocks of his lowland neighbors. And it was here, when pursued, that he used to hurl destruction upon his enemies. You are pointed, in passing, to a shelving rock, still called "Rob Roy's Rock," from which it is said he used to suspend gentlemen who refused to pay him black mail. Without inquiring into the authenticity of this tradition, I sought for points of interest in relation to which there is no question; for there are localities, you know, connected with Rob Roy's history, attested by a writer of eminent and *veritable* character and accuracy. It was to this region that Rob Roy despatched "Baillie Nicol Jarvie" and "Frank Osbaldistone," under guidance of the "creature Dugald." The "Clachan of Aberfoil," where the Baillie flourished the "hot poker" with such gallantry and effect, is situated a few miles from the Loch, and out of sight; but I was enabled to trace their route into the highlands, along the precipices bordering Loch Lomond. And I either identified or imagined the narrow pass where Capt. Thornton was hailed by Rob Roy's wife, who stood out boldly upon an overhanging rock above, with a man's bonnet and feather, an unsheathed sword, and pistols at her girdle, commanding the soldiers to "stand! and tell me what ye seek in the Mac Gregor's country?" And when assured by Captain Thornton that he "made no war upon women," she replied: "Ay, I am no stranger to your tender mercies. Ye have left me neither honor nor fame—my mother's bones will shrink from the contact when mine are laid beside them in the grave. Ye have left me neither home nor hold, neither cattle to feed or flocks to clothe us. Ye have taken from us all—all—the very name of our ancestors, and now ye come for our lives."

And here, after the English officer, disregarding the caution of Helen Mac Gregor, had encountered a fire from her followers, which proved fatal to most of his men, and led to the capture of the survivors, I looked peeringly around for "the projecting branch of a hagged thorn which, catching hold of the Baillie's riding coat, supported him in mid air, where he dangled not unlike to the sign of the golden fleece over the door of a mercer in Ludgate Hill." Andrew Fairservice, with better fortune than the Baillie, attained a foothold on a cliff higher up, from which "he roared mercy during the encounter, in Gaelic and English alternately, according to the side on which the seal of victory seemed to predominate." And finally, I almost saw the bubbles rising from that portion of the Loch into which Helen Mac Gregor, while her blood was up, took hasty vengeance upon one of her husband's enemies, by ordering the wretch Morris manacled and weighted, "cast from the rock into the waters which settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence."

Returning, we left the steamer at Tarbet, where we dined, and crossed over to Loch Long in a "nuddy," where another steamer lay in waiting for the passengers from Loch Lomond. Loch Long is an arm of the sea, bounded by very high hills denuded of wood and shrubs, but with tolerable grazing for the flocks of sheep and herds of black cattle that are seen feeding upon them. From Loch Long we had a fine view of "Ben Arthur," a bold promontory 2359 feet above the level of the water. We emerged from Loch Long into the broadest part of the Clyde three miles below Greenock, and thus terminated the "sight-seeing" of an exceedingly interesting day.

## Sunday Reading.

### ADDRESS.

Delivered at the Dedication of the Firemen's Cemetery,  
Aug. 26, 1843.

BY REV. JAMES B. SHAW.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—It is a darling dogma of sceptical philosophy, that selfishness is the only impulsive principle of our nature—that all which man does, has reference more directly or remotely to his own aggrandizement. Selfishness has constructed the vessel, reared the edifice, built the city, and organized the nation. Nay, it is selfishness which waits in the chamber of sickness, and breathes the contagion of hospitals; which penetrates the prisoner's dungeon, and dares to enter the madman's cell; which drops its burning tears into the grave, and flies with frenzied haste to the scene of public disaster. Annihilate selfishness, and you stop in its impetuous career the machine of life. Man would take his place among brother brutes, impelled only by appetite, seeking solely the gratification of grosser wants. Not a stone would be lifted from its resting place, not a tree would fall in the forest; the forsaken city would crumble in unheeded silence, and the deserted ocean return to its ancient solitude.

To a sentiment so reproachful as this we can never respond. Experience is against it, consciousness is against it; and if the living held their peace, the dead would rise to pronounce it false. Does selfishness keep the mother by the bedside of her suffering child? Does selfishness lead the patriot to the field of death, and make the martyr kiss the cross which he is to stain with his blood? We have heard of one who broke his way through pursuing flames and falling rafters to snatch an unconscious babe from its burning cradle; and when he had placed it in its frantic mother's arms, man though he were, plunged into the darkness to hide his tears. Was this selfishness? Nay! nay! man is not the sordid being which scepticism would make him. What, my friends, has summoned us this day from our shops and stores? What has gathered us around the grave? Can they who slumber beneath these mounds minister in any way to base-born purposes? Can they swell our gain, or increase our consequence? At some future time, can they leave their lowly beds to thrust a ghastly hand into the ballot-box, or swell with sepulchral voice the cry of the adoring multitude? We have been brought here to-day by the nobler impulses of our nature. We have come at the call of friendship or the summons of affection. We bring a *free will* offering. We render homage to the helpless dead. Were man supremely and solely selfish, these stones would have slept in the quarry—this sod would have been broken only by the profane plough—grain would wave where flowers now weigh—and for the mourner's sigh there would be the reaper's shout.

Let the unbeliever tell us that he himself is supremely selfish—that he never felt a yearning of genuine compassion—that his blighted soul has never been visited by a swelling of gratitude, or a rising of spontaneous affection, and we will only utter a scornful amen. But we cannot hold our peace, when he would make himself the standard of the race. However it may be with the sceptic, we are not the sordid wretches who weep but to barter our tears, who go to the house of mourning with the same calculating step which carries us to the shambles. There is something in man, which still proclaims the grandeur from which he has fallen, and foretokes the glory to which he is destined, and which, in all his degradation, allies him to the Godhead.

We have assembled, then, to render homage to the dead. This day is sacred to the memory of JOHN EATON and GEORGE B. BENJAMIN, who, on the 26th of August, 1840, fell martyrs to their fidelity. We have come to commemorate their virtues, admire their faithfulness and deplore their death. And they are worthy this tribute at our hands. If any man merit the praise of a public benefactor, it is the faithful Fireman. His work is one of beneficence—his calling a sphere of philanthropy. Whenever, wherever the summons finds him, it finds him ready. Whether at the fireside, or in the mart of business, or the hall of mirth, it matters not,—let the summons come and it is never disregarded. No pressure of care, no prospect of gain, no fascinations of pleasure, can keep him from the post of duty and danger. It may be the midnight hour. Wearied nature may demand repose. He may have sunk into sleep, heavy as the slumbers of the grave; but let the

alarm reach his ear, and he leaps from the bed and flies to the scene of disaster. And when there, what fatigue is too great to undergo? what suffering too severe to endure? what labor too menial to perform? what danger too dreadful to encounter? He risks health to save the property of another; and if the sacrifice be asked, lays down life. Shall not this man be honored? Is there any thing which wealth can buy, or genius devise, or art rear, beyond his merit? Have you a wreath for the returning warrior? Have you a tomb for the departed patriot? I would bind as green a wreath around the faithful fireman's brow; and if he died in discharge of duty, would rear him as lofty a monument. And if I had a crown to give, I would give it to him who saves the poor man from becoming a houseless wanderer and keeps the widow from being a childless mother.

It is true in the calling of the fireman, there is nothing which dazzles by its splendor or awes by its grandeur, none of that vastness and magnificence, which makes *ambition* virtue, and transforms the murderer of millions into the god of popular idolatry. His is the fairer fame, the higher honor, the greater glory, of doing good.—Are you tempted to call this extravagant? Throw away the Bible, renounce your Savior, before you speak it. Jesus of Nazareth fought no battles. It was not that he made the fields of Judea slippery with gore, or left her cities smouldering in ruin, that our hearts leap at the mention of his name. When he entered Jerusalem, it was disease and death that were led in chains; and instead of the shouts of triumphant ferocity, he was heralded by the Hosannas of exulting gratitude. If asked what constituted the chief glory of Jesus of Nazareth, while on earth, we have no answer, we seek no answer, but this—"He went about doing good!" While others were wading through blood to thrones, he went up and down Judea, on foot, ministering to misery—a houseless philanthropist, without a place at night where he might lay his head. And he is the most like Christ—he is the true representative of the Deity—who does good. The man who saves humanity one pang, who wipes from the pallid cheek a single tear, who eases the fluttering heart a single throb, merits more than all the Cæsars which disgraced a diadem.

On this account, we stand forth as the eulogist of the faithful fireman. He is a public benefactor. He lightens the sorrows of mankind; and lightens them, too, at the risk of health and life, without the slightest prospect or hope of reward. When a sum that would drive avarice to madness could not move him, he flies at the call of humanity. This man we will honor. Greatness shall have none of our homage; we will be nailed to the cross ere we bow the knee to triumphant crime; but this man, we will honor. No false notions of delicacy shall keep us from speaking his praise. We will give him all of glory which impoverished mortals can bestow, and when we have done our utmost, sigh to think that we can do no more.

And on this account, we commend the wise liberality of our municipal authorities, in making an appropriation towards rearing this tasteful monument. It is as creditable to their foresight, as their kindness; as honorable to their patriotism as their philanthropy. He is a wise man, a real friend to his country, who gives to departed worth its due. The true way to encourage the virtue of the living, is to commemorate the virtue of the dead. No country ever brought itself to beggary, ever undermined its liberties, by showing respect to departed worth. The pyramids of Egypt—the shulchres of her kings, the noblest achievements of her children—neither caused nor hastened her ruin. Nay, they prolonged her existence, and as if to vindicate her name to posterity, survived her downfall. All that remains of the glory of the land of Pharaoh, are her tombs. Palace and temple have mingled their dust with the sands of the desert; but the pyramids stand—stand in solitary grandeur—stand to rescue the memory of the Egyptian from the reproach of ingratitude, and tell how much his veneration for the dead exceeded his admiration of the living. Let us never be possessed by that mean economy which refuses to commemorate departed worth; which lets the public benefactor sleep without a stone to tell where he lies. A ruler who is penurious to virtue is prodigal to vice. A government too poor to perpetuate the memory of the dead, is always rich enough to pamper the crimes of the living.

Three years have elapsed since JOHN EATON and GEORGE B. BENJAMIN, with many tears, were committed to the grave. They have been years eventful in change; years of calamity and

disaster. The earthquake has yawned; the volcano poured forth its burning flood, and the tornado shaken the hills on their eternal foundations; empires have fallen; dynasties passed away, and yet how sweetly they have slept. No storm has reached their secluded abode; that quiet land, where the wicked cease to trouble and the weary are at rest. And whatever convulsions may hereafter shake the earth; though hostile armies meet in conflict on these consecrated hills; though that peaceful river run blood; though our youthful city sink, thundering into the abyss, they will sleep none the less sweetly.

This last repose is the common privilege of all humanity. One unrivalled, alike for genius and for grief, said, *man cannot doom me not to die.*—Man had stripped him of property, had loaded him with obloquy, driven him an exile from his native city, made him a wanderer in the earth, but he could not doom him not to die; he could not make him immortal in his misery. The hope which shed consoling light on the path of Dante, is a star in the sky of every child of clay; and if every other light be put out, that star shall shine; though it stand alone in the heavens, yet there it shall stand, a solitary sentinel over human destiny. *Man cannot doom me not to die.* Selfishness may strip me of property, may blacken my name, may burn my dwelling to ashes, and drive me for shelter to the tiger's den. Selfishness may scar me with the lash, gall me with the chain, brand me with the iron, drag my children away to the fields or the shambles, but it cannot rob me of the grave—it cannot cheat me of my last and long and peaceful repose. The grave has set bounds to human cupidity. The tyrant and oppressor must stop at the portals of the tomb. *Thus far they may go, but no farther.* Thy lot, my brother, may be a hard one; more may have been laid on thee than has ever befallen humanity; thy lot perhaps would move the elements to pity; but lift up thy head, my poor brother, there is rest for the weary; the grave shall give what the world denied; and in the tomb thou shalt fare as well as he who rots in a spangled shroud—the king shall not sleep his sleep in deeper silence or more profound repose. Selfishness cannot rob thee of the grave. *Man cannot doom thee not to die.*

But if the repose of the departed be profound, it shall not be eternal. Whatever vice may wish, or crime fear, or impiety teach, the grave shall deliver up its dead. *A teacher sent from God,* has appeared among us. Jesus has brought life and immortality to light, and on the darkness of the grave poured celestial radiance. When time shall have fulfilled its destiny, when the trump shall sound, and creation shall be kindled into flames to light the myriads on their way to judgment, then the marble monuments of earth, and the choral sepulchres of ocean, shall open; then the laud shall deliver up the dead that are in it, and the sea the dead that are in it. Not one of the myriads, and myriads more, who have lived and died on earth—shall be absent from that awful gathering. Willing or unwilling, shouting or wailing, *all must be there.* The old man of a hundred years and the babe of a single day, he who swung from a gibbet, he who fell from a throne, *all must be there.* The wretch who was denied the rights of sepulture, whose flesh the vultures devoured, he must be there.—Dust shall come to its kindred dust, wherever it may be scattered—*all must be there;* there to receive a diadem or a doom. What will it matter then where we may have slept our sleep? Whether the cyprus waved or the ozier wept over us? Whether we leap into life from the neglected grave of the poor, or the garnished tomb of the rich? Earthborn distinctions have disappeared. Pomp and pride have met their fate in flames. Sovereign and serf stand trembling together; and he alone is to be envied then who can hail the judge as his Lord and his God.

Until that day shall break, commissioned by the municipal authorities of our city, and in the name of Him who made these hills, I do now formally and solemnly dedicate this spot of earth as a Cemetery for the Firemen of Rochester. To signify our gratitude, to express our admiration, we thus set it apart for their last repose. Here may they lie in peace; here may they sleep in honor; here may they rest in hope; and when the trump calls, here may they rise to glory. Let no rage for improvement, no thirst for gain, no passion for display, profane this consecrated ground. From henceforth it belongs to the dead; and the curse of humanity and the wrath of God will light on the man who robs the dead.

And if America is destined to instruct the nations of the earth by her downfall; if the sun of her glory must be quenched in blood; when the

awful day shall have come, when the dreadful work shall have been accomplished, and of all our grandeur, nothing remains but scattered stones and broken columns, may this obelisk still stand—a monument alike of the fidelity of the Rochester Fireman, and the gratitude of his fellow citizens. Oh! let it stand. Spare it avarice, spare it ambition, spare it pride, spare it malignity, spare it ye elements, spare it time, spare it heaven. Thus let it stand, until the dead shall have left their beds, and these hills are wrapped in the flames of the LAST FIRE.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### A Remarkable Abduction Case.

[One of our foreign journals contains a long article on abduction, in which several remarkable cases are noticed, as having occurred many years ago in Ireland. It is stated that as early as 1624, abductions were so frequent, that it was found necessary to pass severe laws for their suppression. In 1707, forcible abduction was made a capital felony; but the laws have since been variously modified. At one time an Abduction Club existed, the members of which bound themselves by an oath to carry off such young women as were fixed upon by any members.]

The first remarkable case described in the article referred to, is that of Catherine and Anne Kennedy, the daughters of Richard Kennedy of Rathmedean, county of Waterford. Their father was dead, and they lived with their mother in much respectability; they were each entitled to a fortune under their father's will of two thousand pounds, a large sum at that time as a girl's portion in Ireland, but even that was exaggerated, and they were looked upon as coheiresses of immense wealth, and as such, objects of great cupidity to the abduction clubs. The fortunate persons to whose lot they fell were Garret Byrne, of Ballyaun, in the county of Garlow, and James Strange, (pronounced Strange) of Ullard, in the county of Kilkenny. These were young men of great popularity in the country, dissipated, dashing, carelets, spirited fellows, but of different dispositions. Strange was irritable, impetuous, and tyrannical, sacrificing every thing to accomplish his ends, and little regarding the means, or feelings of others. Byrne, on the contrary, was amiable, and as far as his pursuits and propensities admitted, of a kind and gentle temper, particularly so to women, with whom he was an universal favorite. He had attached himself to Catherine Kennedy, whose disposition was somewhat similar to his own. Strange had fixed his regards on Anne, who in like manner, resembled him in determination and haughtiness of temper. In the intercourse of the country they had occasionally met at race-balls, and other convivial meetings, and the men had endeavored to render themselves agreeable to the girls, with such success, that it was reported, on the authority of their confidential maids, that they were actually invited by them to avail themselves of the first opportunity to carry them off, as there were no hopes that their mother and friends would consent to their marrying men of such desperate fortunes.

On the 14th of April, 1779, the girls accompanied their mother, aunt, and some friends, to a play enacted at Graiguenamana, a small town in the county of Kilkenny; and before the representation was concluded, a notice was conveyed to them that Byrne and Strange had formed a plan to carry them off that night from the play, and had assembled a number of adherents around the house for that purpose. In great alarm, the girls, with their mother and aunt left the theatre, and retired to another room in the same house, accompanied by several gentlemen and their friends who resolved to protect them; they bolted and barricaded the door, and remained for two hours without any attempt being made on the room. At length a violent rush was made at it, the door gave way, and the party outside entered. There was a bed in the room, and the girls hastily retired behind the curtains and endeavored to conceal themselves, and impress upon the minds of the rioters that they had escaped from the apartment, and were no longer in the house. For an hour or more the men were irresolute and used no violence, but at the end of that time they rushed to the bed and drew the girls from their concealment. They now displayed arms of all kinds, swords, and pistols, with which they were provided, and in spite of all the opposition of the girls' friends, whom they fiercely attacked and threatened with instant death, they dragged them into the street, where

they were surrounded by above one hundred armed men with shirits covering their clothes, by the way of disguise, the then common costume, in which originated the name of "Whiteboys."—Two horses were ready saddled, Catherine was forced to mount one, and placed before Byrne, and Anne was placed on the other before Strange; and this way surrounded by a desperate body of men sufficient to intimidate and overawe the country, they were carried off from their friends.

After suffering in various ways, until they became terrified and subdued, an assent to get married was extorted from them, and the ceremony was performed, with an understanding, however, that the girls should be immediately released and restored to their friends. But this part of the contract was violated, and after various wanderings by riding night and day, with a whole cavalcade of armed and desperate ruffians, they were earnestly persuaded to submit to their fate, and be reconciled and obedient to their husbands. They still persisted in their remonstrances against the violence offered them, when it was threatened to carry them to Castlecomer, and bury them there forever in the coal mines; and Strange, in a paroxysm of anger, struck Anne in the face with a pewter pot. This brutal violence sunk deep into her mind, and rankled with an unextinguishable resentment never to be forgotten.

It will hardly be believed, that for *five weeks* they were paraded night and day, accompanied by their lawless cavalcade and resting at miserable houses through the counties of Waterford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, and so on to the north of Dublin, where they stopped at Rush, a small fishing town within a few miles of the metropolis. In this place, they were put on board a vessel, accompanied by the whole party, and sailed to the town of Wicklow; here, with a perfect feeling of indifference and security, some of them went on shore; but while they were absent, the vessel was boarded by a Mr. Power, accompanied by an armed party, who rescued the harrassed girls, and restored them to their friends. In the meantime Byrne and Strange made their escape to Wales, but they were instantly pursued, apprehended, and lodged in the jail of Carnarvon.

It was long doubtful whether they would not claim the girls as their wives, and a belief was entertained that no prosecution would ensue.—Catherine was said to be strongly attached to Byrne, who had always treated her with gentleness and affection, except in the manner of her abduction; but Anne's animosity to Strange was irreconcilable, and the brutal indignity of the blow was only to be effaced by his death. Though so young, a mere child, her energetic resentment overcame the reluctance of her elder but more yielding sister; her resolution was confirmed by a near relation of her own, distinguished for the number of duels he had fought, a Mr. Hayes. It was by the unshaken determination of Hayes the men were brought to trial. The joint depositions of the girls were taken before the Lord Chief Justice Annaly, and Byrne and Strange were tried at the Kilkenny Lent assizes, on the 24th of March, 1780. Letters were produced from the young ladies containing the most tender expressions of affection, and inviting their respective lovers to carry them off, in the way usual in the country, to which they were willing and ready to consent. These letters, however, were clearly proved to be forgeries by the sister of Byrne, who was heard to boast that she could perfectly copy Miss Anne Kennedy's hand writing. Others were read really written by the girls, speaking of the men in an affectionate manner, and calling them their dear husbands, but these were proved to be dictated under the strong impressions of threats and terror. The men were found guilty and sentenced to death.

It was supposed the sentence would never be executed. Their respectable rank in society, connected with all the gentry of the country—their actual marriage with the girls—and the frequency of the act of abduction, that made such a marriage be considered a thing divested of all criminality, created a strong feeling in their favor. But Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, was then Attorney General, and conducted the prosecution. He openly declared in court, that if this abduction was suffered to pass with impunity, there would be no safety for any girl, and no protection for the domestic peace and happiness of any family, and he called upon the government to carry out the sentence. His remonstrance was attended to, and the unfortunate gentlemen were hanged, to the great astonishment of their numerous friends and admirers. So strong and general was the excitement among the peasantry, that a

rescue was greatly feared, and an extraordinary large force of horse and foot was ordered to attend their execution; and such was the deep sympathy for their fate, that all the shops were shut up, and all business was suspended in Kilkenny and the neighboring towns.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

#### The Mysterious Brass Plates—Origin of the Aborigine of America.

Our readers doubtless remember seeing sometime since, a floating paragraph, stating that some brass plates, inscribed in hieroglyphic characters, had been found in a mound, somewhere in Illinois. On the minds of many, no doubt, it made no serious impression. It seems, however, that this discovery may be the one link wanting to connect the Aborigines of America with their Asiatic ancestors. A gentleman recently from Illinois, a few days since, called upon us, bringing with him a *fac simile* of these plates, with an authentic account of their discovery. There were six brass plates, bell-shaped, and some three inches long, with hieroglyphic writing upon them, found in a mound of Illinois, in this manner:

The mound is near Kinderhook, Pike county, and was opened, we suppose, from curiosity.—Some bones were found, and these so decomposed that they mouldered away. Below, were found these plates, hung in an iron ring. But this ring was so oxidized, that it, too, fell to pieces, and was reduced to rust. The brass plates remained and contained what seemed to be writing, descriptive of the persons who were entombed, or of the events meant to be commemorated.

Now, the first question undoubtedly is—are are these facts *authentic*? Were the plates so found? In such a place, and with these impressions? The paper containing the *fac similes*, contains also the certificates of the persons who found them, and of twelve other persons, who, we are told, are farmers of the neighborhood, and who described the manner in which the digging was made, and the manner in which the plates were discovered. We suppose the facts are so, and at all events this very certificate affords the means of examining the persons in the neighborhood.

The next question is—what are these characters? Are they like any other characters in the world? We are told, without pretending to know, that some of these characters are the ancient Chinese! This is a fact capable of being perfectly ascertained. Suppose it be so. That plates deposited in a mound of the West contained ancient (not modern) Chinese characters, used in Asia three thousand years since, and that these had been so long buried in the earth that the iron ring which bound them had rusted away—what follows? It seems to us that it would carry with it the inevitable conclusion, (a conclusion which all *a priori* reasoning arrives at;) that the Aborigines of this country came over from the Chinese parts of Asia, and instead of progressing through the country from north to south, erected these mounds and fortifications—finally settling in Mexico, where the Spaniards found them semi-civilized, with all the characteristics of the general Asiatic family. If the facts stated above be authenticated, this conclusion is inevitable, and the long deficient link of evidence is found.

There is an amusing anecdote in the papers of a deaf lady mistaking a gentleman's reputation for his name, and introducing him to a large company as "Gen. Lover." It reminds us of an anecdote of Gen. Jackson and a tailor, that occurred a long time ago, and which we have never seen in print.

After the termination of the Seminole campaign Gen. Jackson visited Washington City, and during his stay there having occasion to supply himself with another garment, employed a fashionable tailor named Ballard to make it. Ballard who was a very pompous little fellow and very fond of being recognized by great men who had been his customers, a few days after he had finished the unmentionables, seeing the General in front of Tenneson's Hotel, in conversation with some gentlemen, stepped up and spoke to him.

The General thinking him some distinguished individual, very cordially gave him his hand, but not remembering him, in a whisper inquired his name, for the purpose of introducing him to the company. To which Ballard replied, *I made your breeches*. The General, deceived by the sound, immediately turned to the company, and introduced him as *Major Breeches*—a title that poor Ballard was afterwards obliged to wear to the day of his death.

**THE SOLDIER'S DOG.**—The Editor of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, Esq. has abandoned the toil and drudgery of the Editor's table, and is "on his winding way," o'er hill and dale, in search of adventures, which by the magic power of his polished pen, are transferred to the columns of his deserted journal.—The "King of Letters" has paid a visit to the territory of our neighboring sovereign. From his interesting description of the "sights" at Montreal, we extract the following. It is beautiful, and the story is told as he only can tell it:—

The great attraction for the young folks in this city are the parade of the two regiments of British soldiers. The "Champ de Mars" is beautifully adapted not only for the evolutions of a regiment of about a thousand, but also for the large number of both sexes who gather to see the military display and to hear the music of the two fine bands.

On Tuesday morning the Highland regiment was out for a special display, and the movements were marked by a delightful precision; but I noticed that the ladies were greatly attracted by the musicians, who on that occasion were in rich Tartan, having in front five full dressed pipers. These men wore in their caps a single straight feather that looked as sharp and fierce as in the best days of Rob Roy; while their legs, naked upward from the knees, had quite a summery appearance.

As the battalions marched I noticed that the only being that ventured upon the military ground, besides the military themselves was a large black dog. He seemed to understand the orders of the Colonel, and though he could neither aid in "taking open order" with the "rear rank," nor in wheeling into columns with the whole, yet he evinced much tact in avoiding the tread of the soldiery in their rapid movements, and that without evincing any of that haste which is unbecoming a gentlemanly dog. When the music joined the regiment the dog took up his march with the band and seemed pleased with the rich Scotch airs to which the battalions marched. He evidently understood them: and evinced both taste and politeness by making no sign of approval until the musicians had completed a tune. The dog had completely got into the spirit of the time and place and was enjoying the parade and music with special gusto. There was a place in the rank of the musicians unfilled, and the dog took his position there and completed the square as they marched in column.

At length there was a halt, and almost immediately the band struck up that plaintive Scotch air to which Dempster sings his words of the "Irish Emigrant;" it was exquisitely performed. The poor dog, however, left the rank, walked slowly the distance of a rod or two and sat quietly down, throwing his head a little one side as if to catch every note of the tune, and evincing a sort of melancholy pleasure in the performance. At length the music ceased, and the dog rose slowly, and with a sort of measured step, left the parade.

Poor dog, he had been the property of one of the musicians; his master, whose place was vacant in the band, had brought him across the Atlantic, and during the sickness which ultimately laid him in the grave, he was wont to play the tune which the band had just performed. The dog had learned to love music, for the sake of his master first, and then for music alone—but that tune awoke the memory of other days as clearly and distinctly as you and I recall to the memory of each other, some kind and heart-broken friend whom fate has brought to an early grave.

I would have given money for such a dog, but it would have been a shame if not a sin to tear him away from such associations, and so I left the animal to follow the rich tones of the band, delighted with the music and doubtful of the feelings and recollections which it called up—to listen wishfully as some mournful air awoke an indistinct reminiscence of other days—and then when every instrument poured out in mournful cadence the cherished notes that his fond friend and master was wont to give to "Mary," to shrink away and moan a melancholy accompaniment.

**HIBERNIAN ARITHMETIC.**—An Irish counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the two others but very indifferent, some of the other barristers were very merry on the occasion. "Well, now," says he, "who the devil could help it, when there were an hundred judges on the bench?" "An hundred judges!" said a by-stander, "there were but three." "By St. Patrick," replied he, "there were one and two cyphers!"

**THOMAS CARLYLE'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.**—The 28th of June, 1778, was a great and memorable day in the Kalends of the infant American Republic. For wise and good reasons, the English army left Philadelphia, with a train of baggage, 12 miles long, for New York. The latter city was held during the whole of this liberty war, this contest between the mother and daughter, by the unnatural mother. Washington left his huts at Valley Forge, and in imitation of the Roman Consul who opposed Asdrubal, made a bloody effort to prevent the junction of the armies of his enemy. He led his suffering soldiers towards the sea shore. He sought his enemy, and met him on the sandy plains of Monmouth. Washington wide-winged, Clinton and Cornwallis wide-winged at, and around the villages of Freehold and Englishtown; and fire-hail is whistling far and wide upon those burning plains; the great guns playing, and the small, both vomiting fire and death. And Gen. Lee is swept back on this wing and on that, and is like to be swept back utterly, when Washington arrives in person and speaks a prompt word or two. "Stand fast," says the hero, "stand fast, my boys, for the Virginia and Maryland line will some come to your relief." The hearts of the American soldiers leaped at the sound of their beloved and, as they thought, invincible chief, and the armed mercenaries of a monarch fell in units, tens and hundreds beneath the republican fire.

Washington, on his death-defying old and faithful white horse, galloped along the line, he waved his sword and cheered on his men in the death-struggle. The fierce provincials wrestle with their oppressors, they meet the soldiers of the mother country hand to hand, they close with them at weapon's point. It was a bloody conjunction, or rather a conjugation of carnage, this battle of Monmouth. Men of kindred blood, men speaking the same noble language, met in the death-grapple. It was indeed a bloody conjugation. It was, I kill, thou killest, he kills, we kill, you kill, they kill. But death had other weapons of destruction. The sun for several days had been in the Boreal Crab, the men were fighting, by Fahrenheit's thermometer, in the heat of 90°.—Many of the combatants bit the dust and died unscathed by sabre or shot. If Washington was Fabius in 1776 at the White Plains, he was Marcellus at Monmouth. The honors of the day remained, for his enemy retreated in the night.—*London Paper.*

**THE LAST CENTURY OF DUELING.**—[From a chapter on duelling, in Fraser's Magazine for May, 1840.] "From the beginning of the reign of George II, to the present moment, it appears that upward of two hundred leading duels have taken place, including of course, four hundred principals and as many seconds. In three of these both combatants were killed, in the others about eighty were killed, about one hundred and twenty were wounded, one half of which number desperately, and the other half slightly; and the remaining numbers escaped unhurt. It is estimated that in duels one fifth part is killed, one-half, more or less, severely wounded. Rather more than twenty trials in all have occurred, in which some were found guilty of manslaughter, and four of murder. Two were justly hanged and the others too mercifully imprisoned. In the catalogue of duellists, or disciples of the succession of Cain the fratricide, duellist and blacksmith, are found the names of York, Norfolk, Richmond, Shelburne, Eacartney, Townsend, Exmouth, Talbot, Lauderdale, Lonsdale, Malden, Camelford, Paget, Castlereagh, Belgrave, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, Tierney, Burdett, Wellington, Londonderry, &c.; and after these a prodigious number of play-actors, lawyers' clerks, shop apprentices, butlers, and a few dust men."

A son of Erin once accosted a reverend disciple of Swedenborg thus:—

"Mr. —, you say that we are to follow the same business in heaven that we do in this world?"

"Yes, that is in perfect accordance with reason; for the Creator himself is not idle, and why should his creatures be?"

"Well, then, your honor, do people die there?"

"Certainly not—they are as immortal as the Creator himself."

"Then I should like to know, your honor, what they'll find for me to do, for I am a grave digger in this world."

It is hardly necessary to add that the reverend gentleman was completely nonplused, and left Pat without giving the required information.

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1843.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—There is much good sense in the following, which though old, deserves to be repeated at least once a year:—

"If any thing in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after, than he did before one—it degrades him in the eyes of all, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power and passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better; the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbor. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheat you, to quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you—the wisest way is just to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

**TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.**—I rise, Mr. President, to argue the cause of the rich man against the poor man. The rich man, Mr. President, horizontalizes his emancipated form upon a mahogany sofa, cut down, hewed out, surveyed and manufactured from the tall cedar of Lebanon, which grew on the lofty and cloud-capt summits of the ever memorable mountain of Jehosaphat, on whose sunny slopes once strayed the poet king, with the head of six-fingered Goliath in his jacket pocket. While on the other hand, Mr. President, the poor man declines his expectations in a cottage, circum-decent to some umbrageous stream, there to contemplatize on the incomprehensibility of the vast constellations and other fixed and immovable satellites that revolve around the celestial axletree of this tenequarious firmament on high. Then, Mr. President, after calling around him his wife and the rest of his children, he teaches them to throw away all sublunary desideratums, and to perspire to scenes of immortality beyond the narrow precincts of this chilling carnal-house.

**THE LAST AND BEST SPECIMEN OF WESTERN ELOQUENCE,** that we have seen, is given by the *Wheeling Gazette*, as follows:

The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakspeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to lean upon the side of justice, and fetch him in innocent. If you keep this fact in view in the case of my client, gentlemen, you will have the honor of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can allers look upon this occasion, and reflect with pleasure that you did as you have been done by. But if, on the other hand, you disregard this principle of law, and set at naught my eloquent remarks, and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you all over every cornfield, I reckon, and my injured and down trodden client will be pretty apt to light on you one of these dark nights, as my cat lights on a sasser full of new milk!

**NEW GALVANIC DISCOVERY.**—A Lieutenant Ramstett, of the Imperial Navy, is mentioned in letters from St. Petersburg as having made a most valuable scientific discovery. By means of an electro-galvanic apparatus, from which two platina wire-conductors descend to the bottom, Mr. Ramstett draws metallic masses of any weight from the bottom of the sea; and, by means of the same conductors, the spot is at the same time indicated where metal has been sunk. He tried his apparatus recently on the Neva, in presence of the Admiralty, and brought up into his boat, in less than twenty minutes, an anchor and chain cable upwards of one and a half tons weight, in seven fathoms of water. The Emperor has granted him a patent for ten years.

**LAWYER CLASSICS.**—The editor of the *Natchez Free Trader* is very lucid on the subject of classical law. He publishes the communication of a correspondent who, he says, assures him that "in case any lawyer or juror made a personal matter of any of his writings, he should take summary process against him with a writ of *capias ad faciendum*, (throwing his cap in their face,) and clapping on the top of it the writ of *steri facias*, (making their noses bloody,) and leaving *nullo bono* (no bones) in their *habeas corpus* (good for nothing) bodies.

**SHAKSPEARE IMPROVED.**—A belligerent wight threatened to kick a dry character who had offended him. "If you undertake it," answered the challenged, "you will find yourself a man more *shinned against than shinning.*"

Lord SYDENHAM, late Governor General of Canada, who died at Kingston about eighteen months ago, left behind him a series of letters, upon matters and things in general, which have since been published by his brother. Those which relate to public affairs in Canada are tolerable—notwithstanding the slovenly style in which they are written. Those relating to private matters are any thing but creditable to his Lordship's tastes and pursuits. And what is more, his Lordship *lies* outright in many cases. He could not resist the temptation to libel the Americans, even when writing to his private friends. At a review which he held at Niagara, he says he overheard some New Yorkers who had crossed the river to see the parade say, "I guess them Britishers do it a'most as handsome as the Buffalo citizen militia." And again his Lordship says, that a New Yorker wishing to pay him a compliment, remarked, "I *opinionate* that you are very like our Old Hickory; you *downs* them everlasting locusts of place-hunters, and won't stand none up but your own party."

Now, with all deference to his Lordship, who was a gentleman, so called, we say he never heard a sentence like that come out of the mouth of a citizen of the United States. It is cockney to the back bone; and no one but Lord Sydenham, who rose from the dregs of society, could have framed a sentence so purely vulgar English as that. The Americans never say "*opinionate*," neither do they call office seekers "*place hunters*." "*Very like*," is also an English expression. As to the word "*downs*," none but an Englishman of the lower class, born and bred in England, would ever use it.

But the cream of the adventures at Niagara, is the fact, gravely related by the noble Governor, that all the American young ladies who were staying at the hotel, employed themselves every morning, in looking through the windows of his bedroom, while he was dressing. This is a base slander, and must have been penned in a state of drunkenness—a vice to which his Lordship was very much addicted. Lord Sydenham's profligacy and licentiousness shocked the moral portion of the community in Canada, and his brother has not redeemed his reputation in the least by giving his falsehoods to the world.

**A NOVEL ABODE.**—A friend invited us the other day to accompany him to the residence of a family in Whiskey Hollow. The inmates happening to be out when we arrived, we could not take a very thorough examination of the premises. The building was erected for, and until recently has been used as, a *pig pen*. It is about five feet square, and some four or five high. The floor looked as though its patience had never been overtaxed by the broom, the mop, or even the shovel; and the fragrance it emitted was peculiarly *rich*. The furniture consisted of a bag of straw, an old coverlet, two chairs, (one with three legs, and the other with half a back,) an old teapot, a bowl, a broken kettle, a knife, two forks, and the half of a spoon. The table occupied a commanding place on a pile of manure, a short distance from the house. And this was the abode, and this the furniture of a mother and her two children—one a girl of some 12, and the other a boy of about 8 years. The little girl informed us that her mother had sold her bedstead and stand for three shillings, and received in payment *whiskey* to that amount. The family will probably be in the Poor House, before they are many days older.

**ABSENCE OF MIND.**—The last case was that of a man who bought a quantity of fresh salmon, and instead of *corning* them he got *corned* himself.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**PRIMARY SCHOOL READER.**—The want of a system for teaching reading in our primary schools, has long been a source of regret to the friends of education. The mischiefs resulting from this deficiency, are so palpable that they need not be named; and it is surprising that among the multiplicity of works that have teemed from the press for a few years past, designed to facilitate the studies of the young pupil, one well calculated to remedy this universal evil, should not until recently have made its appearance. But it is gratifying to know, that the remedy, though late, promises, to be thorough. This we find in the shape of SWAN'S "Primary School Reader," for parts First and Second of which, we are indebted to a gentleman of Boston, where the works have just been published. Lessons are given in Part First, made up of words in which the most simple sounds only occur. These lessons preceded by concise, but clear and definite directions, to enable the teacher to understand and execute the plan of the author. In Part Second, lessons upon the consonant sounds in combination, are followed by well chosen reading lessons, the object of which is to give exercise in the inflections of the voice.

These publications are not yet in our market; but we trust the publishers will consult their own interest and that of the cause of education, by immediately introducing them to the notice of our booksellers and teachers.

"ALLISON'S EUROPE, No. 14."—This number brings the history near to its termination. Its interest is retained. The author is all animation in his descriptions—graphic and truthful.

"HANNAH MORE'S WORKS, No. 3."—This number of this excellent re-publication is mostly taken up with Miss More's "Strictures on Female Education"—a work equally practical and profound.

"NINA."—This is the last of the BREMER works, as translated by Miss HOWITT. It is equal to any of its predecessors—enforcing the very best morals in a most attractive manner. This lady is destined to a fame equal to HANNAH MORE.

The above works are all published by the HARRIS, and for sale at FISHER'S, Exchange st.

"ABRIDGMENT OF DAY'S ALGEBRA."—This is an excellent elementary work for Schools and Academies, by J. B. THOMPSON. Day's is a standard work, but is too extensive for common schools. The Abridgment answers all the purposes of an elementary book. It is highly approved by teachers. For sale by ALLING, Exchange st.

"CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN MONTHLY MAGAZINE," one of the best published in the country, has been changed to a semi-monthly. The last number contains a splendid engraving of Martin's destruction of Pharaoh and his Host, besides a full collection of articles from the English Reviews. For sale at JONES'.

**NEW WORKS.**—THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER—NINA.—The publishers of the New World have issued two more of the charming novels of FREDERIK BREMER, translated by Mary Howitt.—The two works above mentioned are connected, the latter being a sequel to the former.

The same publishers have issued a thrilling tale called "Magic and Mesmerism." For sale at JONES'.

**TEA.**—M. PELIGOT read an interesting paper on the chemical combinations of tea, at one of the July sittings of the French Academy of Sciences, in which he established the fact that that herb contains essential principles of nutrition, and is in every respect a desirable article of habitual use. To all of which, the old ladies will respond "Amen!"

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

A Tribute

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HENRY L., PITTSFORD.

I would that I might breathe, my friend,  
A fitting dirge for thee,  
That I might o'er the green turf bend,  
Thy peaceful sleep to see;  
But no;—affection cannot speak  
Thy worth, thy goodness fled;  
And I this mournful song must wreath  
Far from thy lowly bed.

When last I saw thee, hope was bright  
Within thy laughing eye—  
I did not dream so soon its light  
Might fade away and die;  
I hailed thee then, a gentle bride,  
And marked thy joyous tear,  
Nor thought, while happy at thy side,  
The fell destroyer near.

But thou art gone—I can but weep  
E'en while I speak thy praise,  
And in my heart's affection keep  
The friend of other days.  
I mourn thee at the twilight hour,  
And wait thy simple lay;  
But hushed thy lyre, whose magic pow'r,  
Oft bore my grief away.

Farewell! farewell! we meet no more  
Beside the murmur'ing stream,  
Our happy hours of joy are o'er;—  
I wake from friendship's dream;  
Yet sweetly wilt thou sleep, my friend,  
Within thy lowly bed,  
And he, thy loved, shall o'er thee bend,  
Affection's tear to shed.

Wheatland, Sept. 8, 1843.

E. M. A.

The following exquisite Song, first sent to Europe, we take great pleasure in republishing.

Erin's Light Restored.

A REPEAL SONG.

1.

" 'Tis gone and for ever, the light we saw breaking!  
No! No! but a cloud intervened where it burned,  
And now, once again, from her slumber awaking  
Dear Erin looks upwards to see it returned.  
How it beams, like the wing of a seraph in motion,  
O'er the depth of the sky and the Isle of the Ocean,  
While the harp swells aloft a pure song of devotion  
To God, who looks smiling, oh, Erin! on thee.

2.

In the gloom of thy darkness, if, over thee stealing,  
The clink of a chain broke a moment thy trace,  
How sad look'dst thou up for some HOPE-STAR revealing  
Its ray from the sky's tempest-troubled expanse.  
Nought flamed on thy vision but the pale flame red leaping  
From Tyranny's altar—while by it stood weeping,  
Those, Erin, who, when thou wert sighing or sleeping,  
Breathed prayers, though in secret and terror for thee.

3.

But now, ISLE OF HEROES AND SAINTS, thou hast risen  
More beautiful still from the shadows of night—  
For the angel of Liberty enters thy prison,  
To press on thy bosom his warm lips of light!—  
He cries, with a star-burst around him descending,  
And the songs of his brothers triumphantly blending,  
"The cloud-circled reign of the Tyrant is ending,  
And Freedom shall sparkle, oh, Erin, on thee!"  
New-York.

\* See Moore's beautiful melody commencing with the line quoted.

Our Flag.

BY JAMES G. FENCIVAL.

Lift, lift the eagle banner high,  
Our guide to fame—  
On ocean's breezes bid it fly,  
Like meteors warring through the sky  
Their pomp and flame,  
Till wide on every sea unfurled,  
It tell to an admiring world  
Our name.

O! proudly burns its beacon light  
On victory's path—  
Through freedom's dawn, through danger's night,  
Onward, still onward, rolling bright,  
It swept in wrath—  
Still lightning-like, to him who dares  
Confront the terror of our stars  
It scath.

Still heavenward mounts the generous flame,  
And never tires—  
Does Envy dare insult our name,  
Or lurking falsehood brand with shame  
Our buried sires?  
The armed Colossus thunders by,  
Wide wave our stripes—the dastard lie  
Expires.

From the Democratic Review for September.

The Dying Sycamores.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

A beauty like young womanhood's  
Upon the green earth lies,  
And June's sweet smile hath waked again  
All summer's harmonies.

The insects hum their dreamy song,  
The trees their honors wear,  
And languid with its perfume spoils  
Sighs the voluptuous air.

A gorgeous wealth of leaf and bloom  
Enchants the dazzled sight;  
And over earth and sky there smiles  
A Presence of delight.

From you sad dying Sycamores,  
Alone a shadow falls,—  
As from the ghastly form of Death,  
In Egypt's banquet-halls.

Against the soft blue sky they stand,  
Their naked limbs outspread,  
And to the throbbing life around,  
They murmur of the dead.

Spring, with its soft and odorous air,  
Hath breathed on them in vain,  
Nor sun, nor dew, nor summer shower,  
Shall bid them bloom again.

Oh, stately monarchs of the wood,  
What blight hath o'er ye passed?  
What canker in your noble hearts?  
What spell is on ye cast?

I watch ye where a thousand forms  
With life and beauty glow,  
Till half I deem that on ye lies  
Some weight of human woe.

Ye emblem many a weary heart,  
In this fair world of ours,  
For they that love not are like ye,  
Oh, dying Sycamores!

Providence, R. I.

The Weeping Maiden.

I saw a fair maid weeping,  
Down by yon old oak tree,  
One day when I was reaping—  
The cause I flew to see.  
She turned as I approached her,  
Then, blushing, dropped her head,  
While I, in tones of kindness,  
Unto the maiden said:

"What grievest thee, fair maiden;  
Ah, maiden, tell me true—  
Can sorrow rest within the breast  
Of one so fair as you?"  
"Yes! yes!" she cried, "a kind stranger,  
I've drank of sorrow's cup;  
Just now my ma, with ruthless hand,  
CUT MY NEW BUSTLE UP!"

Odds and Ends.

SHOULDN'T WONDER.—The Portland (Me.) Transcript tells of a grocer in that city who, in looking out for a wife, took little notice of girls with whom he became acquainted at balls and parties, but made assiduous court to an industrious girl whom he frequently saw making small deposits in the Savings Bank. They were married, and are now one of the richest families in the city.

A clergyman of a country village, one Sabbath desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was "going to officiate for another clergyman." The clerk as soon as the service was ended, called out—"I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L.— is going a fishing with another clergyman!"

GENTLEMAN.—There have been various definitions of a "gentleman," but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a fair girl in New York, the other day. "A gentleman," said she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

HUSBAND.—The etymology of this word may not be generally known. The head of a family is called husband from the fact that he is, or ought to be, the *band* which unites the house together—or the bond of union among the family. It is to be regretted that all husbands are not *house bands* in reality as well as in name.

The keeper of a menagerie was lately seen beating one of the elephants with a large club. A bystander asked him the cause. "Why," said the keeper, "he's been flinging dust all about the tent, and he's big enough to know better."

An illiterate coxcomb going one day to his tailor's after a pair of breeches, reprimanded him for not putting a *fop* in them. "A fop!" exclaimed the tailor—"put them on and your complaint will be removed."

The Boston Post is "to blame" for the following conundrums:

Why are bustles like historical novels? Because they are fictions founded on facts.

Why was the late Tippecanoe party like the city of Smyrna? Because it was famous for its raisins.

To what color does a flogging change a boy's complexion? It makes him *yell Oh!*

PUSEYISM.—The newspapers are all *scratching away at Pusey-ism*. We believe it is a *claws* in the Episcopal Church *cat-echism* that has afforded them such a *cat-ologue of a-muse-ment*. It is obvious to the most *pusey-laninuous*, that if the Bishops do not *paws* in the course they have been *purrr*-suing, they will bring upon the Church a *cat-astrophe* that will sweep over it like a *cat-aract*.

"What are you at now?" asked a mamma of her daughter, who was thrumming on the piano with her windows wide open. "She is beating up for recruits—drumming for a husband," cried an old bachelor who chanced to be passing the house at the moment.

A boy was sent to boil some eggs soft, when questioned as to what detained him, he answered: "Rot the things, it aint no use, they wo't bile soft. I've been at 'em more than an hour, and the more I bile 'em the harder they gets."

Theodore Hook meeting a friend just after leaving the King's Bench prison, who said to him than he was getting fat, "Yes," replied Hook, "I was enlarged to-day."

Marriages.

In Trinity Church, Buffalo, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hawks, Mr. ALBERT WALKER, Merchant of Brockport, to Miss FRANCES M. CHILD, of this city.

On the 30th of August, in Houndsfield, Jefferson county, by Esq. Hall, WHITNEY CUMMINGS, of Irondequoit, Monroe county, to BETSEY MOORE, of the former place.

In Attica, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Preston, Mr. Saunders Crane, of Penn Yan, Yates county, to Miss Cornelia Miles, daughter of Mr. Francis Olmsted, of the former place.

In Byron, on the 29th ult., by Russell Watrous, Esq., Mr. Isaac Cox, to Miss Celinda Sykes, both of Wheatland. In Elba, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Allen Steele, Mr. Orlando M. Smiley, to Miss Eunice M. Knickerbacker, all of Elba.

On the 27th ult., in the Presbyterian Church in Waterloo, by Rev. S. H. Gridley, Mr. I. P. Edwards, to Miss Eliza Meyer, all of Waterloo.

At Spencerport, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. John Carle, of Ogdon, to Miss Catharine M., daughter of Austin Spencer, Esquire, of the former place.

In Elba, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Allen Steele, Mr. Orlando M. Smiley, and Miss Eunice M. Knickerbacker, all of that town.

In Lockport, on the 27th ult., by Rev. Mr. Fillmore, Mr. John Forsyth, to Miss Jane Norton, all of that town. On the 24th ult., by Rev. Mr. Warren, Joseph Slayton, Esq., to Miss Antoinette Harrington, all of Royalton.

In Auburn, on the 24th ult., by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Mr. Charles T. Ferris, Merchant, to Miss Jane Underwood, daughter of Amos Underwood, Esq.

At Geneva, on Tuesday evening last, by Rev. E. Ingersoll, Mr. Edward R. Hammett to Miss Marietta, eldest daughter of H. P. North, Esq., all of Geneva.

In Stafford, on Thursday, the 24th inst., by Rev. D. A. Buck, Mr. Erwin Wentworth to Miss Lucy Sandford, both of Batavia.

ELECTION NOTICE.—Sheriff's Office, Monroe County—Rochester, Aug. 24, 1843.—A general Election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday 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 15, 1843.  
To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Senator for the Eighth Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will occur by the expiration of the term of service of Abram Dixon, on the last day of December next. Also the following county officers, to wit:—

Three Members of Assembly.  
A Sheriff, in the place of Charles L. Pardee, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.  
A County Clerk, in the place of James W. Smith, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.  
And four Coronors, in the place of the present incumbents, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully,  
S. YOUNG,  
Secretary of State.  
N. B. The editors of all the public newspapers printed in the county of Monroe, will please give the above notice one insertion in each week until the election, and present your bill to me immediately for payment.  
au25 CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.  
Terms.—One Dollar per annum, in advance.



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

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1843.

No. 20.

### Popular Tales.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

#### THE CLAIRWOODS.

A TRUE TALE.

"Go, ingrate! drown yourself if you will! but never let me see your face again," were the words addressed by Mrs. Clairwood to a young man, who had just issued from the hall door, which she held open far enough to allow his egress; and, as the last sound died upon her lips, the door was violently closed, and the young man stood on the pavement, motionless and alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood had been married many years, and in opposition to the wishes of their respective parents. Their life (up to the period at which this history commences) had been one continued scene of bitter disappointment—the more bitter, because unanticipated. The buoyant and sanguine hopes with which they had commenced the career of life had thus far been unrealized. The sunny dreams in which youthful imagination is ever prone to indulge, and in which they, of all others, had delighted to revel, had faded, one by one, before the stern realities of every day existence.

Their fondest anticipations, to the realization of which they had looked forward as the completion of that happiness which fate, or an untoward concurrence of circumstances had denied them, were successively withered. Their plans, on the eve of success, had been frustrated, and again their most cherished objects of pursuit, with a tantalizing subtlety, had eluded their grasp, leaving them the victims of corroding disappointment and chagrin. Their imprudent marriage effectually precluded all hope of assistance from those who otherwise would have been their friends, and they were compelled to endure the bitter stings of poverty, enhanced in bitterness by the neglect and even contumely of kindred.

The contrast between life as they had pictured it, and life as they experienced it, rendered grief, in itself acute, still more poignant. Existence was to them an unreal mockery, with but few relieving or palliating features. They perceived and felt deeply, that the chance of pleasure is too often drugged with effective though unseen poisons. It is not strange that Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood became changed by the constant suffering it was their lot to encounter. Firmer and better disciplined minds could hardly have withstood the influence which such suffering generally exerts. And they indeed were changed. Their feelings, sympathies and thoughts became imbued with the darker color of their lives. This change was gradually apparent. As the gushings of youthful ardor and affection were chilled by rude contact with the icy stream of worldly policy and interest, so did the whole current of their thoughts and feelings undergo an entire revolution.

Affliction, adversity, and the buffeting of the world, did not merely chasten them; they did more, they embittered the very sources of happiness and contentment. They turned into gall and wormwood those sympathies and kindly feelings, which, in a healthy mind, diffuse their renovating and tranquilizing influences over the soul. A morbid sensitiveness usurped the place in their minds of true delicacy and sensibility. Envy and jealousy succeeded the more liberal and generous sentiments that once pervaded their bosoms, until finally, by a slow but steady progress, hatred, malice, and the thousand darker propensities and passions of our natures rested in the recesses of their hearts, and exerted their unhal-

lowed influences, to the exclusion of those nobler feelings which it had been their youthful pride to cherish. In the secrecy of their closets they reviewed the calendar of past misfortune, and brooded over many an unkind action shown them in their intercourse with society, until thoughts were engendered and schemes devised, which, a moment after, they blushed to have admitted to their bosoms. Time flew by. The tide of sorrow was unchanged, and they were transformed into those cold, calculating, selfish beings, whom, on their entrance into life, they had avoided and abhorred.

Such was the change wrought in their characters, and such is the change which the operation of like circumstances is too apt to effect in the infirmities of the human mind. As in nature the softer substances are, by the continual drippings of a petrifying stream, converted into stone, so do the feelings become callous and adamant when wrought upon by the powerful alchemy of sorrow and adversity. It is too true that this deadening effect is produced by continued misfortune. It benumbs the heart, chills the affections, and infuses a lethargy and torpor into all the sensibilities and finer feelings of our natures. Such was its general tendency; and peculiarly was it manifested in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood.

There was, however, one remedial, one renovating influence left to them. They were not utterly alone. In their children they sought an alleviation of their sorrow, and when repulsed in their advances by scowling relatives, or slandered by a heartless world, it was in their domestic circle that they sought and obtained partial relief and consolation. Four children had been the result of their marriage, and in the exercise of parental love and duty, in the education and moral training of those children, but above all, in watching the unfolding and expansion of their intellects, and in the prospect of their future lives, happiness and usefulness, did they contrive to assuage many a grief and parry many an adverse stroke of fortune. Their children were not extraordinarily beautiful nor talented, but they were dutiful, and repaid the care of their parents with reciprocal love and with gratitude.

The eldest, a son, evinced a precocity of intellect that would not perhaps have greatly attracted the attention of a stranger, yet that served to excite and nourish the hopes of his parents. They loved their children, but him they loved especially. If a peculiar fondness can exist, and be cherished in a parent's heart for one child above the rest, then it existed and was cherished by Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood for their son Charles. And they spared nothing that their limited means and the time that they could give from their daily avocations would allow, to improve his mind, and render him fitted for that station in society which his intelligence and virtue seemed to justify them in believing he would one day occupy. It was in the family circle then, that they sought an antidote to the vexations and ills of life. When an impending storm darkened their pathway, it was the family fireside that dispelled their gloom and beamed the warm sun light on their hearts, despite the blackness without.

When discouraged or disheartened by ill success or insult, it was a sight of their family that reassured them, and inspired them with renewed ardor in the thorny journey of their lives. It was this that sustained them. It was this alone which counteracted the influences of sorrow and misfortune, and corrected in some degree the bitterness of feeling which they caused. On the family altar the fires of affection still glowed, though with

a deadened lustre, and in the channel of familiar intercourse and sympathy there still flowed a current, whose placid waters neutralized the acidity of temper which conflicts with the world excite, and diffused its tranquilizing and life-giving influences over their souls. They fondly hoped that this consolation was one of which they could never be deprived, but this last illusion was destined to be torn rudely away, and the staff upon which they had too confidently leaned, to be forever broken.

An epidemic visited the city in which they resided. For a long time it raged with fearful violence, but they and their family were unharmed. The scourge was suspended for a moment, that the infliction might be the more dreadful. On the eve of congratulating themselves on the rescue of their children from this imminent peril, they were stricken dumb. The note of rejoicing was hushed upon their lips. Three of their children, the eldest last, were successively transferred from the death bed to the grave. No crowd of mourners followed them to the tomb, no friendly voice whispered the accents of consolation and comfort in the ears of the bereaved parents. They met the shock alone, unfriended and unpitied. Each individual, in that unhappy city, had suffered more or less by the visitation. It was no time for sympathy. Each one suffered too greatly himself to feel the burthen of another's wo. The parents witnessed the interment of their third child. It was the eldest. They stood beside the grave, and gazed with the apathy of despair into its yawning bosom, in a moment more to engulf the dearest of their earthly treasures. The clergyman and one or two of the more immediate neighbors were the only persons present. They wept not. They had no tears to shed.

And they were nothing, had they such to give; but they could not meet the gaze of those horror-stricken parents; they could not look at the convulsive writhings of their features, without a thrill of instinctive dread. The service was hastily concluded, and the body lowered into the grave. As the sound of the falling clods fell upon the ear of the bereaved mother, her countenance underwent an instant change. The rigid, fixed stare with which she had gazed on the scene before her, vanished; an unearthly wildness lighted up her eye, and pervaded every feature. She uttered a piercing shriek and fell.

What did that shriek tell? It rang the knell of departed hope. It told of an agony of wo, of suffering too poignant to be borne. It spoke of the concentration of every hope upon one object, and that object rudely torn away. It is only such a scene that can fully teach

"The heart, what dust we dole on  
When 'tis man we love."

Death had invaded the domestic sanctuary.—His iron arm had crashed the altar reared in the recesses of their hearts. His wasting breath had dried up the streams of affection and sympathy to their source. Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood felt this stroke deeply. They felt in the first paroxysm of grief that their cup of suffering had been filled to overflowing. That life had ceased to offer a reason or wish for existence. The charm that had thus far gilded the evils of life with its fairy touch, was dissolved, and the veil rent, that had hitherto concealed the darkest shades of sorrow. But violent excitations of the mind are transitory. The paroxysms of emotion that convulse the mind and threaten, for a while, to unseat reason herself, gradually subside, until they are merged into an apathy coincident with the intensity of the emotion excited. The violent excitation of the feelings is an entirely unnatural state of mind, and

must subside when the causes that have produced it cease to operate. So it was in this case; Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood suffered greatly, but the very intensity of their grief resulted in the production of that ultimate apathy, that insensibility, which is usual in such cases.

As time glided on—as the cares of life again pressed upon them, and compelled them again to mingle with the world, the immediate impression caused by their children's death was effaced, and an oblivious forgetfulness seemed to have swept the record of past sorrow. But the wound was externally healed, while its poisonous influences were lurking at the root, pervading and vitiating the better feelings of their natures. They were soured by misfortune, disgusted with the world, and almost weary of life itself. The continued peltings of adversity had rendered them, as it were, insensible to suffering, and their sympathies and sensibilities had become forever blunted. While their family was unbroken, while in the enjoyment of reciprocal love and affection with their children, these feelings and sensibilities had been kept alive, and in some degree active. In the family circle, their more generous were fostered by constant exercise; but this means of exercise taken away, their feelings, sympathies, all became steeled and insensible.

Mr. Clairwood had labored, until some time after the death of his children, under pecuniary embarrassment. His constant exertions, with those of his wife, were requisite in order to maintain his family. He was a merchant of excellent family, but the unfortunate opposition of his friends to his marriage sent him into business with extremely limited means. Untoward circumstances operated so very unfavorably, that his business, so far from increasing had declined, until, by the death of a distant relative, a considerable sum of money was placed at his disposal. He invested it judiciously, and by enterprise and a series of successful speculations, finally established himself on an independent and highly respectable footing among his fellow merchants. But the increased worldly prosperity that visited Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood effected no corresponding change in their feelings. The smiles of fortune could never compensate for the sufferings they had undergone, nor efface the remembrance of the past. Wealth, and its attendant luxury, gradually succeeded their former poverty and simplicity of living; but what wealth can re-attune the shattered sympathies and affections of the heart, or kindle the flame of love once extinguished?

The same coldness, the same insensibility and stagnation of feeling that had been engendered in penury, by the strokes of affliction, still continued to characterize Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood. On other persons the ordeal of affliction through which Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood had passed, would have produced an entirely different effect. It would have subdued the pride of some. It would have taught them deep and abiding lessons of patience and humility. The Christian, in the midst of adversity and misfortune, recognizes the chastening hand of his Almighty Father. The dispensations of Providence, however afflictive, are regarded by him as merciful in their design, and they rarely fail to produce a salutary effect. He feels, when visited by some distressful stroke, that it is a signal of Divine displeasure, or a test to his faith and constancy, and he immediately addresses himself to the performance of his varied duties with renewed piety and zeal. But Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood had never learned to bow beneath the chastizing rod of an all-wise Parent; they relied rather upon their own strength than upon the shield and buckler of Him that is able and willing to protect to the uttermost. They repined at misfortune, murmured at every stroke of affliction, and suffered the boggary elements of envy and uncurbed passion to prey upon their happiness and corrode every real spring of enjoyment.

Edward Clairwood, the youngest of their children, and the only one left them, was, at the period when this history commences, eighteen years old. He had received an excellent education, and had, from childhood, evinced a love of study, an excellent taste, and a constant assiduity in the pursuits of knowledge, that rendered him, at an early age, well versed in classical and modern literature.—Combined with his love of study, he possessed a sensitiveness that amounted almost to timidity.—He shrank instinctively from contact with society, and seemed to dread association with any save those of exact congeniality of temperament. His parents had never manifested any peculiar affection for him. It would naturally be supposed that a deprivation of all other objects of affection would have, as it were, concentrated their love on

him; but it was not so. The general change that had been wrought in their feelings affected no less their conduct toward him.

But above all, they could not enter into his feelings; and, when there is no community of feeling, there is rarely a community of interest. His character was highly intellectual, with refined sensibility and quickness of preception—qualities, in a great degree, foreign to his parents' minds.—He could never brook a taunt or insult; yet it was too often the case that Mrs. Clairwood indulged in ridiculing his tastes and in upbraiding him for his sensitiveness, and as it appeared, his excessive delicacy. The taunts which she occasionally used, and the affectation of pity with which she spoke to him of his bashfulness and reserve, wounded his feelings deeply.

Mrs. Clairwood was a woman who, to the best intentions and most unspotted moral character, joined a singular waywardness of temper that led her into many an unintentional error. She was subject to many sudden bursts of feeling, which, in youth, she had never learned to govern, and which, in maturer years, were almost uncontrollable. These sudden fits of passion were frequently excited by trivial causes, and during their continuance prompted her to use harsh language, and not unfrequently still harsher measures with all the capriciousness of her sex; however, these passionate moments were transitory. They passed like an April cloud over her usually serene temperament, obscuring its light but for a moment; and serving, by the contrast, to render her general serenity still more striking.

Edward had often suffered by this frailty of his mother's, and it was his peculiar nature never to forget. It was his misfortune to brood over slight injuries, until his heated imagination magnified and distorted them into grievous offences. This was an idiosyncrasy of his constitution, and he vainly tried to shake it off. Edward deplored dependence that compelled him to submit to these petty vexations. He had often meditated a separation from his parents, thus to secure a riddance from a parental government and guidance that proved to him *irksome in the extreme*.

While revolving plans that as yet were unformed and indecisive, an incident occurred wholly unlooked for and undreamed of. A trival circumstance one morning occasioned a dispute in which Edward was forced to participate. Mrs. Clairwood, becoming unusually excited, made several remarks highly discreditable to Edward's judgment, which drew from him, in reply, a caustic answer, in which he intimated, too plainly perhaps, that his mother's anger for the time outstripped her reason.

This irritated her to the last degree; conscious of her defect, to be rebuked for it by her own son was more than she could bear. She vented her indignation in a torrent of the most upbraiding and reproachful language. Edward heard it, unmoved. Nothing on his part, save a flashing eye and a livid paleness of countenance, gave any evidence of feeling. But they told too plainly the mood in which he listened to his mother. Mr. Clairwood sat near, and Edward cast one appealing glance towards him, as if to invoke his interposition. But he remained silent. His inferior energy rendered him, to a great degree, subject to the domination of his wife; and on this occasion, however convinced of its propriety, he dared not interpose. Edward caught up his hat with a haughty gesture, and without a word, abruptly left the room. He had nearly reached the street door, when Mrs. Clairwood, in a paroxysm of rage, rushed past him, and seized his shoulder.

"Edward," said she, in a voice trembling with excitement, "Edward! you have insulted me; repent this instant! apologize! or you never darken these doors again."

"Mother," he replied calmly, "I am ready to go—apologize I cannot."

"Go then," said Mrs. Clairwood, opening the door herself. "Go, ingrate! drown yourself, if you will, but never let me see your face again;" and with these words, the door was violently closed and locked in Edward's face. He stood for a moment musing with folded arms, as if irresolute, and then walked slowly on.

It was a calm summer's morning. As Edward walked, the morning breeze played about his temples, and fanned his burning cheek, but in vain; the fires that lighted up his eye and sent the hectic to his cheek, were inward, to be cooled by no external application. The fragrance, wafted from a thousand opening flowers, saluted him, and the tall trees waved their tops, as if in gay carousal. The sun shone brightly and warmly on his path, but all these were unheeded. Nature, though

wreathed in smiles, attracts no notice from the sick and weary soul. Edward walked more hurriedly; he had gained the open country and was crossing a bridge that was thrown across a narrow but rapid stream. Totally absorbed in his reflections, unconscious of aught beside himself, he was striding hastily across it, when his step was suddenly arrested.

What a change the few last moments had effected in his condition! He found himself not a voluntary exile, but an outcast, ejected from the paternal roof, and that by a mother's hand. The sensations excited in an ordinary bosom by such circumstances would have been powerful; but to his acute sensibilities they were exquisitely, intensely painful. The strong tide of excited feeling swept through his soul, arousing and concentrating every thought, every passion upon the one engrossing, maddening idea of his expulsion from home. It touched his feelings to the quick. He could have borne ridicule, contumely, even ill-treatment, but to be driven out in the world, a wanderer, homeless, friendless, an object for "scorn to point her slow, unmoving finger at," plunged him into wretchedness that was nearly allied to desperation. He had calmly thought of leaving home, but that was honorable; to be driven from it with a curse upon his head was maddening. In the giddy whirl of feeling, the delirium of excitement as it were that followed, a thousand wild, incoherent ideas floated through his brain, like wave succeeding wave, each blotting out all trace of that which had preceded it.

Advancing to the side of the bridge, he leaned over the railing, and gazed abstractedly into the stream beneath. The eddying waters swept under him, reflecting the rays of the sun from their pellucid surface. A new idea seemed to flash upon his mind. The workings of his countenance and his incoherent mutterings evinced a new emotion. The last words addressed him by his mother rang in his ear, *go down yourself, if you will*.

"Ay! drown," muttered he. "This were indeed a place for that; O, that it were so! O, that it had been so ere it came to this! To die! yes, death would be indeed a blessing, for what is life? A burthen! a bitter sting! if death then destroy that sting, or rid me of the burthen, 'twas indeed to be desired. Bright waters! would that your merry gambols were now playing o'er my bosom; would that your embrace had snatched me from this too early anguish!"

His mutterings became more disconnected and indistinct. His head sank upon the railing, and overcome with fatigue and intensity of feeling, he slept.

An hour passed by, and Edward still slept.—The noise made by a passing traveler disturbed his slumbers. He awoke, and pulling his cap over his eyes, hastily walked on. He was refreshed, and the agitation of his mind in some degree soothed. As he walked, reflection served to tranquillize still more his agitated feelings, and he soon ceased, to all outward appearances, to remember the scene through which he had just passed. His countenance regained its accustomed serenity, and his manner again became calm and undisturbed. The outward traces of emotion had indeed vanished, but the iron had entered his soul.

It was on a lovely autumn morning, about four years after this event, that a small group were assembled in Mr. Clairwood's chamber. The balmy air breathed through the partly opened casement, and the merry carols of the birds in an adjoining garden made the apartment vocal with enlivening music. Beneath the windows spread out a charming landscape, whose features, thrown into light and shadow by the beam of the morning sun, rendered its beauty still more striking. Every thing wore a pleasant aspect; the very furniture in the room seemed to shine with more than its wonted lustre. The mirrors looked more dazzling, as they caught and reflected every ray that passed across their polished surface. But the brightness of all external objects, by heightening the contrast, rendered the gloom that sat upon the countenances of the group still more gloomy.

Mr. Clairwood had been stretched for months upon a bed of disease and suffering, and the only change about to be wrought, was that from a bed of disease to the bed of death. He had lingered on, sustained by hope and comforted with the assurance of ultimate recovery, but a sudden change in the character of the disease showed too plainly that the hopes were fallacious, and that the moment of his dissolution was rapidly approaching. His physician approached his bed side and took his hand. Mr. Clairwood unclosed his eyes, and turned them bitterly upon him. There were tra-

ces of sorrow in that pallid face; the furrowed cheek and wrinkled brow revealed, but too plainly, the harrowing influence of care,

Harrassing care that plucks the roses from its cheek,  
And plants its own dark impress in their stead.

As the physician looked, he felt that his patient's life was drawing to a sudden close. He felt that it was his duty to dispel the hope that had sustained him, and bid him prepare for his final adieu to time and his coming entrance on eternity. "Mr. Clairwood," said he, addressing him, "I had hoped, ere this, to have seen you well, but it may be that—"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Clairwood, rising partly up, and fixing his earnest gaze on the countenance of the physician—"You may die," calmly replied the physician, finishing the sentence. Mr. Clairwood fell back upon his pillow. "It is my duty to be candid, Mr. Clairwood," he continued, "nothing can now be gained by concealing the truth; I must be candid, you have not many hours to live." "Candid!" gasped the dying man, "why did you conceal it until now? My son! Why could you not have told me, that I might have seen him and have died in peace?" "There is yet time," replied the physician.

A few hours after Mr. and Mrs. Clairwood were alone together. Mr. Clairwood had just awoke from a feverish and broken slumber; turning to his wife, who sat by his bedside, he inquired—"Is Edward come?" "Not yet," was the reply. Mrs. Clairwood had ascertained from time to time her son's situation. He had gone to the South, and by the assistance of a friend had gained the situation of tutor in a planter's family, where he was still residing. There he was free from the petty vexations which had been once so irksome. He was free, and yet he was not happy.

A tide of associations, awakened by some trifling circumstance, thoughts of home, of parents, of childhood with its sunny hours, would often sweep through his mind, creating an almost irresistible desire to return. Familiar images, scenes that were past, haunted his daylight reveries and midnight dreams. There was every thing in his situation that could make him happy and contented. He was now arrived at man's estate; and, by honorable conduct and the exhibition of true talent, had gained the confidence and esteem of the circle in which he moved.

His intelligence and refinement of manners made him unconsciously the admired of all admirers. He made no attempt to shine—he affected no brilliancy of character, but there was that about him which attracted and retained the affections of those by whom he was surrounded. But there was one tie that bound him to that rich planter's family more firmly than the dictates of policy or interest. It was a tie that was woven about the tendrils of his heart, and which gained strength each succeeding day to bind him yet more securely.

The eldest daughter of the planter, a lovely girl, confided to his care in his capacity of tutor, had repaid his instructions, not with the offering of gratitude alone, but with the warmer tribute of her love. She had been his protegee. She became his confidante and was then his betrothed.

Their mutual vows of love and constancy had been long since murmured beneath the orange groves and myrtles of that sunny clime, and registered in heaven. The parents had yielded an unhesitating assent, and the day had been fixed for the consummation of their nuptials.

But there was one drawback on Edward's happiness. One poison mingled in the cup of his felicity—"Go, ingratitude!"—rang in his ears, as memory recalled the words of his mother's parting benediction, as vividly as if they had been but one day uttered.

It was evening. Edward and Lelia Granville were bending over a centre-table, on which were placed a number of engravings. They looked alternately at the engravings and at each other. Those looks were eloquent; they spoke of happiness, pure and unalloyed. Suddenly the hall bell rang violently. Before the servant had time to answer it, Edward was himself at the door. Opening it, he was accosted by a man whom he did not recognize.

"Is Edward Clairwood here this evening?" said the stranger in an impatient tone.

"I am the person you seek," said Edward.

"Good heavens, how you've grown!" replied the stranger. "I knew you once! you have strangely altered. But—well, I have no time to lose. Your father is dying, Mr. Clairwood—he has sent me to implore you to return; if you do not, he dies in wretchedness. As you value his

dying blessing, and would secure your future happiness, come immediately."

Edward's emotions may be felt, not described. He stood musing and motionless, till roused by an impatient exclamation from the messenger.

"Yes, I will go! When do you return?"

"That depends upon your promptness," was the quick reply.

"To-morrow morning, then," said Edward, "call then, you will find me ready."

And the stranger, nodded his head in token of assent, mounted his carriage and drove rapidly away.

Edward returned to Lelia, and in a few hurried words explained the reason of his intended absence, promising a speedy return. She entreated permission to attend him, but it was impossible. He bade adieu to the family, and before the morning's sun had risen into the heavens, he was far advanced on his journey home.

Mr. Clairwood lay on his bed. His regular but labored breathings showed that he slept. The windows of his chamber were carefully darkened, and the attendants glided noiselessly through the room. Every breath of noise was suppressed, that the slumbers of the sufferer might be unbroken. Mr. Clairwood had passed the few last hours in a state of feverish anxiety. The certainty of death did not alarm him. He had been for some days conscious of his approaching dissolution, and with calmness had made the necessary disposition of his property.

He indeed awaited his fate with resignation, but it was the fear that his son would come too late that harassed him. He had felt yearnings of tenderness toward his son ever since his departure; but in view of death, his every thought was centred on that exiled son—exiled when it should have been his duty and his privilege to have prevented it, and he felt that he must see Edward once more, that a reconciliation must be effected, that his dying lips must pronounce his parting benediction on his restored child, ere he could depart in peace. And the anxiety, the impatient fear with which he had awaited Edward's arrival, served to hasten the progress of his disease into a fearful rapidity; sleep had been driven from his eyelids; for what opiate could lull that anxiety, or banish that lurking fear? But a few hours now remained to him. His eye grew more dim, and his pulse beat more faintly. Exhaustion had at least thrown him into a broken slumber; a momentary rest, to be shortly broken by the pangs of death, then to be succeeded by an eternal sleep.

The attendants moved noiselessly, for it was important that his slumber should be protracted as long as possible. Edward was momentarily expected; and till then, they hoped Mr. Clairwood's repose would remain uninterrupted. A carriage stopped at the door; in a moment, Edward was on the steps, and, in a moment more, clasped in the extended arms, and bedewed with the repentant tears of the mother, whose voice had, in days past, driven him in sorrow from her roof.

A conscious of right had supported Edward, and he had prepared to see his mother with a feeling of injured pride, but that feeling vanished. Their commingled tears fell upon the record of their unhappy separation, and blotted it out forever.

With what feelings did Edward cross the threshold of his father's chamber? What a tide of associations poured back upon his mind, as he gazed once more on his father's face? That worn and pallid countenance spoke volumes; and, amid the vicissitudes of after life, its impress was vividly renewed in Edward's soul.

Mr. Clairwood heavily unclosed his eyes. They met the earnest gaze of his son.

"Is it you? You are then come at last, or do I still sleep? O, God! it is then, yes—my son!"—and he fell back upon his pillow.

"Yes, father, I have come at last,—come to ask forgiveness and be reconciled."

"Forgiveness, my son! Yes, I wished you to forgive me, but I feared it would be too late."

"Father, you mistake; I spoke of myself not of you. I come not to forgive, but to seek forgiveness at my parent's hands."

"'Tis well," replied Mr. Clairwood; "but I fear the greater debt is due from me. I was just dreaming that you had come—when I awoke, thought that I heard your voice again, and that we were friends once more. It is so, Edward, is it not?"

"Yes, father."

"Then my last and brightest dream is realized—realized to the utmost—'tis all I ask."

Edward could not reply; his heart was too full. The thoughts crowded too thickly up for utterance.

"Edward," continued Mr. Clairwood, "I am dying. I feel already the icy thrill of death creeping over me, and shortly, very shortly, I will be gone beyond the reach of earthly ills and sorrows."

"Do not talk thus, father," interrupted Edward. "I hope that you will recover; yes, I hope that you will see many happy days yet."

"Never, my son, my hours are numbered—yet, tell me one thing, make me one promise."

"What, father?" Edward eagerly inquired.

"That you will forget every thing that has happened; that you will love your mother, as though there had been nothing to interrupt that affection which should ever subsist between the parent and the child. Do you promise? It is my last request."

"I do, I do," replied Edward; and although unused to the melting mood, his tears fell fast and warm upon his father's hand.

Mr. Clairwood lay for some moments motionless. His lips again parted as if assaying to speak; but the sounds that issued from them were inarticulate. A gurgling noise succeeded, and a hurried gasping, as if for breath.

Edward hastily raised him, that he might breathe more freely, but in vain. Death had placed his signet on the sufferer's brow. He heaved a deep sigh, and the dreaded agony was over. Earth had claimed the tribute of his mortal body to mingle with her dust, and with that sigh the disembodied spirit had fled beyond that bourne "from which no traveler returns."

Edward Clairwood redeemed the promise made to his dying father. He loved his mother with all the strength of filial affection. By the testamentary disposition of Mr. Clairwood, the greater portion of his property had been bequeathed to Edward.

Accompanied by his mother, he returned to Mr. Granville's family, claiming the hand of his affianced—the lovely Lelia—not as once an humble, unloved tutor, but as her equal in birth and fortune. They were married; and, at this hour, in the society of her son and daughter, and in the family with which they are connected, Mrs. Clairwood finds and enjoys that unalloyed happiness and tranquility of mind, to which, through the long morning of a troublous life, she had been an utter stranger.

## The Old World.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

### LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY THURLOW WEED.

GLASGOW, Aug. 9, 1843.

We have just returned from a visit to the birth-place of Robert Burns. We lingered for hours around objects made classic by his genius. This true poet of nature has invested every thing that surrounds Ayr and Alloway with an interest that can never die. Every brook and brae and craig and "Brig," are the self-erected monuments to his memory and his muse.

The Glasgow and Ayr Railway enables visitors to go to Alloway in three hours and a half. The cottage in which the poet was born is about two and a half miles from Ayr. It is and has been occupied by a Mrs. Goudie, (an intelligent and communicative old lady, who was acquainted with Burns) for forty-two years. The cottage, as constructed by the poet's father, on seven acres of ground, for which he bought a perpetual lease, is small and humble, consisting of a single room and kitchen. When the poet's father rented Mount Oliphant, a farm near the cottage, he sold his seven acres to the Shoemaker's Corporation of Ayr, for £80, to whom Mrs. Goudie pays an annual rent of £45.

From the cottage we proceeded to the 'Burns' Monument,' a very tasteful, poetic structure, erected on the banks of the "Bonny Doon," at an expense of £3,300, raised by subscription. The grounds around it are handsomely laid out, and adorned with many varieties of shrub and flower. Within the monument, upon the ground floor, is an apartment lighted from a cupola, with stained glass, in the centre of which stands a table with relics of Burns enclosed in a glass case. Among these mementoes are the two Bibles presented by the poet to his "Highland Mary." In the fly leaf to each volume "Robert Burns, Mossiel" as written by himself, is seen; and in the 1st book,

"And ye shall not swear by my name falsely," and in the 2d, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths," appear in his hand writing. With these sacred volumes is a lock of "Highland Mary's" hair. After the death of Mary Campbell, these Bibles were given by her mother to Mrs. Anderson, another daughter, who subsequently gave one to each of her daughters. A son of Mrs. Anderson, who resides in Canada, came afterwards in possession of both these volumes, but was compelled by pecuniary misfortunes to part with them. They were purchased for £25 by some Scotch gentlemen at Montreal and returned to Scotland for preservation in the monument, where they were deposited on the 25th (the poet's birthday) of January, 1841. The view from the monument is of surpassing beauty, every bright feature of which has its poetic associations. From the monument we passed over to

"Alloway's auld haunted kirk ;"

the walls and belt of which alone are preserved, the wood-work having long since been transformed into snuff-boxes. Near the Kirk-yard gate are the remains of the poet's father, distinguished by a slab on which these lines, written by Burns, are inscribed :

"Oh ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,  
"Draw near with pious reverence and attend ;  
"Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,  
"The tender father and the generous friend.  
"The pitying heart that felt for human woe,  
"The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,  
"The friend of man — to sin alone a foe,  
"For e'en his failings leant to virtue's side."

The tomb of the Lord of Alloway is in the area of the Kirk, and at the west corner of the cemetery is a handsome modern monument to the memory of Gen. Hughes. A few yards farther west, and by the side of the door, is the

"Well

"Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel,"

Going south a few hundred yards you come to "Auld Brig," over which "Tam O'Shanter" was pursued by the witches, and still farther on you see

"the meikle stane

"Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane,"

A sister of Burns resides about three quarters of a mile from the cottage, upon whom we intended to call, but just as we had terminated our view of external objects, the rain descended in such torrents that we were compelled to forego the visit. Mrs. Goudie informed us that this sister is a widow lady upwards of seventy, but enjoying good health.

We returned to Ayr, an ancient town of much historical interest, through which—the rain having abated—we wandered for an hour. Ayrshire contained a population of 145,000 in 1831, and boasts of having given birth to Bruce, Wallace, and Burns. Ayrshire was also the scene of the great Eglintoun tournament in 1839. The river Ayr abounds in trout and salmon. The salmon, by the way, have never been so plentiful as this season. Immense quantities are taken daily from Ireland and Scotland to England. They have been sold, where they are taken most abundantly, for three cents a pound.

The Ayr "folk" have erected a noble tower in honor of Sir William Wallace, which is adorned with a statue of the Scottish Chief by Thom.—There is another statue of Wallace in a niche of an ancient stone building in which he once took refuge when hard pressed by a superior force.

The Tower of St. John's Church, erected in the 12th century, but converted into an armory and fortification by Oliver Cromwell, in 1652, is a venerable relic. The Rev. John Welsh, son-in-law of the Reformer John Knox, was pastor of St. John's church in 1650.

But I passed these objects with a cursory glance for the purpose of seeing and crossing "The brigs of Ayr," whose relative claims to consideration were so glowingly sung by

"The simple bard, rough at the rustic plough,  
"Learning his useful trade from every bough."

While standing upon the "Auld Brig" looking towards its gay rival, it required but a slight effort of the imagination to endow it with the powers of speech, and to suppose it exclaiming—

"Conceited gawk! puff'd wi' windy pride!  
"This mouny a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;  
"An' tho' wi' crazy cild I'm sair forsaire,  
"I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn."

And having imagined this, the supercilious reply of the "New Brig" was of course heard :

"Fine Architecture! trowth, I need not say't o't!  
"The Lord be thankit that we've't the gate o't!  
"Gawnt, ghastly, ghast-ailuring adiesee,  
"Hanging with threst'ling jut, like precipices ;  
"Mansions that would disgrace the building taste  
"Of any mason, reptile, bird or beast."

It is a little singular that the poetic prophecy of Burns, that the old brig would be a brig when the new one became a "shapeless cairn," is about to be realized. The new brig, since the construction of the Ayr Railway, which terminates near it, is found too narrow for the increase of business, and is to be taken down. This bridge was built in 1778. The "old bridge" was erected in 1285, and looks as if it might stand as much longer.

Before leaving the "brig," my attention was arrested by what with us would be regarded, if not patented, as an improved washing machine.

At least a dozen wash-tubs were placed along the shore of the river Ayr, in which as many females, some old and ugly, and others young and pretty, were "pounding clothes" with their feet! I have heard that the Scotch lasses, who have large "bakings" knead their bread in the same manner; the truth of this, however, I cannot vouch; but that I saw them dancing in wash-tubs, without stockings or garters, is certain.

Within a mile of the village of Tarbolton, near the river Ayr, is the scene of Burns' last and truly affecting interview with Mary Campbell. It was a Sunday, in May. Their mutual faith was plighted, first by laying their hands in the pure stream, and then crossing them upon Mary's Bible. Preparatory to their marriage, Mary visited her friends in Argyleshire, and in returning, fell sick and died at Greenock. Burns retained through life the most devoted remembrance of this early attachment. Mr. Lockhart, who, from frequent interviews with the widow of the poet, derived many very interesting facts in relation to Burns, states among other things that many years after his marriage, and on the anniversary of the death of "Highland Mary," after working hard all day in the fields, though out of health, he wandered into the barn-yard, where he remained so long that Mrs. Burns alarmed at his absence, went repeatedly and begged him to come in, which he promised to do, but remained stretched upon a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed upon a beautiful planet, that shone like another moon, until at a late hour. On entering the house he called for his desk, and immediately wrote the following sublime and pathetic lines :

"Thou lingering Star with lessening rays,  
"That lov'st to greet the early morn:  
"Again thou utter'st in the day,  
"My Mary from no soul was torn.  
"Oh Mary! dear departed shade,  
"Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
"Seest thou thy lover, lowly laid?  
"Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?  
"That sacred hour can I forget?  
"Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
"Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
"To live one day of parting love?  
"Eternally will ne'er efface,  
"Those records dear of transports past ;  
"Thy image at our last embrace ;  
"Ah! little thought we 'twas our last."

William Burns, the Poet's father, is remembered as an intelligent, worthy, pious farmer, but one on whom fortune bestowed more of her frowns than her smiles. At his death, the family were left entirely destitute, but soon removed (in 1784) from Alloway to Moss-giel, where the poet found in Gavin Hamilton, (from him his mother leased a farm) an early and generous friend. Most of his poems, during the three years he resided there, from his 25th to his 28th year, were written.

I am surprised in finding upon the register kept for visitors at the birthplace of Burns, the names of but very few Americans. In looking back for the last four months I noticed the names of three of my countrymen, one of which was that of professor Mussey of Boston.

The Glasgow and Ayr Railway, though undertaken with serious doubts of its answering the hopes of stockholders, proves a most profitable investment. It is fifty miles in length, and runs through Paisley, Johnstone, Lochwinnoch, Beith, Kibbirnie, Dalry, Saltcoats, Kilwinning, &c., which are manufacturing towns; and through Irvine (a beautiful place) Troon, Monkton, Prestwick, Ayr, &c. which are upon the sea coast, and commercial in their pursuits. The capital stock was £520,000, most of which was subscribed by the merchants of Glasgow. Forty per cent only had been called when the Railway was completed. Its stock is at or above par. I allude more particularly to this subject now for the purpose of remarking that, but for the circumstance that this railway was to approach the birth-place of Burns, the stock would not have been taken, nor the way constructed. This circumstance popularized the enterprise. Many capitalists ventured to take

stock who, but for the charm which Burns has thrown around Ayr and Alloway, would have held their hands. Nor was this view of the question too poetical. A considerable item in the receipts of the company is derived from visitors to the birth-place of Burns.

MELROSE, (Scotland,) Aug. 13, 1843.

We left Edinburgh in the "Chevy Chase" coach this morning, and at 11 we were set down at the "George Inn," Melrose. The distance is 36 miles, over a smooth M'Adam road, and through a diligently tilled, but not a fertile soil.

At 12 we left for Abbotsford, three miles from the village of Melrose. Abbotsford is concealed from view, by a young but dense forest, until you approach within ten rods of it, beautifying a sequestered vale at the foot of a graceful declivity, and within one hundred yards of the river Tweed. The mansion and grounds so far as their architecture and picturesque beauties are concerned, owe their existence to the taste and industry of their late illustrious proprietor, Sir Walter Scott, who found health, relaxations and inspiration in the agricultural, arboricultural and floral employment of a considerable portion of his time. Most of the trees which are now affording a grateful shade to the mansion, and give such happy effect to the landscape, were set out by Sir Walter himself. "He has done things," says Mr. Lockhart, "since he came into possession of Abbotsford, which would have been reckoned wonders, even had they occupied the whole of a clever and skillful man's attention for a still greater number of years."—There are fine paths and riding ways wending thro' the forest, with poetic waterfalls in the ravines, and benches and bowers in which the poet used to indulge his imagination.

The "Roof-Tree of Monkbarne," as the house has been styled, connects itself on three sides with the beautiful gardens. Though "a thing of shreds and patches" in detail, its general effect is as truly imposing as it is chaste and elegant. It abounds, too, in historical interest, for much of the material of which it was constructed was obtained from the various ancient castles, abbeys and monasteries that constitute the themes and were the theatres of his poetry and romance.—The gate-way is in part constructed from materials belonging to the ancient castle of the Douglas. A portion of the walls came from the old abbey of Dumfermline. The hall is floored with black and white marble from the Hebrides, and is hung with arms and armor, as ancient and curious as that to be found in the tower at London. In an adjoining arched room you find an endless collection of swords, firelocks, arrows, darts, daggers, broadswords, claymores, each with their sanguinary history. Among these are Rob Roy's gun, drinking-can and leathern-pouch. Here, too, is the padlock and key of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. These relics of other and darker ages remain precisely as Sir Walter deposited them. In the dinner-room are busts of Shakspeare and Scott. There, too, also, a glorious portrait of Sir Walter, and his favorite dog Maida, by Reburn, with portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots, the Earl of Essex, the Dutchess of Buccleugh, &c. &c.—Near the drawing-room window is a water fountain in a green house, which "in days of yore graced the cross of Edinburgh, and used to flow with claret at the coronation of the Stuarts."—The splendid furniture of the drawing-room is of ebony wood, and was presented to the poet by George the Fourth. The library is an oblong some thirty feet by forty, with a roof of carved oak. It contains over twenty thousand volumes, classified and arranged by him whose mind was imbued with their contents. There are two large cases of MSS., one of which relate to the Revolutions of 1715 and 1745, and the other to Magic, Demonology, &c. There are, in the library, copies of the works of all the authors of the present century, from those authors, with their Autographs.

We were shown into the Waverly Sanctum, a snug, quiet apartment, to which there was but one privileged visitor. This was Maida, the Poet's favorite and faithful dog, of whom there are two portraits, one of which is said to be so life-like that the game-keeper used to insist upon whistling him into the fields. There are books on three sides of this study, and a light stair-case by means of which Sir Walter went to and from his sleeping apartment without passing through the other rooms. There is a portrait of Claverhouse and a small full-length painting of Rob Roy in this room. The table, by which, and the chair in which, he sat, while writing as man will never write again, (for there can be but one Scott as

there is but one Shakespeare stand, as they did when his lamp of life was put out! Aljoining the sanctum is a small press or closet in which he used to hang his overcoat, gun, implements of husbandry, &c. in which the clothes last worn are now deposited. He was dressed when he was out last with Esckhart, in mixed pantaloons, drab coat, plain vest and white hat. These all but sepulchral vestments were viewed with melancholy interest.

Next to the pleasure of seeing "Sir Walter himself" with his great foot-hold," as Christopher North described a striking portrait of him, was that I enjoyed "in meditation high" about the room in which the great intellectual engine of the 19th century wrought so many of its prodigies. In the wide world there is no spot so hallowed by genius. Here rose the sun whose rays were reflected as far as letters are known. This is the literary storehouse from which the richest treasures were drawn. This the crucible that gave out the purest gold: Here the noblest creations of the imagination were conceived, matured, perfected. This was the birth place of a race that will not die; for here Waverly and Mannering and Monkbaron and Ochiltree and Meg Merrilies and Preydeil and Baillie Nicol Jarvie and Dugald Dalgetty and Diana Vernon and Claverhouse and Lord Evandale and Manse Headrig and Jeanie Deans and Saddletree and Madge Wildfire and Caleb Balderstone and Ivanhoe and Rebecca and Annot Lyle and Tressilian and Amy Robsart and Mike Lambourne and Wildraka and Ravenswood and Sir Piersie Shafton and Redgauntlet and Anne of Gierstein and Norna and the Udellper, with many others equally illustrious, were born.

Sir Walter Scott commenced his literary labors in 1796, by the translation, from the German language, of the works of Burger. In 1799 he translated a German tragedy and wrote several ballads, thus trying his "prentice hand." In 1802 his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," in 2 vols, was published. He wrote reviews of several new works that year. "Sir Tristram," by Thomas the Rhymer, appeared in 1804. In 1805 came "The lay of the last Minstrel," with numerous reviews. In 1808, "Marmion," with a "Life of Dryden," and other works published under his auspices with notes. In 1809 he edited and published the works of different authors, running through 16 volumes, and wrote several reviews. In 1810, the Lady of the Lake was produced, together with English Minstrelsy, in 2 vols., Miss Seward's Life and Works, in 5 vols., and more reviews. In 1811, the Vision of Don Roderick, with the Secret History of the Court of King James I. In 1812, Rokeby. In 1813, The Bride of Treirmain. In 1814, Waverly, with the Life of Dean Swift, Memoir of the Somervilles, and several other works. In 1815, Guy Mannering, the Lord of the Isles, the Field of Waterloo, and a popular song. In 1816, the Antiquary, Paul's letters to his kinsfolk, first series of Tales of my Landlord, and the Edinburgh Annual Register. In 1817, Rob Roy, Harold the Dauntless, Border Antiquities, with other works of less magnitude. In 1818, the Heart of Mid Lothian, Antiquities of Scotland, the Scottish Regalia, with several reviews. In 1819, the Bride of Lammermoor and the Legend of Montrose, Ivanhoe, with other works. In 1820, the Monastery, the Abbot, Lives of the Novelists, and the Visionary. In 1821, Kenilworth, the Pirate, Coronation of George IV., and other works. In 1822, the Fortunes of Nigel, Halidon Hill, and Memoirs of the Civil Wars in 1653.—In 1823, Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward, St. Ronan's Well, and an Essay on Romance. In 1824, Red Gauntlet, and a tribute to the Memory of Lord Byron. In 1825, Tales of the Crusaders, Woodstock, with reviews and songs. In 1826, Letters of Malichi Malagrowth, Chronicles of the Canongate, (first series) Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, and Reviews. In 1827, Tales of a Grandfather, Essays on Agriculture and Ornamental Gardening, Reply to Gen. Gourgaud, and Miscellaneous Prose Works. In 1828, Chronicles of the Canongate, (second series) Tales of a Grandfather, (second series) Religious Discourses,\* and reviews. In 1829, Anne of Gierstein, Tales of a Grandfather, (third series) History of Scotland, the Waverly Novels, with new introductions and notes. In 1830, the Doom of Devorgoil, Demonology and Witchcraft, Tales of a Grandfather, (fourth series) History of Scotland, (second vol.) with elaborate reviews. In 1831, Tales of my Landlord, (fourth series.)

This list, formidable as it is, by no means com-

\*The sermons were written for a young clergyman, (Mr. Gordon) who subsequently obtained Sir Walter's leave to publish them for his own (G.'s) benefit.

prises all the works that emanated from Sir Walter Scott. There was a vast quantity of incidental matter, in addition to the gigantic amount of intellectual labor which this long catalogue of books exhibits, appearing simultaneously in the magazines and newspapers. Nor was this his only employment, for while these works were dropping from his pen, like ripe fruit from an overburthened tree, he was discharging his duties as clerk of a busy court and sheriff of his county, and was actively engaged in improving and cultivating his grounds.

The character of Sir Walter Scott, viewed in any of the varied and even chequered aspects that it presents itself to the world, excites the highest admiration. His genius derives lustre from his virtues. When, after he supposed himself overtaken by pecuniary misfortune, with what lion-hearted firmness he met the shock, and relying upon his pen, determined to work through an appalling load of debts. See with what true philosophy he writes in his journal:

"Jan. 22—I feel neither dishonor nor broken down by the bad—now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted—sat the last time in the very halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill luck—i. e. if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant and lose my popularity with my fortune!

But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. When I set myself to work doggedly, as Dr. Johnson would have said, I am just the same man I ever was."

Again, when negotiations were pending with his creditors, Sir Walter says:

"If they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements."

And again:  
"Now that the shock of discovery is over and passed, I am much better off on the whole. I feel as if I had shaken off my shoulders a great mass of garments—rich, indeed, but always more a burden than a comfort.

If I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank and fortune as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, time must salve that sore, and to time I trust.

A most generous letter from Walter and Jane, offering to interpose with their fortune, &c. God Almighty forbid!—that were too unnatural in me to accept, though dutiful and affectionate in them to offer."

And Again:  
"Feb. 3.—This is the first time since my troubles that I felt at awaking,

I had drunken deep  
Of all the blessedness of sleep."

I made not the slightest pause, nor dreamed a single dream, nor even changed my side. This is a blessing to be grateful for."

When the pecuniary calamity came upon him, and like Byron, he saw his "household gods shivered" around him, Sir Walter was engaged upon Woodstock. After his affairs had been put into the hands of trustees, he "returned to the wheel," and on the 4th of February said:

"From the 19th of January to 2d of February inclusive, is exactly 15 days during which time, with the intervention of some days idleness, to let imagination brood on the task a little, I have written a volume. A volume, at cheapest, is worth £1000. This is working at the rate of £24,000 a year! but then we must not bake buns faster than people have appetites to eat them.—They are not essential to the market, like potatoes."

From this time forward, Sir Walter labored with indomitable energy to extinguish a debt, from the coinage of his brain, of more than £300,000, for which he had become liable by his business relations with Constable & Co. and Ballantyne & Co. But the labor was too severe even for his Herculean mental and physical powers.—There were admonitions of the fate which awaited him as early as 1826, as may be seen by a note in his private journal:

"March 14.—What a detestable feeling this fluttering of the heart is! I know it is nothing organic, and that it is entirely nervous; but the effects of it are sickening to a degree. Is it the

\* Mr. O'Connell must have borrowed this idea in the remark he made to us at Dublin, which I quoted in a former letter.

body brings it on the mind, or is it the mind that inflicts it on the body?"

The result of Sir Walter's literary labors, from January, 1826, to January, 1828, was a dividend of six shillings sterling on the pound to his creditors, amounting in the aggregate to £40,000, or \$200,000! What other author ever did or ever will realize such another sum from his own intellectual labors? For this illustrious demonstration of genius, industry and integrity, the creditors, as well they might, "unanimously voted him their thanks." After this dividend had been made, his private journal says:

"I see before me a long, tedious and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the barrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honor. If I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience."

But human faculties, though with all the strength and tenacity of iron and steel, may be over-taxed, as were those with which nature endowed Sir Walter Scott. Some of the rapacious creditors who made merchandise of his brain, to use his own burning figure, "treated me like a recusant turnspit, and put a red-hot cinder into the wheel along with me." And finally, the "feather which breaks the camel's back" having been added to Sir Walter's burthen, he was struck down by paralysis, and after lingering a few months, was gathered to his fathers. How painfully sublime to the sorrowing friends who surrounded him, must have been the breaking of that athletic frame, the quenching of that towering spirit, the going out of that "light which no Promethean spark can relume!"

We followed Sir Walter from Abbotsford, the theatre of his glorious achievements, to Dryburgh, whose ruined abbey is hallowed by his dust.—How appropriately chosen for the final repose of such precious remains? What monument so fitting and expressive as the crumbling walls, and lofty, but silent, towers of an ancient Scottish Abbey! Dust to Dust! Ashes to Ashes! Ruin to Ruin!

Dryburgh Abbey has a romantic location, about five miles from Abbotsford, upon the river Tweed, in a wood whose foliage conceals it from view until you approach its ivy protected walls. It was founded in 1150, by Hugh de Moreville, constable of Scotland, upon a site previously devoted to Druidical worship. Edward II., in his retreat from an unsuccessful invasion of Scotland, in 1322, burnt the Abbey, which was rebuilt by Robert I., and again partially destroyed by the English in 1544. In 1604, the Abbey became the property and residence of the Earl of Mar. It now belongs to the Earl of Buchan, who is a relative of the late Sir Walter, and who resides near it. The remains of Sir Walter repose by the side of his wife, (who died about five years earlier,) in St. Mary's aisle, one of the most solitary, and yet striking features of the Abbey. The day after the funeral of "his poor Charlotte," the widowed poet said in his journal:

"The whole scene floats as a sort of dream before me—the beautiful day, the grey ruins covered and hidden among clouds of foliage, where the grave, even in the lap of beauty, lay lurking, and gaping for its prey."

Sir Walter Scott's youngest daughter, of whom there is a most spirited portrait at Abbotsford, as is known, survived her father's death but a few months, and Mrs. Lockhart died in 1837. Two sons, one a Lieut. Colonel in the British Army, and the other an under Secretary in the foreign office, are all that remains of this family. Abbotsford, though still encumbered, will continue the property of the present Sir Walter. The copyright of the Waverly novels has extinguished much of the debt since the author's death, and will, should Parliament extend the laws protecting this species of property, ultimately wipe out the entire amount.

But perhaps I am exhausting the patience of those whose admiration of Sir Walter Scott, and all that is connected with his writings, his character, and his memory, is less enthusiastic than my own; and though I never weary in reading or writing of the author of Waverly, I will not hazard, at this sitting, a heavier draft upon the good nature of my friends.

The Indiana Sentinel contains the following hint:—"Unless Arminius James calls and settles, either with us or his late partner, we will tell all about his stealing six yards of cloth which we left at his shop."

REASONABLE—Thick boots and shoes.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

**MATERNAL SYMPATHY.**—A late number of the Journal des Debats contains an extract from a work called *Russia in 1839*, by the Marquis de Custine. In an introduction to this work, the author gives some curious and affecting details relating to the most disastrous period of the French Revolution. His grandfather and father were among the victims of that time, and perished on the scaffold. During the trial of the elder Custine, the younger being absent as French Ambassador in Prussia, his wife, a woman remarkable for her spirit and beauty, left her son, the author of this memoir, then an infant, in the country, and hastened up to Paris to use all her efforts to procure the deliverance of her father-in-law.

"Every day," says this work, "she was present in the court, during his trial, sitting at his feet. Mornings and evenings she visited personally the members of the revolutionary tribunals and the members of the committee, and so great was the power of her beauty and the interest excited by her presence, that at one of the last sittings of the tribunal, the women in the gallery, though unused to tears, were seen to weep. The marks of sympathy which these furies gave to the daughter-in-law of Custine, irritated Fouquier-Tinville so much, that during the session he gave secret orders that the life of my mother should be secretly taken by the public assassins, as she descended the steps of the hall."

"The accused was re-conducted to his prison. His daughter-in-law on leaving the tribunal, prepared to descend the steps of the palace to regain alone and on foot the carriage which was awaiting her in a distant street. No one dared to accompany her, at least openly, for fear of increasing the danger. Timid and shy as a hare, she had all her life an instinctive dread of a crowd.—You know the steps of the Palace of Justice—imagine that long flight of stairs, covered with masses crowded together of an angry populace, gorged with blood, and already too experienced, too accustomed to performing their execrable office to draw back from one murder more.

"My mother trembling, stopped at the head of the steps. Her eyes commanded the place where Madame Lamballe had been massacred several months before. A friend of my father had succeeded in getting a note to her, while in court, to warn her to redouble her prudence, but this advice increased the danger instead of averting it. My mother's alarm being greater, she had less presence of mind, she thought herself lost, and this idea was almost fatal to her. If I tremble and fall as Madame Lamballe did, thought she, it is all over with me. The furious mob thickened incessantly about her path. 'It is Custine—it is the daughter-in-law of the traitor,' cried they on every side. Every outcry was seasoned with oaths and atrocious imprecations.

"How should she descend—how should she pass through this infernal crowd? Some with drawn swords placed themselves before her; others without vests, their shirt sleeves turned up were driving away their wives, this was the precursor of an execution—the danger increased. My mother thought that if she exhibited the slightest mark of weakness, she should be thrown to the ground, and her fall would be the signal for her death. At last, casting her eyes round, she perceived one of the fish-women (*poissards*) a most hideous-looking creature, advancing in the middle of the crowd. This woman had a nursing infant in her arms. Impelled by the God of mothers, the daughter of the traitor approached this mother, (a mother is something more than a woman,) and said to her, 'what a pretty child you have there.' 'Take it,' replied the mother, who, degraded as she was, understood everything with a word—a look—you can give it back to me at the bottom of the steps.

"Maternal electricity had acted on the two hearts—the crowd felt. My mother took the child, embraced it, and made use of it as an *Ægis* against the enraged crowd.

"The man of nature resumed his rights over the man brutalized by the effects of social disease—the barbarians calling themselves civilized, were conquered by two mothers. Mine delivered, descends into the court of the Palace of Justice, crosses it, goes towards the square, without receiving a blow or the least injury. She reached the grating, and gave back the child to the person

who had leant it to her; and in the same moment they separated without speaking a single word.—The place was not favorable for thanks or explanations. They said nothing to each other of their secret. They never saw each other again! The souls of these two mothers will meet somewhere else."

**DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO STREET LOUNGERS.**—"When a feller's any sort of a feller," said Nicholas, "to be ketchted at home is like bein a mouse in a wire trap. They poke sticks in your eyes, squirt cold water on your nose, and show you to the cat. Common people, Billy—low, ornery, common people can't make out when natur's raised a gentleman in the family—a gentleman all complete, only the money's been forgot. If a man won't work all the time, day in and day out—if he smokes by the fire or whistles out of the window, the very gals bump agin him and say, 'get out of the way, loaf!' Now what I say is this: If people hasn't had genteel futchin' up, you can no expect 'em to behave as if they had been fochted up genteel, than you kin make good cigars out of a broom handle."

"That are a fact," ejaculated Billy Bunkers, with emphasis, for Billy had experienced in his time; treatment at home somewhat similar to that complained of by Nicholas Nollikins.

"But, Billy, my son, never mind, and keep not a lettin' on," continued Nollikins, and a beam of hope irradiated his otherwise saturnine countenance; 'the world's a railroad, and the cars is comin'—all we've have to do is to jump in, chalk free. There will be a time—something must happen. Rich widders are about yet, though they are snapped up so fast—rich widders, Billy, are special providences, as my old boss used to say when he broke his nose in the entry, sent here like rafts to pick up deservin' chaps when they can't swim no longer. When you've bin down twyst, Billy, and are just off agin, then comes the widda a floatin' along. Why, spatterdocks is nothing to it, and a widda is the best of life-preservers when a man is most a case, like you and me."

"Well, I'm not particlar, not I nor never was. I'll take a widda, for my part, if she's got the mint drops, and never ask no questions. I'm not proud—never was harristocratic—I drinks with any body, and smokes all the cigars they give me. What's the use of bein' stuck up, stiffy? It's my principle that other folks are nearly as good as me, if they're not constables or aldermen. I can't stand them sort."

"No, Billy," said Nollikins, with an encouraging smile, 'no Billy, such indiwiduals as them don't know human natur—but, as I was goin' to say, if there happens to be a short crop of winders, why can't somebody leave us a fortin'?—That will be as well, if not better. Now look here—what's easier than this? I'm standing on the wharf—the rich man tries to get aboard of the steamboat—the niggers push him off the plank—in it goes, splash. The old gentleman isn't drowned, but he might have been drowned, but for me, and if he had a bin, where's the use of his money then? So he gives me as much as I want now, and a great deal more when he defuncts rigger, accordin' to law, and the practice of civilized nations. You see—that's the way the thing works. I'm at the wharf every day—can't afford to lose the chance, and I begin to wish the old chap would hurra about comin' along. What can keep him?"

"If it'd come to the same thing in the end," remarked Billy Bunkers, 'I'd rather the niggers would push the old man's little boy in the water, if it's all the same to him. Them fat old fellers are so heavy when they're skored, and hang on so, why I might drown before I had time to go to the bank with the check! But what's the use of waitin'? Couldn't we shove 'em in some warm afternoon ourselves? Who'd know in a crowd?"

**A BARRISTER POSSED.**—At the late Limerick Assizes, a witness of the "lower class" was cross-examined by Mr. Bennett, Queen's Counsel, when the following dialogue took place:—Counsel—"Why do you hesitate to answer me? you look at me as if I was a rogue." Witness—"To be sure I do." [Laughter.] Counsel—"Upon your oath you think me a rogue?" Witness—"Pon my oath I don't think you're an honest man." [Continued laughter.] Counsel—"You swear that on your oath?" Witness—"I do, to be sure, and what else could I think?" Counsel—"Now why do you think so?" Witness—"Why, because you're doing your best to make me perjure myself."

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1843.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ORPHAN'S SOUVENIR, a Rochester Book, for the benefit of the Rochester Orphan Asylum."

This is a gem. It is a work which the citizens of Rochester may be proud of. In matter, typography and binding, it deserves to be ranked with our best American annuals. But it is the heavenly charity, which it was got up to promote, which will most commend the "Souvenir" to the patronage of our citizens. Every one is the friend of the Orphan. Their helplessness binds them to the coldest heart. The avails of this work is to be appropriated to their benefit. Shall a copy not be found forthwith upon every parlor table in the city? The entire edition should be bought up in a fortnight. It merits this prompt sale, not only because it has been got up for the promotion of the Orphan charity, but because it is intrinsically worth the price which will be exacted for it.

Among those who have contributed articles for the "Souvenir," we recognize the names of Messrs. WHITTLESEY, EDWARDS, SHAW, HOLLAND, DEWEY, &c. &c. We mention these, because their well known talents is a guarantee of the excellence of the work. Others of our fellow-citizens whose literary abilities are not as conspicuous as those we have named, have contributed equally excellent articles. The entire work—inside and out—is of Rochester production. All the writers are our fellow-citizens. WM. ALLING is the Printer; and MARCUS MORSE the Binder. It is, as its title page declares, emphatically "a Rochester Book;" and as a Rocheatorean, we are proud of it.

We subjoin the Prefatory article from the Souvenir. It was written by Chancellor WHITTLESEY, who has two or three other admirably written articles in the work:

## THE ORPHANS.

Society, in some respects, proceeds upon the principles of mutual insurance, inasmuch as the absolutely destitute can claim the bare necessities of life from those who are more prosperous. The promptings of humanity and the requirements of law, alike impel us to make this imperfect compensation for the inequalities of fortune. This charity or justice is, in many cases, however, administered somewhat grudgingly, from the conviction that abject want is more commonly the deserved punishment of vicious or criminal habits, which a judicious humanity would relieve only just so far as was necessary to preserve life and give time for repentance. In such cases, the warmer emotions of the heart are mingled with sterner considerations of what is due to vice or crime; but in the case of the helpless orphan, justice itself relaxes the severity of her frown, and permits all the gushing sympathies of our nature to pour forth unrepressed. Whatever the parents may have done, the orphan, in its infant helplessness and the guiltlessness of its tender years, is innocence in the eye of morality as well as the law. There may have been vice or crime somewhere, to lead to destitute orphanage; but no stain of it rests upon the orphan, to check or cool our sympathies for its misfortune.

There is no kind of misfortune which presents so strong an appeal to the best feelings of the human heart, as that which pleads in the person of the destitute infant orphan. The destitution of their condition pleads eloquently for that aid which their situation so touchingly requires. The sympathies are deeply moved by their bereavement and helplessness, and society readily recognises and cheerfully fulfils its obligations to supply to them the place of parents of which they have been deprived by the dispensations of Providence.—The city of Rochester has not been unmindful of its duty in this respect. In a thriving town like this; of rapid growth; with a mixed population of every variety of condition, gathered from both continents, it would naturally happen that the number of destitute orphans would, from the ordinary casualties of such a place, be considerable. For some space of time, there was no department

of charity appropriated specially to the relief of this species of misfortune, and it found alleviation only through the ordinary channels. In February, 1897, the ladies, who are ever the leaders in such charitable enterprises, formed a society expressly for the relief of orphans; and the Rochester Orphan Asylum was incorporated March 23, 1838. The leading object has been pursued with unremitting attention, ever since the commencement of the enterprise under the judicious auspices of the ladies, who have been principally its managers. The duties of parents have, through the instrumentality of this institution, been faithfully discharged to more than two hundred children who have been received under its care. These duties have not been confined merely to the furnishing of these bereaved ones with food and clothing; but they have been extended, with all a parent's care, to their intellectual and moral culture, and providing for their future welfare, usefulness and happiness. Their minds and hearts have been taught by judicious instruction; they have been trained to industrious habits; provided with suitable places at the proper age; in not a few instances adopted from motives of affection, into respectable families, as children; and every attention has been paid to their wants and well-being, which parental care could provide.

As the institution exercises a parent's duties, it is desirous of acquiring a parent's advantages, by gathering these interesting children of misfortune under a roof of their own, and securing a permanent home for the great family of orphans.

By the noble munificence of JOHN GREIG of Canadaigua, the Asylum has acquired ample and beautiful grounds for the site of an orphan's house. The liberal testamentary bequest of DANIEL M. CHITTENDEN, late of the town of Riga, has furnished the institution with the sum of two thousand dollars towards its erection; while the income of a lot of land, the munificent donation of PETERHAM BARKER, of Rochester, supplies about one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, towards its support. The erection of an ample, but in every respect, suitable building, has been commenced, and our citizens are making every effort to complete, furnish and fit it for the reception of this family of orphans, and to secure for them a never-failing support, through the deep and honest sympathies of our nature. To aid in this object, this volume has been prepared; and it courts public favor through the loveliest of the celestial graces, which the worth of the object, if not the merit of the work, may secure; though it may appeal to the charity of the reader by a double claim—CHARITY for the ORPHAN, and CHARITY for the ORPHAN'S SOUVENIR.

"THE TRUE CHURCHMAN WARNED AGAINST THE ERRORS OF THE TIMES."—This is the title of a pamphlet of 65 closely printed pages, compiled by Rev. HENRY ANTHON, of New York. It is a reprint from an English work on the Oxford Tracts, and contains the opinions of a great many of the most distinguished low church divines on the questions involved in the Puseyite controversy. For sale at FISHER'S.

"THE BANKER'S WIFE," or "Court and City," is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Gore. We have not had time to examine the work. Published in cheap form by the Harpers, and for sale at FISHER'S.

"ALLISON FOR \$1."—What next? is an every day question; and it may be now asked with reason. The New World promises the whole of Allison's History of Europe for \$1! It will be out early in October. This is carrying the cheap principle to a most ultra extent.

"PATENT CAPILLARY PEN."—This paragraph is written by a novel steel pen. The novelty consists in its power to retain ink. With a single dip, we can write over a whole page, or more, of foolscap. This is a decided advantage. They are certainly deserving of an experiment. For sale at FISHER'S.

Pliny, the Roman writer on rural affairs, is cited as giving an account of a mule, which, at the age of 80 years, was voted by the Athenians to have free access to the grain market for its voluntary service in assisting to carry up the Acropolis materials for the famous temple of Minerva.

We announce with deep pain, that Sister Frederica died yesterday of the yellow fever. She was one of the Sisters of Charity, who gave their benevolent services to the Hospital.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

And thus, says the N. Y. American, perishes all record upon earth of Sister FREDERICA: a passing paragraph, a deep, and doubtless sincere pang, and all is forgotten. But not in Heaven does the record thus perish of this selfdenying martyr of Christian benevolence. True, under the mysterious impersonality of a "Sister of Charity,"—silent watchers by the death bed of those who have no other watchers—the "mother that wept o'er her childhood" may not recognize her own offspring; the brothers and sisters whose glad voices mingled with hers in the sports of infancy, may cast unheeding eyes upon the page that chronicles her death, and little dream whose death it is; and still the busy world will roll on—that world that had no consciousness of such an existence, save in the fitting veiled form that from time to time, as Pestilence waxed strong, and and death was rioting on its victims, intent on errands of mercy, glided athwart its vision. It will roll on—nor pause to drop a tear on Sister FREDERICA'S grave.

"And who was sister FREDERICA? There is none to answer. None to say whether that heart, so prompt to assuage another's woes, knew tortures of its own: whether the gentle voice, the noiseless step, the patient sympathy, the fearless, tireless devotedness that soothed the dying moments of the poor—had in other days, and in lofty halls, stirred the deep soul of love, led the gay dance, or cheered with approving smile the struggles of the brave and free.

"All, to our finite sense, is mystery, but all is not doubt; for, by the life and by the death of Sister FREDERICA, we know with firm assurance, that Faith, and Hope, and above all, Charity, however tried, or how soon soever forgotten in this world, will not fail of their exceeding great and eternal reward in that which is to come.

A FIFTH OF JULY SPEECH.—A correspondent sends us the following, and vouches for its correctness:

A young man in the village of C., in this county, was equally ardent in his devotions at the shrines of Bacchus and Patriotism, on the last 4th of July. These devotions did not cease with the going down of the sun on that day, but were continued until the rising of that luminary on the following morning. At that hour, he was found perched on a stool near the door of the bar room, and was overheard to make the following soliloquy:

"Well, let's see how much I've got left. Only two cents? What! that V. so nearly evaporated? Can't be—have drank a good deal, I know, but not as much as that. Let's see if I can't find something in my other pockets. [He makes a thorough examination.] No, can't find any more—can't raise but two cents, to save me from kingdom come. Two cents only! That won't buy a cocktail, by at least two-thirds; and I must have something to drink, I'm so thirsty. No, it won't buy even a glass of whiskey! But it will fetch a glass of cider, any how. [He leaves his seat, staggers to the bar, swallows the cider, and returns.] Hem! hem! what miserable swill that is! Hem! why, how it brings up the phlegm!— [A long pause, after which he suddenly commences rubbing his eyes.] Well, now isn't that odd? What is it that makes my eyes feel so very singular? [He gives them another severe rubbing.] That is strange! Didn't I see the sun rise but a moment ago? And now it is darker than Egypt! What can this mean? My God! have I drank myself blind? I never felt better in my life; but really, I can't see worth a d—n!"

"PATHETISM."—Mr. La Roy Sanderland, of New York, seems to have discovered a science, called "Pathetism," a little more subtle and mysterious than mesmerism. According to a New York paper, he actually put four persons in a "pathetic" or double refined mesmeric sleep, in the course of one of his lectures on the subject. The New York Evening Post confesses that it sees nothing marvellous in the fact, that four persons should go to sleep during a lecture on sleep; for the same phenomenon occurs almost every Sunday at church. The following are some of his most wonderful performances:

The lecturer called a lady, well known in that city, of deep piety, upon the platform, and after seating her for the purpose of inducing sleep, he went into the congregation to take care of his other subjects. On returning to the platform, the lady was found asleep! He now informed us that he would put her into a state called "trance," in which she would have perceptions of things invisible. He gave it as his opinion, that the mind in this state did not actually leave the body, as had been supposed, but these states depended on the influences exerted over the cerebral system.—On giving her some directions as to where she should go, she gradually raised her hand, with a most heavenly smile, and commenced a most interesting description of what she saw. She addressed the spirit of a deceased brother, and broke out into raptures of praise to the Savior. And though she never sings when in the normal state, she now sung in most heavenly strains, so much so, that many were affected to tears. And while all this was going on upon the platform, one of the other subjects who had gone to sleep in the extreme part of the hall, was observed to be describing some of the same things which the other saw."

Madame de Genlis relates as an illustration of the value of time, that D'Aguesseau, Chancellor of France in the reign of Louis XIV. "observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, commenced the composition of a work which he prosecuted while he was thus kept waiting. The result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book in three volumes quarto, which has gone through several editions." The work here alluded to, as well as his other works on jurisprudence, are said to be models of their kind, "full of spirit, judicious, elegant, yet powerful, and rich in valuable instruction for statesmen and lawyers." It is related of him, that when he first appeared before the Parliament of Paris, as the King's Advocate General, that his *début* was so brilliant the President, Denis Talon, himself a man who was an honor to the magistracy, wished that he might end as this young man had commenced." No higher compliment could be paid to talents and industry.

The following are the official names of Prince de Joinville and his wife. If her temper is as crooked as her name, or her tongue as long, the poor Prince will have a hard time of it:—"The very high and very powerful Prince Francois-Ferdinand-Philippe-Louis-Marie d'Orleans, Prince de Joinville; and the very high and very powerful Princess Francoise-Caroline-Jeanne-Charlotte-Leopoldine-Romaine-Xaviere-de-Paula-Michel-Gabrielle-Raphael-Gonzaga, Princess of Brazil, Princess de Joinville."

TRANSCENDENTALISM.—The palate far reaching, covets delectables; it orates in fruition and enacts partialism, hence the material essence that assimilates to liking, aspires to favoritism; but in this the palate never ascends to second causes. Consequently the morsel is favorite, and not the giver, palate being actual. This is my view of the subject, and I do not see that you suggest any thing which goes beyond it.

We never knew a maiden lady over 26 years of age, were we to credit her own word.

## Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker for September.

## The Printer.

"The printer, in his folio, heralding the world. Now come tidings of weddings, makings, mummings, entertainments, jubilees, wars, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, shipwrecks, piracies, sea-fights, law-suits, pleas, proclamations, embassies, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays; then again, as if in a new shifted scene, treasons, cheating-tricks, robberies, enormous villainies of all kinds, funerals, burials, new discoveries, expeditions; now comical then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new offices created, to-morrow of great men deposed, and then again of fresh honors conferred; one is let loose, another prisoned; one purchases, another breaketh; he thrives, his neighbor turneth bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, and so forth. Thus do we daily hear such like, both public and private news." OLD BURTON.

He stood there alone at that shadowy hour,  
By the swaying lamp dimly burning;  
All silent within, save the ticking type,  
All without, save the night-watch turning;  
And heavily echoed the solemn sound,  
As slowly he paced o'er the frozen ground.

And dark were the mansions so lately that shone,  
With the joy of festivity gleaming,  
And hearts that were beating in sympathy then,  
Were now living it o'er in their dreaming;  
Yet the PRINTER still worked at his lonely post,  
As slowly he gathered his nightly host.

And here lay the merchant, all pillowed in down,  
And building bright hopes for the morrow,  
Nor dreamed he that Fate was then weaving a wand  
That would bring to him fear and sorrow;  
Yet the PRINTER was there in his shadowy room,  
And he set in his frame work that rich man's doom.

The young wife was sleeping, whom lately had bound  
The ties that death only can sever;  
And dreaming she started, yet woke with a smile,  
For she thought they were parted for ever!  
But the PRINTER was clicking the types that would tell  
On the morrow THE TRUTH of that midnight spell!

And there lay the statesman, whose feverish brow  
And restless the pillow was pressing,  
For he felt through the shadowy mist of his dream  
His loftiest hopes now possessing;  
Yet the PRINTER worked on mid silence and gloom,  
And dag for Ambition its lowliest tomb.

And slowly that workman went gathering up  
His budget of grief and gladness;  
A wreath for the noble, a grave for the low,  
For the happy, a cup full of sadness;  
Strange stories of wonder to enchant the ear,  
And dark ones of terror, to curdle with fear.

Full strange are the tales which that dark host shall bear  
To palace and cot on the morrow;  
Oh welcome, thrice welcome, to many a heart!  
To many a bearer of sorrow;  
It shall go like the wind and wandering air,  
For life and its changes are impressed there.  
Boston, August 13, 1843. MOODS.

From the New York Albion.

## The Soldier's Adieu to his Mistress.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The present letter goes, dear Rose to show  
My health just now, is truly but so-so:  
Our army is, of course, victorious;  
Then as for my left arm,—'tis gone to pot!  
The French successes have been glorious,  
My elbow sadly shattered was by shot;  
Of arms and baggage we've a grand return—  
And I have got two bullets in the stern.

In hospital I'm now, quite ill—in bed,  
Soon to be numbered with the ghostly dead:  
I've sold my body to the surgeon's mate,  
The price, ten shillings, which I send you,  
For I must march! it is the will of Fate—  
And you will have no lover to befriend you;  
Thinking of that—unto myself I said,  
Well, Rose shall have my value though I'm dead.

When last at home, my poor and aged mother  
Was very weak, and in a dying state;  
She's left this world, I'm hoping, for another,  
Before this letter to's you of my fate;  
For if she has recovered, her soft heart  
Will surely break when you the news impart.  
She was so kind—so good; I think 'twere better,  
She should be dead before you get this letter.

My dog, dear Rose, to you I recommend;  
Treat him with care, my love, and be his friend,  
But do not tell him of my dismal lot:  
For he, no doubt, has calculated  
On my return, a corporal rated,  
And he might cry, and make himself a sot,  
If you should tell him I'm so badly shot.

It troubles me, I own, so far away  
From home and you, dear Rose, my bones to lay—  
No friends to cheer me and to say good bye!  
'T would have been pleasant at home to die;  
In our church yard I had a quiet place;  
Our name upon a wooden cross, to grace  
The spot where o'er a soldier's humble bier—  
Kind souls might pray, and drop a pious tear.

Farewell! my Rose, be firm, dear girl, good-bye!  
We ne'er shall meet again; I feel my breath  
Is getting short;—it is no use to fight;  
They grant no turlough in the crops of death!  
Ah! 'tis all over—every thing turns round!  
My post is just relieved—I take my ground—  
My route is come; I'm off—I cannot see—  
Farewell dear Rose, good-bye—remember me!

## The Morning Light.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Thou cheerful morning light;  
How through my lattice streams thy welcome ray!  
Thou mild precursor of the perfect day,  
Dispeller of the night!

Who loves thy gentle beam?  
Not he whose hours are passed in revelry,  
Not he who wakes to no reality,  
So blissful as his dream.

He who forgets his care,  
Beneath the wing of soul-entrancing sleep,  
Thinks the star-ven finials that nightly keep,  
Their watch above the air,

More lovely far than thou—  
For on the earth alone they seem to gaze;  
For through the curtains thy intrusive rays  
Fall on his anxious brow.

Yet many love thee well.  
The sailor, torped on the quiet sea,  
With deeper transport turns and blesses thee,  
Than words of mine can tell.

For on the distant rim  
Of the free waters mellowing in thy smile,  
He sees the faint line of his native isle,  
Rise shadowy and dim.

The happy, sportive child,  
Slumbering since evening twilight on his bed,  
Joys to behold the morning sweetly shed  
Its radiance soft and mild.

The maiden with pure cheek,  
Touched only by the chaste and rosy gale,  
Delights to see, as love's young visions fail,  
Thy beam her eyelids seek.

And he who at the shrine  
Of glorious nature worships, when the glow  
Of early sunrise rests on things below,  
Deems thy first ray divine.

Even I, who thus beguile  
This dawning hour with thoughts serenely bright,  
For this do love thee, cheerful morning light;  
Thou seem'st creation's smile!

From Miss Leslie's Magazine for September.

## Summer Afternoon.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,  
Smoking his pipe of clay,  
While his hale old wife, with busy care,  
Was clearing the dinner away;  
A sweet little girl, with bright blue eyes  
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man placed his hand on her head,  
With a tear on his wrinkled face—  
He thought how often her mother (now dead)  
Had sat, long ago, in that place.  
As the tear stole down his half shut eye,  
"Don't smoke," said the child, "for it makes you cry."

The house-dog slumber'd upon the floor,  
Where the son, after noon would steal—  
The busy old wife, by the open door,  
Was turning the spinning wheel—  
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree  
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,  
While close to his heaving breast  
The mblen'd brow and the head so fair  
Of his grandchild dear were press'd;  
His silver locks 'mid her golden hair lay—  
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day.

## Variety.

CURIOUS COLLOQUY.—A SURPRISE.—A correspondent of the Times relates the following anecdote:—A decent farmer's wife, traveling up to town from Oxford, addressed a gentleman opposite to her: "Ah, sir, these are sad times; what is to become of us? That dreadful Dr. Pusey sacrifices a lamb every Friday." Gentleman—"Indeed, madam, I cannot believe it; you must be misinformed." "Oh, no, sir; I assure you I have it from undoubted authority." Gentleman—"Again, madam, I must beg to contradict it." "Well, sir, you are welcome to do so; but no one but the Doctor himself could convince me that it was not so." Gentleman—"Madam, I am Dr. Pusey."

PUSEYISM.—The newspapers are all scratching away at Pusey-ism. We believe it is a claws in the Episcopal Church cat-echism that has afforded them such a cat-ologue of a-musement. It is obvious to the most pusey-lanamous, that if the Bishops do not paws in the course they have been purr-suing, they will bring upon the Church a cat-astrophe that will sweep over it like a cat-aract.

FAIR'S TRANSLATION.—A schoolboy, reading Caesar's Commentaries, came to the words, "Caesar transit Alpes, summa diligenter," which to the astonishment of his master he translated—"Caesar crossed the Alps on the top of a diligence!!!" Another in the same class translated the extomle in the Eton Grammar,—"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit"—as follows:—"No man knows at what hour the omnibus starts!!!"

MANHATTAN.—Willis says that is an Indian word, signifying "the place where we all got drunk together," and that this name was given to the island by the Indians after their first debauch with Hendric Hudson, in 1609.

GOOD ADVICE.—An editor in Texas recommends to settlers not to run in debt. Having run from debt to get here, says he, there can be no greater folly than running into it when here, beyond which there is no place to run.

## Marriages.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 31st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. EDMUND G. GOODMAN, of Memphis, Tenn., to Miss CLARISSA HOLMES, only daughter of Mr. Marcus Holmes, of this city.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 31st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. THEODORE MILLS, of Mount Morris, to Miss ERANORE JANE MILLARD, of this city.

In St. Luke's Church, on the 19th instant, by Rev. H. J. Whitehouse, DD., JOHN CATLIN, Esq., Counselor at Law, of Madison, Wis., and CLARISSA J., daughter of Charles B. Bristol, of this city.

In this city, on the evening of the 16th instant, at the residence of Hon. Elisha Johnson, by the Rev. William E. Eigenbrodt, Judge BURRAGE Y. McKEYS, of the District Court of the Colored District, C. W., to Miss MARY PETRIE, of London, in the same Province.

In this city, on the 22d inst., by N. Clark, Esq., Henry B. Marsh, of Pontiac, Michigan, to Miss Frances H. Nelson, of Lansingburgh, N. Y.

In Palmyra, on the 31st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, CARLTON H. ROGERS, to SARAH A., eldest daughter of the late Dr. Henry Ferriss, of Indian Key, Florida. By the Rev. D. N. Merritt, of Danville, E. S. WARREN, Esq., Cashier of Exchange Bank, Genesee, to Miss JULIA A., daughter of Eli Leep, Esq., of Mt. Morris.

In Brighton, on Tuesday evening, the 13th instant, by Rev. A. G. Hall, ALONZO BRADLEY, of Henrietta, to SARAH, daughter of H. V. B. Schaub, Esq., of the former place.

In Marion, on the evening of the 6th instant, by William Danforth, Esq., JAMES B. COOPER, of Williamson, to SARAH E., daughter of John Rogers, of Marion.

At West Henrietta, on the 3d inst., by H. B. Hart, Esq., Mr. Jacob Bushman, of Byron, to Miss Harriet Lyman, of the same place.

In Batavia, on the 6th inst., by D. Whiting, Esq., Mr. Sherwood Holland, of Mount Morris, to Miss Margaret A. Fletcher, of the former place.

At West Troy, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Phillips, R. G. Stewart, of this city, to Miss H. G. Hosford, of West Troy.

In Adrian, Mich., at the residence of Abraham Tamm, Esq., late of Rochester, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. J. L. Tomlinson, Alfred L. Millard, Esq., to Miss Harriet E. Tamm, both of Adrian, Michigan.

In Wyoming, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. S. Doolittle, Mr. John H. Carpenter to Miss Martin Jane, daughter of Rev. J. Brownson, of Cohasset, Steuben co.

In East Bloomfield, on the 31st ult., by Rev. R. W. Hill, B. F. Harwood, Esq., of Danville, Livingston co., to Jane Frances, eldest daughter of the late Moses Fairchild, of the former place.

In Bristol, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Issacher Grosscup, Mr. George Lee to Mrs. Amelia Wheeler, both of East Bloomfield, Ontario co.

In Le Roy, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Eustice, Mr. William H. Straight, to Miss Melantha Cartwright, both of that place.

At Bergen, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. Ira Foot, Mr. Lisander Farr, to Miss Elizabeth Deets, all of Riga.

ELECTION NOTICE.—Sheriff's Office, Monroe County.—Rochester, Aug. 24, 1848.—A general Election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday 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 16, 1848.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:  
Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Senator for the Eighth Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will occur by the expiration of the term of service of Abram Dixon, on the last day of December next. Also the following county officers, to wit:—

Three Members of Assembly.  
A Sheriff, in the place of Charles L. Pardee, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.  
A County Clerk, in the place of James W. Smith, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.  
And four Coroners, in the place of the present incumbents, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully,  
B. YOUNG,  
Secretary of State.

N. B. The editors of all the public newspapers printed in the county of Monroe, will please give the above notice one insertion in each week until the election, and present your bill to me immediately for payment.

CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff.

BY STRONG &amp; DAWSON.

Terms.—One Dollar per annum, in advance.



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No. 21.

### Popular Tales.

From the Dollar Newspaper.

#### THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER: A PRIZE TALE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

"Her form was fresher than the mountain rose,  
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure  
As is the lily or the mountain snow."—THOMPSON.

How strange sometimes is the struggle between love and pride! How the weak human heart, believing itself generous and disinterested, is influenced by considerations of a mercenary, or at least a worldly character! How often do we deceive ourselves as to motive and cling to the delusion that we are acting for the benefit of others, in a spirit of benevolence and justice, when, in truth, the real springs of our conduct may be traced to selfishness or vanity! Even our best affections are sometimes modified by these unworthy feelings and the beings of our love are made victims even when we would rather cut off a right hand than darken our souls by such guilt. The subtle selfishness of our souls is calculated to mislead and betray—to picture as virtue much that is kindred unto vice—and to describe as judicious and proper acts that are deeply imbued with mean submission to the artifices and falsehood of fashion and society. These are facts which few who think and inquire will deny. All must admit them when holding converse with reason and conscience.—And yet how few, how very few are honest enough, or have nerve enough to act under their influence!

Ah! world—world—what a hollow thing thou art! How shadowed with guile are thy many paths,—how treacherous the smile that plays upon the lips of thy creatures,—how jealous the thro'ts that agitate the minds of the myriads engaged in the many struggles for thy prizes of wealth, and honor, and power!

Mark yonder figure! Turn the eye of mind for a moment upon the portrait of an aristocrat—an American aristocrat,—the son of Paul Montgomery, a worthy brewer, who died worth half a million, and left a single heir. The father toiled early and late for the larger portion of his life. He was honest, upright and kindhearted—a good husband, a good citizen, and a too indulgent parent. But Hamilton was his first-born and his only son, and although at first the worthy brewer exercised some degree of caution and care in the education of his child, his love for him soon knew no bounds, and the youth was gratified in every wish. He was early taught to consider himself as affluent in expectancy, and his weak mother, as is too often the case in similar circumstances, ridiculed the idea of making such a son with such expectations, either a mechanic, a merchant, or a professional man. His education was, therefore, measurably neglected, and, although naturally gifted in mind, the heir of the rich brewer was taught to dress, to talk, and to act like a gentleman, as the character is so sadly misunderstood by the many. And a gentleman he became! He kept his horse and gig—dressed as a fashionable of the first water—paid the highest price for his clothes—sought the most aristocratic circles—looked down with indifference, if not contempt, upon the world below him in point of money, and, withal, derived from his old father somewhat of a disposition to accumulate. The earliest lesson of his life had been to beware of poverty. It was described as the source of all wretchedness and crime—as calculated to place man on a level with the brute, and to topple him at a blow from the upper world of abundance and honor, to the lower circles of pen-

ury and disgrace. Thus educated and fostered, with the old brewer constantly instilling lessons of accumulation, the son, despite his disposition to glitter in the world of fashion, kept a vigilant eye to the money world, selfishness having become a leading principle in his nature—a principle which not only induced a desire to hold himself above the multitude, but to retain the means by which he should be able to keep there. Such was the position of Hamilton Montgomery, at the age of twenty-five. Although gay and dashing, he was not dissipated. His idol from an early hour of boyhood was self. He had been spoiled at the onset of thoughtful existence, and nothing but the dread of poverty, which the father had infused into his mind in his hours of comparative childhood, as the most frightful of calamities, kept him within the limits of a generous economy, and induced him to cling with a sort of instinctive tenacity to the wealth, which was bequeathed him on the decease of his sire. It was under such circumstances and with a character so formed, that the aristocrat was united with the financier, and that the brewer's son although born to the fortune and educated to the position of a gentleman, as understood by his parents, became imbued with all the pride of the mere worldling, and felt that his wealth constituted his character, and that, without wealth, life to him would indeed be a blank.

Such, we repeat, was Hamilton Montgomery at twenty-five, when his father died. Such was he five years after, when he led to the altar a lady, who, like himself, mingled much in fashionable life, and who, with a delicate constitution and a devoted spirit, lived for her husband rather than herself. Such was he fifteen years after, when with a greatly increased fortune, he was a widower with an only daughter. He was now at the head of the leading moneyed institution of his native city, honored and respected by the community, and if not loved, not hated, for his heart was rather kindly disposed than otherwise, and, but for the passion for wealth which seemed to increase with every hour of his existence, as well as the vain desire to be looked up to as a superior man—a superiority of form rather than substance—he would have been a worthy citizen. Pride, however, was his besetting sin. It even darkened his heart when the memory of his good father came rushing upon his mind, or when the name and the calling of that father were casually introduced in the conversation of the "upper circles." The leading banker seemed anxious to forget the honest brewer, or at least to pass over his early life and earnest struggles for fortune, with a cold and ungrateful brevity. His liveried servants and his gilded carriage—his splendid city mansion and his elegant country house—his "Wistar parties," and his "musical soirees"—all bespoke a lofty air, high pretension, and an ambitious taste. To associate them with the son of a brewer, would not harmonize. The pride of his nature, or rather the demon of his vain heart, revolted, and the haughty banker turned away with disdain from all such reminiscences.

His daughter, too, the pride of his heart, the hope of his name—the bright, the young, the beautiful! What visions of glory clustered around her path! A beauty—and an heiress! What a crowd of suitors would contend for so rich a prize! The elite of society—the sons of the affluent—the magnates of the land! And as the lovely face of his child would pass before his mental vision, the heart of the banker would melt, and his better nature whisper, "no—no—none of these shall have her. She is dearer to me than life itself,—nothing but her happiness shall part us."

Little did that father know his own nature.—

Little did he imagine that the pride of that nature was stronger than its love—that the applause of the world was dearer to him than the approval of his own conscience or the peace of his child. Had a friend suggested such an idea, the Banker would have scouted it with scorn. He would have regarded it not only as unjust, but insulting—as an impeachment of his feelings and his principles, altogether unwarranted and unauthorized. But, few know themselves. Few possess the nerve to read the secret promptings of their own acts—to analyse, in a spirit of truth and sincerity, the mysteries of their own nature. All are more or less deceived—and cheat themselves willingly, as they hug some vice or delusion to their souls. All shun calm self-investigation, and while lamenting the errors of society and the prejudices of mankind, are more or less darkened and defaced in character by the curse which has followed man like a shadow since the fall.

The mother of Alice Montgomery died while her daughter was yet a mere girl—before she had passed her fifteenth year. The loss was deplorable, and, in many respects, irreparable. Who can supply the place of a mother—that devoted and virtuous parent, whose very existence seems bound up in the lives and fortunes of her children,—whose love for the beings of her tenderness and care seems a feeling "less of earth than heaven,"—who will watch night after night by the couch of the restless invalid, and cling even to the criminal and abandoned when the world beside join in venting reproaches! Who can supply the place of a mother?

And yet the loss to Alice was not so serious as it might have been. An aunt—her mother's sister—had resided in the family for years, and, at the earnest solicitations of the banker, she consented to remain there after the decease of Mrs. Montgomery, and to devote herself wholly to the care of Alice. And faithfully did she discharge the trust confided to her. Grave and serious in her general character and deportment, she was, nevertheless, fully alive to the impulses and the disposition of youth; and thus, while cautious in imposing upon her niece every proper restraint, she frequently mingled in her girlish sports, assisted her amusements, and administered to her happiness. Her father, on the other hand, was lavish of his means in affording her all the facilities for acquiring a superior education. Masters were obtained for her in every department suited to her age and expectations.

Thus passed, on airy wings, the budding girlhood of Alice Montgomery. At the age of seventeen, she was but bursting into womanhood. Her form was tall and commanding—her eye large and blue—her complexion clear and glowing—her lips "rosy and full"—her manner somewhat subdued or restrained, with a slight tinge of thought of melancholy upon her countenance, either the lingering shadow of the dark cloud of sorrow which crushed her spirit when her mother died, or the outward symbol of the soul within.

Seventeen—a beauty—and an heiress! What a picture! And yet Alice knew little of her own position in the world—of the temptations that lurked in the path before her—of the sunshine and shadow of human destiny—of her own feelings and her own heart! Her father had treasured her up as a rare jewel, unwilling, it would seem, to permit her to mingle with the crowd of giddy triflers with whom it was his delight to revel in earlier life—apprehensive that some stealthy disease might summon her to an early grave, and yet more apprehensive of the blight and mildew of immorality which he felt were often to be met with in the upper ranks—or rather among

classes, placed by wealth in some degree beyond the ordinary responsibilities of society, and rendered more careless as to the rigid proprieties of life. Thus, then, the world of Alice was limited to a narrow circle, and even over that circle her good aunt and her proud father threw an air of rigidity which sometimes chilled as well as restrained. Her spirit was in some sense repressed—her thoughts and impulses were checked—her feelings were directed in narrow and cold channels. She loved her father with an unbounded affection. His every wish was law to her, and, partaking fully of her gentle mother's disposition, she was all obedience and yielding sweetness.—But she was seventeen—an artless and confiding creature—with a heart overflowing with rich and deep affections—a gay and varied world around her, and yet measurably prevented from mingling with the beings of her own age, and the scenes likely to interest her mind and engage her attention.

Alas! how frequently do parents mistake.—How forgetful are they, that time changes the heart as it does the seasons,—that youth will not forever linger by the side of age—that the gentler, the fonder, the more confiding the disposition, the greater the desire for a kindred soul—a sympathetic spirit—for the realization of that first bright dream of "early youth, which never comes again."

The mansion of Mr. Montgomery was in one of the principal streets of Philadelphia, immediately adjoining the banking-house with which he was connected. Some changes have since taken place in the vicinity. A splendid garden was attached to the bank, and another to the dwelling of its principal officer, and these were divided by but a small palisade, which in mid-summer was wholly covered with evergreens. Shrubbery of the rarest and most beautiful kinds, with arbors, graperies and rich collections of flowers, served to impart an Eden-like aspect to the spot. Many a stranger turned and gazed wistfully into the cultivated enclosure, and envied the wealth that could provide such a paradise in the heart of a large and thickly populated city. And when, too, in her girlish beauty, the bounding form of Alice passed like a fairy shape among the bowers, the scene might well call up a dream of old romance, and make the gazer for the moment forgetful of the money changers above and the busy and bustling world around. When, however, Alice attained the form, if not the air and aspect of womanhood, her cautious father deemed it prudent to have her shut out from the observation of the passing crowds, and thus, an inner encasement was provided for the iron fence-work, and she was permitted to ramble on as ever, unmolested and unseen save by the old watchman or the select few of her father's intimates and his friends.

But how difficult a thing is it to hide the light of beauty! How vain and worthless are all ordinary precautions sometimes shown to be! Up of how slight a thread does destiny sometimes hang! Nations and individuals are alike influenced by trifles—by events which in themselves and to the superficial view of man are utterly insignificant.

But we must return a little. On the decease of Mrs. Montgomery, the afflicted husband, who really loved his wife with as much tenderness as could be expected from one of his selfish and worldly nature, was inconsolable. He not only caused a cast of her cold pale features to be taken, but an artist was immediately engaged to picture the lineaments of the lifeless lady upon canvass. A young man, whose studio was in the immediate vicinity, was chosen for the task, and he discharged the sad duty in the most faithful manner.—The eyes alone he left unfinished, and these, he said, turning to the weeping Alice, could readily be painted from hers. In color, expression and beauty, they were as like her mother's as possible. "I will be responsible," he added, "for this portion of my task." The father consented, and after the last solemnities were over, the young Alice, accompanied by her aunt, visited the studio of the artist, day after day, until the eyes of her dear mother looked out from the "quicken'd canvass" as if the soul of the departed had been revived once more in the world of time.

Never did an artist toil more earnestly—never did his gifted mind follow and embody so willingly the aspirations of his heart—never did he gaze with more interest into the blue eyes of girlhood—never did purer thoughts agitate a human bosom while contemplating a living embodiment of purity and beauty. His efforts throughout were plea-

surable. He felt that he was achieving a conquest of art,—the lights and shades came to him, as it were,—his pencil moved with a spirit impulse. There was inspiration somewhere, and he felt that his work would prove triumphant. Alice, too—young and guileless as she was—with her eye unpracticed, and her feelings fresh and free, gradually became interested in the portrait, and returned again and again to the studio of the artist, at first to serve as a model, and then to gaze for hours and dissolve in tears before the image of her lifeless parent. How sweetly fell upon her soul the comments of the artist.

"Look," said he one day, and he pointed to a window of his studio which, until then, had escaped the notice of Alice,—“from this”—approaching the window—“I have a view of your beautiful garden,” and here—exhibiting some unfinished sketches—“I have more than once attempted to group the mother and the daughter with some of the surrounding objects.”

Alice gazed, surprised as well as pleased. Her own slight figure was prominent in more than one sketch, and as, turning her eyes upon the artist, she saw his face beaming with delight and pleasure, she felt a slight blush mantle her features, and, without knowing, caring, or asking herself why, she took the extended hand of her aunt, and bid the young man good afternoon.

The next day the portrait was sent home, and the visits of the Banker's daughter to the studio were discontinued.

Louis Rudolph was twenty-two years of age at the time at which we have presented him to the notice of the reader. He was eminently gifted in his profession, but, as yet, his genius needed culture and grace; and the dream of his soul was to visit the old world, and there, in the galleries adorned by the works of the masters, chasen, subdue and refine the erratic impulses of his own mind. This vision had haunted him for years, and, with the purpose of realizing it, he had toiled like a slave at his art; had descended to the meanest branches of the profession; had lived on a mere pittance, and worn more than one coat till it was threadbare. Fame, thus far in his brief but promising career, had been his god. He was in some sense a monomaniac. "The phantom of a name"—the glory of a reputation, had entranced and engrossed his whole soul. Scoffing at and scorning the ordinary pleasures of life and the amusements of his years, he had confined himself to his studio; had labored early and late, and had succeeded in accumulating sufficient to bear his expenses to Europe, and "keep the wolf from his door," should he find it pleasurable to remain there, for two years. Mingling little in society of any kind, and feeling himself unsuited in a great measure for the companionship of the gentler sex, his thoughts had seldom wandered in the channel of the affections. He had not permitted the fair shapes which occasionally passed before him, and, for a moment, kindled a glow of admiration, to steal him from his profession. The artist, indeed, did not possess the attractive external attributes of masculine beauty. True, he was well formed, with dark and kindling eyes, a broad manly forehead, an expressive mouth, fine teeth, and an abundance of black and flowing hair. But, the latter was seldom disposed with taste, and his features wore a thoughtful and somewhat melancholy expression, while his cheeks were pale and almost bloodless. Constant study and close confinement were the immediate causes, together with the earnest desire, which raged like a fever in his heart, to win a name—to obtain a place of honor among the artists of the world. Despite all this, however, Rudolph was often won from his brush, his canvass, and his colors, to gaze from his window into the Banker's garden. The sweet breath of the flowers refreshed his fainting spirit and cooled his fevered brow. Sometimes, too,—must we confess it,—he held his breath and gazed with eager eyes upon the fairy form which was so often to be seen wandering, like Eve before the fall, among the walks and bowers of that richly cultivated scene. Alice was very beautiful to the eye of the painter. And so innocent—and coy—and natural and graceful! Her form, too!—how perfect! How, in her unconscious artlessness, did she steal into the soul of her silent worshipper, until, sleeping or waking, he found her image shrouded in the "inner depths" of his heart, and he lavished upon himself bitter reproaches for so gross a folly—so mad an infatuation.

"To me," he argued, "she can never be more than she is now—a being to gaze upon at a distance, and to worship—a model for the loveliest embodiment of beauty. The young heiress—the only daughter of a rich banker—the object of a

thousand suitors! Alas, poor painter, what a fool has this bright creature made thee!"

Thus musing, Rudolph would close his eyes in madness and rebuke, endeavoring to collect his thoughts, and return to his task. But, how often would the voice of Alice hasten him to the window again, and there, trembling with excitement and inwardly cursing his delusion, how would he waste the precious hours, either watching the blue-eyed girl as she sat in some attitude of careless grace, or straining his gaze upon her retreating form in some distant part of the garden!

Condemn not this folly too rashly, gentle reader. The youth was fond:—the maid was pure and fair. And what would you have done! The more precious the prize, the more honor in obtaining it. The brighter the beauty, the higher her condition in life, the more exciting the struggle for the conquest. And although when the thought of his infatuation first flashed upon the mind of the artist he trembled and grew pale at the hopeless madness of such a passion, each day thereafter seemed to lessen the distance between them, or at least to render it possible for him to attain a distinction which should take from his name and character all lowliness and obscurity. Once or twice, he fancied that the maiden had observed him—and that her glance was half of recognition and half of girlish coquetry. But, why should she hesitate! He had gazed upon her for hours, while completing her mother's portrait—had conversed with her freely—had complimented her readily. But, then, he was the mere artist—and she the confiding girl. The thought of love—its infatuation and its madness had not bewildered his understanding. The spell of the young enchantress was all unknown to him. More than a year had passed away; and, in that brief period, the bud of beauty had burst into loveliness,—the girl, the mere child, had vanished, and the almost perfect woman stood before him. Her eye was larger, fuller, bluer—the flower of her soul was unfolding. He saw it in her look, in her step, in her every movement. He felt awed and irresolute. He gazed, he wondered, he worshipped.

It was an afternoon in May. The day was bright and lovely. The air was soft and warm; and while the spirit appeared to mount, as if its inward wings had become more ethereal, the physical tenement grew languid and inactive. Thought and fancy triumphed for the time, over the corporeal man; and as the artist threw by his pencil, and gave himself up to one of those dreams, half joy, half sadness, in which he now not infrequently indulged, he was roused from his reverie by footsteps on the stairway. A few seconds, and the Banker and his daughter stood before him—the former, cold and formal as animated mechanism—the latter, radiant with youth and beauty, and an evident beam of pleasure brightening her features.

The compliments of the day were exchanged. "We come," said Mr. Montgomery, "to thank you, in the first place, for the very general satisfaction your portrait has given to the friends of Mrs. Montgomery. The likeness is pronounced admirable—the painting excellent. In the second, to obtain a match picture in the portrait of my daughter."

The artist bowed, stammered, and made a most awkward attempt to express his readiness to proceed with the work.

Scarcely regarding his appearance, the Banker proceeded to inquire as to the terms, and ascertain all necessary particulars. The arrangement was speedily completed, and the next day was assigned for the first sitting.

Imagine, gentle reader, the agitation, the transport of the artist. The wildest fancies passed rapidly through his brain. He should be able to gaze for hours upon the face of the young beauty—to study every expression of her countenance—perhaps to penetrate her thoughts, and excite in her breast one emotion of tenderness and sympathy. His dreams that night were full of romance—lovely shapes fitted in the world of his excited imagination—he saw his name written in letters of light upon the scroll of fame—he heard nations refer to his works with praise—he occupied a high place among the children of genius—and the fond hope of his inner heart lost its aspect of infatuation and presumption. But, morning dawned, and the "rosy fancies of his dream" faded away.—His room was arranged with unusual neatness, and even some attention was paid to his toilet.

Alice came with her aunt, and remained for more than an hour. The first sitting was over, and the artist gathered nerve. He had progressed but little. His faculties seemed paralyzed at first, and he glanced at the features of the fair

subject more like an agitated girl than a cool and thoughtful artist. But, gradually, the excitement abated. His hand became steady—and his eye less tremulous. He even obtained some command of his tongue. By the third sitting, he was comparatively self-possessed; but still the work progressed slowly. How anxiously he waited for her coming! How rapidly the moments passed while she remained! How she had improved!—What a wonderful change in a single year! Such were his thoughts.

Alice, too, grew less shy and reserved. Gradually, the timidity of the girl wore away, and her soul was mirrored in her eyes. She knew little of the arts of the world, and her frank and confiding nature was readily won upon by the gifted mind of the artist. Rudolph conversed eloquently and with ease. His heart was all impulse and enthusiasm, and his intellect sparkled with true genius. He was well read, and thus, was capable of mingling with his conversation historical facts and classical allusions, well calculated to interest and captivate an ingenious mind. He occasionally stopped midway in his task, and pointed out to her the choice passages of his favorite authors. The attention of Alice was caught—her feelings were enlisted—and as she gazed into the dark and fiery eyes of the animated artist, she felt that there was a charm in his society which she had never experienced in that of another. She felt,—but we will not attempt to delineate the progress of her heart, her doubts, her fears, her hopes and her misgivings,—the tremulous delight—the mysterious agitation—the exquisite susceptibility—as if a new world had been discovered within the sunny realms of that innocent bosom, a world whose sunshine was brighter than any other, and whose shadows darkened the whole soul.

The portrait was at last finished. The likeness was perfect—the painting splendid. All parties were pleased. Even the Banker warmed with admiration and compliment, as he contemplated it. The artist parted with it with reluctance; but not before he had made a copy. But, then, the dream of happiness seemed over. He had more than once ventured to hope that Alice looked upon him with an eye of kindness and compassion. He believed that she had penetrated his secret, and pitied him. But more he scarcely ventured.

And yet, how few lovers has the world given birth to, who were without hope—who did not, in some moment of rapture or delusion, fancy the possibility of a return of their passion! Certain we are, that the artist did not wholly despair.

The window of his studio, as we have already said, overlooked the Banker's garden. There might the poor artist be found four-fifths of each day. Alice frequented her favorite haunts as before, but Rudolph fancied not so often. He also imagined that he detected more restraint in her manner, and less of the careless, thoughtless girl. And, more than once, too, when their eyes accidentally met, the blood mounted to her temples, and her recognition, although courteous and kind, was less cordial than before.

Month after month passed away in this manner, the passion of the artist growing wilder and deeper every hour. He cursed himself at one moment for the folly of indulging so hopeless a passion, at another, a thrill of joy passed through his heart at the mere possibility of a reciprocal feeling in the bosom of Alice. But his suspense, at last, became insupportable. Better, he thought, know and suffer the worst. Summoning all his courage, he called his master genius to his aid, and addressed a long letter to the Banker's daughter. He pictured his condition and prospects with fidelity, and admitted the presumption of his aspirations. But, Love, he argued, knew no distinctions but those growing out of virtue and vice, and he should feel himself less than a man, to abandon all hope of obtaining such a prize without an effort. He knew her father's character and position in society. He felt that by contrast, and in a worldly acceptance, his position was an inferior one. In an intellectual point of view, he believed it fully equal. With the common faith of artists, he looked upon his profession as distinguished in a peculiar manner, by the beautiful and truthful—by the lofty in mind and the aspiring in spirit. These sentiments he would not attempt to conceal. No—he cherished them with confidence—he was proud of them. His passion for Alice, he pictured with eloquence, tenderness and power. It was his *first*—it would prove his last—his only love. It was the burning dream of the spring time of life, and was deep and all-absorbing. Without some hope, he must perish a victim to its consuming fire. But, with a solitary ray—with one kind word to cheer him

on—how happily would his life glide away! He knew—he felt that the heart of Alice was, as yet, her own. He had watched her too closely—had read her soul too minutely, to err upon a point so vital to his own peace of mind. But, her father! He respected him, and he honored Alice the more that she loved him with all the strength of her pure, young heart. And yet he trembled at the verdict of that father in his own case, even should Alice be willing to pity and not to shun him. He would not—he could not advise. He was too deeply interested. He would doubt the decision of his own judgment in a case of such delicacy. In any result, he would pray for the happiness of Alice.

The letter completed, he pondered the subject long and well, and finally confided it to the hands of a servant with whom he had made some interest. It speedily reached the hands of Alice, who read it with feelings which she in vain endeavored to define. Before she had concluded, her whole frame trembled, and her temples seemed on fire. A thrill of pleasure—in vain she attempted to shut out the conviction—agitated her young heart. A thrill so electric, so sweet and exquisite, that she could remember nothing like it in all her former history. Did she love the artist? The blood mounted to her face as the question forced itself upon her! Again—again, she endeavored to avoid it, but still it would return, and with more force than ever.

Alas! sweet Alice. Why attempt to conceal a truth so evident! Why so agitated! Why so delighted! Why read that long and closely written letter again and again, as if puzzled to make out its meaning! Why examine the superscription with such care! Why ponder so long upon the signature!

But, love had not all to do with the feelings of Alice. She knew her father's pride of character, and she trembled for his decision. Love him deeply, as she did, she feared him also. His manner, even to her, was sometimes cold, reserved, and haughty. She had more than once shrunk abashed from his presence; she scarcely knew why. But, the Banker had many cares connected with his position, and sometimes, when his child appeared before him all smiles and sunshine, his visions were of stocks, and gold, and the chances of trade. Obedience—implicit obedience to his will had been taught to Alice from her early childhood. And, whatever the penalty, she held it a sacred duty to submit the artist's letter to his notice. Her obligations as a daughter, she held superior to all other considerations. As soon, then, as her father rose from his dinner, Alice placed the letter in his hands, and, with a hurried step, withdrew.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of Mr. Montgomery, he could not have been more surprised. His first impulse was to tear the letter to fragments—his second was to summon his daughter to his presence, and vent his indignation upon his innocent child. And then, dark phantoms of revenge passed through and disturbed his mind. A beggarly artist! A creature to whom he had been a patron! Such an adventurer to aspire to the hand of an heiress—of his child! And, for a few moments, the man of the world was convulsed with rage. But, Alice could never have favored the hopes of this swindler—this mere vagabond! And as the thought of the possibility of such a circumstance flashed upon the mind of the Banker, he started from his seat as if a serpent had stung him. Perceiving that he had lost his self-possession, he looked hurriedly round the room, and, seeing that he was still alone, he took the letter from the floor on which he had dashed it, and, remembering the necessity of policy and caution, again turned his eyes and his mind upon its contents. It was written with great plausibility. The hand was neat and elegant—the language choice and chaste—and the appeals such as were well calculated to touch the heart of an unsophisticated girl. He called up the person of the artist to his mental vision, and endeavored to remember his manner and the impression that had been made upon him while the portrait of his deceased wife was in progress. But the Banker could arrive at no conclusion. He had bestowed little or no attention upon Rudolph, and could scarcely remember his personal appearance.

A little longer, and he fancied himself calm. He summoned his daughter to his presence. She came. Her step was timid—her cheeks were bloodless—and, as she turned her eyes upon her stern parent, he saw that they were suffused with tears. Nay, more; the form of his departed wife, as she had won his proud heart in her early

brightness and beauty, seemed standing before him!

"Alice, my child," he said, and his voice grew thick with emotion.

In an instant, the poor girl was at his feet, her whole frame convulsed; but no word came from her lips.

The Banker was unmanned. Had she uttered volumes the truth could not have been made more manifest to him. He saw that his daughter loved—but that she was prepared to sacrifice herself to the will of her father. He raised her from her knees—he kissed her throbbing temples, and whispered a few words of affection and of consolation into her ears.

"You will soon forget him, Alice. He is unworthy of you. Such a marriage would kill your father. This foolish passion aside, and you shall have every thing your heart can wish. I will order some splendid jewelry for you to-morrow. And, on Thursday, Alice, we will start for Saratoga."

A few big tears rolled down the cheeks of the heiress—her lip trembled with emotion—but no word of reproach did she utter.

But, who may describe the agony of that poor young creature, when she sought her chamber that night! The glory and the gloom had brightened and darkened the sky of her being, in almost the same hour. She had but felt that she was loved, and that she loved again, only to be torn from all the hopes and joys connected with a reciprocal passion. The sunshine and the storm had burst upon her, and the flower of her first affections was crushed even in its happiest moment of existence. She knelt by the bed-side, and prayed earnestly and long. She asked for counsel and assistance from above—for strength to nerve her in the path of duty. She was young, she knew, and inexperienced. Her father loved her fondly, tenderly—and hence, she believed that it became her to yield to his will and wishes, even at the risk of embittering the whole period of her after existence. Poor Alice! How little did she know her own nature! How little did she know her own heart! How little the priceless affection, the enduring fidelity which formed the very soul and essence of that noble nature!

The next day, the artist's letter was returned to him, under an envelope, in the hand-writing of Alice, and with this brief explanatory note:

"Miss Montgomery will never forget the kindness of Mr. Rudolph, but, at the request of her father, she returns him his friendly and complimentary letter."

A fortnight from the date of the foregoing, and Alice was at Saratoga, accompanied by her father. The artist was on his way to Italy.

We must now pass over nearly a year in the history of the lovers. Rudolph was still abroad, assiduously engaged in the study of his profession. He had made rapid progress, and was deemed one of the most promising of his gifted young countrymen! The fame of his later efforts had been waited across the Atlantic, and the journals of his native city frequently alluded to his career as likely to reflect honor on the fine arts of his country. His triumph piece, was the head of a Madonna. It was one of the most life-like and beautiful specimens of modern art, and had won plaudits from many of the best connoisseurs of the old world. They little knew that the artist had but painted the spirit of his dreams—the idol of his heart—the soul speaking features of Alice Montgomery. There was one fault attributed to him. An expression somewhat similar stole into the faces of all his female portraits. He was told of it again and again, but in vain. The eyes of Alice looked out from beneath every brow. He felt this defect as a great weakness; but, he could not correct it.

But, what of Alice herself? She was seventeen years of age, when under a sense of duty to her only surviving parent, she endeavored to tear the image of the artist from her soul. A lovelier being never beautified the family of man. As gentle as a dove—as confiding as a child—as pure and blameless in her life as Eve before the fall—how cruel to crush and blight so true a nature—to break so gentle a spirit! She seemed formed to enjoy and to impart happiness. She was all emotion and sensibility. She was, perhaps, too susceptible. Her feelings were too fine for the ordinary vicissitudes of life—for the shocks and conflicts to which the multitude are subjected. Her mother dead—her father cold, proud, and absorbed in the monetary affairs of his position, her soul seemed to spring, as if by some secret sympathy, to the unbounded devotion of the artist. But

the rash and cruel conduct of her father, struck like a death-blow to the inner depths of her soul. Her smile lost its brightness—her step its elasticity—her voice its lark-like tone of joy. The rose gradually faded from her cheek, and thought, like a dim and mysterious shadow, seemed to weigh upon her spirit. At times, she would rouse herself—especially when she saw the eye of her father glancing toward her, half in anger, and half in inquiry. But the effort was forced and artificial, and the gaiety thus assumed passed like the dew before the morning sun. In vain her father accompanied her to scenes of festivity and pleasure. For a little season their novelty had a charm, but it speedily wore away, and the reaction produced by such excitement, was evidently injurious to her constitution and general spirits. The name of the artist never passed her lips except at her hours of prayer, and then she confessed to her God that she could not forget the one image still so fresh in the mirror of her heart, whose name had never been sullied with dishonor, and whose only crimes were poverty, and affection for her. Thus time's sole slowly on, Alice evidently growing more feeble. The ablest medical aid was called, and the malady, as is ever the case when the spirit faints and sinks within the frame—when a nameless grief is eating out existence—was pronounced to be of a pulmonary character. The Banker, blind to the reality, or closing his eyes to the truth, watched his daughter fade away daily and hourly, until her fate was decided—until her case was pronounced hopeless, and beyond the reach of medical skill.—Again she smiled as the solemn decision was pronounced, and, turning to her father, she pressed his hand with affection, and assured him that death had no terrors for her. She would soon be, she said, with her mother in Heaven.

The Banker hid his face with his hands, and wept like a child. He now, for the first time, realized the truth in all its fearful reality. Consumption was a disease unknown before in his family, and he had scouted the idea from the first. Time, he had madly believed, would sooner or later force the image of the artist's love into forgetfulness, and restore his child. Alas, how little did he know the heart of that noble girl! How little did he understand the gentle sensibility of her nature—the truth and fidelity of her character! A self-martyr, as she was in some sense, to her duties as a daughter, many a pang shot through her heart lest Rudolph should have misunderstood her conduct. How coldly—how cruelly had she dismissed him! What an agony of bitter disappointment must have rushed upon him when he found his letter returned, and with studied formality! How, day after day, must he have stood by the window of his studio and gazed, in the vain hope of seeing her once more, and of exchanging those looks which had been so mute, so coy, and yet so eloquent! A thousand wild and improbable fancies crowded into the mind of the perishing girl. What might he not do! What a wretch might he not become! Thus she tortured herself—thus existence waned away, until, as life and its hopes lost every charm, she looked forward with the true faith of a blessed religion, to a better and brighter world, and to a reunion there with her angel mother,—nay, of a reunion, at some future hour of bliss, with the object of her first fond dream of love.

The month of June, 1833, was one of the most delightful in the memory of man. Many of the flowers were in full bloom, and the weather was clear, fresh and balmy, without being too sultry or oppressive. Alice, it had been said, would not survive the month. She would perish, it was thought, with the early roses. She was thin, pale and feeble, but still very beautiful. Her eyes seemed brighter than in her richest moments of health and cheerfulness. She had ever exhibited an elegant taste in dress, and this woman-trait seemed to linger with her to the last. Her room was furnished with every luxury that wealth could command; and the season enabled her father to embellish it with a choice collection of plants and flowers. Alice had been scarcely able to turn her head upon her pillow for some days. She lacked the physical strength. Her mind was never clearer. She knew that her end was approaching, and spoke as calmly thereof as if about to enter upon a pleasant journey.

The evening of the day to which we desire to direct the attention of the reader, was very beautiful. Some heavy clouds hung over the city in the afternoon—the rain fell in torrents for a short time—the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed. A little longer, and all was brightness and beauty. The sun shone out in the west—a rainbow spanned the eastern heavens, and the air was fresh and

fragrant. The stars came out as the sun went down, and looked lovelier than their wont.

All was still and calm in the chamber of Alice. The window was raised, and the flowers from the garden below poured rich fragrance into the room. A man of God, with whom the dying beauty had mingled her weak voice in prayer very often during her illness, sat by her side. Her father and nurse occupied seats within a few feet of each other. All were calm, as if in expectation of some visitor. Even the languishing sufferer seemed to hold her breath in anxious suspense.

And, list! A step is heard—as strange step to every ear but that of the sensitive invalid. She had not heard it for more than a year, and never before upon that stairway. And yet, her trembling heart, fluttered as if about to burst through the prison of her feeble frame. A faint smile passed over her features, and her eyes, already supernaturally bright, kindled with an intense light.

The door opens. The form of a young man appears. It is!—it is! The Artist springs forward, clasps and kisses the hand of the Banker's Daughter. A few low words, and the glory of a seraph vision seems resting upon the features of the dying beauty. The clergyman whispers to the father. Alas, the pride of that formal nature. Can it be, that even at such a moment, and in such a scene, the visions of the world with its empty pride can have influence and prevail! But, no.—He relents—for the moment, he relents. His heart, for the time, is human. He takes the hand of his child and places it in that of her lover.—The ceremony is performed. The nuptial benediction is pronounced.

"In Heaven—in Heaven!" are the last words of the dying bride; and, with a radiant look of hope and love, she smiles upon her husband, as her soul parts from the beautiful clay and wings its flight to the mansions of eternal bliss.

### The Old World.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

#### LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY THURLOW WEED.

MELROSE, Sunday, Aug. 13, 1843.

No brighter sun ever rose to bless and beautify the earth, than that which dawns upon us this Sabbath morning. Nor is it possible to breathe an atmosphere more bracing and balmy than that which refreshes and gladdens our spirits. The view from the Eildon Hill, at the foot of which Melrose reposes, is one of surpassing beauty.—Every object within the vision's reach, has been made classic by the inspirations of poetry and romance. Beyond the Tweed, the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow are seen. Upon its banks the ruined abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh yet lift up their broken towers, and crumbling walls. And in every direction you identify points or features, or objects, with which the imagination had been made familiar either in "Marmion," the "Monastery" or "St. Roman's well."

On our return from Dryburgh Abbey yesterday, we learned that there was to be preaching to-day in Melrose abbey! Our visit to this magnificent ruin was therefore gladly deferred, that we might have the unexpected privilege of attending church in a temple erected eight hundred years ago, and where, for more than two hundred years, the voice of thanksgiving and prayer had scarcely been heard.

At half past 10 o'clock this morning, the rusty bell which yet hangs in the abbey tower, with hoarse and feeble voice, summoned the congregation. Temporary seats had been ranged on the green grass carpeted area of the abbey. At 11 the service commenced. Two discourses were preached, one from the Old and the other from the New Testament. Both were purely doctrinal. No allusion was made, either in the prayers or the sermons, to the circumstance that a Christian ministry of the 19th century was proclaiming, to an enlightened people, the open and widely diffused truths of Revelation, upon the very graves of those who, in by gone centuries, and in a dark age, were practising mysterious rites and barbarous orgies upon their deluded and besotted followers.

But though the preacher was as literal in his texts and contexts, as any "Kittle Drumme" or "Mucklewrath," that ever edified a congregation of covenanters, I doubt whether the imaginations of his hearers could be restrained. What an occasion was here for an historical discourse? And how deeply I regretted that some of our own elo-

quent divines were not standing in the shoes of this very worthy, but, exceedingly unimaginative clergyman?

The presence of so many strangers disturbed the swallows, wrens, and other birds that have for so many ages had undisputed possession of the ruin. They were flying, fluttering and singing above our heads during the service. Nor did their natural melody mingle unharmoniously with the voices of those singing the praises of their Creator with a more intelligent and responsible sense of his perfections and power. The "delicate air," the "lov'd mansionry," of birds, and the scene—a Scottish ruin—recalled vividly to memory this beautiful and not inapplicable passage in Macbeth:—

DUNCAN. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses.

BARBARO. This gust of summer, The temple-haunting martlet does approve, By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle: Where they most breed and haunt I have observ'd The air is delicate.

Melrose abbey has its literal and its romantic history. For the latter, it is indebted to the creative genius of the author of Waverley, in his "Monastery." The former is written among the annals of fire, rapine and blood. It was founded in 1136, and is esteemed the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland. King David conferred it upon Monks of the Cistercian order, by whom it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary.—It was plundered and desecrated by the English army under Edward II, in 1322, but repaired by Robert Bruce, whose heart was subsequently deposited here. In 1382 it was burnt by the English under Richard II. It was again rebuilt, only to be plundered again by Lord Evers in 1545, and subsequently almost wholly destroyed by the Earl of Hartford. And during the civil wars, while affording an asylum to the inhabitants, it was bombarded by Cromwell. But even yet, much of its massive masonry remains, and it still abounds in ancient statuary and carvings of exquisite workmanship. The abbey is 287 feet long, 195 feet wide, and 943 in circumference. The tombs of Alexander II. of St. Waldene, its second abbot, and many of the Douglasses, who were buried here, are yet preserved and identified.—The abbey and lands around it are the property of the Duke of Bucclegh, who looks carefully to their preservation. In obedience to the following poetic direction of Sir Walter Scott, in his lay of the last minstrel:—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aight,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray."

We obtained the abbey keys and returned to view its ruins at 10 o'clock in the evening, by the "pale moon-light." Now it was a ruin in all its solitude and sublimity. The moon's beams were reflected through portals and windows, casting a mellowed light upon canopies, pedestals and niches, with chiselled or carved apostles, saints, abbots, &c. &c., with which the abbey abounds.—The choir or channel, which is still preserved, displays the happiest architectural taste; and the eastern window, that looks out upon the rising sun, is very magnificently constructed. In describing this portion of the abbey, the poet says:—

"The moon on the east oriel shone  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone  
By foliaged tracery combined:  
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand  
'Twist poplars straight and osler wand  
In many a freakish knot had twined;  
Then framed a spell when the work was done,  
And charged the willow wreaths to stone."

Having lingered for nearly an hour amid these solitudes, almost as silent ourselves as the mighty dead upon whose sepulchres we were treading, we returned to our hotel and our pillows, where the objects that had absorbed our waking thoughts, came trooping back in dreams and visions.

In our first visit to Dryburgh abbey, we were rowed across the Tweed by an old lady who has officiated as the "Charon" to this river for nearly thirty years. She had often, she said, ferried Sir Walter Scott over, who came sometimes to show the abbey to strangers, and sometimes to wander about its ruins alone.

NEW-CASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Aug. 15.

Having passed two delightful days at Melrose, we left Scotland in the coach after breakfast yesterday, without having seen many of its places and objects of interest, partly because we had several days of bad weather, but mainly because of the infirmity which restrains my pedestrian habits and

inclinations. My intended visit to Falkirk, Sterling Castle and Bannockburn, was interrupted by two days of constant and heavy rains. Of some of these great historical landmarks we had distant views. The sanguinary field of Bannockburn is seen from the rail way in our approach to Edinborough, and in crossing the hills near Melrose, many striking objects are pointed out, among which are Nidpath Castle, Ravenswood Castle, Mount Bengar, (formerly the residence of the Ettrick Shepherd) and the crystal lake where Wordsworth says:—

"The swans on sweet St. Mary's Lake,  
"Flout double swan and shadow."

Thirteen miles from Melrose we came to the ruins of Jedburgh Abbey, situated upon a romantic rock, by the side of the miniature River Jed, at the western end of the town of Jedburgh, and surrounded by what is here regarded as dense forests. This ancient burgh, upon the "border" of Scotland, was the theatre of stirring and sanguinary events in the "troublesome times." It was frequently plundered, and has been the scene of much bloodshed.

There is not much to interest travelers between Jedburgh and New-Castle. The road crosses several hills and through extensive heaths, upon which it is said cattle and sheep graze to much advantage.

New-Castle, though we were approaching it in a clear day, was enveloped in clouds of smoke, the darkness of which was visible several miles out. It is a place of about 50,000 inhabitants, who seem actively and prosperously employed. The Coal Mines are not only a great source of wealth to the noblemen and gentry to whom they belong, but of employment and support to the other classes. New-Castle enjoys some commerce, and it has engaged to some extent in the manufacture of iron, steel, glass, and even woollens. It contains too, the hospitals, churches, school-houses, barracks, and other public buildings to be seen in all large English towns and cities. This was the birth-place of Admiral Collingwood, and of Aken-side, the poet. Several of the wealthiest noblemen in England, not only derive their income from their coal mines, but have erected splendid mansions near New-Castle, where they reside.—Lumley Castle, the residence of the Earl of Scarborough, Lambton Hall, the seat of Earl Gray, are each within a short distance from this place. Although for several miles around New-Castle the earth has been disemboweled, and you travel upon its rim, there are but few external indications of these subterranean excavations. It is difficult to realize or believe, while walking or riding on the surface that thousands, shut out from Heaven's light and air, are laboring below you.

There are several entire streets of large stone stores and dwelling houses in New-Castle, without occupants, and, of course, presenting a gloomy aspect. They are monuments at once of the enterprise and the folly of a wealthy individual, whose hallucination led him to suppose New-Castle was to rival London. He died a beggar, and I believe, in a debtor prison.

There was a Horse Fair here to-day, and one of the squares is yet filled with hundreds of the most inhumanly used beasts I have ever seen. "All the ills" that horse-flesh is heir to," stand revealed in these poor animals, whom the jockies and grooms, with the aid of spurs and other stimulants, keep prancing and vaulting before the "Jimmy Greens" who are to become purchasers of an "orse." The bipeds, who seem equally divided between sharps and flats, are most vehement in voice and manner, but their conversation is, for the most part, in a language either too refined or too barbarous for our comprehension.

In the evening we went to the Theatre. The price of box tickets was three pence. The company, could it have rejoiced in an "infant phenomenon," might claim remote kindredship to that of the never-to-be-forgotten "Crummells," who, you will remember, confessed that he "never knew the worth of that incomparable woman [his wife] until he saw her balancing upon a fourteen foot pole, with a brilliant display of fire works at her heels!" One of the stars in this tragic firmament, is a gentleman whom I well remembered to have seen playing in the Albany Theatre, from the circumstance that he talks as if he had a mouth full of hot buns. We remained to see a robber shot, a bonditti dirked, a heroine faint, and half a dozen outlaws arrested, when we left without taking "checks" for the afterpiece.

YORK, August 18

Leaving New Castle at half past seven this morning, we proceeded by coach to Darlington, 36

miles. The first thirty miles is through a much worked coal region. Lands here are doubly valuable, yielding, as they do most abundantly, agricultural wealth. We passed, with only a brief stop, the ancient and venerable looking town of Durham, which is 14 miles from New Castle and 155 from London. Its magnificent cathedral, in the Norman style of architecture, founded in 1093, stands upon an eminence from which the town and surrounding country is seen to great advantage. The Bishop of Durham is a personage of vast wealth; and there is an appearance of substantial and tolerably well diffused prosperity throughout the town. Durham is as much distinguished in England for its army of 'old mails,' as it is in America for its fine breed of cattle.—The streets and houses here, though very old and antiquated, are kept clean, and with their arbors and trellise-work, abounding in rose and honeysuckle, present a cheerful aspect.

York, at which place we arrived at 1 o'clock, ranks next to London in historical interest, and was at one time a place of even greater consideration than the now mighty Metropolis. The earliest history of York is obscure. As early as 124 it is known to have been occupied as a garrison by the Romans. Adrian established his head quarters here. Severus, by whom the wall around the city of York was erected, died in 212. Constantine Chlorus, another Roman Emperor, died here in 307, after which his son, Constantine the Great, who was born at York, was proclaimed Emperor by the army. In the 9th century York is said to have been the seat of England's commerce and literature. The first meeting of what became the parliament was held here, in 1169. York was the theatre upon which William Rufus, King Stephens, King David of Scotland, Henry the 2d, Richard the 3d, Henry the 8th, and Charles the 1st enacted some of their sanguinary dramas. But York Minster is the object of abiding and absorbing interest. We have all heard and read much about this vast pile, of which, however, it may be said, as it was said of the magnificence of an oriental ruler, that "the half has not been told." St. Paul's church and Westminster Abbey, but for their sepulchres and monuments, would be thrown into the shade by this mighty structure. In magnitude and splendor this minster is said to be surpassed by the church of St. Peter at Rome. Among its principal monuments are the archbishop Scrope and Sir George Saville. The nave and choir are adorned with carved head of the Kings of England from William I. to Henry VI. Its numerous and elaborate windows are of glass filled with exquisitely painted scripture illustrations. This noble cathedral suffered severely by two greatly to be deplored conflagrations, but in repairing it, care was taken to restore, as faithfully as possible, its original features.

Nor is York Minster the only object of historical interest here. The place abounds in antiquities. There are no less than sixteen churches that look old enough to have been built before the deluge. Its Castle was erected by William I. The church of St. Mary, of All Hallows, and St. Dennis, were founded when York was the Eboracum of the Romans. The Romans also built Clifford Tower, of which the ruin is preserved. York is pleasantly situated upon the river Ouse, which is navigable for vessels of about 150 tons. Its ancient streets are remarkably clean, and its seeming anti-deluvian tenements are so uniformly neat and cheerful as to impress a stranger with very favorable opinions of the domestic taste and habits of its wives and daughters.

SHEFFIELD, Aug. 15.

This, you know, is one of the great manufacturing towns of England. Its celebrity for cutlery and plated-ware is proverbial. Indeed the mouths of the whole civilized world have been fed with the knives and forks manufactured at Sheffield. It is a place of some sixty thousand inhabitants, and though with a smoky atmosphere and dingy appearance, furnishes abundant indications of industry, enterprise and opulence. The place is remarkable for little else than its manufactures, and for the excellence and fertility of the surrounding country. In inquiring for its antiquities I was told that it could boast of a Monument which was Chantry's first effort in sculpture, and of affording the rights of sepulchre to the executioner of Charles the First. We visited the sales room and manufacturing establishment of "J. Rogers & Son," whose names are familiar to all Americans, and whose knives, &c. are to be found in every house in our country. From anything that has crossed the Atlantic, no adequate idea can be formed of the perfection and ex-

pense to which this description of manufactures is carried out. We saw a pen-knife, perfect in all respects, which has 70 blades, and weighs less than a half-penny. We saw, also, the duplicate of a KNIFE presented to George the 4th, which contained 1841 blades, and is valued at 200 guineas. We also visited the extensive, reputable and well known house of Sanderson, Brothers, where our letters of introduction from Mr. Benedict and Mr. Corning, procured us a cordial reception and kind offers of every attention; but having looked through their works, and witnessed the process of converting iron into steel, we hurried to the railway station, not, however, until the Messrs. Sanderson had confronted me with the New York Tribune, containing one of my letters in which a fellow passenger was made a member of their house, instead of another extensive and respectable concern—to which he had belonged. The error consisted, not in the peculiarities I had ascribed to that gentleman, but in making him a partner in the wrong firm.

HAMPTON, 4 P. M.

This is the termination of the Northern Midland railway, and its intersection with the London and Birmingham railway. We are waiting for a train that will take us to London (112 miles) in four hours and a half. Yorkshire and Derbyshire, through which counties we have passed to-day, are just presenting their beautiful harvests to the sickle—literally to the sickle, for there are neither cradles nor other machines for harvesting here. The crop promises a rich yield. The scene, for an hundred and fifty miles, has been gorgeous to the eye and grateful to the heart. Here every nook and corner of soil is pressed into the husbandman's service. The whole country, in every direction, as far as we could see, rejoices in wheat fields, apparently like some golden lake waving in gentleness and beauty. In the North of England the harvest is a week later, but if the weather should continue favorable, the people of England would not lack bread, if they had wherewithal to purchase it.

England, hereabouts, abounds in railways. I saw near Normanton to-day, seven several trains upon three independent railways, darting off like meteors in different directions.

We passed through Wakefield, a most romantic and beautiful town, which you readily enough imagine to have been the residence of Goldsmith's amiable Vicar. Chesterfield, through which we passed, is celebrated for its extensive manufacture of woolen stockings, and for its tall, leaning spire to an ancient church, resembling, it is said, the leaning tower of Pisa.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

From the National Intelligencer.

### Fountains of Youth.

One of our ingenious contemporaries (the Pennsylvanian) brings us the following pleasant news for our friends the teetotlists. It is lucky that such discoveries happen in an age that can appreciate cold water and its virtues: a little while ago and not even the fabulous immortality which a draught from certain Abyssinian springs was said to bestow would have induced any body to dilute his blood with any such thin potations:

"Four Mineral Springs, reputed to possess medical qualities of a high order, and supposed by some to be fabulous 'Florida Water,' have recently been discovered on the plantation of Maj. Taylor, in Florida. What is so singular in regard to these springs is, that they should all have their origin and hold their course so much alike, meandering along within two hundred yards of each other to their outlet at Lake Monroe. There was a legend rife in Spain many years ago that in the same flowery and fertile country there was a stream of chrysal water whose magic charms upon the human system could stop the wrinkles of age and write unfading beauty on the glowing cheek of youth."

It is curious to trace this legend of a Fount of Youth in its migrations from the East into our own continent. Herodotus is the first to describe it, in his account of the embassy sent by Cambyzes to Abyssinia, before he attempted the invasion of that desert-defended land. He says that its waters bestowed immediate health and vigor upon all who bathed in them, and lent to their bodies a peculiar lustre of the skin—doubtless that "lumen purpureum juventutis," that "purple light of love" and youth, of which Virgil and Gray speak. Near it was reported to be spread a kind of endless cold collation, called "the Table of the Sun," which was a plain of some ex-

Literary Curiosity.

tent, found every morning heaped up a foot or two deep with all the most estimable kinds of cold vittles: so that these two wonders were to those living hard by (as the Natural Bridge to the man that keeps it) meat and drink, and almost home-spun besides.

By and by, however, the tide of travel, migration, land-stealing, and fictionizing turned away from Abyssinia, as it has done with us from Kentucky to Missouri, from Missouri to Oregon; and the fount of Immortality was transferred somewhere about the time of Alexander the Great westward into the oasis of Jupiter Ammon, where it once more bubbled up (the favorite bubble of its day) in a spring which was icy-cold at noon and hot enough at midnight to make the drink congregate to that hour—in other words, Scotch whiskey punch. But the more solid part of the entertainment—the Table of the Sun—had somehow or other (perhaps in the hurry of moving) been left behind, and we hear no more of it.

At a later age "the fountain of the Sun," as it was called, lost its reputation—ceased to be the "fashionable watering-place;" and the Canaries (then newly discovered) became the supposed seat of the waters of rejuvenescence. Next they fitted to the Bermudas; and finally, about the time of Ponce de Leon, they waited themselves over to Florida; where, except for occasional excursions to Saratoga, the Sweet Springs, or the White Sulphur, they have for the most part inhabited ever since, and will doubtless continue to do so until land-speculation—which is, with Constitution building, the main form in which imagination exerts itself in America—shall take a new direction.

**FILIAL LOVE.**—The following letter from the Hon. Waddy Thompson, our Minister to Mexico, addressed to one of the editors of this paper, narrates an incident beautifully and touchingly illustrative of the deep and tender affection with which the gifted and lamented Legare repaid the nurture and care of that widowed mother, whose early and judicious training doubtless laid the foundation of his eminence.—*Charleston Courier*.

Mexico, Aug. 15, 1843.

My Dear Sir—I have rarely known the death of any individual to cause a more general sensation than that of our lamented friend Legare, nor to call forth more flattering tributes to that great genius, learning and eloquence, for which he was chiefly known to the world. I beg leave to mention to you an incident which exhibits those tender and affectionate qualities which so much endeared him to his friends. A deep and abiding affection for one's mother, I have generally found to be the most striking characteristic of "natures finely touched." I have never known this feeling to exist in a stronger degree than with Mr. Legare. We were classmates and intimate friends in College—and served also in Congress together. When he made that most splendid effort on the Sub-Treasury, which called forth the universal admiration of political friends and opponents, after he had received the congratulations of all around him, I said, "Come, Legare, your lodgings are distant from the capitol, mine are near, go and dine with me." When we had arrived at my house, I said to him, "Well, Legare, I did not choose to mingle my congratulations with the crowd; but I now tell you that you made a splendid speech, and I am proud of you." He replied, "I thank you, and value what you say, for I know that it is sincere;" and then, with his eyes suffused with tears, added, "I do assure you, that the greatest happiness which I feel is to know that my mother will be gratified."

Yours truly, W. THOMPSON.

**TWO NEGATIVES EQUAL TO AN AFFIRMATIVE.**—"Ma," said a juvenile grammarian of the feminine gender yesterday, when she returned from one of the public schools—"Ma, mayn't I take some of the currant jelly on the sideboard?"

"No," said the mother, sternly.

"Well then, ma, mayn't I take some of the ice cream?"

"No," again replied "ma."

It was not long, however, before the young miss was found "diggin'" into both.

"Did I not tell you," said the maternal parent, in a somewhat angry tone, "not to touch them?"

"You said no twice, ma," said the precocious girl, "and the schoolmistress says that two negatives are equal to an affirmative; so I thought you meant that I should eat them."

The mother sat down upon the sofa, and said that the talent some people's children had for learning was astonishing!—*N. O. Picayune*.

Friday last, Punch had the satisfaction of being present at Signor Sivori's farewell concert. He was exceedingly diverted by the performances of the clever violinist, which also reminded him of an idea that had occasionally occurred to him before, on hearing Ole Bull, Listz, and other professors of musical gymnastics.

He perceived that the talent of these gentlemen lay principally in executing variations on certain favorite airs; that is, in disjoining their different portions, and filling up the intervals with divers fantastical and eccentric movements of their own—runs, shakes, and so forth; thus interposing the original music, which was expressive of some sentiment, feeling, or state of mind, with passages which, having no meaning at all, formed an agreeable contrast to the melodies wherewith they were blended.

Now, the idea that occurred to Mr. Punch was, that the principle (so greatly to the gratification of the public) acted upon by the musicians, might be advantageously applied to the sister art of poetry. He thinks that Shakespeare with variations would very probably be received with great applause. The variations, of course, should correspond in expressiveness and intellectuality to those above alluded to. For instance, let the line to be varied be—

"To be, or not to be; that is the question."  
The theme might first be recited entire, and then treated as follows:

To be or not, fiddle; to be, diddle; that, tooral; is, looral; the question, lay.

Fiddle, fiddle, iddle, tooral, looral, lay.  
Tooral, to be; looral, or not; lay, to be; that is, fiddle; the question, iddle de dee.

To, yoddle; be, doddle; or, fol; not, dol; to, de; be, rol; that, ri; is, tol; the, lol; question de roid.

Yoddle doddle fol de rol, to be; hey down derry diddle dum, or not; whack rum ti oodity, to be; ho down, that; coip chow cherry chow, is; tra la la la, the question.

Dong, dong, harum scarum divo, question.  
Right fol de riddy, oody, bow, wow, wow!

Drowning men will catch at a straw; and considering the present declining state of the drama, Punch seriously recommends his suggestion to the notice of the managers. Its adoption will doubtless astonish the weak minds of many, to whom Shakespeare's sense, at present, too strong for them, will be rendered more palatable by dilution.—*London Punch*.

**A RICH ROYAL BRIDE.**—The Paris Moniteur contains a royal ordinance promoting the Prince de Joinville to the rank of Rear Admiral. This ordinance is followed by the marriage act of the Prince with the Princess of the Brazils, which was signed on the 31st ult., in the palace of Neuilly. The princess brought her husband, as a dowry, first, 1000,000*l* in specie; secondly, a revenue of 180,000*l*, arising from Brazilian stock; thirdly, 25 leagues of territory in the province of Santa Catarina, at the choice of the prince; fourthly, a yearly income of 26,000*l*, together with jewels to the amount of 200,000*l*; fifthly, a present from the Emperor of Brazils, of 300,000*l*, for her outfit. Independently of these advantages, she is to succeed to the throne of the Brazils, to the exclusion even of her elder sister, if the Emperor, Don Pedro II, and the Princess Januaria, the presumptive heir to the crown, should die without issue.

A letter from Brest gives the following description of the Princess de Joinville:—"The princess has an agreeable expression of countenance; she is young and graceful; her hair is of a clear chestnut color, and she has all the freshness and beauty of her years. Her figure is elegant, slender, and she possesses both grace and elasticity."

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**—An honest Irishman, in the employ of our friend Fenimore Cooper, at Cooperstown, was sent by him a few days since to the Postoffice for letters. On receiving those for Mr. Cooper, he inquired if there were any letters for the "jindeman who was staying at the hall, Mr. Brickbat." The postmaster, after looking carefully through, said that there were none, and asked Pat if he was certain that was the name. Pat protested vehemently that it certainly was, as he was charged particularly to recollect it. A friend of Mr. Cooper, passing the office at the moment, the postmaster inquired of him what gentlemen were visiting Mr. Cooper. He replied that he knew of no one except Captain Shubrick. "Och!" cried Pat, "that's the name; but faith, didn't I come near it though?"—*Tribune*.

**DOMESTIC EDUCATION.**—"Now close your book, Bob, said the mother, soon after I was seated;—and, Alec, give me yours. Put your hands down, turn from the fire, and look at me, dears. What is the capital of Russia?"

"The Birman Empire," said Alec, with unhesitating confidence. "The Baltic Sea," cried Bob, emulous and ardent.

"Wait, not so fast; let me see, my dears, which of you is right."

Mrs. Thompson appealed immediately to her book, after a long and private communication with which, she emphatically pronounced both wrong.

"Give us a chance, mother," said Bob in a wheedling tone, (Bob knew his mother's weaknesses.) "Them's such hard words. I don't know how it is, but I never can remember 'em. Just tell us the first syllable; oh, do now, please!"

"Oh, I know now!" cried Alec. "It's something with a G to it."

Think of the Apostles, dears. What are the names of the apostles?"

"Why there's Moses," began Bob, counting on his fingers, "and there's Sammywell, and there's Aaron, and Noah's ark."

"Stop my dears," said Mrs. Thompson, who was very busy with her manuel, and contriving a method of rendering a solution of her question easy. "Just begin again. I said—who was Peter—no, not that—who was an apostle?"

"Oh, I know now!" cried Alec again, (Alec was the sharp boy of the family.) "It's Peter. Peter's the capital of Russia."

"No, not quite, my dear. You are very warm—very warm, indeed, but not quite hot. Try again."

"Paul," half murmured Robert, with a reckless hope of proving right.

"No, Peter's right; but there's something else. What has your father been taking down the beds for?"

There was a solemn silence, and the three industrious sisters blushed the faintest blush that could be raised upon a maiden's cheek.

"To rub that stuff upon the walls," said the ready Alec.

"Yes, but what was it to kill?" said the in-structress.

"The fleas," said Bob.

"Worse than that, my dear."

"Oh, I know now," shrieked Alec for the third time. "Peterburg's the caudal of Russia."

Mrs. Thompson looked at me with pardonable vanity and triumph, and I bestowed upon the successful students a few comfits which I had purchased on my road for my comfit-loving friends.—*Blackwood*.

**SOMETHING NEW.**—We were shown Tuesday a ladies' bonnet, the exterior of which is composed entirely of peacock feathers. This singular specimen of ingenuity was, we are informed, the work of a deranged lady. The frame of the bonnet appears to be covered with a quilt made of the body feathers of the bird, which have been shaved down so as to present a smooth and beautiful surface, resembling velvet more nearly than any other material we know of. With every alteration of position, the color of this rich covering changes, passing through an interminable variety of shades. It is a perfect chameleon and as continual change is the essence of fashion, such a bonnet must be as good as a dozen at least. It would be of a beautiful green as the lady went down one side of the street and of a deep purple as she returned on the other, of a golden yellow in crossing over in the sun and a rich brown in the shade.

The decorations of the bonnet are tasteful though peculiar. A plume of the splendid tail feathers of the peacock is bound round it and at its back sets a bird, intended for an eagle, but whose gaudy plumage makes it more nearly resemble a peacock balled down or a giant humming bird. In its bill it holds a bunch of Sybeline leaves on which are written scraps of poetry, as wild as those Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Ophelia, the name of the eccentric milliner, her residence, and the price she puts upon this specimen of her handiwork.—*Utica Gaz.*

In the sale of a clergyman's effects, near Hereford, England, his Library brought £3, and his Liquors £380!

This reminds us of the story of the meeting-house, the basement of which was occupied as a wine cellar, on the door of which some wag wrote:

"There's a spirit above and a spirit below;  
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe;  
The spirit above is a spirit divine,  
The spirit below is the spirit of wine!"

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1843.

**LEARN FRENCH—A GOOD SUGGESTION.**—A correspondent who signs himself "an apprentice," makes the following suggestion:—"Having, at your recommendation, purchased the little work called "French without a master," I would take the liberty of proposing to my fellow apprentices, and others, the propriety of having occasional meetings, during the present autumn and approaching winter, to prosecute the study of the language. We might meet as a class, and aid each other."

The suggestion is a good one, and might be attended with beneficial results. We remember, with pleasure, the many profitable hours, devoted to like studies, in common with a little band of fellow apprentices, years ago, in the little *village* of Rochester. One of our number acted as monitor, and propounded questions in history, political economy, or whatever other study had been designated for the week. Feeling perfectly at home, the subjects studied were made matters of familiar conversation, and in that way impressed upon the mind. By this process, we not only became familiar with the letter of our text, but learned to *think*. These meetings soon became deeply interesting, and tended to excite a love of study.

We, therefore, cheerfully commend the suggestion of "an apprentice"—whether it be to learn French or to prosecute any other useful study.

**SEDUCTION.**—Professor Wayland, in his *Moral Philosophy*, portrays the reckless cruelty of the crime of seduction with a pathos and a beauty that must move even the cold heart of the hardened libertine. It cannot be read too often, as it is one of the finest gems in the English language: "Let it be remembered that a female is a moral and accountable being, hastening to the bar of God; that she is made to be the centre of all that is delightful in the domestic relations. That in her very nature she looks up to man as her protector, and loves to confide in his hands her happiness for life; and that she can be ruined only by abusing that confidence, proving false to that reliance and using the very loveliest trait in her character as the instrument of her undoing. And then let us consider the misery into which a loss of virtue must plunge the victim and her friends for ever; the worth of the soul, which, unless a miracle interposes, must, by the loss of virtue, be consigned to eternal despair; and I ask, whether in the whole catalogue of crimes, there is one that more justly merits the deepest anathema of mankind than that which for the momentary gratification of a lawless appetite, will violate all these obligations, outrage all these sympathies, and work out so wide-spread and interminable ruin."

**LADIES, OBSERVE!** Spots upon mahogany furniture, caused by cologne water, or alcohol in any form, may be immediately removed, and the place turned to its original color and beauty, by the application of a few drops of oil. We believe this to be a sure restorer.—*Prov. Chron.*

**And gentlemen, observe!** Spots which alcohol leave upon the health and character, can be removed by cold water! This fact will be certified to by hundreds of thousands! Try it.

On one of the principal thoroughfares across the Green Mountains in Vermont, in ascending the mountain you pass three public houses, the first of which is kept by Mr. Chaseum, the second by Mr. Ketchum, and the third and last of course, by Mr. Killum. In descending the other side you pass three other taverns kept by a Lord, an Angel, and a Devil, respectively.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**"WALKS OF USEFULNESS."**—This is one of the most delightful memoirs we have ever read.—Every page breathes out benevolence, in its most exalted, heart-affecting character. Its subject (Mrs. MARGARET PRIOR, of the city of New York,) was a living christian, abounding in good works. With the spirit of her Divine Master, she had the means and leisure to exemplify the beauties of a benevolent life. Her whole path-way is strewn with light. Charity, gentleness, and uncommon perseverance in her Christ-like actions, characterised her entire life. Her soul seemed immersed in "the milk of human kindness."—She was, emphatically, the friend of the poor—the good angel who hovered around the dwelling places of the destitute, the sick and the unfortunate. The reclamation of the guilty of her own sex—a god-like task—occupied much of her attention, and many yet live "to call her blessed." Would that her life could be read by every female in the land! It would show them how much a single individual may do to dry up the tears of the heart-broken.

These "Reminiscences" are from the pen of Mrs. SARAH R. INGRAHAM, and are written with a simple beauty befitting the lovely character depicted. It is published by the Moral Reform Society, and the proceeds from its sale are to be devoted to the promotion of the principles of that Society. The book may be had at Horr's, or of Mrs. SELAH MATTHEWS, 158, Main street.

**"NEW PUBLICATIONS."**—We are indebted to FISHER, Exchange st., for the following:—

"McCulloch's Gazetteer, part 4,"

"Alison's Europe, No. 15,"

"Chuzzlewit, part 3."

The two former of these publications are worthy of a place in every man's library. Those who have had the previous numbers of ALISON, will of course obtain this; and those who have not seen the Gazetteer, should do so now and obtain the numbers as they appear. It is a most invaluable publication.

"Chuzzlewit" is Boz's last work. Much of it is occupied with caricatures upon those who made a lion of him when in this country.

**"FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER."**—This is the title of a very useful work which has just been published by WILLSON & Co. Its object is to enable every person to acquire a knowledge of the French language by his own efforts; and we think the object is successfully accomplished. The plan of the work is admirable. It cannot fail to be generally adopted; and we hope it may have an extensive sale. For sale at Jones', Arcade.

**MR. BORROW.**—We have frequently alluded to two very interesting publications which have been widely circulated in cheap form, entitled the "Bible in Spain," and the "Zincali, or Gipseys of Spain." A French periodical give the following account of the author of those works, who is the most remarkable man of the age:—

"Mr. Borrow, (says the writer, M. Philarete Charles,) was originally, I believe, a horse jockey, or something of that kind. Since then, a piritanical devotion having seized him, he has traveled over the world to spread the gospel light among the Greeks, Papists, Ottomans, Barbarians and Zincali. To gain souls for Calvin, to conquer infidels and horses, and to wander over plains, forests and marshes, are his chief pleasures. A Don Quixotte of the nineteenth century, and an English Don Quixotte, he traveled as a colporteur among the Alpujarras, at Cintra, Ceute, Merida, on the banks of the Guadalquivir and the Douro with a cargo of Bibles; some in Arabic, and others in the Bohemian tongue, not that of Bohemia, but of Hindostan, (Zincali.) Can you think of any oddity more strange than this?"

"With a vigorous nature, a well tempered soul,

an uncommon courage, and a burning curiosity mingled with a lively taste for adventures and even for dangers, a polyglot mind with the gift of the tongues, Mr. Borrow understands Persian, Arabic, German, Dutch, Russian, Polish, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Irish, Norwegian, and the old Scandinavian, not to mention Gaelic, Cymric or Welsh, Sanscrit and Zincali, the language of the European gipseys. He is an athletic man, thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, with a bright black eye, his brow already covered with a forest of premature white hair, and an olive complexion, as if he belonged originally to that Indian race of which he is the chancier and friend.

"He was born at Norfolk, and found himself no one knows how, and he does not tell, among gipseys, blacksmiths, rope dancers, fortune tellers, old clothes merchants and beggars, from Egypt, who inhabited that city and its environs. From these honorable instructors, he received his first knowledge of gibberish, the rudiments of the Zincali language, and hereditary receipts relative to rearing and supporting horses. As he grew up, he went to Edinburgh, went through the University course, studied diligently Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and made frequent excursions into the Highlands, to learn Gaelic thoroughly. What became of him afterwards, no one knows. His friends say he sowed his wild oats, or as the French say, *il jeta sa gourme*. Some pretend that the turf and the occupation of a jockey never had a more zealous servant. He bought and sold horses, bet, won and lost, and probably ran at Newcastle and Derby. This portion of his life lies in the shade; he afterwards re-appears, and we find him suddenly converted, and engaged in the service of the Bible Society, a company organized for the propagation of the Bible. He travels over the world, and on his route leaves Bibles by thousands. When he had seen Asia and Africa, it appears to him that Spain and Portugal, those two old ramparts of Catholicism, are countries new and curious to visit; he pounces upon them, Calvinistic Bible in hand, is seized, imprisoned, beaten, and pursued; he persists, lives in the woods, with banditti; in caverns, with gipseys; in garrets, with 'pleuroses' braves the Alcaldes, shows his contempt for curates, and mocks at ministers; leagues himself with the Jews, offers his hand to the Arabs, is neither beaten to death nor hung, which is a miracle, and, after having lived through the most curious romance of adventures that could be imagined, this Don Quixotte without a squire, this propagandist without fanaticism, comes back to London all white, wrinkled, old and bronzed."

**A BILL OF FARE.**—The attentive correspondent of the Boston Courier who keeps the readers of that paper advised of what is said and done at the ancient town of Hull, gives the following catalogue of what was eaten and drunken, recently, at a "swarry" provided by a certain Mr. Kallender, who appears to be the great man of that region. It is pleasant to note the march of fine gastronomic taste among our rural populations:—

## COMESTIBLES.

Boulbif a la mode.  
Hareng fume.  
Pate de piquere.  
Horn-pout a la sauce piquante.  
Cotelett de sea-calf.  
Floundre au naturel.  
Bifteck de grampus.  
Pot-pourri de ton-cod.  
Mische-mesche de clamme-choudre.  
Fricandeau de squid a la water-spout.  
Vol-au-vent de flying-fish.  
Ragout de sole a l'abondance.  
Lobstre en ecaille.  
Tete de halliboute au drab-hat.  
Domplingue de pomme.  
Jonicaque au porc-fat.  
Flappejaque en blobbre.  
Hastripoudingue Chinoise a la chop-chop.

## LIQUERS.

Limonade avec soupçon de viski.  
Vin de Chateau Gouseber.  
Stone wall.  
Dog's nose.  
Parfait amour de cidrebaril.  
Sheri de coble.  
O. B. Joyful.  
Ponche a la townpompe.

☞ When a speaker gets into the sublime at the West, they say he is "soaring aloft among the tall timber!"

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]  
Lines to Great Britain.

Nations are but communities of men,  
And men are mortal; wonder ye not then  
If in a nation frailties oft arise,  
To stain the glory of her brighter skies;  
Wise tho' her people, learned tho' her peers,  
Her power mighty with the growth of years;  
Wisdom and power often fail to save  
A Throne from sinking to dishonor's grave.

"Britain, with all thy faults, I love thee still;"  
And loving, must with faithfulness fulfill  
The task I now assume. I'd gladly sound  
Thy worthy praises o'er earth's bound,  
Speak of thy wise and virtuous deeds alone,  
And only show the honors of thy throne;  
But ah! thou art but human, and thy fame  
Already mingles with thy deepest shame.

What though on history's page thy name is seen,  
And numerous records show what thou hast been?  
What if the brave thy deadly battles fought,  
And oft in death victorious honor brought?  
What if thy kings have sometimes wisely swayed  
The sceptre which their serfs in awe obeyed?  
Or through the darkness of thy earlier years,  
Some dawn of light and liberty appears?

The brightest laurels which thou e'er hast won,  
Cast deeper shades on thy declining sun;  
And all thy boasted glories sink to shame,  
When base dishonor fastens on thy name.  
Let all thy early frailties be forgot,  
And buried in oblivion's common lot;  
But if oppression stains thy garments now,  
With diamond pens we'll write it on thy brow.

Let tyrants rule where heathen darkness reigns,  
And Russia's serfs endure despotic chains;  
But Britain, thou dost tyranny deride,  
And "Magna Charta" is thy pride;  
Thy people boast their parliament and laws,  
And claim an interest in Freedom's cause;  
And must oppression be the charge we bring,  
When of thy power and destiny we sing?

Yes, direct despotism still marks thy sway;  
And hungry millions toll from day to day,  
And water well the soil with sweat and tears,  
To feed Victoria—her babes and peers,  
And pay an idle, mercenary crew,  
Each glimmering spark of freedom to subdue;  
While o'er the earth, where'er thy power is known,  
Trophies of crime and tyranny are shown.

The noblest blood of Ireland has been poured  
On Freedom's sacred altar by thy sword;  
And she has asked, and fought, and bled in vain,  
For still she groans beneath the galling chain.  
China, the thunder of thy power has felt,  
And seen her walls before thy cannon melt.  
Bold India, too, lies staired with human gore;  
And Sandwich Isles lost liberty deplore.

The die which marks thy destiny is cast;  
We read thy future history in the past;  
Like other nations which have ruled the world,  
And o'er the earth triumphant flags unfurled,  
Thy star of empire long has held its sway,  
And thou art ripening into swift decay;  
Like fragile glass spread o'er a wide estate,  
Thou art too feeble to sustain thy weight.

Thou shalt be broken—and a brighter star,  
Shot into being by thy cruel war,  
Sheds forth a milder lustre at its birth,  
And soon will shine refulgent o'er the earth;  
The wondering nations cannot but admire,  
While light and knowledge fan the growing fire;  
Till soon, from shore to shore, and sea to sea,  
This star shall shine—*The Star of Liberty!*

Rochester, 1843. J. E. O.

The following dialogue, upon the plan of that in Hudibras, between the bear-leader and echo, is very well executed:—

Une Bagatelle.

FROM THE MIND OF THE LATE DR. HARNEY.  
ECHO AND THE LOVER.

LOVER.  
Of what you're made and what you are—  
Echo! mysterious nymph, declare!

ECHO. *Sir!*

LOVER.  
'Mid airy cliffs and places high,  
Sweet echo! listening love, you lie—

ECHO. *You lie!*

LOVER.  
Thou dost ransucitate dead sounds—  
Hark, how my voice, resounds!

ECHO. *Zounds!*

LOVER.  
I'll question thee before I go—  
Come, answer me more apropos.

ECHO. *Poh! Poh!*

LOVER.  
Tell me, fair nymph, if e'er you saw  
So sweet a girl as Phoebe Shaw?

ECHO. *Phew!*

LOVER.  
Say, what will turn that frikking coney  
Into the toils of matrimony?

ECHO. *Money!*

LOVER.  
Has Phoebe not a heavenly brow?  
Is it not white as pearl—as snow?

ECHO. *Ass! no!*

LOVER.  
Her eyes! was ever such a pair?  
Are the stars brighter than they are?

ECHO. *They are!*

LOVER.  
Echo, thou liest, but can't deceive me—  
Her eyes eclipse the stars, believe me.

ECHO. *Leave me!*

LOVER.  
But come, thou saucy, pert romancer,  
Who is as fair as Phoebe? answer.

ECHO. *Ann, sir!*

[From the New Mirror.]

To His Sick Child.

BY PROCTOR, (BARRY CORNWALL.)

"Send down thy winged angel, God!  
Amidst this night so wild  
And bid her come where now we watch,  
And breathe upon our child!"

She lies upon her pillow pale,  
And moans within her sleep,  
Or waketh with a patient smile,  
And striveth not to weep.

How gentle and how good a child  
She is, we know too well;  
And dearer to her parents' hearts  
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,  
To aid, when need may be;  
We hope—and have despair'd at times;  
But now we turn to Thee.

Send down thy sweet-souled angel, God!  
Amidst the darkness wild,  
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,  
And heal our gentle child!"

Variety.

GRAMMAR IN THE BACK WOODS.—"Class in grammar may come on the floor. Now John, commence. "All the world is in debt," parse world.

"World is a general noun common metre, ob-jective case, and governed by Miller."

"Very well, Sam, parse debt."

"Debt is a common noun, impressive mood, and dreadful case."

"That'll do. Read the next sentence."

"Boys and girls must have their play."

"Philip, parse boys."

"Boys is a particular noun, single number, uncertain mood, laughable case, as agrees with girls."

"The next."

"Boys is a masculine noun, inferior number, conjunctive mood, and belongs to the girls, with which it agrees."

"School's dismissed."

"We are born in haste," says an American writer; "We finish our education on the run; we marry on the wing; we make a fortune at a stroke, and lose it in the same manner—to make and lose it again in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, going at the rate of twenty miles an hour; our soul a high pressure engine; our life is like a shooting star; and death overtakes us at last, like a flash of lightning."

WIDE AWAKE.—"Come, come, come," said one who was wide awake, to one who was fast asleep, "get up, get up; don't you know it's the early bird that catches the worm?" "Serves the worm right," said the grumbling sleeper—"worms shouldn't get up before the birds do!"

A gentleman after having bought a pair of geese of a countryman, in the Boston market, at an extra price, asked the seller why he was so unwilling to sell one alone. "Sir," said he, "they have been constant companions five and twenty years, and I could not think of parting them."

In Flanders, a tiler fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him, without injury to himself. Upon the issue of a trial commenced by the next blood to the deceased, the judge decided that "the complainant should go to the top of the same house and fall on the tiler."

One asked his friend why he, being a stout man himself, had married so small a wife. "Why, friend," said he, "I thought that you had known that of all evils we should choose the least."

Why are temperance societies a bar to friendship? Because they prevent shaking hands.

What do people generally give their poor relations? Advice.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. DAVID R. MILLER, of Brighton, to Miss LAURA SEELY, formerly of Cattaraugus.

On the morning of the 26th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hubbard, Mr. LYMAN B. CLARK, of Ohio, formerly of this city, to Mrs. HARRIET A. COLT, daughter of William Graves.

On the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. George E. R. Lymos, of Detroit, Mich., to Miss Mary J. Van Rensselaer, of this city.

On the evening of Friday, the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Alexander Thompson, to Miss Mary Ann McCann, both of this city.

On the 30th ult., by Mills Landon, Esq., Mr. Samuel G. Baldwin, of Buffalo, to Miss Susana Lambert, of Ogdén.

In Ogdén, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. A. Sedgwick, Mr. Stephen Gates, to Miss Caroline, daughter of the Hon. Justin Worthington, both of Ogdén.

In Riga, on the 21st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Snyder, Mr. Francis T. Moseley, of Bergon, to Miss Sophronia Parish, of the former place.

In Penfield, on the 5th inst., by Rev. R. S. Crampton, Henry Charter, Esq., of Brighton, to Mrs. Jane Moore, daughter of Sam'l Miller, Esq., of the former place.

At Macedon, Wayne county, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 26th, by Rev. D. Harrington, of Palmyra, William W. Manchester, Esq., of Venice, to Miss Martha Glover Billings, of the former place.

In Ledyard, Sunday, October 1st, by S. S. Coonley, Esq., Mr. William Elgrieter to Miss Clarissa White, all of Auburn.

In Penfield, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Eigenbrodt, of Rochester, Mr. CHARLES FELLOWS to Miss JANE W. BRYAN, both of Penfield.

In Williamsburgh, on the 26th ult., by Rev. C. P. Merwin, Mr. Myron H. Bennett to Miss Mary E., daughter of Isaac Fish, Esq., all of that town.

In Palmyra, on the 2d inst., by Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Howard Fisher, of Palmyra, to Miss Sarah Maria Hubbard, of Farmington.

In Attica, by the Rev. Mr. Preston, Mr. N. S. P. Crocker, of Ogdén, to Miss Helen J., daughter of Abel Wilder, Esq., of the former place.

In Auburn, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, J. B. Bennett, Esq., of this city, to Sarah S., daughter of Abijah Fitch, Esq., of Auburn.

In Geneva, on the 20th instant, by Rev. L. Riley, of Lyons, Mr. Waldron Dumont, to Miss Eleanor D. Chapin, both of that place.

At Phelps, on the 14th instant, by James G. Austin, Esquire, Mr. James Palmer, of Canandaigua, to Miss Betsey Martin, of Gorham.

At Penn Yan, on the 12th instant, by Rev. Ovid Minor, Mr. Eli Sheldon, to Miss Sarah Shuppard, daughter of M. F. Sheppard, Esq., both of Penn Yan.

At East Cayuga, on the 8d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, Hon. Miles Benham, of Penn Yan, to Mrs. Cynthia Monroe, of Elbridge.

In Canandaigua, on the 28th instant, by the Rev. R. L. A. P. Thompson, Mr. John Parrish, of Blossoms' Hotel, to Miss Julia M. Finch, both of the above place.

In Phelps, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Moser, Mr. John Cross, to Miss Martha A., youngest daughter of Enoch Sayre.

SELECTION NOTICE—Sheriff's Office, Monroe County—Rochester, Aug. 24, 1843.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday 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 16, 1843.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:  
Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Senator for the Eighth Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will occur by the expiration of the term of service of Abram Dison, on the last day of December next. Also the following county officers, to wit:

Three Members of Assembly.  
A Sheriff, in the place of Charles L. Pardee, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.

A County Clerk, in the place of James W. Smith, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.

And four Coroners, in the place of the present incumbents, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully,  
S. YOUNG,  
Secretary of State.

N. B. The editors of all the public newspapers printed in the county of Monroe, will please give the above notice one insertion in each week until the election, and present your bill to me immediately for payment.

CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.  
Terms—One Dollar per annum, in advance.



# THE GEM

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

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No. 22.

## Original Tales.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

### THE VICTIM OF PASSION.

"Wake, Lucy!" said Helen Clare to her sleeping cousin; "this bright May morning in all its varied beauty, woos us forth; and Colonel Crawford bids me say that your steed impatiently awaits the arrival of his lovely mistress."

As Helen pronounced these last words, the rich hue on her cheek slightly faded. The sound of this name had a magical effect on the sleeper, who speedily gowned herself in her elegant riding attire, and lightly bounded down stairs, followed by her more queenly but less beautiful cousin.

A pale, attenuated looking man came forward as Lucy entered the room. His dull blue eye lighted up with joy as he returned her caress.

"Dear father, are we to ride alone?" said Lucy, as she glanced around the room. "I tho't Colonel ———"

The sentence was here broken, and Lucy blushed, as she exchanged the morning salutation with a noble, dignified gentleman, who gracefully and tenderly placed her small hand within his own, and led her to the court-yard, where the horses were awaiting their riders.

Lucy's heart beat joyously, as she inhaled the invigorating breath of the morning air. Her countenance lighted up with unusual animation, as she listened to a conversation between her father and his friend, on the relative merits of European and American scenery. Colonel Crawford had recently returned from a long sojourn in the climes of antiquity. He had seen, admired, and appreciated much that was bright and fair in many lands, but returned to his own, faithful to his first belief, that the young land of his birth was destined, ere she again numbered her centuries, to rival them all. He yet hoped to see his own starry banner wave more proudly than the one which had "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." He returned, to find a bride among the daughters of his own bright land.

The joyous group rode on, unconscious that one sad heart was near. Helen could not participate in their joys. She could only brood darkly over the disappointments which had pursued her from early childhood to this hour.

Lucy was, as all heroines should be, a bright and beautiful creation of nature. Though twenty summers had passed away since her mother was first blessed with her sweet caress, no care had yet robbed her of one hour's sweet repose; no blighting sorrow had yet chased away the happy smile that loved to linger on her gentle face. Endowed with wealth, brilliant in beauty, blessed with doting parents, surrounded by social and sunshine friends, she felt that she was still a child,—for it is the miserable and desolate only, who count the slow progress of days, months and

years, and feel withered in the very morning of their youth. But Lucy Clare was one of the chosen few who are born to luxury, and cradled in indulgence, even her school-days had glided away unruffled by a care; for her father (forgetful that the philosopher told the prince there was no royal road to knowledge) sternly forbid the use of rebuke or correction towards his much loved child. But even this censurable indulgence could not sully the native loveliness of Lucy Clare's disposition. She was always selected by her admiring friends as a pattern of moral excellence. But Lucy was not perfect. Though unnoticed by her friends, and unknown to the world, Lucy had one failing that deteriorated from the perfection of her moral character. But we will let events develop the consequences of her only imperfection. The inmates of Lucy's home consisted of her parents, her cousin Helen, and the domestics attached to the family.

Helen Clare was the only child of a younger brother of Lucy's father. He had disgraced himself in the eyes of his family by contracting a marriage with a girl of obscure birth. He languished a few years, in extreme poverty, and died—some said, of a broken heart, occasioned by the inexorable cruelty of his haughty family, who never forgave his unfortunate marriage. His wife soon followed him to his early grave; and Helen, at a tender age, was left dependent on the world for shelter and for food.

But sometimes even family feuds are buried in the grave of the departed. Mrs. Clare's kind heart felt for the desolation of poor Helen, and she prevailed upon her husband to give the poor outcast a home in his family.

Helen was twelve years of age when she was first domesticated in her uncle's dwelling. She had been inured to poverty, and all its attendant miseries, from her youth. Her young mind had been matured in the school of adversity, and tho' but two years older, Helen possessed unbounded influence over the mind of her gentle cousin.—Yet there were moments when Lucy felt a restraint in the presence of Helen, which she vainly endeavored to account for, and could not subdue.

Helen, in person and disposition, was the opposite of her cousin. She had her mother's dark, piercing eye, which sometimes wore an expression so strangely beautiful, yet so undefinable, that even her daily associates often felt there was no tie of sympathy that bound them together. The only being she had loved since she was left a lonely child, was her cousin. But now, implacable hatred usurped the place of that love which had been the only solace of her sad life; her heart was like a wilderness where a numerous crowd of evil passions reigned like beasts of prey, blasting, as with the power of a whirlwind, all that was fair and lovely within.

Helen was not so remarkable as her cousin for quickness of perception or clearness of intellect;

but she was gifted with a matchless perseverance and unwearied application, which overcame all difficulties and promised success in any undertaking. Her manners were haughty and reserved; she seldom condescended to converse in society, and rarely with her friends, consequently, few appreciated, or even suspected, the riches of her mind.

Lucy, on the contrary, was affable to all, fluent in conversation, possessing a happy faculty of relating the most trifling events, and by a humor peculiar to herself, embellishing the most trivial incident so as to make it interesting to all her hearers. This gift rendered her a most agreeable companion. She thus innocently deceived her friends, who all imputed to her infinitely more cultivation of intellect than she possessed; for her mind, when compared with her cousin's, was as the shining beauty of a summer lake to the depths of ocean, in whose dark obscurity lie buried the wealth of nations.

On their return home, the Colonel's first care was to assist Lucy to alight from her horse.—Helen's eye looked wild, as she saw her cousin's light form supported in his arms; she sullenly rejected the aid of her uncle, and unassisted, sprang to the ground. Before her dress was extricated from the saddle, the horse started suddenly, and she fell with much force against a projecting stone. Swifter than wind, the Colonel rushed forward and caught the bridle—but too late. She appeared pale and lifeless. As he gazed for the first time earnestly upon her features, he was struck with the expression of silent agony which they wore. He had never, until this moment, regarded her in any other light than as a cold, haughty, and rather repulsive girl. He was surprised at the emotions he experienced, as he gazed on her unconscious form, and felt his joy too great for utterance, as her dark eyes slowly unclosed, and illumined her pale features. Even Lucy was forgotten, as he met her bewildering gaze, and for the first time, he felt the influence of her fascinating eye. He thought he saw in the expression of her features, melancholy and joy struggling for the mastery. Her first feeling, was regret for restoration to life and suffering; her next, joy unspeakable, as she met the tender gaze of him to whom she had given the quenchless fire of her first affections. When she first saw him, she felt she had met a kindred spirit. Her heart beat wildly as she listened to his eloquent discourse; but her spirit sunk as she saw his attention directed and almost absorbed by the brilliant conversation of her cousin. She wrapped herself up in her mantle of pride, and haughtily repulsed his proffered attentions. She felt that he had treated her with injustice, in not reciprocating the impression he had made on her mind; and for that cause avoided his society.

But Helen loved with the wildness of her passionate nature, and vainly did her pride struggle

for pre-eminence. In her secret thoughts, though she would not acknowledge their existence, even to herself, she cherished the hope that he would yet discover the congeniality in their dispositions, and return the fervor of her love, or rather of her idolatry. This hope she never resigned, until the fatal evening when Lucy, in the beaming fullness of her confidence, revealed to her cousin that Colonel Crawford had sued, and not in vain, for the possession of her hand and heart. Then burst forth the uncontrolled whirlwind of her untamable passions. Her mother's injuries, her father's untimely death, her defenceless child hood, all arose like a painful vision before her; and the dissembled resentment of long years gushed forth and concentrated itself on the daughter of him who had coldly doomed her lost parents to an early tomb. This girl, who was the cherished companion of her youth—the only being who had occupied a place in her desolate heart—was she the one destined to plant a rankling thorn? Her mother's last charge again sounded in her ears: "My child! seek a home among strangers; expect not mercy from your father's kindred."—These reflections changed her tender affection for her cousin to abhorrence.

In her perverted mind, she imputed to Lucy the cause of her unrequited love, and resolved, if human hatred could accomplish it, to occupy her rival's place in the Colonel's heart; and for its possession she felt willing to barter her cousin's future peace, her own honor and hopes of mercy from Heaven. It was in this guilty state of mind she threw herself from her horse, regardless of danger, in the hope of diverting the attentions of the Colonel from her hatred cousin.

When she returned to consciousness and met his pitying gaze, she exulted in her success, for his looks evinced an interest and sympathy in her fate which could not be mistaken. She saw that Lucy was for the moment disregarded; the expression of her eye changed to a gazelle-like softness, as in musical tones she gracefully apologized for the trouble she had occasioned her friends by her unfortunate accident. The Colonel listened in silent joy; he thought he never heard a voice whose sounds fell so sweetly on his ear. At the suggestion of the physician, she was left to the repose which was thought essential to her recovery. Lucy alone lingered by her beloved friend, but her gentle offices of kindness were not pleasing to the sufferer, who counterfeited sleep to rid herself of her presence. When alone she gave vent to her joy in a wild laugh. "He is mine," she rapturously exclaimed, "and my rival shall find she but usurped a place in the heart that nature formed to beat responsive to my own. I will hurl her image from the shrine in which it has too long dwelt, and I will reign supremely there;" but nature was exhausted by the wildness of her emotions, and she sunk on her pillow.

In the society of Lucy, the Colonel strove to overcome the strange and somewhat painful impression that the morning's events had left on his mind; involuntarily he found himself contrasting the mild expression of her soft blue eye with the dark and troubled glance which he had observed on the face of her cousin; he found to his regret, that her light and sparkling conversation, for the first time, ceased to absorb his attention, and even in his dreams that night, a tone of soft music seemed floating through his brain.

It was not Lucy's voice that sounded in his ear, nor Lucy's form that rose before his view. He could not escape from the visions which tormented him, and impatiently awaited the morning's dawn, that in the sweet solace of his Lucy's presence, he might again find peace. He arose in the morning unrefreshed and weary. As he entered the

library, he was surprised to see the object of his visions seated in the corner of the room. She was reclining in a large arm chair, with her small feet crossed on an ottoman; one white hand hung listlessly over the arm of chair, while with the other she shaded her face, as if to shut out some unpleasant object. He started back in alarm, as he was struck by the fearful paleness of her face. It required but little fancy to imagine the figure before him some marble statute exquisitely chiseled; she was so still and pale. As he pronounced her name, she suddenly arose from her chair; the paleness of her face was replaced by a shade of pink which suffused her cheeks.

"I cannot sufficiently express my delight, Miss Clare, at the happy termination of yesterday's accident. I passed a night of much anxiety fearing that the result would prove more serious."

"Your kind expression of sympathy calls forth my gratitude," she replied; "it was but this morning that I was aware how much I was indebted to you, though the boon of life is of but little value to the sad and lonely; still I gratefully thank you for your exertions to save mine."

As she pronounced these words, a deep melancholy pervaded her intelligent features, and Colonel Crawford felt deeply interested to discover why one so young and beautiful, should be doomed to sorrow's blighting power. She was slowly retiring from the room, when he respectfully entreated that he might not be the cause of interrupting her meditations, and apologized for his intrusion, by insisting on leaving her in possession of the room. Helen watched his receding form from the window, and saw him join her cousin in the garden. As Lucy's joyous, girlish laugh fell upon her ear, her remorseful feelings for the first time crossed her mind, when she reflected how soon that young heart was doomed to feel the withering blight of its first hopes; and the cruelty of the part she was about to act, caused her mind for a moment to waver. But evil triumphed!

Helen did not appear at breakfast, but after that meal, she joined her friends in the drawing-room. She was arrayed in purest white, and her face was as pale as the robes she wore; her brilliant black eye beautifully relieved the marble whiteness of her other features, while her shining black tresses fell on her neck like ravens' feathers upon snow.

The subject in discussion was the difference between modern and ancient British poets. Helen defended the poets of antiquity, and without any apparent effort, quoted the most beautiful passages of their genius, from Chaucer to Shakspeare.

The Colonel felt that he had never appreciated the beauties of Chaucer, until he heard his quaint verse recited by Helen's richly modulated voice. She showed herself equally familiar with the modern school of poetry, and boldly condemned the sensuality of Moore, the infidelity of Shelly and the scepticism of Byron, while she gave them full credit for the beauty of their imagery and the gems of deep thought and lofty conception which characterised each page. In the glowing purity of language, she deplored the perverted genius that, if properly directed, might have raised the standard of humanity. Lucy was silent, for she was woefully ignorant, and now felt the defects of her early education, and lamented the indolence she had suffered to rust her mental faculties. It was now her turn to be obscured by the brilliancy of Helen's richly stored mind, and a painful sensation oppressed her, as she saw the evident admiration which Helen elicited from her entranced auditor.

The Colonel seemed spell-bound and fascinated, as he eagerly bent forward to catch the breathing

eloquence which fell from her lips; and when she retired, stood gazing on the space she had occupied, unconscious of the presence of the other inmates of the room. He excused himself on the plea of head-ache, for secluding himself from society for the remainder of the day, and resorted to the library to compose his scattered thoughts.—

On the table he saw a richly bound volume of Shakspeare, on the cover of which, was the name of "Helen Clare" printed in gilt letters. As he opened the leaves, a piece of paper dropped from between them; he could not resist the curiosity that impelled him to examine it. He was astonished as he found it addressed to himself. It was a vivid description of unrequited love. Genius breathed in every line. It was evidently written by one who was suffering under the influence of a hopeless passion, and the description of keen agony and despair which it painted, awoke his tenderest sympathy. As he dwelt on the impassioned verse, the door suddenly opened and Helen Clare entered, looking eagerly round as if in search of something. The moment she discovered her book in the hands of Colonel Crawford, she raised her hands in supplication, and implored him to return it to her unopened. But it was too late. She saw that he was the master of her secret, and in wild tones she addressed him:

"You have discovered the cherished madness of my heart, and I am despised by him to whom, unsought, I have yielded the wealth of my affections; but listen and pity me."

"From the sad hour when I followed my mother to her early grave, I felt there was none other who could supply her place in my desolate heart. In vain I sought for sympathy. There was none to care for a lonely child. When I found a shelter in my uncle's family, I felt there was no room in their affections for the outcast of misfortune. The lovely, envied girl who is so soon to become your bride, absorbed all their love. I found no resource but to live in the world of books. Like the ivy, my affection sought an object around which to entwine myself. I knew my yearning spirit could not exist alone, and from the hour we first met, I felt that it claimed kindred with your own; but a dark gloom came over my soul as I saw my cousin take the place that should have been mine in your affections. I knew she was unfitted by nature to share the lofty aspirations of your gifted mind. I knew she could not return your love with the intensity of my devotion; she could give you but a divided share of her affections; the rest was given to those who had nurtured her childhood. Ere a few short years had passed, it would have dwindled into friendship; but my passionate devotion was all, exclusively, yours. My love would have remained ever young, unchanged by time and ending but with life. But hope is past,—pity my forlorn heart, and endeavor to forget the confession of my unhallowed passion."

The intensity of her grief awakened the chord of sympathy in his breast; for a moment he forgot his plighted troth, and in tenderest accents bid her vanish her griefs and find a refuge in his affection; her head rested on his bosom as she entwined her arms around him; but he felt startled by the coldness of the hand, which rested in his own. He implored her to speak, but no voice answered to his own. He shrieked as he discovered that he held a lifeless form to his heart. The wildness of his cry brought the domestics to the room, who vainly attempted to restore her to life. A physician was sent for, who pronounced the vital spark extinct; and on examination he found that she had injured a blood vessel by her fall from her horse, which in the vehemence of her emotion had burst and caused sudden death.

The Colonel felt agonised by remorse, and he confessed without reservation to Lucy, the change which had taken place in his feelings when he discovered Helen's affection. He assured her, that his heart, though for a moment turned aside, was still her own, and threw himself on her mercy for pardon; and in his Lucy's gentle spirit, he found forgiveness.

In consequence of the melancholy event which had occurred, their marriage was deferred a year. Lucy passed much of her time in improving her neglected education. After their marriage, she instructed her children herself, and her first care was to teach them to subdue their passions.—Helen's grave was often visited by her friends, and the tear of sympathy bedewed the turf under which her troubled spirit rested. ANON.

## The Old World.

From the Albany-Evening Journal.

### LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY THURLOW WEED.

LONDON, Aug. 25, 1843.

I stated in a former letter that I should have occasion to speak of Bishop Hughes again, and if I now say less of him than I then intended, it is because a longer and more intimate acquaintance with him, has imposed restraints that may not be disregarded. Nor will I, with the Atlantic between me and the country, the friends, and the home of my affections, willingly say nought to wound those who hold my views upon the public school question to be erroneous. Waiving these topics, therefore, I shall now content myself with saying that Bishop Hughes is destined to exert a powerful influence over the minds of men. He is in the prime of life, with tastes and habits and aspirations which will not rest while there are treasures of knowledge unexplored. And next to the sacred office to which he has been consecrated, he is desirous of promoting the general welfare of his fellow citizens. He believes it to be not less the privilege than the duty, of classes of men, to dedicate their whole time and talents to the enlightenment of the minds, and the alleviations of the sufferings, and the elevation of the pursuits of their countrymen. He believes that the spirit of the age, scarcely less than the genius of our institutions, eminently demands this service from the gifted men of a Republic which is becoming the "seat of Empire." That he is a Catholic who will exert his utmost efforts to vindicate and extend his religious principles, is most true; but that he is also a Patriot and Philanthropist in the broadest and most enlightened sense of the terms; and that he will devote a clear head and a warm heart to the advocacy of rational freedom, of universal education, of pure morals, and those true christian virtues, charity and peace, is equally true.

Four years ago, in crossing the Atlantic, Bishop Hughes encountered a heavy gale, an account of which he then committed to a journal kept for the eye only of his sister. On our passage, while I was conversing with him on relation to a sermon he had that day preached on board, in which he had dwelt very eloquently upon the power and wisdom of God as displayed in the "mighty deep," the Bishop referred to the storm he had once witnessed, and on a subsequent day read to me the account he then wrote of it. This struck me as one of the most graphic and beautiful descriptions of a gale that I ever met with. Believing that this extract from the Bishop's journal will interest others as it did me, I obtained his reluctant consent for its publication, promising to state the fact that it was hastily written on board the ship, in obedience to a request of a sister that he should keep a journal of his tour for her, and without the slightest expectation that it would ever come in contact with types or printing press:—

EXTRACTS FROM BISHOP HUGHES' JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

• • • • Oct. 20.—Oh what is there in nature so grand as the mighty Ocean? The earthquake and volcano are ever sublime in their display of destructive power. But their sublimity is terrible from the consciousness of danger with which their exhibitions are witnessed—and besides, their violent agency is impulsive, sudden and transient. Not so the glorious ocean. In

its very playfulness you discover that it can be terrible as the earthquake; but the spirit of benevolence seems to dwell in its bright and open countenance, to inspire our confidence. The mountains and valleys, with their bold lineaments and luxuriant verdure, are beautiful; but theirs is not like the beauty of the ocean; for here all is life and movement. This is not that stationary beauty of rural scenery, in which objects retain their fixed and relative position, and wait to be examined and admired in detail. No, the ocean presents a moving scenery, which passes in review before and around you, challenging admiration. These gentle heavings of the great deep, with the unruffled surface—these breaking up of its waters into fantastic and varied forms; these haltings of the waves to be thrown forward presently into new formations; these giant billows, the sentinels of the watery wilderness—all, all, are beautiful—and though in their approach, they may seem furious and pregnant with destruction, yet there is no danger, for they come only with salutations for the pilgrim of the deep, and as they pass her bows or stern retiring backwards, seem, as from obeisance, to kiss their hands to her in token of adieu. • • • •

Oct. 31.—This day I was gratified with what I had often desired to witness—the condition of the sea in a tempest. Not that I would alledge curiosity as a sufficient plea, for desiring that which can never be witnessed without more or less of danger to the spectator; and still less, when the gratification exposes others to anxiety and alarm. Let me be understood, then, as meaning to say that my desire to witness a storm was not of such a kind as to make me indifferent to the apprehension which it is calculated to awaken. But aside from this, there was nothing I could have desired more. I had contemplated the ocean in all its other phases—and they are almost innumerable. At one time it is seen reposing in perfect stillness under the blue sky and bright sun. At another, slightly ruffled, and then its motion causes his rays to tremble and dance in broken fragments of silvery or golden light—and the sight is dazzled by following the track from whence his beams are reflected—whilst all beside seems to frown in the darkness of its ripple. Again it may be seen somewhat more agitated and of a darker hue, under a clouded sky and a stronger and increasing wind. Then, you see an occasional wave, rising a little above the rest, and crowning its summit with that crest of white, breaking from its top and tumbling over like liquid alabaster. Now as far as the eye can reach, you see the dark ground of ocean enlivened and diversified by these panoramic snow hills. As they approach near, and especially if the sun be unclouded, you see the light refracted through the summit of the wave, in the most pure, pale green, that it is possible either to behold or imagine. I had seen the ocean, too, by moon-light, and as much of it as may be seen in the darkness, when the moon and stars are veiled. But until to-day I had never seen it in correspondence with the tempest.

After a breeze of some sixty hours from the north and northwest, the wind died away about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The calm continued till about nine in the evening. The mercury in the barometer fell, in the mean time, at an extraordinary rate; and the captain predicted that we should encounter a "gale" from the southeast. I did not hear the prediction or I should not have gone to bed. The "gale" came on, however, at about 11 o'clock; not violent at first, but increasing every moment. I slept soundly until after five in the morning, and then awoke with a confused recollection of a good deal of rolling and thumping through the night, which was occasioned by the dashing of the waves against the ship. There was an unusual trampling and shouting—or rather screaming—on deck; and soon after, a crash upon the cabin floor, followed by one of the most unearthly screams I ever heard. The passengers taking the alarm, sprang from their berths, and without waiting to dress, ran about asking questions without waiting for or receiving any answers. Hurrying on my clothes, I found that the shriek proceeded from the 2d steward, who had, by a lurch of the ship, been thrown, in his sleep, from his sofa, some six feet to the cabin floor. By this time I found such of the passengers as could stand at the doors of the hurricane-house, "holding on," and looking out in the utmost consternation. This, I exclaimed mentally, is what I wanted, but I did not expect it so soon. It was still quite dark. Fear of the sails were already in ribbons. The winds whistling through the cordage; the rain dashing fur-

iously and in torrents; the noise and spray scarcely less than I found them under the great sheet at Niagara. And in the midst of all this, the captain with his speaking trumpet, the officers, and the sailors, screaming to each other in efforts to be heard, and mingling their oaths and curses with the angry voice of the tempest—this, all this, in the darkness which precedes the dawning of day, and with the fury of the hurricane, combined to form as much of the *terribly* sublime as I ever wish to witness concentrated in one scene.

The passengers, though silent, were filled with apprehension. What the extent of danger, and how all this would terminate, were questions which rose in my own mind, although unconscious of fear or trepidation. But to such questions there were no answers, for this knowledge resides only with Him who "guides the storm and directs the whirlwind." We had encountered, however, as yet, only the commencement of a gale, whose terrors had been heightened by its suddenness, by the darkness, and by the confusion. It continued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours; so that during the whole day I enjoyed a view which, apart from its dangers, would be worth a voyage across the Atlantic. The ship was driven madly through the raging waters, and even when it was impossible to walk the decks without imminent risk of being lifted up and carried away by the winds, the poor sailors were kept aloft, tossing and swinging about the yards and in the tops, clinging by their bodies, feet and arms, with mysterious tenacity, to the spars, while their hands were employed in taking in and securing sail. On deck the officers and men made themselves safe by ropes; but how the gallant fellows aloft kept from being blown out of the rigging was equally a matter of wonder and admiration. However, at about seven o'clock they had taken in what canvass had not blown away, except the sails by means of which the vessel is kept steady. At 9 o'clock the hurricane had acquired its full force. There was now no more work to be done. The ship lay to—and those who had her in charge only remained on deck to be prepared for whatever of disaster might occur. The breakfast hour came, and passed, unheeded by most of the passengers; though I found my own appetite quite equal to the spare allowance of a fast-day.

By this time the sea was rolling up its hurricane waves; and that I might not lose the grandeur of such a view, I fortified myself against the rain and spray, in winter over-coat and cork-soled boots, and in spite of the fierceness of the gale, planted myself in a position favorable for a survey of all around me, and in a safety, so long as the ship's strong works might hold together. I had often seen paintings of a Storm at Sea—but here was the original. These imitations are oftentimes graphic and faithful, as far as they go, but they are necessarily deficient in accompaniments which painting cannot supply, and are therefore feeble and ineffective. You have, upon canvass, the ship and the sea, but as they come from the hands of the artist, so they remain. The universal motion of both are thus arrested and made stationary. There is no subject in which the pencil of the painter acknowledges more of its indebtedness to the imagination than in its attempts to delineate the sea storm. But even could the attempt be successful, so far as the eye is concerned, there would still be wanting the rushing of the hurricane, the roaring of the masts and yards, the quick, shrill rattling of the cordage, and the ponderous dashing of the uplifted deep. All these were numbered among the advantages of my position, as firmly planted, I opened eyes and ears, heart and soul, to the beautiful frightfulness of the tempest around and the ocean beneath me.

At this time the hurricane was supposed to be at the top of its fury, and it seemed to me quite impossible for winds to blow more violently. Our noble ship had been reduced in the scale of proportion by this sudden transformation of the elements into dimensions apparently insignificant. She had become a mere boat to be lifted up and dashed down by the caprice of wave after wave.

The weather, especially along the surface of the sea, was thick and hazy, so much so, that you could not see more than a mile in any direction. But within that horizon, the spectacle was one of majesty and power. Within that circumference, there were mountains and plains, the alternate rising and sinking of which seemed like the action of some volcanic power beneath. You saw immense masses of uplifted waters, emerging out of the darkness on one side, and rushing and tumbling across the valleys that remained after the passage of their predecessors, until, like them,

they rolled away into similar darkness upon the other. These waves were not numerous, nor rapid in their movements; but in massiveness and elevation they were the legitimate offspring of a true tempest. It was this elevation that imparted the beautifully pale and transparent green to the billows, from the summit of which the toppling white foam spilled itself over and came falling down towards you with the dash of a cataract.

Not less magnificent than the waves themselves, were the varying dimensions of the valleys that remained between them. You would expect to see these ocean plains enjoying as it were a moment of repose, but during the hurricane's frenzy this was not the case. Their waters had lost for a moment the onward motion of the billows, but they were far from being at rest. They preserved the green hues and foamy scarfs of the mighty insurgents that had passed over them. The angry aspect they presented to the eye that gazed, almost vertically, upon their boiling eddies, wheeling about in swift currents, with surface glowing and hissing as if in contact with heated iron; all this showed that their depths were not unvisited by the tempest, but that its spirit had descended beneath the billows to heave them up presently into all the rushing convulsive violence of the general commotion. But mountain and plain, of these infuriated waters, were covered, some on the very summit, and on the lee "side" of the waves, with the white foam of the water against which the winds first struck, and which, from high points, was lifted up into spray; but in all other places, hurled along with the intense rapidity of its own motion, until the whole prospect, on the lee side of the ship, seemed one field of drifting snow, dashed along furiously to its dark borders by the howling storm.

In the mean time our ship gathered herself up into the compactness and buoyancy of a duck—and expect the feathers that had been plucked from her wings before she had time to fold her pinions—she rode out the whirlwind without damage, and in triumph. It was not the least remarkable, and by far the most comfortable circumstance, in this combination of all that is grand and terrible, that, furious as were the winds, towering and threatening as were the billows, our glorious bark preserved her equilibrium against the fury of the one, and her buoyancy in despite of the alternate precipice and avalanche of the other. True it is, she was made to whistle thro' her cordage, to creak and moan through all her timbers, even to her masts. True it is, she was made to plunge and rear, to tremble and reel and stagger; still she continued to scale the watery mountain, and ride on its very summit, until, as it rolled onwards from beneath her, she descended gently on her pathway, ready to triumph again and again over each succeeding wave. At such a moment it was a matter of profound deliberation which most to admire, the majesty of God in the winds and waves, or His goodness and wisdom in enabling his creatures to contend with and overcome the elements even in the fierceness of their anger! To cast one's eye abroad in the scene that surround me at this moment, and to think man should have said to himself, "I will build myself an ark in the midst of you, and ye shall not prevent my passage—nay, ye indomitable waves shall bear me up; and ye winds shall waft me onward!" And yet there we were in the fullness of this fearful experiment!

I had never believed it possible for a vessel to encounter such a hurricane without being dashed or torn to pieces, at least in all her masts and rigging; for I am persuaded that had the same tempest passed as furiously over your town, during the same length of time, it would have left scarcely a house standing. The yielding character of the element in which the vessel is launched, is the great secret of safety on such occasions.—Hence when gales occur upon the wide ocean there is but little danger; but when they drive you upon breakers on a lee shore, where the keel comes in contact with "the too solid earth," then it is impossible to escape shipwreck. I never experienced a sensation of fear on the ocean—but this tempest has increased my confidence ten fold, not only in the sea but in the ship. It no longer surprises me that few vessels are lost at sea—for they and their element are made for each other. And the practical conclusion from this experience of a gale is encouraging for all my future navigation. I shall have confidence in my ship now, as I have ever had in the sea. Ever since my eye first rested on the ocean, I have cherished an instinctive affection for it, as if it was something capable of sympathy and benevolence. When calm it is to me a slumbering infant. (Your own

Moses, for instance.) How tranquilly it sleeps!—no trace of grief or guilt is on its forehead—no trouble in its breast. It is a mirror in which the clear blue sky beholds the reflection of its brightness and purity.

ON BOARD STEAMER LONDON MERCHANT, }  
August 27, 1843. }

Desirous of seeing more of the Thames, we left London this morning, direct for Havre, instead of taking the more frequented routes by Brighton or Southampton, and esteem ourselves fortunate in having done so, for we have been gliding all day through still waters, in view of a delightfully cultivated country. The Thames, for the first thirty miles, is narrow and serpentine. At Woolwich, where the Government cast cannon and manufacture engines, &c. the boilers in view covered several acres, and looked like clusters of Irish cabins. At a place in the river called the Long Reach, I counted over two hundred sail of merchantmen at anchor, waiting for wind or tides. Farther down I saw the glorious stars and stripes displayed by a noble ship, but we were not near enough to make out who she was. In the afternoon we passed close to Margate and Ramsgate, two rival watering places, much frequented in the summer months by wealthy commoners and trades people. The shore in front of each of these ambitious towns, is lined with small dormitories on wheels that are trundled out into the surf, and from which the visitors enjoy a sea bath. Near Ramsgate, half a mile from shore, lay her Majesty's ship of war the Lord Howe, of 120 guns, riding peacefully and quietly at anchor. This floating palace made a truly magnificent appearance. There was not a breath of air, and every thing on board the ship seemed as tranquil as the sea. Unpoetical as I am, while looking at this majestic ship, "moored" in the Downs, I found myself humming Incedon's popular song of

"All in the Downs the fleet was moored,  
When black-eyed Susan came on board."

In their models the British ships of the line are less beautiful than ours. They are "pot-bellied" in their construction. This is deemed necessary on account of the immense weight of armament; while in our ships the "line of beauty" is preserved, and though our guns are farther from the water, I do not understand that the evils apprehended by the English have been experienced.

Our superiority in ship building is as apparent in foreign as in American ports. You see vessels from all the commercial nations of the earth, and of every form of construction, in the Liverpool and London docks. But you look in vain for those that compare, in grace and beauty, with our own. The English and European ships, though admirable in many respects, have palpable defects. There are many with beautiful sterns, whose ugly bows amount to deformity. Others present tolerable bows with high, awkward, toppling sterns. Again you see a good hull, the effect of which is spoiled by disproportioned masts. And in their more ambitious and successful efforts, there is a want of that perfection in symmetry, that elegance of model, that exquisite taste in rigging, spurs, &c. &c., which present an American ship to the eye and imagination as "a thing of life."

Soon after passing the Lord Howe, we came in sight of Dover, and as the atmosphere was remarkably clear, we had a good view of Calais, its French neighbor. The channel between these two places, as you know, is only about 18 miles wide. During the wars between England and France, these towns, frowning and growling like caged lions at each other, must have been points of exceeding interest. The shore, upon the French, as upon the English side of the channel, presents high and bold chalk cliffs, the character and conformation of which create an impression that in some remote time, back to which the memory nor the annals of "man runneth not," there was at this point no water line of demarcation between what are now the boundaries of England and France. The day was so clear that by the aid of a spy-glass not only the houses but even the people at Calais were seen.

Dover makes but a sorry appearance, squatted down, as it is, in a gulph, and looking dull and dingy. The high hill on its left, has an old and strongly fortified Castle. On its right, too, there are remains of formidable fortifications. The Cliffs of Dover are high, bold and perpendicular; and as viewed from the steamer, realize the description of them which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Edgar in King Lear:—

"Come on, air; here's the place; stand still.  
—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Scarcely show so gross as beetles: Half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,  
Diminished to her boat, her boat, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles shafes,  
Cannot be heard on high:—I'll look no more;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong."

Soon after leaving Dover the channel widens, and before dark we lost sight of either coast. At 5 o'clock this morning, when I came on deck, we were running along the French coast, a quarter of a mile from shore, and fourteen miles from Havre. The French Pilot, who came on board at 4 o'clock, informed our Captain that Havre was filled with people yesterday, drawn together by boat races, which the Duke de Nemours, the King's eldest son, attended. We reached Havre at half past six, but not until the tide had fallen so much that we were compelled to drop anchor in the outer harbor, where we remain until 11 o'clock, when the return tide will enable us to get into the docks.

## Sunday Reading.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

### SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The efforts which have been made to extend and perfect a system of intellectual education are worthy of all praise; but a mere intellectual education is not sufficient alone to make individuals or a community wise to their own happiness. While the intellect is cultivated, the heart should not be permitted to lie fallow; while the mind is improved, the morals should not be neglected, and an early teaching of the beautiful and simple morality of the New Testament, has a more beneficial influence upon the future man, than the mere culture of the mind. The heart, more than the mind of a child, is like the plates of the daguerreotype. It receives silently and imperceptibly, impressions from surrounding objects; but they remain there indelibly engraved forever. It is to maternal care and solicitude, that most of us can refer for those moral and religious impressions which influence our conduct and control our actions. These early lessons from a mother's lips are ever fresh in our memory, and exercise a holy and healthful influence over our lives.

Sunday Schools enforce parental teachings, or supply their deficiency, and they are the very seminaries adapted to the instruction of the heart, which are most needed in a mixed population.—They supply a want which no other contrivance can so well supply, and are calculated to exert an immense influence upon the happiness and well-being of a community. The exertions to establish and sustain them are voluntary and unostentatious, seeking no reward but in the fruits of the seed they are silently scattering by the way side.

In young and thriving communities, we take pride and satisfaction in pointing to the evidences of rapidly developing improvements. There are some evidences so palpable that they strike the eye at once, without the necessity of directing its attention. The long ranges of noble buildings, the massy structures for manufacturing purposes, the raceways, the canals, the rail roads, the bridges, the frequent churches, with their heaven pointed spires, and the school houses, in their appropriate positions, attest at once what and how much has been done for wealth, for education, and the worship of God. But there is no such palpable evidence meets the eye as proof of what has been done and is doing by our Sunday Schools. These are gathered in retired spots, by the silent influence of philanthropic men. The lanes and alleys are searched, and the children are brought together to hear the simple truths of christian morality, and to receive impressions of its principles

upon their young hearts and carry with them lessons which may influence their lives.

It is a grateful and a pleasing task to record the labors of those who have labored for the good of their fellow men, and briefly to sketch the successful result. There are many, doubtless, in Rochester, who are ignorant of what has been done in that department of social improvement; and the advances in Sunday School instruction, and perhaps a fair type of the rapid advance in improvement of every kind in young and thriving towns.

In 1818, only twenty-five years since, the first attempt was made to gather a Sunday School in Rochester. It was a feeble effort. Less than thirty scholars were collected, without any decided result. There was but a single school in the whole village, and that only kept up during summers, for the years 1818, 1819, 1820 and 1821.—The seed, however, did not perish by the way side. Two of the early teachers, the Rev. Jonathan Green and Mrs. Delia Bishop, have since carried the banner of the cross, as missionaries, to the Sandwich Islands. In 1822, the measure received a new impulse from the visit of that faithful and devoted apostle of Sunday Schools, the Rev. Mr. Osgood, and four schools were organized upon a plan of Union among all the protestant denominations. N. T. Rochester, Jonathan Green, John H. Thompson and Levi W. Sibley were Superintendents of these several schools, which together scarcely numbered one hundred scholars.

In 1823, the union was dissolved, and the several religious denominations commenced in a small way and in a feeble manner, separate schools.—The year 1824 was marked with more efficiency and success, and from that time to the present, there has been a regular increase in the number of scholars in these voluntary schools, and hundreds and thousands of children have received the benefit of instruction calculated to make them wise both for time and eternity.

There are at present nearly three thousand scholars in the different Sunday Schools of the protestant churches in Rochester, and their libraries contain an aggregate amount of nearly four thousand volumes, while about five hundred teachers give their voluntary and gratuitous aid to impart moral and religious instruction to these interesting collections of youth. When we reflect that not only all these results in Rochester, but all the Sunday Schools in the surrounding country, have flown from these small beginnings, and in such a short space of time, we have reason both to admire and rejoice at the goodness of Providence which has so abundantly blessed these humble instruments of good. W.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### ADVENTURE OF THE VIRTUES.

FROM NINA, BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

One day the Virtues became weary of living all together with the Bishop of Skara, and they therefore resolved to make a journey, in order to breathe a little fresh air. As they were about to enter a boat for this purpose, a poor woman with a pale child approached and implored charity. Pity put her hand immediately into their traveling purse and pulled out a piece of money. Economy, however, drew back the arm of her companion, and whispered in her ear—"What extravagance! give her a ticket for soup for the poor!"

Foresight, who constantly carried a number of these tickets about her, after she had made more exact inquiries into the circumstances of the poor woman, consented to give her one of them. Pity, encouraged by a hint from Generosity, pressed secretly the money into the meagre hand. Zeal, presented her with a copy of the "Penny Magazine;" and pleased and thankful, though with a glance of indifference at the latter gift, she went away.

The Virtues now began hastily their voyage; mild winds blew around them, and in edifying conversation on the last sermon of the Bishop, they were borne thence by the dancing waves. Suddenly, however, a black cloud drew itself over the heavens. Foresight, who had bought a new bonnet for the journey, begged that they might go ashore and seek shelter from the coming tempest. Courage was for defying the danger, but Prudence came to the support of Foresight, and they finally agreed to land. There observed they a boat which steered directly upon them, and whose passengers were in the highest degree jovial, and made a tremendous noise. It was a little company of Vices to which Good Humor had joined herself, and who now pursued their journey with the greatest delight. In passing by, they gave, purposely as it seemed, such a rude jolt to the boat of the Virtues, that it was very nigh capsizing. Courage took fire, he seized the strange boat, and was in the act to deal his blows among the crew, when Humanity threw herself between and received on her cheeks the cuffs which the contending parties designed for each other. This pleased Good Humor so exceedingly that with one bound she sprang into the boat of the Virtues, and in doing this gave so violent a shove to that of the Vices that it nearly upset, and was borne away. Zeal and love of Truth prepared to send after the Vices a cargo of insults, but Generosity gave a signal to be silent; "for," said she, "vice carries its own punishment with it."

In the meantime the storm clouds had disappeared, and they continued their journey amid the most agreeable conversation. The Virtues visited many cities, one after another, and everywhere where they sojourned they diffused blessings.—Trade flourished, men become cheerful, many marriages took place, and people could not comprehend how it happened that all went so gloriously on earth.

One evening as the Virtues drank tea in the good city of Jonkoping, and ate gingerbread to it, they boasted of their effects. Prudence, enraptured with the beneficent achievements, was just rising to make a sort of royal speech on the influence of the Virtues on mankind, when her eye accidentally fell on Humility, who cast on her a dubious glance. A member of the company here, after much exordium, made the motion that the Virtues, as they could effect much more good if they did not all keep together, should separate, and spread themselves over all quarters of the earth, in order, like the Apostles, to preach reformation to the world. This motion was received by all with the most zealous approbation, though I must remark that Prudence and Moderation were not present; they had withdrawn shortly before the introduction of this motion, in order to go in the city to replenish the company's stock of sugar and coffee, which had pretty well melted away. When they returned, they did not delay putting themselves in opposition to the adopted resolution, but Courage and Zeal bawled so loud that the softer voices were scarcely heard, and as finally Generosity excited by Zeal, declared herself for the separation, Foresight dared no longer to raise her dove's voice, but bit her nails, and at length went out to order a new pair of shoes for the journey.

The next day the Virtues separated, and went each by herself alone into the world, after having agreed that day twelvemonth to meet again in Stockholm by the statue of Gustavus Vasa, in the Parliament House square, and there to hold a 'plenum' on their own and the nation's affairs.

Courage blackened his moustaches with *ladis injernalis*, and directed his course to the north. On the way he met the knight Don Quixote, who advised him to arouse the ambition of the fair sex which had so long been suppressed, and to incite them to self assistance and self defence.

This pleased Courage extremely. While the knights discoursed on the eventful metamorphosis of the hitherto so called weak sex, they rode past a church out of which issued a married train.—The new made bride was an extraordinary beautiful young lady, who did not seem quite a stranger to Courage, for she nodded friendly to him as she entered the carriage; this pleased Courage so much that he immediately selected her to become the model of her sex, and embraced the very first opportunity of introducing himself to her. What took place in the new household after the interview, is known in all the coffee houses in the city of X, and they have pronounced their judgment thereupon. It is related that the young lady became immediately after the wedding as it were metamorphosed, and the husband thereupon nearly mad. Nothing was heard out of the mouths of

the young couple but angry words and menaces, which speedily proceeded to blows. Finally the wife called out her husband to fight a duel; but upon this she was, on the recommendations of her own sex, clapped into a lunatic asylum, and the affair gave great scandal in the city and country round.

Foresight chanced in Stockholm to read a long article in a newspaper on this occurrence. Horrified at the mischief which the folly of Courage had occasioned, she reflected on all the dangers and cross-grained accidents to which one is exposed in this world, and determined in her wisdom to withdraw entirely from it, satisfied that the highest good fortune to be attained here is to escape with a whole skin. In consequence of this conclusion, she took lodgings with an old unmarried lady, who, from fear of thieves, inhabited a couple of attics four stories high. Here Foresight might have spent good and quiet days, if she had not been tormented with a thousand fears and fancies of all possible dangers. Out of terror of fire she scarcely trusted herself to cook anything; she was apprehensive of becoming ill from lack of fresh air, yet going out was not to be thought of she might be run over by the very first carriage a flower-pot might fall out of the window and kill her; she might break a leg on the steps, etc.—No, no! going out was quite impossible: and she was the repugnance to this, that out of fear that she must one day be obliged to purchase a new gown, she had not courage to wear her old one, which was already torn in several places. At length it came to that pitch that she could neither stir hand nor foot. She had infected her landlady, the old maid, with all her fears and scruples to such a degree, that when at length a fire broke out in the house, the two friends dared to make no efforts for their escape, and must certainly have perished in the flames, had not a chimney sweep and a carpenter taken them on their backs and brought them out of danger.

In the mean time Zeal ran about the world, gossipped, cried, preached and drove mankind first in one direction and then in another. He tore the peasant from the plough, the mother from her children, and the officer from his bureau, to give to each of them other employment. Then he ran suddenly off, and left them to take care of themselves. As he turned himself from Europe toward China, in order to convert the heathen, he came too near to a mine in Russia in the moment of its explosion, was caught by the powder, and lost—alas, alas! both his eyes. Still he ran some time longer about the world, creating naturally nothing but confusion, and came into collision with the police. He was ultimately compelled to provide himself with a conductor, who for a certain remuneration led him back to the place whence he had come.

Humility, it is true, had not passed through such hazardous adventures; yet neither had it gone extraordinary well with her. Separated from her companions, she cut such a pitiable and lamentable figure, that no one would have any thing to do with her. After she had dragged herself, with bowings and curtesying, through the whole world, after actually crawling on her knees knocking at all doors, and everywhere saying "I am not worthy to loose the latchet of your shoe," and had been everywhere attacked and ill-used, she turned herself homeward, and reached Stockholm, completely in rags, and nearly dead.

Here, at the foot of the statue of the hero king, she saw, one after another, all her early traveling companions arrive. But, great heaven! how changed were they. They could scarcely be recognised. Zeal had lost his fiery eyes, and was lame of the right leg. Courage carried an arm in a sling, and had in the highest degree the look of a *mauvaise affaire*. Mildness was covered from head to foot with sores and blue veins; on her former angelically soft brow, angry passion had seated itself, and every third word was a curse. Generosity had all the airs of a comedian; he declaimed and ranted incessantly. Patience and Pity were become so thin and transparent, that they could not be seen, without the deepest compassion. Good Humor was any thing but sober. Prudence found herself in better case; but she was become haughty and boastful; she measured with an air of deep thought her steps and words; took snuff every minute, carried her head aloft, and looks at her companions over her shoulder, turned up her nose and was unbearable.

It may be imagined whether, under such reversed circumstances, the meeting again of the Virtues was a pleasant one. To confess the truth,

they resembled, in their present assembly, the Vices far more than the Virtues. But scarcely were they all together, had extended to each other the hand, and recognised each other, than their appearance began to change, and every virtue to acquire its former character. Prudence took from her traveling medicine chest an ointment, and rubbed therewith the darkened eyes of Zeal, which speedily opened themselves, beaming with their former fires. Good Humor was so struck with the dry, ghostly appearance of Humility, that she became sober on the spot: and the Virtues resolved to strengthen themselves in the next hotel, with a banquet and a bowl of punch: there should every one relate his traveling adventures and take a resolution for the future. "Bravo!" exclaimed Courage, and gave Foresight the hand; Good Humor took Humility under the arm and led the way, the rest all cheerfully following.

It would be leading us too far to repeat all the adventures with which the Virtues entertained each other over the bowl. Suffice it to state, the resolve which at the end of the sitting was unanimously adopted by all present: this was, that from the time forward the Virtues should always travel together, and should separate as seldom as possible, since they found each one given over to herself, without the counsel and support of the rest, only played the fool. With this resolution, all the Virtues were highly satisfied. They concluded this feast with a song which Good Humor improvised, and which they styled the "League of the Virtues."

**THE BUTCHER AND HIS CALF.**—A butcher, who had purchased a calf, sat with it on a horse at a public-house door, on which a shoemaker, remarkable for his drollery, observing and knowing he had to pass through a wood, offered to the landlord to steal the calf for a glass of grog; the landlord agreed, and the shoemaker set off and dropt one new shoe in the path near the middle of the wood, and another a quarter of a mile from it.—The butcher saw the first shoe, but did not think it worth getting down for; however, when he discovered the second, he thought the pair would be an acquisition, and accordingly dismounted, tied his horse to the hedge, and walked back to where he had seen the first shoe. The shoemaker, in the mean time, unstrapped the calf, and carried it across the fields to the landlord, who put it into his barn. The butcher, missing his calf, went back to the inn, and told his misfortune, at the same time observing that he must have another calf cost what it would, as the veal was bespoken. The landlord told him he had a calf in the barn, which he would sell him; the butcher looked at it, and asked the price; the landlord replied, "Give me the same price you did for the calf you lost, as I think this is full as large." The butcher would not allow it by any means to be as good, but gave him within six shillings of what the other cost, and accordingly put the calf a second time across his horse. Crispin, elated with his success, undertook to steal the calf again for another glass of grog, which, being agreed, he posted to the wood and hid himself, where, observing the butcher come along, he bellowed so like a calf, that the butcher, conceiving it to be the one he had lost, cried with joy, "Ah! are you there? Have I found you at last?" and immediately dismounted and ran into the wood. Crispin, taking advantage of the butcher's absence, unstrapped the calf, and actually got back with it to the publican before the butcher arrived to tell his mournful tale, who attributed the whole to witchcraft. The publican unravelled the mystery, and the butcher, after paying for, and partaking of, a crown's worth of punch, laughed heartily at the joke, and the shoemaker got great applause for his ingenuity.

**SCENE IN AN IRISH STEAMER FROM DUBLIN TO LIVERPOOL.**—Irish Passenger—"Steward, how soon will we be in?"

Steward—"In about ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, sir."

Irish Passenger—(looking at his watch)—"Ah, that'll do! It wants 20 minutes to 4; so I shall save the 4 o'clock train."

Steward—"I fear not, sir. You forget that the Liverpool time is a quarter of an hour before the Dublin time."

Irish Passenger—"A quarter before Dublin time! Oh, holy Nelly, and you call that 'Justice to Ireland,' I suppose."

"You have warmed my jacket," as the roasted potato said to the oven.

"Man is an imitative animal," as the monkey said to the dandy.

**SOMETHING NOVEL.**—*An Ingenious Cradle of Domestic Manufacture*, made by a gentleman in Mississippi, was sent as a present to a friend residing in Charleston, (S. C.) An extract from his letter is as follows:

"The body or frame of the cradle is manufactured out of the shell of what we call the *snapping turtle*, that weighed 135 pounds, caught by myself out of my own waters. The railing is constructed of the horns of bucks, killed with my own rifle by my own hands. The rockers are made from a walnut tree that grew on my sister's plantation adjoining me. The spring mattress or lining is stuffed with wool from my own sheep. The loose mattress is also filled with domestic wool, manufactured and lined by my own wife. The pillows were filled with feathers from our own wild geese, that have also been manufactured by my own wife, with her own hands, after having been previously slain by my own steady arm. The pavilion which you will perceive, is to be thrown over the canopy, was likewise fabricated, fitted, and contrived by my own right thrifty, ingenious, and very industrious *better half*. Accompanying the cradle is a whistle, which was made by a friend residing with me, out of the tusk of an alligator, slain by my own hand, as well as a fan made also by the same friend out of the tail of a wild turkey killed by me. Accompanying the whole, is the hide of a panther, dressed after the fashion of the chamois, the animal having been slain by my own hands, and with my own trusty rifle. This is for the stranger to loll and roll upon when tired of his cradle."

It has been said of the famous Col. Crockett that he was *fautched* down upon a raft and rocked in a *bee gum*. The stranger, whatever may become his name hereafter, may boast that he was *rocked to sleep in the shell of a swamp snapping turtle, lounged on a panther's hide, was fanned by a wild turkey's tail, and cut his teeth on an Alligator's tusk!*—Beat this who can.

We find the following story in a St. Louis paper. It will pass.

**THE YANKEE IN MAIN STREET.**—"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day," said a true specimen of the Yankee pedlar, as he stood at the door of a merchant in Main-street.

"I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot," was the sneering reply.

"Wal, I guess you needn't git huffy about it. Now here's a dozen real genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half—you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you, I don't want any of your trash; so you had better be going."

"Wal, now I declare! I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them ere strops, we'll have a trade, yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum—when the merchant offered him a picayune for the strops.

"They're yours," said the Yankee, as he quietly fob'd the stakes. "But," he added, with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke, and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade them back."

The merchant's countenance brightened.—"You are not so bad a chap, after all; here are your strops, give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the picayune. "A trade's a trade—and now you're wide awake, in earnest, I guess the next time you trade with that are pic, you'll do a little better than to buy razor strops."

And away walked the pedlar with his strops and his wager, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.

**A PARLOR SCENE.**—"Stop! stop! my dear!" exclaims Mrs. John Smith; "don't burn those old papers. Hand them to me. I want them for Fanny and Bobby to make lighters of." "Sure enough," replies her indulgent spouse, "a penny saved is a penny earned. And now while I think of it, dear, why not take my old love letters? first rate things to kindle a floue, hey?" "O yes, excellent!" promptly rejoined Mrs. S., "Heaven knows they are dry enough."

A physician, passing by a stone-mason's, bawled out to him, "Good morning, Mr. W——. Hard at work I see. You finish your grave-stones as far as 'In memory of,' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, resting for a moment on his mallet, "unless somebody is sick, and you are doctoring him, and then I keep right on!"

**MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.**—The latest, if not the best, matrimonial case that has come to hand, is the following one which we copy from the Missouri Courier, of the 21st ult.

"MARRIED.—On the 20th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M. in the town of Palmyra, immediately where Church and Lafayette streets cross, opposite the old Whig office, by James F. Mahan, Esq., Mr. Nelson Aubrey to Miss Eliza Little, late of Kentucky."

This operation was performed in the middle of the street. The circumstances are a *little* romantic. It seems two families were travelling westward in company, with one of which was the fair lady, with the other the loving swain, who had concluded to marry. The old folks refused consent. They thus travelled on until the families with their wagons parted, each taking different roads, when the lady contrived to escape from her parents' wagon and follow that of her lover. On reaching town they jumped out of their wagon, called for the Squire, hitched traces, and drove on "their way rejoicing."—*Cin. Cour.*

**AVOID QUARRELING.**—There is much good sense in the following, which, though old, deserves to be repeated at least once a year:

"If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after, than he did before one—it degrades him in the eyes of all, and what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increase his irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceable we all get on the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheat you, to quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is or how he misuses you—the wisest way is just to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with."

The beautiful extract subjoined is from the "Carpenter of Rouen," a popular play:

"The mechanic, sir, is one of God's nobleman. What have mechanics not done? Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep, and extricated its treasures, and made the raging billows their highway, on which they ride as on a tame steed? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and at the mechanic's bidding compelled to turn it? Have not mechanics opened the bowels of the earth, and made its products contribute to his wants? The forked lightning is their plaything, and they ride triumphant on the wings of the mighty wind. To the wise they are floodgates of knowledge, and kings and queens are decorated with their handy works. He who made the universe was as great mechanic."

**THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.**—"A splendid triumph of science, said Mr. Muggins to his wife! a Doctor Ellsworth, of Hartford, has given a boy a new lip, which he took from the cheek."

"That's nothing, Pa, I saw the new doctor take *two lips* from our *Patty's cheek* the other day, and the operation didn't seem to be at all painful either."

"Mrs. M. put that boy to bed as soon as possible."

**CHEAP TRAVELING.**—A lad who was formerly employed in this office as "roller boy," last year left the city with only fifty-five dollars in his pocket, and visited England, Ireland and Wales. He has just returned, and says that he is only five dollars in debt for his traveling expenses. He had no particular motive in his travels but to *see the country!*—*N. O. Pic.*

**A NEW CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.**—A woman being troubled with a husband good in other respects, but a sad tippler, who would go out and get drunk for days together, placed blister plasters on the soles of his feet while he was asleep; which prevented him from leaving his bed for a week, and gave such a salutary lesson, that he signed the pledge as soon as he was able to get about.

**PROGRESS OF PUSEYISM.**—The Allegany Banner says it saw a beautiful young lady of the Episcopal Church, walking along Federal street with a *Bishop* on her back and a *Cardinal* on her shoulders. Verily, we are a priest-ridden people

He that shows his passion, tells his enemy where to hit him.

## The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1848.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Life of ANDREW JACKSON, private, military and civil, with illustrations. By Amos Kendall. New York, Harper & Brothers.

This is the commencement of the life of the venerable Jackson, from the pen of one of the most vigorous writers in the country. It is to be completed in about fifteen numbers, of some 50 pages each, and will be interspersed with engravings, illustrative of his battle grounds, &c., and with likenesses of some of the most distinguished of the General's associates and co-actors in his civil and military career. The price of each number, which will conform to this in typography and embellishment (and these faultless) will be only 25 cents. This number has a full length portrait of the General.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, with notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman, with maps. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Here is the first number of a reprint, in the cheap form of the day, of another great work—to be completed in fifteen numbers, of some 150 pages each, at 25 cts. a number. Of course the entire work, notes and all, which all refer to as of undisputed authority, as regards the vast period which it comprehends, is placed within the reach of every body—the whole cost being but \$3 75. The Complete Works of HANNAH MORE. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This is the fifth number of the Harpers' cheap reprint. Price 25 cents—150 pages of closely, but clearly printed, matter.

The above works are for sale at MORSE'S.

"THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS," is an exciting work to be issued in numbers from the office of the New World. The first number is written with great power. For sale at JONES.

"THE STORY OF NINON DE ENCLON" is unfit to be placed in a respectable family. It is obscene and grossly irreligious. While it might be read without injury by one, whose principles were established, twenty would be contaminated and corrupted by its infamous doctrines.

"THIRTY YEARS FROM HOME."—This is the journal of an old sailor, who was engaged in hard service during the last war. He was on board of the Macedonian when captured, and he met with the same fortune on the Syren. It is a work full of interest, and has met with an extensive sale.

"THE PRIMARY READER."—This is part of Russell's series, and is valuable, as well for its excellent reading lessons, as for its introductory exercises in articulation.

"LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF PROVERBS"—will prove a valuable acquisition in Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes.

The above are for sale at MORSE'S.

"THE GIRLS' READING BOOK."—This is the title of a very useful and interesting little work for children, by Mrs. SIGOURNEY. The subjects are well chosen and the tales are attractive and well calculated to engage the attention of children. For sale by C. MORSE.

HAPPINESS.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says—"The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman. The foundation of political happiness, a confidence in the integrity of man. The foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal—reliance on the goodness of God."

Miss CURTIS, the young lady whom many of our citizens will remember, has become one of the proprietors of the Lowell Offering, and its publication will be resumed in November. Has "Kate" yet found a husband?

MARSHAL BERTRAND.—This distinguished general, with whom every reader of the Life of Napoleon is acquainted, is now in the country, and is soon expected at Niagara Falls. The Boston Post has the following notice of him:

There is a glory connected with this distinguished chieftain—soon, if rumor proves true, to be our guest—that towers far above that which he has won on the battle-fields immortalized by the genius of Napoleon. We allude to the fidelity with which marshal Bertrand served his great friend in adversity; that touching faithfulness that prompted him to cling to his benefactor in misfortunes, when (would for the honor of human nature it were not so!) nearly all the unworthy men who had basked in the sunshine of the emperor's smile so basely forsook him. The scene that transpired at Fontainebleau, in April, 1814, when Napoleon signed his abdication, was a disgrace to humanity. He had, already, been driven to this step by the base defection of his generals; and when the treaty of abdication was going on, hundreds of those who owed to Napoleon their all, hastened to throw themselves at the feet of the imbecile Bourbons, without even honoring their great benefactor with a parting adieu. At that time Paris was in possession of the troops of the "allies"—that league of foreign despots who had conspired against the rights of the French nation. "Why," said these swift apostates openly, "why should we remain at Fontainebleau when favors are showering down at Paris?" "Every hour"—writes Caulaincourt, one of the faithful few—"was marked by fresh voids in the emperor's household. The universal object was to get first to Paris. All the persons in office quitted their posts without leave or asking permission; one after another they all slipped away, totally forgetting him to whom they owed every thing, but who had no longer any thing to give." And the foremost of the miscreant men who acted this black ingratitude were those who had been raised to the dignity of marshals of the empire! And some, like Augereau at Valence, could even make their disgrace more hideous by a discharge of Parthian arrows; this marshal, who was the youthful participant of the glory of the Italian campaigns—whom Napoleon even then loved as a brother—stigmatizes his companion at Lodi, in a proclamation to his troops, as one who had sacrificed millions to his cruel ambition, yet "had not known how to die as a soldier." Shameful story! Well did the emperor say—"I feel mortified that men whom I have raised so high in the eyes of Europe should sink so low." Among the few, would that it could be written many, that stand out in honorable contrast to such baseness, in the gallant veteran now traveling through our country. Gen. Bertrand was with his great friend through the painful scenes of Fontainebleau—was with him when he took his dignified, yet affecting, farewell of his "old guard"—with him at his exile at Elba—with him to the closing scene at St. Helena. And what a reward meets this noble-hearted old soldier! The civilized world condemns Great Britain for its savage treatment of the man they so much dreaded; and Bertrand has seen France receive with a nation's tears the ashes of the hero whom foreign bayonets drove from his country. He knows, too, that his own name will be indissolubly connected with the greatest name that modern times have produced; a man who sacrificed a throne, because—as he somewhere says—he would not degrade the French nation nor himself by subscribing degrading conditions.

Gen. Bertrand's parents were of the middle ranks in France. He entered the military service early, and first distinguished himself in the engineer corps. He then rose to the rank of general of brigade. It was at Boulogne, in 1804, that Napoleon first knew his worth; after this Bertrand was with him in all his great campaigns.—He was an aid-de-camp at Austerlitz; distinguished himself at Spandau in 1806; at Friedland in 1807; at Aspern in 1809; in 1812 and 1813 at Lutizen and Bautzen, and at the memorable battle of Leipsic. He also was fighting at Napoleon's side in 1814, when foreign bayonets imposed an obnoxious king on France. After Napoleon's death in 1821, he returned to France from St. Helena.

"These are excellent oysters," said a lady the other evening.

"Indeed!" said a friend, "I am surprised to hear you say so; for I have observed you running them down this half hour!"

A NEW DEFINITION.—A writer in the Boston Courier defines the mystic letters "I. O. O. F." to mean "Independent Order of Old Fish." He also alludes to a society in a fishing town in Massachusetts, who style themselves "P. P. F. F."—"Pickerel Phalanx of Funny Fellows."

Why is a good horse like a benevolent man? Because they both stop at the cry of "Wo!" So some one has said. Are not such men as scarce as such horses?

SOMETHING NEW.—The Lynn Freeman says that Frederick Tuor sent, last week, from Boston, one hundred dozen of peaches to Calcutta, carefully packed in ice!

LOOKING ALOFT.—Some years ago, Dr. Godman of Philadelphia, (now deceased,) related that in a voyage to sea in early life, he had seen a lad who had just begun to be a sailor, going out to some projecting part of the rigging. His arms were supported by a spar, and he was looking below him for a rope which ran across, on which his feet should be. The rope flew from side to side, and it was evident that the poor fellow was becoming dizzy, and in danger of falling, when the mate shouted to him with all his force, "Look aloft! you sneaking lubber!" By thus turning away his eyes from the danger, the dizziness was prevented and he found his footing. And this incident, the Doctor said, often recurred to his mind in after life, when his troubles grew heavy upon him, and he hardly could find ground whereon to tread. At such times he heard the mate's shout in his ears, and he turned his eyes "aloft" to the prize upon which he had fastened his hopes. We cannot part with this beautiful illustration, without asking each of our readers to apply it to a still nobler purpose; to steady themselves in all the tempests of adversity, by looking towards that life in which there is rest and peace evermore—and when our flesh and heart shall fail us, and we can find no support under our feet, to seek it by "looking aloft" to Him "who is the strength of our hearts, and our portion forever."

FLEW OFF THE HANDLE.—Anne Handel and Frederick Handel have been divorced in Philadelphia. We suppose Anna wanted a new blade. Eliza Still and George Still have likewise been divorced in the same city. They couldn't be still together, and so they took the wiser course and parted. A couple of Richards did the same thing, and are now themselves again.

A gentleman after having bought a pair of geese of a countryman, in the Boston market, at an extra price, asked the seller why he was so unwilling to sell one alone. "Sir," said he, "they have been constant companions five and twenty years, and I could not think of parting them."

"One asked his friend why he, being a stout man himself, had married so small a wife. "Why, my friend," said he, "I thought that you had known that of all evils we should choose the least."

It will afford sweeter happiness, in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire—to have conquered millions, or enslaved the world.

To be born—to breathe—to sigh—to suffer—to die. This is life. A moment, and it is gone. We struggle—pass on as a shadow—struggle again—and are known no more.

"I'm a victim to an artificial state of society," as the monkey said when they put trowsers on him.

There are some who write, talk and think so much about vice and virtue, that they have no time to practise either.

Covetousness, like a candle ill made, smothers the splendor of a happy fortune in its own grease.

"How I enjoy the evening breeze," as the husband remarked when he got a curtain lecture.

"What a striking land-scape" as the steam-boat said when she bounced over a sand bar.

"Measure for measure," as the two clerks said when they fought with the yard-sticks.

"Excuse haste—yours with a steam," as the exploding boiler said to the passenger.

Poetry.

The author of the following is a reformed inebriate, and one of the sweetest singers to whom we ever listened:—

From the Utica Gazette.

New Temperance Song—A Parody.

BY JAMES SEATON.

Tune—"Louden's bonny banks and braes."

HE.

Cider, beer and brandy slings, I maun lea' them a', lassie; Slake my thirst by cooling springs, This is nature's law, lassie. Wha would shun the streamlet dancing, O'er her pebb'l'd bed advancing, Rushing, gushing, sparkling, glancing, Wha would shun her ca', lassie. Alas! that cider, beer or rum Did to our happy bridal come, It blighted since, our happy home And stole me far awa', lassie.

SHE.

Hark! the Washingtonians sing, Yielding joy to thee, laddie; Sure the Washingtonians bring Just such joy to me, laddie. Lonely once I climb'd the mountain, Lonely stray'd beside the fountain, Still the weary moments counting, Far from love and thee, laddie. Oh! all the ills that could betide Our helpless family's greaside, I've borne them since I was a bride, And all for love of thee, laddie.

HE.

O resume thy wonted smiles, O suppress thy tears, lassie, O forgive—forget the brails Caused by wine and beer, lassie. Heaven, we are assured, is yearning O'er her prodigal returning; Gracious smiles—instead of scorning, Welcome back with cheers, lassie. The pledge—the pledge hath made us free, Our children—heaven bless them—and thee, No more shall bear the scorn from me, So banish all your fears, lassie.

May-Dew.

'Twas Spring, when birds sing roundelay, When flowers are born and look so gay, And many a maid is married. ne Demov, Small-Pox, flying came—e lit on Mary, beauteous dame—And ah, too long he tarried.

e filled her oval cheek with blotches, at her Grecian nose in notches, And away the monster fled. entle Billy long had woo'd her, r in vain the youth had sued her, She had promised him to wed.

it now she saw the havoc made, e nobly vowed with heaven's aid, Her Billy ne'er should have her; d on the first of May she should, t in the alley by the wood, Have with him a palaver.

'was on the merry first of May, hen charmed dew hangs on the spray, At Miss Aurora's rising time, hat these two doves were met to coo; ad one, though loving still so true, o bid the one she loved adieu, Since withered in her prime.

But when she would have said her say, Her faltering could not obey, She fainted, and then fell. Sweet Billy seized a tulip cup That of the dew had got a sup, And every drop had treasured up That came within its bell.

At once he dashed it in her face, And bending o'er the effect to trace, With wonder stood amazed, The white scarred skin had given place, And o'en the smallest, slightest trace Of fell disease was razed.

And oh! the face that lay beneath, The damask cheek, the ivory teeth, The coral lips, the brow! Oh! 'twere enough to tear a man From out an army's conquering van, Or break a monk his vow.

And when again she strove to tell That though she loved him still so well, They must forever part, He led her to the placid stream That flowed the ancient oaks between, Then clasped her to his heart.

Come all ye maids that anxious are, Impatient widows, near and far, Come profit by my tale; And when the first of May draws nigh, From powders and from lotions fly, Let handmaid Biddy call you up, When charmed dew fills tulip cup, And you'll no longer fall.

Woman's Constancy.

BY MISS SKELTON.

Ask me not how I love thee. Feel this heart Beat to thine own with pulses wild and high; Let its mute throbbings tell how dear thou art— Take from these gazing eyes a passionate reply.

I cannot speak my love. But I can be Thine own through life and death—and only thine. Thy love may fall or cool, but mine for thee Is life-long worship at a changeless shrine.

That raven hair may blanch—that lofty brow Lose its calm beauty—that pure heart's truth; But mine shall keep these perfect—mine shall throw Round thy sad failing age the hope and power of youth.

Thy path is now amid the bright and gay, Thyself so bright and gay; but change must come; And those who share thy noon-tide's sunny way Will enter not with thee thy quiet evening home.

Then shalt thou know how deeply I have loved— Then wilt thou turn to me; and, heart to heart, We, from our calm retreat, will watch, unmoved, The fickle summer friends of thy proud life depart!

To a New Married Couple,

BY J. G. BRAINARD.

I saw two clouds at morning, Tinged with the rising sun, And in the dawn they floated on, And mingled into one, I thought that morning cloud was blest, It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents Flow softly to their meeting, And join their course in silent force, In peace each other greeting. Calm was the scene through banks of green, While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion Till life's latest pulse shall beat; Like summer's beam and summer's stream, Flow on, in joy to meet, A purer sky, where troubles cease— A calmer sea, where all is peace.

Marriages

On the 6th inst., at Ann Arbor, Mich., at the residence of Mr. Volney Chapin, by the Rev. Mr. Whiting, Mr. JAMES L. ELWOOD, to Miss AUGUSTA L. MAY, both of this city.

In this city, on the evening of the 6th inst., by the Rev. Pharellus Church, Mr. JAMES W. BENTON, Printer, to Miss ANN ELIZA CULP, all of this city.

In this city, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hibbard, Mr. SCHUYLER BURNETT, of this city, to Miss ELIZA BROWN, of Portsmouth, England.

In this city, on the evening of the 10th instant, by the Rev. Tryon Edwards, Mr. PERRY B. TRUAX, of Adrian, Mich., to Miss JANE L. BUCK, adopted daughter of Jacob Graves, Esq., of this city.

In this city, last evening, October 22nd, by the Rev. Pharellus Church, Mr. RICHARD ARCHER, of Yonkers, Westchester Co., N. Y., to Miss SUSAN M. REILY, of this city.

In this city, on Sunday evening, the 22d inst., by the Rev. F. W. Holland, Mr. LOUIS THIES, of Rochester, to Miss CLARA CROWNSHIELD, of Boston.

In this city, on the 24th inst., at 6 o'clock P. M., at the United States Hotel, by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, M. HOLMES, Esq., to Miss CATHARINE C., daughter of J. R. Parker, Esq., all of this city.

In this city, on Tuesday, the 24th instant, by Rev. P. Church, HENRY COOK, to MARCIA, daughter of Ebenezer Martin, Esq., of Rochester, Vermont.

In this city, on the 19th inst., by S. A. Yerkes, Esq., Mr. Lewis H. Bédick to Miss Harriet Williams, both of the town of Gates.

In this city, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. Lovett Rider, to Miss Lucinda Culver.

In this city, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. Judah Gridley to Miss Eunice Andrews, both of Chill.

In this city, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss, Mr. Josiah Parker, to Miss Eliza Holyland, both of this city.

In this city, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Eigenbrodt, Mr. Edwin L. Stoddard, of West Troy, to Miss Mary H. Montgomery, daughter of Mr. John Montgomery, of Rochester.

In this city, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Gally, Mr. George R. Dennis, of Pontiac, Mich., to Miss Orinda A. Reynolds, of Lowell, Mass.

At the Clinton House, in this city, on the morning of the 10th instant, by Alderman Campbell, Mr. William Tracy, to Miss Mary L. Cook, both of Wheatland.

At Chili, on Monday evening, 16th inst., by the Rev. J. W. Fox, Mr. GEORGE C. BROWN, of Batavia, Genesee county, to Miss DELIA C. CLARKE, of the former place. On Tuesday evening, 17th inst., by the Rev. H. N. Short, Mr. HENRY SAVAGE, of Riga, to Miss SARAH ANN, second daughter of Mr. Ira Hawley, of the former place.

[Full leaves of wedding cake is the reward of the Printer, in the above cases, and may long years of joy be the reward of the parties.] In Riga, on Thursday evening, the 26th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hill, THELON MINOR, M. D., to Miss ELIZABETH RICHMOND, all of that place.

In Auburn, on Sunday, the 22d inst., by Rev. T. H. Pearne, Mr. Benjamin F. Young to Miss Laura Beach.

At Mount Morris, Livingston co., on the 26th inst., at the residence of James K. Road, Esq., by the Rev. C. Hudson, Mr. Norman Seymour, Junr., to Miss Frances Metcalf, all of that place.

In Buffalo, on the 24th inst., at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Sheldon, Mr. E. H. Eastbrooks, to Miss Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Ebenezer Day, Esq., all of that city.

In Clarkson, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Goodell, Mr. Washington L. Rockwell to Miss Agnes Jane Tallcott, all of that place.

In Greece, on the 16th inst., by Rev. Mr. French, Mr. Thomas Kizeman of Eagle Hotel, Rochester, to Miss M. E. Linnen, of Greece.

In Gates, on the 7th inst., by S. A. Yerkes, Esq., Mr. William Curry, to Miss Elmira Bowen, all of Gates.

In Greece, on the 5th inst., by Rev. J. B. Olcott, Mr. Leman S. Wolcott, to Miss Mary Deputy. Also, by the same, on the 6th inst., Mr. George Kirk, to Miss Eunice Stickney, all of Greece. Also, by the same, on the 11th inst., Mr. A. G. Sutton, of Gates, to Miss Sarah Hall, of the former place.

In Buffalo, on the 11th inst., by James G. Drake, Esq., Mr. Moses Warren, of Clarkson, Monroe county, to Miss Martha Kiser, of Hyde Park, Vermont.

In Le Roy, on tee 9th inst., by the Rev. E. Mead, Mr. Solomon Drake, of Weybridge, Vt., to Miss Mary Bangs, of Le Roy.

In Canandaigua, on the 28th ult., Mr. Jeremiah Haskell to Miss Caroline Smith, all of that place.

In Lockport, on the 6th inst., by Lloyd Smith, Esq., Mr. Samuel Heston to Miss Chloe M. Comstock, both of that town.

In Dansville, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. E. Latimer, Cyrenus L. Norris, of Cohocton, to Miss Maranda A. Clark, of the former place.

In Warsaw, on the 3d inst., by the Rev. E. K. Stimpson, Mr. Elijah Chamberlain to Miss Betsey Truesdell, all of that town.

In Attica, on the 11th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Pickett, Mr. Thomas Warren, of Colden, Erie co., to Miss Catharine Chaffler, of the former place. On the same day, in the same town, by the Rev. Mr. Preston, Mr. Flint M. Gardner to Miss Julia Peck.

In Canandaigua, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. A. P. Prevost, Mr. Stephen Parrish to Miss Emeline, daughter of Isaac Pierson, Esq., all of that place. On the 26th ult., by Rev. W. H. Goodwin, Mr. W. A. Crawford, of Boston, Mass., to Miss Almira Cheeny, of Canandaigua.

On the 6th inst., by the same, Mr. William McLellan, of Townsendsville, Seneca co., to Miss M. T. Briggs, recently of that village. On the 9th, by the same, Mr. Isaac L. Schieder, of Miami, Ohio, to Miss Mehetable Eastman, of Canandaigua.

In Kendall, Orleans co., on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Amos Hard, of Murray, Mr. Moses Green, to Miss Fanny E. Randall, both of the former place.

In Bellona, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss, Mr. T. P. Paulding, of Tyrone, Stephen co., N. Y., to Mrs. Emeline P. Haven, daughter of Mr. Wm. R. Powers, of Seneca.

In Seneca, on the 5th inst., by Elder Pease, of Geneva, Mr. Oliver Young, of Benton, to Miss Elizabeth Scott, of Seneca.

At Lakeville, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Lambert Van Valkenburg to Miss Ruth Jennings, both of Geneva.

In Hannibal, Oswego co., on the 2d inst., Mr. Levi S. Cronkhite, of Perinton, Monroe co., to Miss Hannah M. Jones, of the former place.

In Vienna, on the 17th instant, Mr. Samuel A. Fulton, to Miss H. M. Lurkins, both of Castleton.

In Palmyra, on the 12th instant, by Rev. N. Fisher, Mr. Joseph Allen, Jr., to Miss Julia A. Galloway, all of Palmyra.

In Canandaigua, on the 28th ult., by Rev. M. I. R. P. Thompson, Mr. Jeremiah Haskell, to Miss Caroline Smith, all of that place.

In Black Rock, on the 12th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hawks, Mr. George Pooley, of Palmyra, to Miss Mary Ann Clinton, of the former place.

In Newark, on the 11th inst., by Rev. Day K. Lee, Mr. Hernando C. Mead, of Lyons, to Miss Harriet Stern, of the former place.

On the 6th inst., at Cayuga, by the Rev. Mr. Lansingburgh, Mr. Luke West, of Auburn, to Miss Lucia D. Case, of Simsbury, Conn.

In Attica, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Preston, Mr. George H. Hantoon, to Miss Lydia Lindsey.

In Pavilion, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Hiram May, Mr. William Gasham, to Miss Eliza Cooley.

In Lockport, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. F. Curry, Mr. Edward Simmons, to Miss J. Augusta Goodrich, all of that place.

In Le Roy, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Mead, Miss Hollister, Esq., of Leedsville, Dutchess co., to Miss Sarah, daughter of the late General Thompson, of Avon, Livingston co.

ELECTION NOTICE—Sheriff's Office, Monroe County—Rochester, Aug. 24, 1848.—A general Election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday 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 16, 1848. }

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Senator for the Eighth Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will occur by the expiration of the term of service of Abram Dixon, on the last day of December next. Also the following county officers, to wit—

Three Members of Assembly. A Sheriff, in the place of Charles L. Pardee, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.

A County Clerk, in the place of James W. Smith, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.

And four Coroners, in the place of the present incumbents, whose term will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully, S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

N. B. The editors of all the public newspapers printed in the county of Monroe, will please give the above notice one insertion in each week until the election, and present your bill to me immediately for payment.

CHARLES L. PARDEE, Sheriff.

BY STRONG & DAWSON, Terms—One Dollar per annum, in advance.



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

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No. 23.

## Popular Tales.

From Graham's Magazine for October.

### THE CHOICE :

OR THE YOUNG BELLE AND THE BELSPRIT.

BY F. E. P., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

#### CHAPTER I.

Don't marry a charming woman,  
If you're a sensible man.—*Old Song.*

"Well, Lucy," said Frank Tucker, "I think you and Charles Sullivan have flirted pretty well for one evening. In fact, I do not know whether I am not called upon to offer you my congratulations. Is it a settled thing?"

"I cannot compliment you on your penetration, Frank," replied his cousin, gaily, "or you would have seen that Sullivan's attentions are more than equally divided between Annette and myself."

"Nonsense!" rejoined he, "there can be no rivalry between you and Annette with such a man as Sullivan."

"And why not, pray?"

"Why not? Because Sullivan is a man of very superior mind; and although he may laugh and trifle with a girl like Annette, he is not seriously to be caught by such childish attractions as hers. A man of sense wants a companion, a woman who is capable of appreciating and entering into his views, of —"

"Pshaw! a man of talents wants no such thing. An ordinary man may, but an extraordinary one don't. What is the mind of the cleverest woman he knows to such a man as Sullivan, accustomed to come in collision daily with acutest intellects of the bar? He wants a wife who admires and adores him, and that's what he calls 'appreciation.' He is tired of talents, sick of learning, wearied with mental exertions; and there is a repose in Annette's sweet, *unthinking* face that is refreshing to him."

"You may talk as you please, Lucy, but I am not blind, though you would fain make me think so. Don't I see Sullivan turn to you when his eye sparkles with a new idea? When he becomes excited or interested in speaking of any of the public topics of the day, does he not involuntarily turn to you, no matter with whom he commenced the subject? Does he ever address such conversation to Annette?"

"Never, I admit," replied Lucy. "His witticisms, his brilliant thoughts are, as you say, all mine; but, if you observe a little more closely, you will also see that his compliments are all Annette's. In short, his *head* is mine, and his *heart* is hers. Her innocence, her *naivete*, nay, even her ignorance, are charms to him, from the contrast to the hard-headed, clever men with whom he has been in contact all day. And very naturally. Clever men don't want clever women. Your ordinary man, who can't amuse himself, requires a woman who can. And your clever men like those who excite and rub up their intellects, and bring out and admire their witticisms. But men of real talent, who throw off their brilliancy as unconsciously as the sun does light and heat, because they can't help it, don't want women's wit to brighten them. Their imaginations are caught by novelty. They like women as we like children, for their beauty, grace and playfulness. What is the charm that renders childhood so captivating? Not its intelligence, surely, for there is no greater bore in the world than what is called an 'intelligent child,' with its 'sensible questions' and 'inquisitive mind.' No, its inarticulate accents; its prattling nonsense, its pretty ways,

and newness to all that surrounds it. A woman has no business with talent."

"When I hear you misuse yours as I do, I am tempted to agree with you," rejoined Frank. — "And so folly is a charm, is it?"

"When joined to a pretty face, most certainly," replied Lucy, laughing; "and you know it as well as I."

"No such thing. A pretty face without intelligence, is like a flower without perfume."

"Exactly," exclaimed Lucy; "camelias, which bring the highest price of any flower in the conservatory. You could not hit upon a better comparison, Frank. But to return to Sullivan and Annette. Now, mark my words, and give me credit hereafter for my penetration when the event fulfils my prophecy. It will be a match. I know to careless observers, I would appear to be his object. He comes here after the day's business is ended, wearied and exhausted. He has been speaking all day in court, listened to with respect and attention by the judge, with admiration (in spite of themselves) by the opposing counsel, and delight by his own party. He has had a crowded court room for the arena, and been complimented by the first men of the day. He comes here wearied with excitement, fatigued in mind and exhausted in body. I, having been shut up all day, am fresh and bright, (modesty, avaunt!) longing for amusement, enter with spirit in the conversation which, as you say, produces flash from Sullivan; but he turns to Annette, as to 'tired nature's sweet restorer,' sure that she will never controvert his positions, never say 'I don't agree with you,' nor draw him into argument, nor force him into brilliancy."

"You think then that a man of sense chooses a wife as he chooses a flower, for her silent beauty, and never asks himself how she is fitted to pass through the trials and fulfil the duties of a long life. How she is calculated to take the head of his household, train up his children—"

"Heavens! Frank, how you preach! one would think you were in the pulpit already. Trials and duties! If men and women considered half they were to go through, I doubt whether there ever would be any marriages at all. And besides, let me tell you, if people's hearts don't teach them their duties, and enable them to support their trials, their heads never will. A warm-hearted woman bears with vicissitudes cheerfully, for the sake of the husband she loves, and would fain chase the cloud from his brow, because it pains her to see it darkened with suffering; not because her understanding tells her that that is the wisest course to pursue. In fact, I think the weak woman has in this case decidedly the advantage over the sensible one, for she questions his embarrassment, sees into his difficulties, and consequently participates in his despondency; whereas, she who blindly rests in ignorant confidence on her husband's ability to meet all things, repose tranquilly in his responsibility, and half beguiles him of his anxieties by her sanguine trust in future."

"And the children. Is their mother's folly to prove a blessing to them also?"

"Certainly," said Lucy, smiling, "nature never does her work by halves. The same loving heart that leads her to think her husband the greatest man on earth, tells her that her children are her greatest happiness. She nurses them in sickness and watches them in health, making their homes cheerful and their young lives happy, without nurturing their childish brains with what they do not comprehend, nor anticipating in every infant fault the germs of future sin and sorrow.— Give me beyond every gift under heaven, a cheer-

ful temper that confides in the future, and never sees an inch beyond its noise."

"And this is the training you would give immortal beings?"

"Yes; the best education of all others, that of example, worth all the precepts in the world."

"Capital special pleading in the cause of folly, Lucy. Then, if I understand you rightly, you deem talent a misfortune, and that Providence mistakes, in sometimes so endowing women. In short, that you would gladly yield that portion which has been too liberally bestowed upon yourself?"

"No, Frank, you are very far from rightly understanding me. Was not Rasselas consoled for the miseries of life from a consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them, and am I to be more wise and less vain than the wisest of Eastern princes? But, jesting apart, I do think that intellectual superiority lessens a woman's chance in marriage, though as Charles Lamb charmingly expresses it, "it makes an incomparable old maid."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Annette, and after a little chat, Frank took his leave, slowly retracing his steps to the seminary, pondering over his conversation with Lucy, with an excited and troubled heart. There had been much in that conversation that had both soothed and wounded his feelings in a manner his cousin had no conception of. She had proclaimed her conviction of Sullivan's preference of Annette with a sincerity and calmness that avouched her indifference toward him, and his jealous heart had caught the assurance with delight; but then, at the same time, she had expressed an admiration of his talents, a pleasure in his society, that told him that the indifference proceeded from that conviction alone. Might she, too, be mistaken in that belief? was a question he asked himself again and again. Could it be possible that the being he so idolized could be thus carelessly passed by, by one who might have won her if he would, for to that fact he could not blind himself. If she was heart-whole it was only because she was clearheaded, as he saw, felt and knew that Charles Sullivan was of all others, the man most calculated to win her enthusiastic affections.— Even were it as she had stated, what hope could there be for him? Had she not spoken with careless contempt of the admiration of 'ordinary men,' of those inferior minds that 'acquired woman's wit to brighten them?' Had she not shown that she only valued that devotion which she believed was beyond her reach? And yet could it be?— Annette preferred to Lucy? To his excited imagination the thought seemed incredible, and he was in no state of mind calmly to receive the different positions of Sullivan and himself, and feel that the charms which to his taste were insipid and vapid, were to the other refreshing and delightful. He passed his days in poring over musty tomes on solemn subjects in the seclusion of a student's chamber, and came in contact but with those whose lives were spent in the same round of monotonous duties and unexciting studies.— When, therefore, he passed from this tranquil atmosphere to his uncle's house, the life, the music, the animation of the scene was almost dazzling to him. More than all, the playful wit, the fiery allusions, scarce caught and vanished, the varied information and sparkling grace of his lively cousin, cast a charm over the whole that the heart of the poor student had no power to repel. The youthful graces and child-like *naivete* of Annette, so captivating to the world worn Sullivan, had no spell for one so fresh and untutored

as Frank Tucker, and he could scarce believe, much less comprehend, the charm that led the acute lawyer, and brilliant orator to prefer the 'flower to the gem,' when that jewel, too, so prized, was within his reach. But such is the force of contrast. To the eye of the careless observer, the youthful beauty, simple tastes and tranquil character of the one would have seemed more naturally to attract the retired student than the more brilliant but less gentle graces of the other.—While the man of talent would have been expected to turn to her who could appreciate his powers, sympathize in his tastes, and glory in his reputation.

Men, however, do not choose for themselves as others choose for them; and hence arises the never failing wonder and exclamations that every third marriage gives rise to.

## CHAPTER II.

Whether chance or choice have most to do in the weighty concerns of love and matrimony, is as difficult a question as whether chance or skill have most influence upon a game of backgammon.—*The Doctor.*

"How handsome Sullivan looked last night, Annette," said Lucy to her cousin.

"Handsome," said Annette, looking up in astonishment. "Do you think him handsome?"

"Certainly," replied Lucy, "I consider him as one of the handsomest men I know. I never saw eyes that light with such brilliancy, or a countenance that changes with such a variety of ever-shifting expression as his when he is animated.—His pale forehead and black hair—"

"Black," said Annette, laughing; "I rather think you mean grey—"

"Is he grey?" asked her cousin with some surprise. "I never noticed that. But what though 'middle age has slightly pressed her signet sage' upon his locks and brow? surely his countenance retains all the fire of youth with the thought of maturer years. That is one of the charms and advantages of a gifted and cultivated intellect.—It keeps a man always young."

"May be," rejoined Annette, "but they look as old as others, for all that."

"Then," continued Lucy, "Sullivan has such a pleasant smile, and his teeth are so brilliantly white."

"Yes," answered Annette, his teeth are white, though his mouth is large," and she added with more earnestness, "he dresses most shabbily."

Lucy here laughed outright. "Well, no matter for his dress, Annette, you can reform all that after you are married, for to that end I see you will come at last."

Annette blushed deeply at this, while she looked gratified. In a few minutes she began again with great simplicity and frankness—

"I wonder Lucy, he does not prefer you to me. You take an interest in all those sensible subjects he is engaged in, and that tire me to death so. I should think—"

"But surely, Annette," interrupted Lucy, "you do not tire of him?"

"Oh, no," she replied with animation, "he amuses me excessively—"

At this moment the door opened, and before Lucy had time for more than a passing thought of surprise at the epithet "amusing" only being bestowed upon one so superior by her he evidently preferred, when she was called upon to receive the subject of their discussion. And while he was occupied in some trifling conversation, addressed to Annette, Lucy had time to verify the justness of her cousin's criticisms on his person, and to notice, for the first time, that his hair was slightly tinged with silver, and his mouth large.—Moreover, there were lines of care and thought upon his brow, not usually traced before middle age, and she could not but smile to herself to find how much more accurate were the observations of one who, though not so quick witted as herself was neither carried away by enthusiasm, nor misled by imagination. But are we not wrong? Does imagination mislead? Is it not rather a quickener of the perceptions to what the more obtuse are blind, a *clairvoyant* rather than a mistifying one?

Be that as it may. Sullivan talked on, unconscious of the scrutiny he was undergoing by Lucy, who, for the first time directed her attention to a subject that had given rise to some grave and anxious thoughts in the mind of the more youthful beauty to whom he was now addressing his conversation. As she turned her eyes from him to Annette, and saw the confiding and artless air with which she gazed into his face, the softened and gratified expression with which she listened to what Lucy knew she did not comprehend, she did not wonder at his infatuation, although she

sighed as she said to herself, "an inferior man would have done for her just as well."

There was a pause just then, and Annette told him that she had finished a work he had lent her a few days before, (the memoirs of one of the reigning sovereigns of Europe,) which she now returned him.

"You must have been pleased with it, as you have read it so rapidly," he said.

"Oh," she replied with the utmost *naivete*, "I skipped all the politics, and you know the rest is not long."

"You skipped the politics!" said Sullivan, with infinite amusement. "Well, you were right. I wish I could skip the world's politics as easily," and he laughed heartily.

Lucy now joined in the conversation, and they had some badinage and chat upon the news of the day and the ordinary subjects of fireside conversation; but whenever it waxed at all serious, or touched a higher theme, Sullivan would laughingly exclaim, "But let us follow Miss Dashwood's example, and skip politics," and then he would look at her with such an expression of mingled merriment and tenderness, as if he fairly delighted in her nonsense, that Lucy began almost to think in her heart that the man was a fool. Mrs. Dashwood now called her daughter to the head of the tea-table, and other company dropping in afterward, Lucy had no further conversation with Sullivan, who now wholly devoted himself to Annette, with an earnestness there was no mistaking, and Lucy felt that in a week it would probably be a declared engagement. She could not acknowledge it to herself without some regret, for she felt that he was perhaps the only man she had ever seen who would have suited her entirely; one whom she could have looked up to—been proud of—loved. She was not, however, a woman to sigh for one who did not care for her, being no heroine, but a clever, spirited girl, and when in the course of a few weeks, Annette with blushes and smiles called upon her for her congratulations, she could give them frankly and cordially.

"You have every reason to be a proud and happy woman, dear Annette, and most earnestly do I hope you may both be as happy as you deserve to be."

"I will do all I can to make him so," said Annette fervently. "I am sure it was very good in him to choose me when he might have had— You,—she was going to say, but something whispered even to her simplicity that she had better finish her sentence some other way; "when," she added, "he might have had almost any body he pleased."

"But I hope it is not that alone that induces you to accept him, Annette. You love him I trust. Don't you?"

"Some," she replied, blushing as she smiled, and Lucy saw that it was truly only "some." She was flattered, gratified and grateful, but could scarcely be said to be in love. There was none of the enthusiasm of attachment one would have expected such a man to call forth, and which he would have excited in a more congenial mind and suitable character. But on that score Lucy had no uneasiness. She knew Annette to be a sweet tempered, affectionate creature, who must love those around her, and that the kindness of her husband would win a degree of devotion her imagination could never call up for a lover.

"You have heard of the engagement," said Lucy, a few evenings after, to Frank Tucker, as she glanced at Annette and Sullivan, on the opposite side of the room. "You remember I told you some time since how it would end."

"Is it indeed declared?" said Frank, eagerly, and he gazed earnestly in her face, with an inquiring, half joyous expression that somewhat puzzled Lucy, but she answered,

"Yes; she referred him to papa, for you know he is an orphan, and of course, he joyfully gave his consent. Charles Sullivan is a man to whom any woman may safely trust her happiness, and he can commit Annette to his care with full and perfect confidence."

The animation and frankness with which she spoke perfectly re-assured Frank, and his countenance lit up with such a look of unspeakable relief, and so peculiar too was the expression that sparkled in his eyes, that a suspicion which had never crossed her mind before, now flashed upon Lucy with all the certainty of truth. "I'll soon put that out of his head," was her mental ejaculation, as she changed the conversation to a more indifferent subject.

In the course of the evening Lucy caught the epithet "old maid," from Annette's lips, and with-

out having attended to what it had preference in the previous discussion, said, gaily.

"Take care, Annette; speak with more respect of the sisterhood, if you please."

"Why?" said Annette. "Surely," she added, with that tone of horror and contempt peculiar to young girls when speaking of that much despised class, "surely you have no idea of being an old maid, Lucy?"

"Indeed I have, Annette. I have a strong sympathy and great respect for them, individually and collectively. 'An old maid' signifies, to my ears, a woman who has been too romantic or too refined to accept any body rather than to have nobody. For I suppose you will admit, Annette, that any one can get some one, if it is a matter their hearts are very much set on."

Annette looked, however, as if she were very doubtful about assenting to that proposition, and Lucy continued,

"For my part, I think *old maidism* truly a state of single blessedness, and have no idea of changing my present estate for any body, I have ever yet seen. Don't be frightened, Annette, for if any phœnix falls in love with me, I don't say I am armed at all points against him, only that, at present, I think the prospect very small."

Frank saw her object, for she spoke without coquetry, and though playfully yet earnestly, and his heart sunk within him, his manner became grave and sad, and Lucy seemed inattentive and unobservant. He did not visit there for some time after that, and when he did come again, though received kindly, she never questioned his unusual absence, and he felt that it were wiser not to come again.

And now the preparations for the marriage were beginning, and Annette's young heart was as happy as finery, consequence and a lover could make it. S. longed for the time when it would all be over and he had his pretty little wife in his own quiet home, and wondered why a woman could not get married without a host of new dresses, as if she had never been in possession of more than two at a time before; but however, he submitted with a good grace to all the necessary delays, and unnecessary consultations, and playfully gave his decision for the white bonnet over the pink, when seriously referred to for his opinion by Annette. At last the important day did arrive, and a lovelier bride nor happier bridegroom are rarely seen. Some said there was rather a disparity in their ages, and others thought more of the dissimilarity of minds, but all admitted that she was beautiful and he clever, and most people were perfectly satisfied with the match, which is a great matter on such occasions, as the public, generally taking a lively interest in what don't concern them, are apt to make their disapprobation heard when felt.

The wedding over, the bride was soon settled in all the consequence of a first-rate establishment, and visitors flocked in crowds to call on the young girl, who, as the orphan niece of Mr. Dashwood, they called "a pretty little creature," without further attention. But now, as the wife of one of the first lawyers at the bar and most distinguished members of the community, she was caressed and courted; and invitation followed invitation with a rapidity that delighted the young beauty, and even gratified her more sober husband. Sure of his own standing, and conscious of his own powers, he had no vanity for himself; but when he saw his consequence reflected back upon him, in the attentions bestowed upon his young and lovely wife, the dignity of man yielded, and he was flattered. Night after night did he follow her to crowded assemblies, and stand wedged in doorways for the pleasure of seeing her the fairest, best dressed and most courted of those gay throngs. But the season ended, she willingly returned to quiet domestic life, loving her husband with her whole heart for his generous pride and kind indulgence for all her little whims.

The first months of Annette's marriage passed somewhat slowly, for she missed her ever cheerful spirits and sweet temper, and moreover there was now no brilliant Sullivan forming part of their evening circle, with whom to have occasionally a skirmish of wits, and she sometimes sighed to see a clever man, and long for a little more excitement than the daily routine of a city life affords. But gradually things subsided to their former quiet, and she almost forgot the time when it had been otherwise. Frank Tucker continued to visit there from time to time, but if he entertained any "hopes they were hopeless," for even Annette was convinced that Lucy would die "an old maid" rather than marry cousin Frank.

After the first few months of marriage, time

again flew rapidly on; and the first year had gone and the second was half through, when one evening, as Frank was at his uncle's, Lucy said,

"Frank, if you have no engagements will you walk with me to Sullivan's—I am going there to tea?"

"I will with pleasure," he replied; and as she took his arm, he said,

"How does that experiment succeed? for, do you know, I always felt as if Sullivan was running a fearful risk. It appeared to me that he must one day awake from his infatuation, and tremble for the result."

"You were very much mistaken then, for Sullivan loves his wife as well as when he married her; and she loves him a thousand times better; for then she was only pleased and flattered, but now her whole heart and soul is her husband's."

As they entered Sullivan's, they found Annette sitting by the fire-light, with her baby in her arms, while her husband was asleep on one of the sofas, lights were rung for, and the master of the house quickly roused himself, apologising to his guests, by saying that he had been in court all day and was much fatigued.

"Ab," said Lucy, "I heard you made a great speech this morning," and turning to Annette; "it was in the great will case, was it not?"

"Indeed, I do not know," she said, looking with equal pride and affection at her husband. "Yes, I suppose it was, for I heard him say he was engaged in that cause."

"On which side is he?" continued Lucy.

"That is more than I know," rejoined the wife, as she held her rosy infant to receive its father's kiss, ere she dismissed it for the evening, when he playfully said,

"No, she neither knows nor cares. Thank Heaven, when I come home I leave my law behind me. Annette don't insist on my fighting my battles over again."

"That is too bad," exclaimed Lucy, "to marry a man of talents and have none of the benefit of his brilliancy. It is the old story of buying punch over again," she added, laughing.

As she looked around, the bright tea-table and the general air of comfort announced that Mrs. Sullivan was a good housekeeper, and her joyous and beaming face told that she was a happy wife. Could her husband be otherwise than satisfied? No, even Frank saw content and affection marked in every feature of his speaking face.

"Are you satisfied now?" said Lucy, as they walked home. A comfortable, well-ordered house, a pretty, cheerful wife, and a lovely child—what can the heart of man desire more?"

Frank looked as if he would like to give his views upon the subject, but meeting no answering look of encouragement, he found himself constrained to agree that "that a clever man did not want a clever wife."

## The Old World.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

### LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY THURLOW WEED.

HAVRE, Aug. 29.

"I sit down to write you a line—only think! A letter from France, with French pens and French ink!"

We got into the docks at 12 o'clock, and I set foot on the soil of "La Belle" France amid the chatterings of men, monkeys and parrots, all in a language alike unintelligible. I feel, far more sensibly than I expected, the embarrassment and mortification and reproach of being ignorant of a language which has become so universal. My first impulse was to return, instead of attempting to travel deprived of two of the senses—for deprived I am, in all that can interest or instruct—of the sense of hearing and of speech. The ears and tongues of those who neither understand nor speak French are quite useless. We are even worse off than mutes, for they have a language of signs. It is on such occasions as these that we realize and lament the waste of time. A very few of the hours and days and weeks that I have squandered, directed to the acquirement of the French language, would have now spared me the mortification of traveling through France virtually deaf and dumb! But these regrets, so far as my own enjoyment is concerned, are wholly unavailing. Should others, however, read this letter, let them be admonished to learn the French language, which can always be done without interference with other studies. With such a knowledge of French as may be acquired from the books, a few days residence in France, to accustom the

ear to its pronunciation, enables the student to speak fluently and with ease.

There is scarcely anything worth a traveler's attention at Havre. I am far more interested here with the people than the place. I had only seen the French individually. Here I encounter them as a Nation. We know that they are constitutionally a gay, polite and amusement-seeking race; but their gayeties, politeness and frivolity far exceed my expectations. You would infer, on landing at Havre, from the numbers of monkeys and parrots upon the docks, that these were the main articles of French commerce. And in walking through the streets, from the endless variety of gewgaws and frippery displayed in shop-windows, you would suppose that the French people were given over to levity and lightness. As for the people themselves, they seem to be living without responsibility or care. In strolling through the place, I find nobody anxious or thoughtful—nobody miserable or even unhappy. And the few mendicants you see, come, not with woe-begone faces and a piteous tale, but seek to amuse you with the tricks of a monkey, a white mouse, a young alligator, or some fantastical contrivance in mechanism.

On landing at Havre a traveler begins (especially if he comes from England) to experience some of the custom-house annoyances and exactions which vex and plague you throughout Europe. Our party, fortunately, had nothing contraband but a few cigars, on which they made us pay a second duty; but the "searching operations" upon others were rigid and inquisitorial. A lady from Ireland who came here to educate her children, brought a trunk full of clothes, upon each and every article of which she was required to pay a duty amounting, in most cases, to more than the articles would have cost here ready made, and in all cases, more than the material cost!

Havre is spoken of as a modern town, though founded some half century before the discovery of America. It has derived most of its commercial importance from the trade with our country.

There are no castles or monuments here, and but few historical associations. There are but four hours out of twenty-four when large vessels can get in or out of the docks, which are capable of receiving 250 ships. There are American or English partners in most of the shipping houses here; and the English language is more spoken here than in any other town in France. Havre was a point of considerable interest during the early wars between France and England. The Duke of Richmond embarked from this port in 1485, with 4000 men furnished by Charles VIII, and with whom, backed by the forces which joined him after he landed at Milford-Haven, he encountered and overthrew the usurper and tyrant, Richard the Third. Shakespeare, you will remember, makes Ratcliff report the rumored embarkation of Richmond to King Richard, thus:

"Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast  
Rideth a puissant Navy; to the shore  
Throng many doubtful, hollow hearted friends,  
Unarm'd and unresolv'd, to beat them back;  
'Tis thought that Richmond is their Admiral,  
And there they halt, expecting but the aid  
Of Bucklagham to welcome them ashore."

The Huguenots surrendered Havre to Queen Elizabeth in 1562, but the English, under the Earl of Warwick, were subsequently driven out by a besieging army commanded by the Constable Montmorency. The fleet of William III made an unsuccessful attempt to re-capture the place in 1694. And in 1796, Sir Sidney Smith, in attempting to cut out a French ship from under its batteries, got upon the sand-banks, and was himself captured by some gun-boats.

English or American travelers, on landing at Havre, are required to go personally before the Mayor, who receives their passports and gives them a temporary permit for Paris, whither the originals follow them.

ROUEN, Aug. 30.

We left Havre this morning at 8 o'clock, in the steamer for this place, which is about 90 miles. There were from 250 to 275 passengers, with a sprinkling of monkeys, parrots and poodles.—There are no regulations here, which prohibits "smoking abaft the wheel." Some twenty or thirty French gentlemen, with huge mustaches, are puffing their cigars in the faces of an hundred ladies. Such an exhibition of bad taste and ill-manners, in America, would have furnished John Bull with chapters for at least a dozen books; but in France they pass such things without remark.

The day was bright and the passage up the beautiful Seine exceedingly pleasant. The bay, at the mouth of the river, is seven miles wide.—

We stopped at Honfleur, (one of the towns in France made classical in the "Sentimental Journey") to receive passengers. It is a dirty looking place, with 10,000 inhabitants, whose principal traffic is in eggs, of which they send seven thousand dozen to England weekly. They raise excellent fruit here, some of which (melons and peaches) was brought on board. There are several towns on the Seine enjoying considerable commerce, as is indicated by the number of vessels at their wharves. There is much rural beauty along its banks; but in agriculture, France is evidently a century behind England and America. The various products of the soil are cultivated in patches instead of fields. The country seems divided into gardens rather than farms. There are no fences here, as with us, nor hedges as in England. You see but few cattle or sheep, and no hogs. A farmer of Western New York, who dashes into his hundred acre wheat field with a force sufficient to cut, rake, bind and thrash it in two or three days, would be infinitely amused with the primitive mode of harvesting in France. Here the wheat is all cut with the sickle, and then bound by women, who place the sheaves in a sort of scraggy rack upon the back of donkeys, that move along behind the reapers. When the donkey gets loaded (some eight or ten small sheaves in each of his wooden saddle-bags) he is marched off to the road, where the wheat is transferred to a clumsy wagon and drawn lazily hence by three French ponies, tandem, to the granary! In this way, a dozen people consume a day in harvesting an acre. Two-thirds of the persons I saw at work in the fields were women.

At 12 o'clock, the passengers began to order their breakfasts, which are served as in their cafe's, in small rooms upon the guards of the boat. The breakfasts generally consisted of red-wine, a mutton-chop and bread. A few ordered coffee instead of wine, and some added butter to their bread; while others substituted a boiled egg for the mutton-chop. As there were more than 200 persons to be provided for in this way, the culinary department displayed much activity for two or three hours. I have known people, however, whose fastidiousness would have preferred a long fast to a breakfast upon plates and with knives and forks that had served twenty others without having been removed from the table.

There are several very pleasant towns along the Seine, the prettiest of which is Candebeec, that seems, in passing like a beautifully painted landscape. All around Candebeec you see lovely Villas and Chateaux. This town was taken by the English, under the Earls of Talbot and Warwick in 1419. Quilleboeuf, an old town with considerable shipping at its docks, is situated upon a projecting promontory, and shows very conspicuously. The navigation of the Seine, at this point, is difficult and dangerous, on account of the rapidity with which the tides change the position of the sand bars. Vessels are frequently lost here.—During the French revolution the Telemaque, a vessel containing the money and jewels of Bourbon Princes, was wrecked and sunk here. These immense treasures are talked of, coveted, and sighed for, here, as is the specie supposed to have been swallowed in the British Ship of War near Hurlgate during our revolution.

There are clusters of hamlets along the river, all enjoying the shade of fine groves, where the peasantry seem passing lives as pastorally tranquil and happy as falls to the lot of man. Indeed, passing up this charming river, I saw many cottages, the grace and beauty of which awakened sensations as delightful as those expressed so sweetly and melodiously by Moore:

"I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd  
Above the green elms, that a Cottage was near,  
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,  
'A heart that was humble might hope for it here.'"

This place (Rouen) is the capital of ancient Normandy, and is second only to Paris in historic associations; and in some respects scarcely second even to Paris. Under the auspices of Capt. Funk, the excellent and popular commander of the packet ship Baltimore, who had just arrived from New York, and who accompanied us to Paris, we visited the numerous objects of interest in and about Rouen. In going to our hotel we passed through several long, narrow, dark, damp streets, rudely paved, and without side-walks, whose high gabled buildings at the caves approached so near as almost to form an arch, and to exclude all but some feeble rays of heaven's light and air. Arrived at the hotel I was shown into the fifth story of a most antiquated building. The stairs are of stone, into which foot steps have worn several inches. The bed-room is paved with a species of brick, octagonal in form, and of variegated col-

ors. There is an oaken table and two rude chairs in my room, that are probably as old as our good city of Albany. Rouen, though very ancient, is not in any respect a ruin. It is a busy, bustling, thrifty town. Its commerce is large, and its manufactures very considerable; and it contains a population of 92,000. The Seine spreads out 1000 feet here, and Rouen has docks and wharves for 250 vessels. Along the quay the old buildings have been demolished, and replaced by blocks of spacious and massive yellow marble. These modern structures present a beautiful front or facings, for an interior of dark, desolate, winding labyrinths, from which a stranger extricates himself with difficulty. In walking through the centre parts of Rouen you encounter bad pavements, all sorts of filth, and the most villainous odors.

Our first visit was to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, a vast and venerable pile, "whose frown," (as Counsellor Phillips said of Napoleon,) "terrifies the glance his magnificence attracts." Without attempting to describe this splendid church, let me remind you of some of its associations.—One of its tall spires was destroyed by lightning in 1822, in the place of which, somebody's bad taste suggested a long, horrid looking iron tube or chimney, which now deforms and mars the view. The first Duke of Normandy was buried here in the 12th century. The heart of Richard Coeur de Lion, and the bodies of his brothers, Henry and William, and of their uncle, the Duke of Bedford, were interred here. During the French Revolution, the enormous bell, together with the coffins in which several of the cardinals, &c. had been interred, were taken away and melted into cannon and coins by the revolutionists.

The *Bibliothèque Publique* of Rouen contains 33,000 volumes, among which is a richly ornamented manuscript history of the Normans, written in the 12th century. The *Musée des Antiquités* is rich in curiosities, and no stranger should pass Rouen without seeing them. In this collection, you see the door of the house in which Corneille was born. Its windows are all of the painted glass from suppressed convents, churches, &c. and form a chronological series from the 13th to the 14th century. Among the autographs, is the "mark" of William the Conqueror, who could not write! There are also the signatures of Richard Coeur de Lion and several Norman Princes. Adjoining this building is a Museum of Natural History.

The Church of St. Jervais is supposed to be the oldest in Rouen, and one of the first Christian Edifices in France. Its Roman til, and its style of masonry, authorises a belief that its construction was commenced as early as the 4th century. William the Conqueror, suffering from the wound received at Mantes, retired to the Monastery of St. Jervais to die, deserted by friends, plundered by dependants, and abandoned even by his own sons.

There is a very miserable statue near the *Place de la Pucelle*, which indicates the spot where the heroine Joan d'Arc was burned alive as a sorceress in 1431. The *Quarterly Review*, in an article vindicating the character of this christian enthusiast and martyr, says that she was sacrificed in the presence of cardinals, priests and a multitude of people; that while the flames were circling around her she held up the emblem of her faith and died expressing her conviction in the truth of her mission. In prison she was subjected to insult, treachery and outrage. She was dragged to trial without counsel, and browbeaten by her brutal judges. But shameful as was the injustice of England towards this illustrious maiden, they were not alone cruel and remorseless. Her accuser, her unjust judge, and the false priest who, under the guise of friendship, acted the spy, were Frenchmen. And even Charles VII, who owed his throne to her patriotism and gallantry, extended neither his protection nor his sympathy to her. Some twenty years after her death, her innocence was proclaimed, and the French, having become masters of Rouen, raised a cross on the spot where she had been bound to the stake.

It was at Rouen that Henry VIII. attended by Cardinal Wolsey, had an interview with Francis I. The House in which Corneille was born stands in the Rue de la Pie, and a splendid statue in honor of that great writer is seen at the end of the beautiful bridge over the Seine.

Rouen is the Lowell of France. Its manufactures furnish employment for 50,000 people.

I have been trying to stop this sufficiently long yarn, but my pen has kept running, with a sort of cork-leg pertinacity, until it has at least exhaust-

ed the patience of those whose good nature may have beguiled them half-way through a "thrice-told tale." So now I'll to bed, in a cell strong and gloomy, and old enough to have been some unlucky wight's prison-house three or four hundred years ago.

PARIS, Sept. 16, 1843.

After closing a letter, more than a fortnight ago, at Rouen, I determined to stop scribbling.—The attempt to speak either of France or Paris, without a knowledge of the language, strikes me as presumptuous if not ridiculous. But some very indulgent friends at home insist upon having further inflictions of my dulness. During the summer months, in the absence of interesting matter, I am aware that newspapers are compelled, in filling their columns, to take what offers, but it is in seasons of intellectual famine only, that their readers will consent to be fed on mere husks. If, therefore, my gurrility should exhaust the patience of the readers of the *Evening Journal*, I shall look for "acquittance" to the "enforcement" of my friends.

Paris is situated upon a vast plain. There is no difficulty in obtaining, from several elevations, fine panoramic views of the whole metropolis.—These views present to the eye and to the imagination a city as beautiful in prospect as it is rich in associations. You survey, at a single glance, objects which require ages for mental digestion.

The river Seine divides Paris with almost geographical accuracy. What was originally Paris, is now a centrally situated island, connected with both shores by bridges. The magnificent church of Notre Dame, where Napoleon was crowned, is upon this island. The Seine is more of a river, through Paris, than I had supposed. Its width, at the bridge of Austerlitz, is 180 yards. In 1836 there was a population here of 900,000, exclusive of soldiers and strangers. Of the 24,000 deaths that year, over 900 occurred in the hospital; and of the 29,000 births during the same year, nearly 5,000 infants were ushered into this "breathing world" at the hospital. There are over 80,000 paupers in the hospitals of Paris.

There is a strange physiological fact in relation to the Parisians. Races, it is said, run out here. Or in other words, families residing constantly in Paris, become extinct in one or two centuries.—But comparatively few families, it is affirmed, residing constantly in Paris, can trace their genealogy back beyond the Reign of Louis XIII. The constitutions of those whose ancestors constantly resided in Paris, for several generations, become so effeminate and frail that their offspring are generally short lived; while the noblesse and gentry, who pass their summers in the country, upon their manors and at their chateaux, preserve vigorous constitutions and robust health.

Paris rests upon yellow marble formations, from which its hotels, mansions, castles, palaces, &c. are almost wholly constructed. This marble, when taken from the quarries, is scarcely harder than chalk, but by exposure to the atmosphere acquires solidity and endures like granite.

The expenses of the city amount to from forty eight to fifty millions of francs annually, of which sum thirty millions of francs is derived from their "Octroi Duty." This is a duty paid upon all articles for consumption brought into the metropolis, of which wine is the principal. Indeed the amount paid on wine far exceeds that derived from all other articles. The receipts into the city treasury, for several years past, have exceeded the expenditures by several millions of francs annually. Guards are stationed at all the gates and avenues leading into the city, to prevent smuggling. Every vehicle and individual, high or low, are subject to inspection when entering the city.

I find a vast amount of statistical information in Bulwer's work on France, a few items of which follow. Cattle vary in value from 300 to 350 francs per head. Sheep sell from 20 to 25 francs. The price of bread is regulated twice a month, and in ordinary seasons amounts to about three pence per pound. There were 56,707 tradesmen's licenses issued in 1840, for which 8,529,937 francs were paid to the city. Mechanics receive from three to five francs per day, and work from 10 to 12 hours. Laborers receive only from 25 to 35 sous per day. The shops are all kept by young women, who receive their board and from 150 to 400 francs per annum, according to their intelligence and attractions. But few journeymen or laborers work on Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Fuel is very expensive here. Wood is sold in baskets in dimensions something less than a bushel, at five francs per basket. From the departments above Paris, about 14,000 boats

arrive annually with the productions of the soil; and from Rouen and Havre about 1000 boats come freighted with colonial produce. The poultry and game consumed cost 7,475,041 francs, in 1840; butter, 11,507,695 francs; oysters, 1,991,974; eggs 5,316,938. There is a large Floral traffic here. Flowers are for sale in all the market places, and the amount received for them, on Fete days, is said frequently to exceed 30,000 francs!

The slaughtering for Paris is done in "Abattoirs," five of which were constructed by the order of Napoleon, at different points, in the environs of the city, at an expense of 16,510,000 francs. These extensive and well regulated establishments are much visited by strangers.

Rides about Paris are cheaper than in London or New York. A cab, in which four persons ride comfortably, is required to take you to any part of the city for one franc and three-quarters, or if by the hour, for two francs. A cabriolet, holding two persons, takes you to any part of Paris for thirty sous, or if by the hour, one franc. You are expected to add two or three sous as a gratuity to the driver. Omnibus lines are established throughout Paris, and to all the places of interest about its environs. You ride wherever you please about Paris, in an omnibus, for six sous.

Having alluded to the fact that women are the "salesmen" throughout Paris, it is proper to say that a sort of reciprocity exists. Much of the work performed by women with us, is done here by men. In most of the hotels you find men "chambermaids," who make your beds and pat your "room to rights." The scrubbing—and as carpets are little used here there is much of it—is done by men. Much of the washing, too, is done by males. Clothes, linen, &c. is not here, as with us, washed at home. It is taken away on Mondays by persons who have extensive arrangements for the purpose, either into the country or to large arks upon the river. In approaching Paris you see numerous fields devoted to this business, and along the river acres of arks with hundreds of people are engaged with "foul linen." The cooking for Paris is mostly done by men. You will see, therefore, that in this exchanging of work the gentler sex get a decided advantage.

We took lodgings, upon our arrival at Paris, at the "Hotel Meurice," in the Rue de Rivoli, fronting the garden of the Tuilleries. This is perhaps the best hotel in Paris, and is so much frequented by English and Americans that the most of the servants speak English. We sat down to dinner there at the "Table d'Hôte" with about an hundred ladies and gentlemen. The table furniture and ornaments were similar to those at the Astor House, and the courses were the same, though differently served, were in many respects the same as we got there. With the exception of soups, of which we had here half a dozen different kinds, there are a greater variety of meats and more dishes and delicacies to be found upon the Astor House Table, every day, than you get at the most expensive and fashionable dinners in Paris. But the ostentatious manner of serving dinners here gives to them an appearance of variety and profusion which is artistic and unreal. But there is one feature in the culinary system of Paris with which I am delighted. Their meats are all "well-done." There is no cannibalism here. Your roast beef, your boiled mutton, your game, &c. &c. when served, do not look as if they came directly from the shambles.

Immediately after we were set down at Meurice's I strolled into the garden of the Tuilleries, where thousands of people were quietly enjoying its greatest shade and delicate air. Some walked upon its terraces, around its fountains or its flower beds, while others sat in its arbors or under its trees. Children, in joyous groups, were at their gambols under the eye of their governesses; belles with gallants in large mustaches, were promenading; young ladies in great numbers were engaged with their needle-work; while old ladies without number were fondling their lap-dogs. In other parts of the garden numerous families of the humbler class were sitting under trees, and cheerfully partaking of their frugal repast—bread and wine.

The garden of the Tuilleries contains 67 acres, and is situated upon the north bank of the Seine, fronting the Palace of the Tuilleries on the east, and the place de la Concorde on the west. Near the Palace are two singular flower gardens. An abundant and refreshing foliage is furnished by groves of large chesnut, elm, orange and lime trees, interspersed in all directions with statues. Chairs are found all about the garden, for the use of which you pay two sous. On Sunday afternoons, when the weather is warm, the garden fre-

quently exhibits a dense mass of people. Among the statuary are figures of Prometheus, Alexander, Theseus, Cincinnatus, Spartacus, Themistocles, Diana, Flora, Venus, &c. In the summer the garden is open from 7 A. M. until 9 in the evening, when guards, by beat of the drum, warn the visitors out and close the gates.

Adjoining the garden of the Tuilleries is the Place de la Concorde. This is a point of far greater and more thrilling historical interest than any other in Paris. The name which it now bears, not less than the quiet grace and beauty with which it has been adorned, seem designed to efface, as far as possible, the horrors of its bloody history. It is situated between the garden of the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysees, and looks out to the west upon the Madeleine Church, and to the east upon the Chamber of the Deputies, on the right of which is also seen the magnificent dome of the hospital of invalids. The prominent feature of the Place de la Concorde is the magnificent Obelisk erected 1550 years before Christ, in front of the Temple of Thebes, which, with Cleopatra's needles, were presented to the French Government by the Viceroy of Egypt. Eight hundred men, under the direction of French engineers, were employed three months in removing these enormous presents from their original positions to the Nile, where they were shipped in a flat-bottomed vessel built to receive them. The Obelisk reached Paris in 1833, but was not elevated until 1836, in the presence of the Royal family and an immense multitude of the French. The Obelisk, as dug from the Egyptian quarry, is 72 feet in height, and weighs 500,000 lbs. It stands upon a plinth of granite weighing 240,000 lbs., which, with the pedestal, is 28 high, and forms of pedestal, plinth and obelisk a column 100 feet high. The removal of this Obelisk from Thebes and its erection upon the Place de la Concorde, cost the French government over two millions of francs, or more than \$400,000.

But quiet and beautiful as the Place de la Concorde is, there are thousands yet living in Paris who have seen several heads and lifeless bodies swimming in their own blood, where all is now so pacific that lambs may play and doves coo in safety. In May, 1770, at a fête given here in honor of the marriage of Louis 16 some horses taking fright at a discharge of fire-works, a panic and rush ensued, during which 1200 persons were trampled to death. Subsequently the King and Queen (Louis 16 and Marie Antoinette) were beheaded upon the spot where their nuptials had been so fatally celebrated. In July, 1789, the people of Paris assembled here preparatory to their triumphant rush upon the Bastille. Here, in addition to the King and Queen, the Duke of Orleans, Brissot, Herbert, Danton, Desmoulin, Anacharsis Clootz, Robespierre, Dumas, St. Just, Cöthion, Elizabeth, sister of Louis 16, the wives Desmoulin, Herbert, &c., &c., with hundreds of their followers, were brought to the block. In less than a year and a half, nearly 3000 persons were beheaded upon this memorable spot. In contemplating these horrors it is consoling to reflect upon the retributive vengeance with which the monsters were themselves visited. There is certainly much of that wisdom and justice which is higher than man, in the providence that brought the heads of Danton, Herbert, Dumas, Robespierre, &c., to the guillotine that was drenched and gorged with the blood of their victims.

The Champs Elysees are indeed Elysian Fields. Such a promenade for a vast city is above all price. None but those who have walked here on a warm afternoon or evening, can form anything like just conceptions of the beauty and luxury of the Champs Elysees. These fields extend along the southwestern boundaries of the city from the Place de la Concorde to the Triumphal Arch d'Étoile. There are broad carriage ways shaded by trees resembling those upon the College Green at New Haven, running through the Champs, and on either side of these are extended lawns for promenades and sports. But the Champs Elysees, though always delightful, are only in full blaze at night, when all the arts of jugglers and mountebanks, and all the enactments of music and melody, are exerted to draw forth the simple and the wise, the gay and the grave. Near the centre of this delightful spot Franconi's beautiful Olympic Circus is situated. In this place of amusement from three to four thousand assemble every night. I passed an evening there in equal admiration of the noble horsemanship, and the exquisite beauty and taste displayed in the building. Concerts, vocal and instrumental, are given to thousands who stand or sit in front of the Café's adjoining. In the gardens, also adjoin-

ing the fields, you find gay throngs of dancers. In these gardens are groves and arbors and fountains, all brilliantly lighted, not only with lamps, but with bright eyes and beaming faces. I saw, in one of these gardens, on a Sunday evening, from two to three hundred couples engaged in the same dance. It must have been some such scene as this that inspired Moore with these exquisite lines:—

"While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze  
Come those delicious dream-like harmonies;  
Each note of which but adds new downy links  
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks  
He turns him toward the sound, and far away  
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play  
Of countless lamps—like the rich track which Day  
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us,  
So long the path—its light so tremulous:—  
He sees a group of female forms advance,  
Some chained together in the mazy dance  
By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,  
As they were captives to the King of Flowers;  
And some disporting round, unlinked and free,  
Who seemed to mock their sister's shivery,  
And round and round them still in wheeling flight,  
Went like gay moths about a lamp at night,  
While others walked, as gracefully along  
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song  
From psalter, pipe and lute of heavenly thrill,  
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still.  
And now they come, now pass before his eye.  
Forms such as Nature moulds when she would vie  
With fancy's pencil, and give birth to things  
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings;  
Awfully they dance before him, then divide,  
Breaking, like rosy clouds at eventide,  
Around the rich pavilion of the sun."

Miscellaneous Selections.

Reminiscences of the French War.

Among the few revolutionary veterans yet left with us, and who brushed themselves up for an excursion to Bunker Hill, is Daniel Adams, of Newbury, who was on duty at West Point, at the time of Arnold's treason. This veteran is 83 years of age, and frequently calls at our office for his paper, coming up the two flights of stairs with sounder lungs than many of our young men. Mr. Adams is in full possession of all his faculties, and has a memory unusually retentive. He relates a story concerning Braddock's fate in the old French war, which he obtained from one of his old associates, on whose veracity he assures us implicit reliance was placed by all who knew him:

It will be recollected by many that Governor Everett in some of his researches, obtained information which led him to suppose that Braddock was killed by his own men. This is fully confirmed by the statement of Mr. Adams, which he derived from Illsley of Newbury. The French General, Dieskau, who defeated Braddock, was defeated the next year by Sir William Johnson; and Illsley, being a soldier under Johnson at one time, became acquainted with a man who was with Braddock, and who was standing by when that General fell. He stated that the principal officers had previously advised a retreat, which the General would not listen to; and after nearly all the principal officers had been killed, a captain approached the General and renewed the advice for a retreat; whereupon Braddock immediately shot down the captain. The captain had a brother who was a lieutenant and was standing near at the time, and who upon seeing his brother fall, raised his carbine and shot Braddock. Several of the soldiers saw the whole of this scene, but they said nothing concerning it, as a word from them would have sealed the fate of the lieutenant.—Braddock wore a coat of mail in front which would turn a musket ball, and the ball which proved fatal to him, entered his back and was stopped in front of his body by this coat of mail.

Capt. Illsley, from whom Mr. Adams had this account, was with Gen. Johnson in the French war, and afterwards drove a meal wagon in this town, which he relinquished to Mr. Adams in 1760. He was captain of the far famed Silver Greys, which were raised in this town. A brother of his was one of the most distinguished officers of the revolutionary war, and on one occasion led on a forlorn hope, which after its departure was recalled by the commanding general, who on deliberation came to the conclusion that the object to be obtained would require too great a sacrifice of life to be attempted.

Just before the battle between Dieskau and Johnson, the French commander sent a flag of truce to Johnson, telling him that he could not sleep in the tent of the latter that night. Capt. Illsley, was wont to remark on this story, that the Frenchman did sleep there, he had a sentinel to guard him and was badly wounded. The French

force which attached Johnson in his entrenchments was nearly annihilated in this battle.—*Newburyport Herald.*

MINIMS OF NATURE.—Reader, didst thou ever look through a microscope? Didst thou ever through a medium, view the greatness of the wonders of nature in her littleness? If not, then dost thou live in the midst of wonders unawares.— Though microscopes are so common, yet how few have ever seen the marvels such an instrument reveals in everything around and about us. We have almost resolved never to eat another fig, for the microscope has shown us that the fig tree is but a combination of snapping-turtles, belligerent, pugnacious, and fraught with the old Adam. Reader, perchance you are in the act of pouring vinegar upon your oysters or your cucumbers. Do you know what you are about? You are about to swallow snakes five feet long, armed as the law of nature directs, with all sorts of offensive weapons. Peradventure you are fond of peaches.— Pause ere you apply to your lips the deceitful fruit with its covering of down; you are about to masticate some thousands of many legged monsters, one of which ought to furnish a breakfast for a file of Kentucky militia. "Fleas are not lobsters, d——n their souls!" exclaimed Sir Joseph Banks, (auctoritate Peter Pindar,) in mingled wrath and mortification. Sir Joseph never saw one of our modern solar microscopes, or he would not have been so angry on the occasion. A lobster is a mere pigmy compared with the colossal flea. All that the latter wants is a nose, and he would present a head equal to that of a lofty man. We once examined one phrenologically, and found to our satisfaction the organs of combativeness and destructiveness, most fully developed. We have been bitten by many a mosquito, but we had no idea of our actual suffering; at each individual bite, we have had a small sword; three feet in length, run into our body corporate. Once we should only have thought it necessary to blow him away; but our eyes have since been opened, and we shall set about a serious defence with a sword cane. Who ever expected to see the blood flowing through the veins of a fly? But we have seen a fly, apparently juvenile, the "crimson tide" coursing through his frame, and his heart beating like a mountain in commotion. He was evidently suffering from love or disappointed ambition; and to judge from the passionate expression of his face, he was a fly of high-wrought feeling, dissatisfied with the order of things, and, like Hamlet, determined upon questioning with his dignity. "*Natura est maxima in minimis.*" ("Nature is greatest in her smallest works,") said Pliny; and we are prepared to agree with him, when the microscope shows us fleas as big as elephants, and mites possessed of the size and activity of race-horses. If the makers of microscopes go on in this way, they will soon make invisibility visible.

SMALL CHANGE.—Any one traveling along the seaboard of North Carolina, will notice the immense quantity of dried herrings used by the inhabitants. They appear to constitute the staff of life in that quarter.

A gentleman on his way to the South not long since, got out of the stage and entered a tavern for the purpose of refreshing himself. After taking a glass of whiskey and treating the driver, he threw down half a dollar. The bar-keeper looked perplexed, and said, "I have no silver change, sir, but plenty of the common, if you will take it."

Here he counted out thirty-seven herrings, which the traveler had to roll up in a piece of paper and take with him, thinking they might serve him for a dinner. The stage went on, and at the next stopping place he hailed an old lady, and asked her if she could sell him a loaf of bread. She offered him a large loaf of fresh rye, and in return he counted out six herrings.

"La me!" she exclaimed, "where did you get so much change? Can you change me a quarter?" This he did cheerfully, and had six herrings remaining to eat.

IRISH ANECDOTE.—A daughter of the Emerald Isle, a day or two since, went on a shipping excursion, and returned with a small package of goods, which she had purchased.

"Where did you get that, Rosy?" said her mistress.

"Surely I buyed it at Mrs. Pugh's in Washington street."

"Mrs. Pugh! and where is her store, pray?"

"Well, it's not meself that remembers the number, only I recollect it said 'Pugh,' on the door."

From the Buffalo Gazette.

#### A Caution to the Girls.

Some five or six weeks since, the annual meeting of the Baptist Association was held in a neighboring town. Among the clergymen present was one by the name of Smith. And he had a brother, and his name was likewise Smith—who was represented as being a very rich and pious man. During their stay, they put up at the house of a member of the church—and he had a daughter—yea, several daughters. The Smith—not the clergyman—being a widow, made suit to the eldest of the daughters—likewise a member of the church, and an amiable and much respected young lady. This was on Thursday, and backed by the recommendations of his brother the clergyman, others, he made such rapid progress in the business, that on the Wednesday succeeding—after less than a week's acquaintance, the marriage vow was said, and the nuptial knot was tied.

A few days afterward, they took their departure for Milwaukie, the residence of the Smith—as he reported. There they remained but a week or more, when the husband represented to the wife, that Milwaukie was very sickly, and that it would be better for them to return and spend the winter among her friends in this country. The young wife, all confidence and credulity—as women generally are in such cases—consented to the arrangement, and they began to make preparations for returning. The furniture provided by her father was repacked and shipped on board of a steamboat, and they also went on board. The wife was seated in the cabin, while the husband proceeded as he said, to settle matters, and arrange their furniture, when he, as a matter of course, was to join her. The boat shoved off, and was soon under way. The unsuspecting wife waited a reasonable time for her Smith to join her, but no Smith came. Growing impatient, she sat out in search of her husband, but her search was in vain. She found him not, but received a ticket for her passage in her maiden name to Buffalo, from the steward, who knew nothing further of the matter. She next called upon the captain—but he knew nothing more than that a gentleman had paid the passage for a servant girl, (the name on the ticket) whom he wished to send to her friends in Buffalo.

Suspicion then, for the first time, flashed upon her mind. She, the wife of but a few weeks—had been deserted. Her feelings may be imagined—but not described. She has arrived at the home of her childhood—but of her husband—he who but a little while before had sworn to love, protect and cherish her, as long as life remained—she has neither seen nor heard from. His conduct is inexplicable, save on the supposition that he is an unmitigated villain.

But the tail is not all told. The wife, too, was to blame. She had plighted her vows to a young man of the neighborhood—and but ten days were to elapse they were to have been married. But drawn away from duty by the dazzling representations of wealth which were held out to her—all else was forgotten—and she, surely reaps a bitter reward. The adage of the old ladies, that with broken vows, men nor women, will not prosper, has been severely fulfilled in her case.

**BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT WITH A PLANT.**—The Brooklyn News gives the following interesting bit of information:

"Cut a small branch of oleander from a thrifty plant, place it in a vial partly filled with rain water, so that the lower end of the branch may be immersed about half an inch in the water, place this in the sun in an open room, and in about fifteen or twenty days small roots will shoot out from the end of the branch, presenting a beautiful appearance. After these roots are extended two or three inches, the branch may be set out in moist earth, and if frequently watered, it will grow rapidly and soon form a large thrifty stalk. Ladies who are fond of flowers may easily propagate oleanders in this manner, and in a few months multiply those beautiful plants to an indefinite extent."

An elderly gentleman in Arkansas informs the New Orleans Picayune, that some twenty years ago the natives of Mexico were in the habit of dancing in the streets, and that frequently in those days he saw lines of people a mile in length, and all engaged in the dance. On one occasion, a Frenchman lost his partner in a contre-dance, and never found her until he had "crossed over," "down the middle," and "up on the outside," for three days and nights.

#### An Affecting Incident.

At the late distressing fire in Fall River, a gentleman met an aged Scotch woman clasping in her arms a large family Bible as she fled from her burning dwelling. "Is that all you saved madam," inquired he. Her reply was, "It is all I want." In a few days a member of the female relief committee called at the house where the aged woman had gained a shelter, and on entering found her bending over her precious Bible.

Two young men, sons of this old lady, one of them having a companion and the other a single man, with the mother, composed the family with which she was connected. The unmarried son was in the last stages of consumption, having been brought from the second story of a house already in flames, on his brother's back, and being so very low that it was not expected he would survive the removal.

At the time the lady called he was speechless, but in the full possession of his reason, and exercising, as was confidently hoped, true resignation to the will of God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. He feebly pressed the hand which was extended to him, and looked up with an expression full of intelligence and peace.

The appearance of the room was wretched.—The Irish families who occupied the other apartments of the house, could lend them but little aid. A miserable bed on which the sick man lay was almost the only article of furniture, and the mother of 75 years, with the son and daughter, had slept—if sleep they had—on the naked floor for two nights.

The very little which they saved from the fire was pilfered in the streets while they were attending to the sick brother. Such were the circumstances under which the aged Christian was preserving her most precious treasure. She was following her son with the expectation of seeing him gasping in death if he had not already expired when she should overtake him. Truly she needed the consolations of that inestimable volume which she was folding to her breast.

It will, doubtless, be interesting to those who have felt so much sympathy with, and contributed beneficently for the Fall River sufferers, to learn that this distressed Scotch family received an immediate appropriation from the funds sent into the village, as well as assistance from their situation; so that the last hours of the dying man received all the alleviation which the case could admit, and his family enjoyed the melancholy comfort of consigning his remains in a decent manner to their last resting place. L. L. H.

**CHINESE DANDY.**—The following description of a Chinese Exquisite, is from a new work on China, by P. Debel, formerly Russian Consul to China, and a resident in that country for seven years:

"His dress is composed of crapes and silks of great prices, his feet are covered with high heeled boots of the most beautiful Nankin satin, and his legs are encased in gaiters, richly embroidered and reaching to the knee. Add to this an acorn shaped cap of the latest taste, an elegant pipe richly ornamented, in which burns the purest tobacco of the Fo-kien, an English watch, a tooth-pick suspended to a button by a string of pearls, a Nankin fan, exhaling the perfume of the icholane, (a Chinese flower,) and you will have an exact idea of a fashionable Chinese Dandy. The Chinese Dandy, like dandies of all times and all countries, is seriously occupied with trifles. He belongs either to the Quail Club or the Cricket Club. Like the ancient Romans, the Chinese train quails, quarrelsome birds, and intrepid duellists, whose combats form the subject of senseless wagers. In imitation of the rich, the poorer Chinese place at the bottom of an earthen basin, two field crickets. These insects they excite and provoke, until they grow angry, attack each other, and the narrow field of battle is soon strewn with their claws, antennae and corslets. There is between the Chinese and the old Romans all the difference that there is between the combats of the crickets, and the terrible combats of the gladiators."

**REVOLUTIONARY.**—One day, in the middle of winter, General Greene, when passing a sentinel, who was barefooted, said, "I fear, my good fellow, you suffer much from the severe cold?"—"Very much," was the reply, "but I do not complain; I know I should fare better had our General the means of getting supplies. They say, however, that in a few days we shall have a battle, when I shall take care to secure a pair of shoes."

#### The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1848.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"ITALIAN WITHOUT A MASTER."—The Brother Jonathan has issued in cheap form the work bearing this title. The same author has already published works on the French and Spanish languages, on the same plan, which have had a large sale. Those who would lay the foundation for a knowledge of Italian—a language which is coming into use more and more every day—can do so by applying at JONES' News Room, Arcade.

"INDIVIDUALITY OR RITE NO RIGHT."—This is the title of a pamphlet, by a citizen of this place, on the nature, character, design and privileges of Baptism. We are not acquainted with the peculiar views advocated, as we have not examined the work, but are informed by those who have, that it contains many valuable suggestions and arguments. Published by WILLIAM ALLING.

"THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS."—We have always fancied that the HARPERS uniformly got up things in better style than any other publishers; but we are bound to admit that their translation of "The Mysteries of Paris" is most bunglingly done. It is altogether too literal. The English is rough—quite unlike the graceful translation of the New World edition. But either will do.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The New World's re-print of the October number of this world-renowned publication, is already on our table, and may be had at JONES' for eighteen pence! It is made of excellent articles, and will be purchased by all who can appreciate first chop periodical literature.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.—The November No. has been received, and is as usual, filled with interesting matter. D. M. DEWEY, is agent for the city.

"THE COMPLETE COOK."—Hoyt has just received SANDERSON'S "Complete Cook," a very useful work for housekeepers.

A CHEAP BED.—The leaves of the beach tree are often used as a substitute for feathers in a bed. Evelyn says, that being gathered about the fall, and somewhat before they are much frost-bitten, they form the best and easiest mattresses in the world, instead of straw; because, besides their tenderness and loose lying together, they continue sweet for seven or eight years, long before which time, straw becomes musty and hard.

To be wise—Drink sage tea.—Port. Bul.

To be noble—Drink penny-royal tea.—Lowell Herald.

To be comforted—Drink balm tea.—Bos. Bee.

To dance lively—Drink hop tea.—Museum.

To restore a fractured limb—Drink bone set tea.—Phila. Forum.

To be mew-lish—Drink cat-nip tea.—Roch. Gem.

The herring is a delicate fish, which is killed by a very small degree of violence. Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have received no hurt, it gives a squeak and instantly expires; and though it be thrown directly back into the water, it never recovers; hence arose the proverb, "As dead as a herring."

The sum of two pence is levied on each pedestrian who may walk along his Grace of Buclench's splendid pier at Grafton. A gentleman being importuned near the shore for alms, hastily replied, "No, no, I have just given my last penny to the Duke of Buclench!" "Ah," replied the mendicant, "is he upon the tramp too?"

A young man of 14 lately married a girl of 13, at Quebec. The boy imposed upon the clergyman by wearing false whiskers, and the girl, by a small quantity of the article (that was so successfully employed by Gen. Jackson, as breast works, at New Orleans, on the "glorious Eighth."

## Sketches of Character.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

In republican governments, the people being the ultimate source of all power, have the means within their own hands of making their opinions and wishes respected. The popular judgment, made up after sufficient time has been given for information and deliberation, is, in fact as well as in theory, sound and correct, and is, at all events, to be obeyed as such by their elected representatives, in the discharge of their delegated duties. It does not follow, however, that every public movement or popular impulse is characterised by wisdom, or that its demands upon the public servant who represents the people in a station of trust, are to be unhesitatingly obeyed. The masses are more liable to excitement, and more prone to act unjustly and unwisely, under the influence of sudden impulse, than the few; and their representative may acquire an ephemeral popularity by yielding readily to the influence of such popular movements. If the movement itself, however, is unwise, the public judgment will soon discover it, and the representative who so weakly yielded, will not only lose his short lived popularity, but will be made the scape goat to bear the whole odium of the popular error. He will have lost the public respect and confidence, and can never hope to be again elevated by the public suffrage. The people do not expect from their public servants a weak compliance with every popular requirement, or a facile yielding to every irregular impulse; but they rather demand knowledge, sagacity and wisdom, to perceive the true interests of the people, and firmness to maintain them, even against the unwise and hasty action of the people themselves. The lawyer who should give advice; the physician who should administer medicine; or the divine who should impart instruction, wholly according to the mere wishes of those seeking aid, and without the exercise of their own judgment, would fail of acquiring the respect even of those to whose wishes he had weakly yielded. So a public man who in the discharge of his public duties should yield to temporary popular whims, would in like manner forfeit public respect.

There are but too many, in all popular governments, elevated to stations of public trust, by the votes of the people, who seek to win or retain popular favor by a too ready yielding to every popular excitement, without any effort to lay a foundation for public respect by resisting those movements, which are in themselves unwise. All such may derive a profitable lesson from the history of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and the evidences of sincere and heartfelt respect which greet him from every quarter, after a long career of public service.

The years of the venerated ex-President, have been protracted beyond the ordinary term of human life. He has already reached the verge of fourscore, with a vigor of mind and frame which gives promise of still future years of usefulness. Threescore years of this long life, have been assiduously devoted to the public service. His public employment commenced anterior to the adoption of the Constitution. Having opportunities of familiar intercourse with those master spirits who were instrumental in framing that fundamental charter of our present government, it may be reasonably supposed that he would well understand its spirit. Indeed, it may be said of him, that the present machine of government was constructed under his own eye, and that he has had the largest opportunities of narrowly observing its practical workings, from the first moment of its operation to the present day.

His long course of public service has been marked by unwavering fidelity to the principles of the Constitution, and devotion to the interests, the welfare and honor of his country. To the ripe learning of the scholar, he has added the knowledge and sagacity of the statesman, and to the wisdom of the philosopher, the morality of the christian. And all his acquirements and virtues have been made eminently practical and useful by a firmness of purpose which was shaken neither by the claims of personal or party friendships, or the denunciations of open opponents. His own course was ever dictated by his own views of his duty to his country, adopted from the deliberate convictions of his own judgment, matured as it was by his knowledge of the past, and a remarkably clear perception of every thing that surrounded the subject. When his views of duty made the path clear to his own vision, he unhesitatingly adopted it, without swerving from it so much as a hair's breadth, either for the pleadings of party or friends, or the animosities of foes or rivals. He would yield no jot of what was just, and true, and honest, to present popular clamor, or to the entreaties of party or personal friends, but with heroic constancy pursue his prescribed path, and look to the distant future to justify him in the eyes of his countrymen and the world.

When in the Senate of the United States, at a period of our history when party ties were the strongest and party strife the fiercest, he gave his vote upon a leading measure against the wishes of the party who placed him there, because he thought such vote was required by the honor of his country; and brought upon himself, of course, all the vindictive and angry feelings which such party defection was well calculated to arouse.

In the Executive chair of this Union, he constantly turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of his friends, who urged him daily and vehemently to use the power and patronage of his office to secure his re-election to the same high station. It was not by such proscriptive and corrupting means, even when stimulated alike by the solicitation of friends and the clamor of foes, that he would consent either to punish opposition or purchase support.

In the House of Representatives, of which he has so long been a distinguished member, often and often in treading the same path of self-imposed duty, has he been found to speak and vote in opposition to the party with which he was nominally connected, and even to support the measures of a successful rival for the high office he had himself before so well filled, and when his personal relations to such rival were such as to permit no personal intercourse.

Indeed, upon all occasions when public duty required, he has been found to rise above popular excitement, party ties, personal friendships and personal animosities, and give his voice and his vote irrespective of these influences.

Mr. Adams' public career has been no quiet and peaceful one. The path of his official life has not been strewn with roses and flowers. On the contrary, it has been the lot of few men to draw upon themselves so much of angry and vindictive feeling—so much of misrepresentation and unjust abuse. Thirty-five years has scarcely cooled the rancorous exasperation of the political party which he then abandoned, though that party has ceased to exist. The vehement passions which were called into life during his occupancy of the Presidential chair, are not yet all quelled; and the new excitements which have been repeatedly aroused during his Congressional career, have given free scope to fresher and fiercer resentments, while the unattainable severity of castigation inflicted by his own tongue and pen, has not been calculated to soothe angry feelings or quiet ruf-

fled tempers. Yet, notwithstanding all these circumstances, which would seem to render it impossible that he could any where meet with a reception universally cordial, we have seen him, on his recent visit to Western New York, greeted with a feeling of admiration and respect, universal and heartfelt, beyond any former example.

The population of entire cities, forgetting all their minor political differences, spontaneously rush together to give him a cordial welcome.—People of all classes and conditions, of all shades of political opinions, and of either sex, eagerly assemble, and will not be satisfied until they can see the venerated old man among them. They listen in a compact crowd, with eager and upturned faces, to the words that fall from his lips. The hushed multitude drink in with breathless silence every syllable that he utters; and it reaches the heart of every individual in that vast crowd, and moves it with sympathetic and strong emotion as the heart of one man. There is no hypocrisy here. This is not the heartless and hollow pageant that follows power. This is not the noisy and excited assemblage which surrounds the candidate for political honors. But it is the deep and unbought respect which the heart of the whole people pays to virtue, and firmness and worth. It is the most cherished reward of eminent public service, and one which he alone can receive who has been governed during his whole life solely by the clear convictions of duty.

It is not that the people who thus paid the sincere homage of their respect, approved of all or the greater portion of the acts of Mr. Adams, during the course of his public life; and the cordiality of welcome is not to be taken as any evidence of such approval even now. It is not that Mr. Adams, as a public man, has been, or is now, the preferred and the chosen of all those who thus greet him. We know the contrary to be the fact. But it is because there is a deep and abiding conviction upon the public mind, that in the discharge of the high functions of his various public trusts, he has been governed by a conscientious regard to his views of duty. Though men differ as to the soundness of such views, they will heartily unite in paying the homage of profound respect to the virtue which prompts, the acquirements which adorn, and the firmness which executes, measures which they have themselves opposed.

The leading traits of Mr. Adams' character, are an unwavering love of justice, and an unsurpassed moral courage. These give to his public character a feature of coldness and sternness which is foreign to his personal character; but they are the foundation for that enduring respect which attaches to his name. The influence of these stronger traits of character exhibited in the consistent conduct of a long public life, is such, that he is now looked upon by the whole people with a deeper feeling of respect than any public man now living. This is a fitting and great reward of eminent public service; and far surpassing in value the ephemeral popularity of the successful time-serving politician.

It is the reward which I wish to see more of our public men who present themselves as candidates for public favor, strive to attain. The example of the honored and respected JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, is in many particulars worthy of imitation; and if those who are ambitious of fame which shall endure, and distinction which shall not pass speedily away, could be inspired by such an example, they would more surely attain the reward of their high aspirations. Let him who aspires so highly, gather in early life the wealth of varied knowledge; ripen his judgment by careful observation and reflection; make the standard of duty the rule of his conduct; consult that which is in itself just and right rather than that which is popular; exhibit in his conduct a firmness unshaken by flatteries or frowns, and he may then, after a life of virtuous labor, win a reward, surpassing the glory of the highest office, in the undying and deserved respect of his countrymen.

## Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

## The Untimely Snow.

The fields were still green and the tints of the leaf,  
Remained in the richness of summer's full bloom,  
And the mild smiling sunbeams encouraged belief,  
That the landscape would never be shrouded in gloom.

The gay birds of passage still warbled in glee,  
Untouched by the frost that so justly they dread,  
And loud rose the hum of the murmuring bee,  
As she sipped the clear nectar from roses still red.

But winter impatient his trophies to claim,  
Forgot the sweet autumn in surly wild haste,  
And threw o'er the earth his strong rigorous chain,  
And changed the fair scene to a snow covered waste.

Did the fair birds of passage then gloomily stay  
Where all that was cheerful and joyous had fled?  
No! far to the southward they winged their glad way,  
To tropical regions of sunshine they sped.

And man in his summer has autumn in view,  
And looks to the fruit time of well earned repose,  
When age shall have mellowed to perfect ripe hue,  
The labors of years, ere his pleasures shall close.

But often misfortune with chill icy hand,  
Strikes coldness and gloom on his levelled hopes,  
Destroys all the fruit of his beautiful land,  
And spreads disappointment o'er all its fair slopes.

Thrice blest shall he be in that hour of despair,  
If borne on the pinions of faith he shall soar,  
To regions of splendor, eternally fair,  
Where winters shall blight his glad summers no more.  
Rochester, Oct. 30, 1843. S.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

## Parting of Friends.

If there's a time most pure and sweet,  
Unoccupied by Heaven,  
'Tis when with kindred friends we meet,  
And friendship's hand is given.

If there's a joy most true and kind,  
An earthly joy I mean,  
'Tis what in kindred souls we find,  
Where sympathy is seen.

If there's a pang that makes us grieve,  
A pang of earthly woe,  
'Tis that which makes our bosoms heave,  
When from our friends we go.

If there's a word that's hard to tell,  
Which sometimes can't be told,  
Oh! sure 'tis this—farewell—farewell,  
My friends, both young and old.

## The Voices of Autumn.

Ode written for the Rensselaer County Agricultural Fair.

BY A LADY OF LANINGBURGHILL.

There's music in the forest trees,  
And notes in the still woods now;  
The rushing whirl of the falling leaves,  
And the sound of the rustling bough.  
There's music in the wild bee's hum,  
As it sports through the garden bowers,  
And sips the last of the honey-dew,  
From the lag'ring Autumn flowers.

There's music in the stream, ere long  
To be bound with an icy chain,  
As its cold bright waters leap and bound,  
On their way to the distant main;  
And shall the voice of man be mute,  
When nature around him sings,  
And the very "air is musical,"  
With the voices that Autumn brings?

There's music in the p'oughman's song,  
As he wends his homeward way,  
And thinks on the stores laid up secure,  
For the coming winter's day.  
There's music in the reaper's heart,  
As he views his golden store,  
And sees that with heaps of gather'd grain,  
His barns are running o'er.

Oh, there are voices, and sweet ones, too,  
That rise from the farmer's home;  
While gratitude lights his honest brow,  
And breathes in his manly tone.  
They are the rightful "lords of the land,"  
And tenants of God's own soil,  
And he makes them rich in their happy homes,  
With the fruits of their honest toil.

## The Poet and his Wife.

I would not change my own dear wife  
For all that rank or wealth could offer;  
I prize far more my kiss of life  
Than noble name or golden coffers.

My own dear wife, there is no power  
That from my heart of love could move me;  
How can I turn away from thee,  
When thou hast never ceased to love me?

In lonely days and wearisome,  
When scorn and poverty oppress'd me,  
Thy angel face was aye the sun  
That never shone—except to bless me!  
A host of woes have pained me since,  
And angry skies have scow'd above me;  
But in my depth of deepest care,  
Thou never hast forgot to love me.

We are not young—we are not old—  
These hearts of ours can yet beat cheerly,  
And there is warmth enough in mine  
To tell me that I love thee dearly—  
My gentle wife, if e'er I grieved,  
No look of thine did e'er reprove me;  
Oh! can I ever turn from thee,  
When thou hast never ceased to love me?

Let age come on, with feeble limbs,  
I'll not repine at wintry weather;  
We've had our share of sunny days  
Since thou and I have clung together.  
We will not think of times so drear.  
Nor dread to-day what comes to-morrow;  
Let's hope the sun that shining rose  
Will not go down in clouds of sorrow.

## Variety.

**LOAFER LOGIC.**—There is one thing as I can't see through, blowed if I can. The President of the United States, and the man wot keeps the Custom House, is the people's servants, isn't they? "Wull, they is, Coon." Werry well; now 'spose I go to Tyler, and says I, old wets, I wants an order on the treasury for liquor; he'd order stan' it—he's the people's servant, and I'm the people themselves.

**RANDOLPH'S ADVICE.**—Randolph was once giving some good advice to a young relative, who was on the point of going to school for the first time, in the course of which he said to him:—"Now, my dear boy, if any of the other boys should ever strike you, before you return the blow, see if you cannot forgive him for the love of God; but take care that you do not mistake the love of God for the fear of the bigger boy."

**AN ANECDOTE.**—The Knickerbocker relates the following on the authority of Mr. Robert Tyler:

"The old negro who receives and ushers visitors at the President's mansion is always very precise in his announcements. On one occasion a gentleman named Foot, with a daughter on each arm, was shown into the drawing room with the introduction, 'Mr. Foot and the two Miss Feet!'"

"Where is your son, ma'am?" "At the Jubilee School, sir." "Where is that?" "Oh, sir, it is at South Boston—the House of Information, sir." Such was an Irish woman's sly way of throwing an air of respectability over the situation of her disobedient and unmanageable bantling.

A young man applied for the benefit of the bankrupt act, and upon being asked how much he owed, he said he reckoned about \$500,000, as he saw they charged a man \$10 for kissing a married woman in Ohio, and if the price was as high here for kissing girls, he must be in debt at least half a million.

A physician westward, whose mind ran more upon lot speculations than upon his profession, lately gave a patient some medicine with verbal directions that it should be taken—"twenty-five per cent. down, and the balance in one, two and three years."

A lively country girl had a bashful lover whose name was Locke. She got out of patience with him at last, and in her anger declared that Shakespeare had not said half as many bad things as he ought to about *Shy-Locke*.

"Hallo, Bill!" said a fellow to one of his tipsy companions, who was standing against a lamp post, "is that your post?" "Not exactly," said the tipsy one, "but I have a lean upon it."—*Boston Times*.

Never close the door against the return of a stray sheep, through the expression of all the displeasure you feel, however justly merited. A wolf in sheep's clothing cannot, however, safely receive the same consideration.

"I would advise you to put your head in a dyetub, it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy headed girl. "In return, sir, I would advise you to put your head into an oven, it's rather soft," was the reply.

**MYSTERIOUS PROFESSION.**—"Now Tom," said the printer of a country newspaper, in giving directions to his apprentice, "put the foreign leaders into a galley 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 Ministers"—make the "young Princess" run on with the "Dutchess of Kent"—move "the Kerry hunt" out of the chase—get your stick, and conclude the horrid murder which Joe began last night—wash your hands and come to dinner, and then see that all the pi is cleared up." Some printers are devils, and no mistake.

**DANCING.**—The following is the way they call off the figures of a reel in Georgia:  
Dance to the girl with the yellow shawl on,  
Now down outside and up in the middle,  
Turn to your partner Isaac Snash,  
And now to that entire stranger,  
Sachez to the right and left.  
Ro de dan de da da, de dan da da,  
Now to Peter Swichel's daughter,  
Turn to your partner every one,  
Set to the gal with the flaring frill,  
Balance once and then spin about,  
To the gal with the hole in the heel of her stocking.

"May be smoking is offensive to some of you?" "Yes, yes," immediately responded a dozen voices. "Well," said the inquirer again, placing his cigar between his lips, and puffing away as if for dear life, "tis to some folks!"

**COLPLIMENTARY.**—A fellow wrote home to his father as follows:

"You had better come out to Sangamon co. (Ill.) for almighty mean men get office here."

A living faith is said to be the best divinity; a holy life the best philosophy; a tender conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? your looking glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

"Ah, John Slocomb, my uncle has been in N. York, and yourn has't." "Well, whnt of that, my uncle has been in jail, and yourn has't."

The difference between *j* and *s* is very manifest in giving an account of a fire, when the amounts insured, are given.

Getting in debt without intending to pay is an improvement on stealing.

A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart.

## Marriages.

In this city, on Thursday evening, at the residence of Geo. H. Mumford, Esq., by the Rev. W. E. Eiginbrodt, Hon. O. H. PALMER, of Palmyra, to SUSAN AUGUSTA, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Truman Hart, of the same place.

On the 1st inst., by the Rev. Tryon Edwards, O. C. PRATT, Counsellor at Law, to ANN ABELIA, second daughter of J. R. Parker, Esq., all of this city.

On the 1st inst., at the residence of Mr. Luther Graves, by Hon. A. P. (Haskell), of Genesee county, Mr. ROBERT FERGUSON, to Miss HARRIET E. PATTERSON, both of this city.

In this city, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hibbard, Mr. Josiah Quaker to Miss Sarah Carnes.

In Albion, on the 22d ult., by the Rev. Mr. McHarg Mr. WM. W. SMITH, of Brockport, to Miss POLLY ANN HARRIS, of Greece.

On the 24th ult., at Winoski village, near Burlington, Vermont, by Rev. Zenas Bliss, Henry Jarvis Raymond, of New York city, to Juliette, eldest daughter of J. W. Weaver, of the former place.

In the city of New York, on the 24 ultimo, by Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, Henry B. Elliot to Martha Ann, daughter of Rev. Dr. Skinner.

In Batavia, on Wednesday, the 26th ult., by Rev. Philo E. Brown, Mr. Nathan E. Hollister, to Miss Margaret Wendenyke, both of that village.

In Naples, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. George G. Everett, Lester Sprague, M. E., to Miss Martha J. Lyons, all of Naples.

In Canandaigua, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Wm. H. Goodwin, Mr. Moses Cleveland to Miss Margaret Matthews. On the evening of the 31st, by the same, Mr. Charles Nickous, formerly of Massachusetts, to Miss Electa Brockelbank, of the former place.

In Geneva, on the 30th inst., by the Rev. Manly Tucker, Mr. William Scritecio to Miss Sarah C. Pomeroy.

In Fenfield, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. James H. Beebe to Miss Jarusha L. Camp, all of Fenfield.

In Geneva, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. John Wride to Miss Helen Macy, both of that village.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.  
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No. 24.

Popular Tales.

From the Boston Atlas.

THE MISER'S GRAVE.

Translated from the French of "De Balzac."

[The scene, a village near Badajoz; the Grave Yard; time seven o'clock, evening.]

GARCIAS, GRAVE-DIGGER; JOSE, HIS ASSISTANT.

Jose—Master, must we dig much longer? We have thrown out only ten feet of earth in two days! St. John of Galatia come to my aid! Oh! I am tired!

Garcias—Courage, my boy; you shall be paid for your trouble; keep on, Jose, keep on. We must earn our money, my lad! We have yet five feet of earth to heave out—and Garcias, a grave-digger for thirty-one years, is not the man to fail of keeping his word, or to cheat an old customer. The bargain was a fair one, and I will stick to it. We must fulfil our engagements, like honest men.

Jose.—Bah! that's enough! Why should we bury this old dead body so deep? What are you afraid of, master? He wanted a fifteen foot grave; is he going to come back with a measuring tape in his hand to see if you have given him his due? Have done; you won't run much risk of being cited before a magistrate.

Garcias—It is nevertheless true, that the old miser wished to be buried as far out of the way of men as possible.

Jose.—Did he think that they would steal his old bones?

Garcias—Or did he hope, that when the day of judgment came, that the angel of the resurrection would not have a pick-axe long enough, or of sufficient arms strength to reach him?"

Jose—Perhaps he did think so . . . and perhaps he was more than half right.

Garcias—Poor simpleton! thinkest thou that the angel of the resurrection is a grave-digger?

Jose—I will reflect upon it—I will ask the curate.

Garcias—Dig away, Jose, dig away; thou art fit only for thy trade. Dig away! thou wilt not find the wit thou hast lost.

Jose—Wit, master; but tell me, had he for whom we prepare this home, more than myself? And now that we are in a chatting mood, suppose you tell me the history of this man. Why did he want a fifteen foot grave? what reason did he give you? That puzzles me. This story must be a droll one: our man was certainly a fool.

Garcias—He was, Jose.

Jose—I love to hear stories about fools, they amuse me more than any others, and this must have been one, as you say. A miser! a miser! why how silly it is to be a miser, isn't it, master? To have money and not to enjoy it; to be rich and to suffer! why he was a greater simpleton than I am.

Garcias—Thou art too bright to-day, Jose.—But come, we are tired; bring the wattle—we will have our supper. Put down thy pick-axe and sit here by me. There, I will tell thee the history of a man—like whom, the Lord never made another.

Jose—The devil.

Garcias—Sit thee down by the edge of the grave, let thy legs hang into it comfortably, and lend thine ear.

Jose—Yes, master.

Garcias—(In a solemn tone)—None of the creatures whom God made in his own image were like Don Ferraro.

Jose—Master, allow me to interrupt you. Was the devil made in God's own image.

Garcias—Thou art a fool, Jose.

Jose—That's no answer.

Garcias—I will not tell thee the history of Andrea Ferraro, whose coffin that is, by our side.

Jose—Oh yes, pray do; I'll be silent. I will listen with all my ears. To-morrow is Sunday; I will tell it in the evening, and I will commence it by saying: "Listen, comrades, to the new and wonderful story of the Miser's Grave." That is a fine beginning.

Garcias—Listen, then, and profit by what thou shalt hear.

Jose—I am dumb, master.

Garcias—(in the same solemn tone)—The coffin that we are about to deposit in the earth, teaches a great lesson, my child. The meagre skeleton of him who is about to repose in the deep hole that we are now digging, had no other God upon earth—no other hope—no other futurity, than money. It was his life—he gorged himself with it, he was never satisfied. I have seen him in the market, looking eagerly upon the money that circulated around him, and there was something devilish in his glance. I wonder that he did not become a robber and an assassin; but Andrea Ferraro was timid. Cupidity, when accompanied by courage, makes the brigand; when joined with cowardice, it makes the miser.

Jose—Master grave digger, you talk like the vicar; you preach almost as well as the curate.

Garcias—The dead teach wisdom. Thou must have seen that greenish gray eye, that struck terror to the heart of the shopkeepers when they approached Ferraro; with his meagre hands, which seemed like claws, when even their gripe clutched only the vacant air, thou would'st have said, that they contracted to grasp their much loved gold. If he was obliged to change a piece of money, he seemed to devour thee with his eye, thee and thy money; thou would'st start back with affright. Not one sentiment of benevolence, not one spark of generosity, existed in his soul. He never spoke to children—he despised women—he was never married. He thought of nothing but himself and the rolls of heavy doubloons that he heaped up. He was bound up in himself, and in contemplating his hidden treasure—he fretted himself constantly, tormented with fear of robbers and the chagrin of not accumulating his gains more rapidly. In his heart, each moment a prey to suffering, the gnawing worm of avarice continued day and night its ravages.

About fifteen days ago, Ferraro came to me. He began by complaining of the cupidity of mankind—of the difficulty of getting a living—and the hardness of the times, as all misers do. I did not know what he wanted. He said to me,

"Garcias, thou art an honest man, as much so as one can be in these days; tell me, then, on your conscience, what will you ask to dig me a grave of fifteen feet deep?"

"We will talk about that, my good sir," answered I, "when you stand in need of it."

"No, no," said he, "I want to make the bargain before I die; otherwise my poor heirs will be doped. They will have to pay a large sum of money, that is what I want to guard against. It is out of pity for them."

"But, my dear sir, if we dig your grave now, and you should live a long while, it would ease in every winter, you must be aware, and the work would have to be done over again, which would cost you much more."

"Every body wants to cheat me. Not only this cursed grave digger tries to take me in, but old Time himself joins against me, and demands

my money. Thou shalt not have it, old skeleton!" added he, bursting into a rage—"thy fleshless hands shall not grasp my dollars! Grave digger, we will make a bargain, thus: I will pay thee in advance the price agreed upon, and thou shalt bind thyself, by a legal document, to dig my grave according to my wishes, when I have need of it. Come, be reasonable, what wilt thou demand?—Thou wilt require but two men for the task. Two days will be sufficient, and labor is cheap now; there are more laborers than work. Come, speak. I want to have my mind at ease on this subject."

I thought this proposition so absurd, that I could scarcely refrain from laughing.

"Willingly," said I; "master, I am in need of ready money, and I can assure you, that no one will do the job cheaper than myself. I shall ask but a quarter of a mavedi per cubic feet; but we shall double the sum in the same proportion as the pick enters the ground."

"Double price as the pick enters the ground?" He reflected a moment, and continued, "Well, it's a bargain; but I shall not feed the men, not a cent for that, do you understand, Garcias? Do you hold to the bargain? That's all I'll do."

"Well, I agree," answered I.

I wish thou had'st seen, Jose, the joy with which the miser let his withered hand fall in mine, and how he forced me to leave my work to go to the Notary's! The contract was made in duplicate and signed by each, as well as by the lawyer. Ferraro drew forth his purse, waiting until the Notary had finished his calculation, and stipulated the amount of the sum agreed upon. The Notary took some time.

"Well!" cried Ferraro, "you are a long while about it, my friend; how many figures you make for so small a sum! It is at most three or four dollars—there is nothing plainer."

"But," interrupted the Notary, "it is something more; it amounts to just 200 dollars."

Ferraro seized with a trembling hand the account that was offered him, and ran over it with affright. His face displayed bitter agony;—thou would'st have thought it the symbol of death; his withered chin fell upon his bosom, he tried to speak, but he could not. His teeth chattered, his trembling knees knocked together, he wept, prayed, cursed, and refused to pay. I have still in my hands the agreement which we made, and I shall get my money be assured. As to the Miser, he shut himself up in his house, ceased to eat, and thus allowed himself to perish. Despair at having acceded to my proposition consumed him. These 200 dollars killed him; this grave, which was not yet made, and for which he was to pay so dearly, destroyed his life.

Jose, (laughing)—"Ha! Ha! master, here is the grave—shall we go to work? Come let's finish it, and have done with the old wretch!"

Garcias—In a minute; my story is not ended.

In fine, he passed three or four days in sighs and groans, and deploring his fate he expired.

Jose—But you have assassinated the poor man. I know the law, I know that it's enough to hang you; you will be hung, and I shall have the honor of interring you, for I shall be master grave digger.

Garcias—Silence! It was more than twenty years since Ferraro had ordered of a carpenter in the "grand rue des Carreaux," a fine coffin for himself. It was a large box, much deeper than ordinary coffins. He placed it at the foot of his bed. It was closed and protected by a double padlock; he never failed to watch this heavy box. Sometimes, during the winter, when the wind whistled through the holes in his broken windows, when the old door creaked, and the

blast roared in the chimney, when the sharp sound of the tempest frightened the old woman, he wrapped himself in a large white sheet, and seated himself on the coffin by the fireless hearth. The old woman said he had become a pious man, but they were deceived. They thought that seated on his coffin he would finish by repenting of his sins, and that he would leave to the poor, the wealth of which he made no use.

Yesterday, at noon, two men took up the coffin in which was the dead body, for the purpose of removing it. They started it with great difficulty, and being very much strained the bottom fell out. Guess, Jose, what was in the false bottom of the coffin. Gold, dollars without number, coins of every sort, enough to make a dowry for the daughter of a Viceroy. He had taken it all with him.

Jose—Ha! Ha! If he should come back now, would'nt he be well caught.

Garcias—He wished that his dollars should be with him in eternity. That was his paradise. He had a poor old aunt and a very pretty niece, who were made suddenly rich by this adventure. Honest Jose, I have told thee that it was a lesson; mayest thou profit by it. Thou seest that dead body in the box close by us; he lived richer than a Spanish banker, and poorer than an African negro; for he deprived himself of every thing, and enjoyed nothing. What a man! A glutton and a spendthrift at the expense of others; avaricious of all that was his own; The most wretched of all the corpses that I have buried; a poltroon, who would have merited the gibbet, if he had not been such a coward.

Jose—Master, don't talk so loud; if this evil spirit should come back...

Garcias—And are you afraid of it?

Jose—No master; what I despise most is a poltroon.

Garcias—Well then, jump down into the grave and help me.

Jose—Master, the grave is already deep, and suppose that it should cave in, and swallow us up...

Garcias—Are you not a poltroon now? A VOICE FROM THE COFFIN—Ah! I am smothering; let me out! My gold....

Garcias—Jose, did thou hear? Jose—LEAPING OUT—Master, save yourself; it is the ghost.

(The two grave diggers fall against each other into the grave.)

Ferraro—(Breaking the lid of the coffin, and raising himself with difficulty.)

Where was I? Oh! Mon Dieu! Where did I come from? They have buried me. Here is the coffin. Ah! Mon Dieu! This is not my oak coffin that I paid fifteen dollars for to the carpenter at Toledo. And my gold that was in the bottom! Ah! Mon Dieu! I am lost! My coffin! My dollars! The false bottom! I am robbed!

(He runs off to the village in his winding sheet.)

NAPOLEON AND HIS GENERALS.

A LEGEND OF LACKEN.

"Our Imperial Palace of the Lacken,"  
Emperor Napoleon.  
"Houl soit qui mal y pense."  
Edward the Fourth.

It was in the summer of that year in which Dendermond—no; but in which Europe was all but lost by the Allies, that the Emperor Napoleon was seated in the grand saloon of the Lacken Palace, playing at "Vingt-et-un," with his marshals, while at an adjacent table the Empress Josephine was similarly engaged with the ladies of the Court. Some chamberlains and several generals were standing behind the ladies' chairs, and betting largely on the game rather than taking a principal part therein. Among the ladies was the beautiful wife of the Marshal S——, a woman whose personal loveliness, mental accomplishments, unsullied character, and a genuine goodness of heart, were in a great measure tainted by her incorrigible love for play. Immediately behind this lady's chair, and leaning a little over the back of it, stood a weather-beaten warrior, bronzed by the sun of Austerlitz, and with a breast, one constellation of stars. This was the future antagonist of Wellington at Vittoria, the Marshal Jourdan, whose fortune at the card table was more propitious than his subsequent luck "at the game of rings in Spain." Madame la Marechale S—— was losing rapidly, for which amusement indeed, the brilliant madcap possessed a surprising talent. Jourdan, on the contrary, was sweeping the Naps and double Naps from the table, for

which pleasing operation he had frequently been obliged to pass his arm over the alabaster shoulders of Madame S——. At last he made more than an extraordinary haul, and, in order to land the golden prey more expeditiously; he was obliged to use both hands, shovel-fashion. This he did; and now, when the richly-laded hands were passing just over the Marechale's neck, some one touched rather smartly Jourdan's elbow—his hands separated, and the golden shower fell—not into the lap of this modern Danae, but between her stooping shoulders, where the *corsage* closed upon the treasure.

"Ah! Marshal," exclaimed the lively lady, standing up, and endeavoring to shake the gold from her dress, "I am no Danae." Then continuing rather angrily as the gold would not evacuate its position, "Twenty-four hours, you know, are allowed to pay debts of play; and, marshal, you must wait till to-morrow."

"Madame," replied Jourdan, bowing with infinite grace, "I never had money so well invested."

The imperial party laughed, made a few *mots*, continued the game, and on Madame S—— entering her carriage for Brussels, she had not one franc remaining out of the three hundred Napoleons which she had received from her husband the same morning.

It was midnight. An old clergyman was seen walking with hurried steps towards the hotel of Madame S——, situated in the Rue Royale.—With a trembling hand he rings the bell, is immediately admitted, and stands with quivering lips before the fair being who was formerly his pupil, and never ceased to be his friend.

"How! Monsieur l'Abbe—you make a visit at this hour?" exclaimed la Marechale.

"When Madame has known the cause of this visit she will pardon the breach of decorum."

"Bon Dieu! then tell it at once. Be quick! Your looks frighten me!"

"You know, Madame," said the abbe, as soon as they were alone, "that my young brother has embraced the profession of arms."

"Yes, yes—a charming fellow, who will make his way."

"Thanks to the Marshal's protection, he is already paymaster in a cavalry regiment. But unhappily he is inexperienced, and easily led by others into vice. He had played, and the wretched youth has lost the money which belonged to his regiment. To-morrow he must give in his accounts, and if he cannot make up the deficit, he has sworn to blow his brains out. He will keep his oath."

And the poor abbe covered his face with both hands and wept bitterly.

The beautiful Marechale winced beneath the stings of her own conscience. Her unbridled passion for play deprived her utterly of the power to obey the dictates of her generous heart;—and as she heard the half-stifled sobs of her supplicant, she felt that she would be virtually a murderer if she found not means to prevent the threatened catastrophe.

"What sum do you require, my poor friend?"—she asked in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Five hundred francs. It would be a trifle if we had only time. But to-morrow—to-morrow—at dawn of day, the regiment's *caisse*, and my brother's accounts, will be examined."

"He is saved! he is saved!" suddenly exclaimed Madame S——, as she bethought her of the golden shower. "Quick, quick! help to un-make my toilet." And without waiting for an answer, the fair Marechale, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, rapidly removed her neckerchief and sash. The astonished abbe began to think he was in a dream.

"If Madame la Marechale will permit me, I will call her maids," stammered the old priest, going to the door.

"Not for the world! No one but you shall know where I shall find the money you want.—Remove this pin! Very good. Now these hooks and eyes. Excellent. Now this cordon de tailleur. Bun!"

The poor abbe trembled from head to foot.—When the gown was loosened behind, he was going to cry, like braver men, "Sauve qui peut!" and meditated a precipitate flight. His trials, however, were only beginning.

"Let us lose no time, my good friend. Undo this knot. Good! Now this other—and then—but hold; that will save time. Take these scissors and cut my stay-lace."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at his feet, poor old Desclairs had scarcely been more astounded.—The old man changed color. His knees trembled under him. A cold perspiration bedewed his ven-

erable forehead, as his pale lips scarcely pronounced, "Madame la Marechale must pardon me—it is impossible. I cannot."

"What! not save the life and honor of your brother?"

"But what has the life or honor of my brother to do with—"

"Gold will save him, and in order to have that you must loosen my *corsage*. Here, take the scissors. Be quick!"

And he took the scissors with a trembling hand, and cut the stay-lace, and immediately Jourdan's Napoleons fell at the feet of the laughing, kind-hearted woman.

"Bravo! Bravo!" she exclaimed, clapping her hand & throwing a cashmere round her shoulders, "eight Napoleons more than you want. Take them all—nay, not a word! And now to explain. This evening, while seated at cards with the Empress, Marshal Jourdan, by some *gaucherie*, dropped the pieces between my shoulders. I have twenty-four hours to return them, and I bless my stars for the Marshal's *maladresse*. But go at once and calm the mind of that young hair-brain. Spare not rebuke; overwhelm him with advice: Alas! it is more easily given than received."

The abbe gained his lodgings, where his brother awaited his return, a prey to distracting anxiety. The deficit was supplied; and young Desclairs, who possessed all the qualities necessary to ensure success in the profession he had embraced, vowed eternal gratitude to his benefactress, and resolved to make for himself a name worthy of her esteem.

Events at the period of our historiette hurried on so rapidly that people had no time to think of every thing; and so the day following the scene just described, the giddy Marechale S—— had forgotten the debt she had so involuntarily contracted with Jourdan. When she subsequently remembered, Jourdan was no longer in France. In short, matters proceeded after such a fashion, that the debt existed till the fourth year from its birth.

In 1809, Marshal Jourdan had the command in Spain. The French army attacked at Vittoria by the allies, was at one juncture upon the point of being utterly put *hors de combat*. Vainly did Jourdan and King Joseph rush along the yielding or broken lines, imploring the soldiers of France not to bring dishonor upon their banners. All, all in vain. Borne away by his desperate courage, the Marshal flung himself into the centre of a hussar regiment, or rather the vestige of one, and with a handful of gallant fellows charged the dragons of Wellington. All, all in vain. His officers are slain by his side, Jourdan himself, already wounded, is on the point of being surrounded and cut to pieces, when a young officer throws himself between the Marshal and his foes. "General!" he exclaimed, "the debt of honor is discharged."

And the young soldier was immediately smitten to the smoking earth; but his noble self-devotion gave time for the arrival of a French squadron of heavy cavalry. The Marshal was rescued—discipline re-established, and the army saved from complete destruction.

On his return to Paris, Jourdan was one evening at a soiree, where also shone the brilliancy of Madame la Marechale S——. The Marshal was narrating the noble trait which had saved his life, when the lady, struck with a sudden recollection, demanded—

"Is not Desclairs the name of this officer?"

"It certainly is."

"The wretched man! It is I who have killed him!"

"In that case, Madame," rejoined the Marshal, applying a line of Moliere's—

"The folk you have killed are in excellent health."

"for M. Desclairs soon recovered from his wounds—he is in excellent health—and, besides, a Lieutenant Colonel. To-morrow I shall have the pleasure to present him to Madame."

Scandal is very busy in every part of the world, but, beyond all question, Paris is her favorite head quarters. The exclamation of Madame S—— about her having killed young Desclairs, became, of course, the exhaustless subject of *little and persiflage*, even in the highest circles. Some kind friend was even so kind as to whisper the matter to Marshal S——, who knew perfectly well all about it.

"What very droll people there must be," replied the brave veteran with a smile, "who pretend to know better than I do myself about matters which affect me so vitally! Bah, bon jour!" —London Age.

A FRENCH AMAZON.

Towards the end of 1806, on a fine autumnal morning, Napoleon was reviewing his troops, decorated with the laurels of Egypt, Germany, and Italy; and he had already passed the fronts of several regiments, whose dangers and fatigues in the field of battle he had so often witnessed and shared, when he arrived at the 6th Hussars, so remarkable for its splendid appearance. His eagle-eye soon perceiving a volunteer who was caroling out of his ranks, he immediately exclaimed—

"Why is this hussar not in his place, sir?" added he to the Colonel. "How is it, that in a regiment which I frequently quote as a model, such a want of discipline is permitted in my presence? Let the soldier be put in arrest for eight days."

"Sire," replied the Colonel, "permit me to appeal against this severe sentence, and to solicit pardon for my volunteer. You would not refuse me, if you would but interrogate him."

"Very well," said the Emperor. "Be it so; let him approach."

The hussar came forward at a gallop; and the following dialogue ensued:

"Your name?"

"My Emperor, my name is Dunconde Laborde; but the regiment call me Breton Double."

"For what reason did you presume to quit the ranks?"

"I never entered into them—merely following the regiment as a volunteer, and not wishing to form part until your Majesty considered me worthy of that honor."

"How long have you been attached to the regiment?"

"Eight years."

"What has induced you to join the service?"

"Love of my country and of my husband, from whom I was desirous never to be separated."

"What! you a woman?"

"Yes, sire; and you have never had in your regiment an arm more devoted than mine."

"What is the name of your husband?"

"Poncet."

"From what country do you come?"

"Angouleme."

"Your age?"

"Thirty-three years."

"Have you any children?"

"Yes, sire—one son."

"How is he employed?"

"As trumpeter to the 11th dragoons."

"Very well; do you understand the evolutions of the regiment?"

"Yes, sire, and the sword exercise."

"I am very anxious to witness this," said the Emperor, who listened to Breton Double with increased interest. "Colonel, let a troop advance, and let this brave Breton join the ranks."

The Colonel directed the movements, which were executed by Breton Double with so much ardor and precision, that the Emperor was delighted and surprised at witnessing a woman manage her horse with the vigor and courage of an old campaigner.

"I am satisfied with your zeal and ability," said the Emperor, "and appoint you a regimental quartermaster. Take this towards your dress," at the same time placing a Napoleon in her hand, and ordered twenty-five additional to be given her. "Go and rejoin your squadron; we shall meet you again."

Breton Double expressed her grateful thanks to the Emperor, and lost no time in taking the position to which, by her new rank, she became entitled, amidst the congratulations and cheers of the numerous witnesses of the scene. The 6th Hussars shortly afterwards joined the corps of the army in Prussia, and the battle of Eylou afforded Breton Double an opportunity of distinguishing herself. The action had continued more than two hours, when Breton Double, who had been sent to the right wing with an order, rejoined her corps, and, perceiving that the troop was surrounded by a large body of Russians, courageously dashed through the enemy, sword in hand, killed the commander, relieved her countrymen, and returned to the camp proudly displaying the sash of the vanquished officer.

The Emperor, having been informed of this gallant feat, directed a golden medal to be presented to her, which was received by our heroine with grateful and religious respect. Subsequently, in Prussia, at the commencement of an action, she had the misfortune to be wounded by a musket ball in the right hip; instead, however, on returning to the camp, she continued to assault the enemy with increased vigor, out of revenge for the pain she was enduring from the wound; but she

was again struck by a bullet under the right arm. Notwithstanding this, she refused to quit the field—bound up the wound with her handkerchief to stop the bleeding, hung her arm in a sling, passed the rein of her bridle over the neck, and, changing her sabre from her right to her left hand, rushed like a furious hyena into the enemy's ranks. After killing and disabling several men, she finally captured six Prussians, whom she immediately carried in triumph to the Emperor. Napoleon, recognising Breton Double, was affected at such devotion and bravery. He took from his own breast the cross of honor, and, placing it on hers, directed she should go forth with and have her wounds examined, and every attention paid to her by the surgeons. From that period, until 1814, Breton Double did not quit her regiment; performing eminent services in the campaign—sometimes as a courageous soldier, and at other times entering into the enemy's lines in female attire, either as a buckster or peasant, in which latter capacity she often obtained information that was highly important and advantageous to the French troops.

At Waterloo she paid her last tribute to the glory of France, in the military service of which she had passed seventeen years. During that engagement, her left leg was broken by a musket-ball; and Poncet, her husband, then a captain, died at her side, enthusiastically believing the eagle was still victorious. Her leg was amputated on the scene of slaughter; and Breton Double, respected and admired by her late enemies, was conducted to Dublin, where she was obliged to undergo a second amputation above the knee.—After passing six years in this country, every where honored, and hospitably treated, she returned into France on the death of Louis XVIII, furnished with certificates from the French Consul in Dublin, and Ambassador in London.

From her long absence, it was concluded that she had been killed at Waterloo, and, in consequence, the name of this woman, so worthy of the order of the legion of honor, was not retained in the list of members. She eventually obtained from Charles X. a pension of 280 francs; but the revolution of July, so beneficial to others, did but add to the misfortunes of Breton Double, who was deprived of the means of subsistence granted to her by the King. Services such as hers could not, however, in justice, be passed over unrewarded; and in 1833 or 1834, the widow Poncet was informed that the Minister of War was in expectation of being enabled to satisfy all the demands she had on her country for her long and faithful services, by re-admitting her to the order of the cross of honor, and by bestowing on her the pension of a wounded quartermaster, and also the widow of a captain.

The following sentiment, which she often uttered under her sad trials, will manifest the character of this extraordinary woman. "Although my fortune is humble, my heart is elevated."

The son of Breton Double obtained high rank in the dragoons, and accompanied the Emperor to Elba.

Reader, should you meet at Grenoble a female painfully moving on crutches, a body humbled by grief and wounds—this is Breton Double—salute her. Respects should ever be paid to the unfortunate and deserving.—*United Service Journal.*

The Old World.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY THURLOW WEED.

PARIS, Sept. 20, 1843.

The palace of the Tuilleries is the winter residence of the King. It was, you know, the scene of many stirring and startling events during the Revolution of 1789. It was taken also, by the people, in the Revolution of 1830. It stands on the bank of the Seine, having the Garden of the Tuilleries for its west, and the Louvre for its east front. When it was supposed that the Queen of England might extend her visit to Paris, extensive repairs were ordered at this palace, during and since which it has not been open to visitors.

All who come to Paris visit the Louvre, and as almost every body has written about it, I will not be tedious. Its early history is unknown. A Castle existed here in the earliest ages of the Monarchy. In the time of Philip Augustus it was used as a prison for titled offenders. In 1528, under Francis I. it was re-built and enlarged. Louis XIV. designed much more extensive improvements, but did not complete them, and during his reign and the reign of Terror, the Louvre was

neglected. But Napoleon resumed and finished what was contemplated by his predecessor. It was the residence of several of the Kings of France. Charles IX. fired from one of its windows upon the victims of St. Barthelemi. It has long been, however, exclusively devoted to the reception of works of art, and after Napoleon had despoiled Italy, &c. of their treasures, the Louvre displayed the richest collection of paintings in the world. But the Allied Monarchs, when in Paris, stripped this great depository of pictures and statuary of many of its glories. Its magnificence, however, still excites admiration and wonder.—These galleries are open to the free examination of strangers every day in the week but Monday. Artists from all parts of the world come here to improve themselves in making copies of the old masters. In passing through the galleries I saw, in several instances, half-a-dozen artists making as many copies of the same picture. Around two of Murillo's magnificent pieces I saw as many painters at work as could get views of the original. Of the Parisian Artists thus employed in the Louvre, a large proportion are young ladies, some of whom paint with much power and effect.

The basement story of the Louvre is called the "Musée Royal des Antiques," and contains between eleven and twelve hundred pieces of statuary, most of which is from the ancient cities of Greece and Rome. Think what an army these statues would make if they were placed for review in an open field! But the picture galleries are far more extensive. I have spent most of two days in these galleries, without getting through them, and without attempting to look at half the pictures I passed. The principal gallery is 1332 feet long and 42 feet wide. Its walls are entirely covered with pictures, amounting in number to over 1,400, of which 373 are by French artists, 540 by Flemish and German, 480 by Italians, and the remainder modern copies of ancient pictures. The works of all living artists are excluded from the Louvre. I am so deficient of knowledge and taste, in pictures, as not to appreciate the works of the most illustrious artists. At the Louvre, I passed the master-pieces of Claude Lorraine, Titian, Rubens, &c. with comparatively slight interest, to search and all but worship the divinely beautiful and sublime efforts of Murillo.

We went to St. Cloud on Sunday, with fifteen or twenty thousand Parisians, who were attracted thither by a Fete. Cloud lies six miles from Paris, on the Seine. It is memorable as the place where Henry III. was assassinated in 1589, and as the residence of Napoleon during that period of the Revolution which placed him at the head of the French Government. Louis Philippe resides in the palace of St. Cloud most of the year. Charles X. was residing here when the Revolution of 1830 broke out.

I went to St. Cloud under an impression that its Fete, on Sunday, was in some way or sort a religious festival, but found it more like our 4th of July celebrations than any thing I had ever seen. But in comparing it with the 4th of July you can form only an imperfect and inadequate conception of the scene. Its object is amusement. To gratify this "ruling passion" of the French, the most grotesque, absurd, ludicrous and even frivolous exhibitions are found successful. The banks of the river, for more than a mile, were lined with booths, tents, stands, &c. in which all sorts of shows were to be seen, and every species of confectionary, fruit, trinkets and frippery were exposed for sale. In the beautiful grove adjoining, innumerable tables were spread, at which between 11 and 12 thousand visitors breakfasted: Around each table were minstrels, some exerting their vocal powers, while others "discoursed" instrumentally. The first and most ambitious place of amusement was the circus, in front of which the whole troupe with its band was stationed, exerting all their powers to draw an audience. The band would first play most clamorously. Then the manager, with impassioned voice and vehement gestures, would dwell upon the prodigies performed by his company; then one of the company would throw a somerset by way of illustration; then the band would thunder again; then a lady (of which there were four in tight pants) would sing; and then another lady would stand with one foot upon the Clown's head, holding the other leg in a horizontal position, and balancing a sword upon her nose.

During these outward signs of the wonders to be seen within, the people kept dropping, like pigeons into a net, through the tent door. The price of admission was six sous. The performance lasted an hour; and then the same seductive arts were practised for another audience. Directly

opposite the circus was a theatre, before which the dramatees personæ, in tawdry costume, presented themselves. Here too these imitative heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin, like Hamlet's players, "split the ears of the groundlines with inexplicable dumb-show and noise." Next to the theatre were the tents of jugglers, magicians, mountebanks, rope dancers, &c., before each of which actors exhibited themselves in the skins of horses, bulls, lions, leopards, tigers, hyenas, alligators, &c., neighing, bellowing and roaring in ludicrous mockery of the beasts they attempted to personate. Opposite these were tents in which baboons, moneys, parrots, rabbits, with all sorts of loathsome reptiles and creeping things were congregated. In front of these tents their proprietors would place the most knowing animal of their respective collection through its exercises. The monkeys were made to *do*, and the parrots to *say*, almost every thing. One rabbit beat the drum—and another played the tambourine, while a third danced to the second's music. Before one tent a man filled his mouth with live lizards; at the next a boy stood with his arm in the mouth of an alligator; at the next was a man with a huge anaconda wound round his body and neck, with his head in his hands; and finally, stood a not ill looking girl with two long black snakes wound round her arms, reposing their heads on her bosom. Then came tents with human deformities, at the doors of which were representatives upon canvass of the nonstrosities to be seen within. Here was the "largest woman in the world;" there, a "girl two years old weighing three hundred pounds;" then a "dwarf 30 years old, and but 20 inches high;" then a "man with eyes in the back side of his head;" then a "woman with a horse's head," and finally, a veritable "mermaid, with scales and long hair, alive and swimming!" Next came the various contrivances for gambling, in a small way. Several large canvass halls for dancing, with "bal" and "ball masque," in black letters painted upon them, were in readiness for the evening. In front of all the places of amusement the proprietors continued, with a volubility which astonished me, and an eloquence quite irresistible, to admonish and entreat the people not to lose the last opportunity they would ever have for witnessing the wonders to be revealed within their tents.

Such is a very faint and imperfect description of the fete of St. Cloud. The same scenes were repeated on two succeeding Sundays. It was attended not only by the lower and simpler classes, but thousands of well dressed citizens of Paris were there, all, or nearly all, finding amusement in things that would scarcely gratify children in America. The ground selected for this fete was a beautiful lawn, finely wooded, directly in front of the palace. These fetes are held all over France, with the approval and encouragement of the Government. They keep the people happy and quiet. I had heard, and now believe, that the prohibition, by the Government, of the accustomed amusements of the Parisians, would create a revolution in a month.

The newspaper press of Paris, though abundantly talented, is in all other respects far inferior to that of England or America. The papers are all established by associations of men having personal objects to accomplish. But few, if any, of them support, or are expected to support themselves. Instead of being devoted to the common welfare, they are made to subserve the views of the individuals or cabals by whom they are owned and controlled. There are but few occasions, if I am correctly informed, when the voice of an unshackled French press is heard. Ambitious men use them as ladders to attain the elevations to which they aspire. The typography of these Journals is most unworthy of the taste and intelligence of the beautiful city of Paris. They are printed upon small sheets of inferior paper, and there is scarcely a newspaper in any of the villages of our state that is not executed in a more neat and workmanlike manner.

The Americans who visit Paris, are under many obligations to a few of their countrymen who reside here, for the establishment of an Athenæum where American Newspapers, Reviews, Periodicals, &c., are to be found. English visitors have long been thus accommodated at Galignani's. The expense of this establishment falls heavily upon a few gentlemen, among whom Mr. Draper, our consul, and Mr. Ledyard, our Charge de Affairs, have been most active and liberal. The French Government has supplied this Athenæum with its State Papers, for exchange with the several States of the Union. Mr. Ledyard has written to Col. Young, our Secretary of State, upon the

subject, and is anxiously awaiting an answer. Authors and publishers, in America, are respectfully solicited to contribute copies of new publications to the library of the Athenæum.

I have been fortunate in making the acquaintance of Robert Walsh, Esq. the former editor of the Philadelphia National Gazette, and for several years the able Foreign Correspondent of the National Intelligencer. Mr. Walsh and his accomplished lady, speak French as readily, and know Paris as thoroughly, as the best educated French themselves. Mr. W. is not only one of the best scholars, but among the best informed men in Europe.

We visited the Royal Libry under the auspices of Walsh. This immense literary storehouse occupies what was formerly the hotel or castle of the Duke de Richelieu. It stands upon an entire block, and fronts upon four streets. The library contains nearly one million volumes of printed books and pamphlets; 80,000 manuscript volumes; 100,000 medals; 1,400,000 engravings; and 300,000 maps, plans, drawings, &c. I did little else, as you may suppose, than walk these galleries. We did, however, stop to look at a few precious things, such as a large quarto dictionary in Latin and Chinese; another in Latin, Spanish and Arabic; a copy of the first edition of Aristotle, in Greek, printed in 1497; a copy of the Psalter, printed by Faust, in 1457; a copy of the first Latin Bible printed at Paris, in 1557; and copies of the works of Racine, Voltaire and Rosseau with notes and annotations upon the margins in their own hand writing. But the most curious and interesting book we saw, was a large volume filled with the manuscript songs, odes, melodies, &c. of Rosseau, set to music, of his own composition, also in manuscript. The songs and music are beautifully written, and are entirely free from blots or erasures.

I have visited several of the literary institutions of Paris in company with George Folsom, Esq. of New York, who continues to devote himself to historical researches, and whose visit abroad will result in further contributions, from him, to the early history of America. I also called with Mr. F. upon Mr. Warden, an enlightened and much respected gentleman who came to Paris in 1807 as Secretary to the American Legation, and who was, for many years U. S. Consul here; but who for the last fifteen years has devoted himself to literary pursuits. He is now publishing an extended history of America, eight volumes of which are out.

Mr. Warden, during his long residence in Paris, has been accumulating books in relation to America. These have grown into an extensive and valuable library, which, in consequence of the loss of much of his property in American stocks, he is compelled to sell. This library, which consists of nearly 2000 volumes, with valuable and rare atlases, maps, charts, prints, medals, &c. relating to America, ought to be owned on our side of the water. Indeed there could scarcely be a more valuable acquisition to our own State library. Mr. Warden, in remarking that his work, which is half through the press, had been suspended by reason of the death of his publisher, stated that this publisher, who was 84 years old, remained until the last hour entirely engaged in business; that he had accumulated a fortune the income of which exceeded 80,000 francs annually; that he was without family, and had no surviving relatives; and that he had died without making a will or indicating any wish or desire in relation to the disposition of his property. Mr. W. inquired very affectionately after Mr. Isaiah Townsend and Doct. Hun, whom he said were much with him when in Paris, and to whom he is much attached.

PARIS, Sept. 23, 1843.

Nothing about Paris strikes a stranger with more surprise than the quiet manner of conducting its business. You see little or nothing of the noise and bustle of other great cities. Neither the hum of commerce nor the din of manufactures are heard. There is more stir about the Basin at Albany, with greater demonstrations of business, than is to be met with in all Paris. You even wonder how such a vast population are supplied with provisions; and the wonder how they all support themselves, is still greater. We, however, are strangers to the rigid system and habits of economy that prevail here. I am assured by an intelligent American who has been long here, that the expense of victualling Paris, with its million of mouths, does not exceed that of victualling New York. Nothing is wasted here, while in New York enough is thrown away daily to feed an hundred thousand Parisians. French science

in cooking is every thing to Paris. Many of their best and most delicious soups are compounded of materials which we have never dreamed of eating. Indeed there is no part of a creature, from its horns to its hoofs, out of which the French will not serve you up a savory dish. I came here with a determination to eschew the refinements in French cookery, but my resolutions and prejudices have yielded, day by day, and dish after dish, until I now eat whatever is set before me, taking care to smother all that looks like horse steak, cat stew, or rat pie, in tomatoes. I have eaten as many varieties of soups, since I came to Paris, as there are subdivisions in a New England sermon, or verses in a chapter of the Book of Chronicles; and for the most part I must say that these "pottages" are excellent. With beef and vegetables, a French cook will serve you a capital dinner, in three courses, for one franc. The tendency of French cooking is to diminish the quantity of meat, and to increase the proportions of bread and vegetables consumed; and another and more important result of the perfection of their art, is to greatly diminish the expenses of living. Bread and wine, or perhaps I should say wine and bread, are the staples of life in France. You see Frenchmen in Cafe's, in gardens, and by the road side, dining not only contentedly but cheerfully, upon red wine and dry bread. I look from my window into the apartment of a humble French family, who dine daily from a single soup, with wine and bread.—The bread, for families, is baked in rolls a yard long, and stands by the table with one end upon the floor, while the other rests against the wall. In commencing dinner the master or mistress of the family cuts a slice and then passes the loaf round the table, each cutting for themselves, and then the roll is again placed upright against the wall.

It is said that from thirty to fifty thousand of the inhabitants of Paris rise in the morning without knowing where or how they are to get either a breakfast or a dinner. This class, for the most part, neither work nor beg, but in some way or another, enough sticks to their fingers, during the day, to enable them to procure the necessaries of life—wine and bread.

Paris abounds in hospitals, of which, in all, including charitable institutions where medical aid is furnished gratuitously, there are forty. There are separate hospitals for nearly "all the ills that flesh is heir to." There are hospitals, also, for the insane, the blind, the old and the maimed.—There is a hospital for men and another for women, who are afflicted with incurable diseases.—There are, also, asylums for destitute women and for children abandoned by their parents before they are old enough to support themselves. In all these abodes of wretchedness and suffering those "ministering angels," the Sisters of Charity, are to be found. Indeed there is no form or condition of human distress which these half-divine women do not seek out, and as far as charity and kindness can go, relieve or mitigate. Their missions of mercy are executed with a fearlessness that no danger can appal and no privations discourage. With a perseverance, a devotion and a fidelity, so high and hallowed that celestial spirits must look down approvingly upon them, these benevolent Sisters linger about the bed-side of the sick, administering cordials and balms to the convalescent, and soothing and tranquillizing the dying with the consolations of religion. I went through the Hotel Dieu at Notre Dame, where there are beds for a thousand patients. In all the wards Sisters of Charity were moving noiselessly about, smoothing the pillows, wetting the lips, chafing the hands, placing warm blankets at the feet, or in some other way ministering to the relief of patients apparently in the last stages of disease. The steward who accompanied us through the wards, (an intelligent soldier who belonged to Bonaparte's Young Guard,) informed us that these good angels were hovering about the sick and the dying, day and night; that every groan brought one of them to the bed-side of the sufferers; and that while others slept, they waited upon and watched with those for whom there was neither rest nor sleep. These Sisters of Charity live among the dying. Their lives are passed, not in promoting their own interest or happiness, but in mitigating the sufferings, relieving the distress, and soothing the anguish of others. They endeavor to confer upon the unfortunate and the miserable, what we selfishly seek to obtain for ourselves. How incapable is our sex of a life of such pure, disinterested, self-sacrificing benevolence! To "Heaven's last, best gift to man" alone can we look for such generous, free-will sacrifices to the cause of charity and benevolence.

Paris abounds, as you know, in magnificent churches, the architecture of which marks and distinguishes the different eras of their construction. Some were erected in the early, some in the middle, and others in the modern ages. The church of Notre Dame is supposed to have been founded by the Romans in 365, and grew from century to century, into the splendid and imposing edifice you now contemplate with as much of awe as of admiration. Any thing like a description of this stupendous cathedral, would fill a page of the Evening Journal. We were half a day looking at its paintings, its statuary, its carved work and its monuments. It was in this church that Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor of the French. It was here that the Pope was constrained to accord the sanction of the church to his coronation. The costly and magnificent robes worn on that occasion, which are preserved to the church, were shown to us.

From the church of Notre Dame we proceeded to those of St. Eustache, St. Genevieve, the Madeleine, &c. The latter is a magnificent structure, in the form of a Roman temple. The interior of this church is very expensively and richly embellished with paintings and statuary. Its construction was commenced by Napoleon, early in the present century, as an indemnity for a church which he converted into a temple of glory. The churches here are open all the days of the week. Daily masses are performed, and on Sundays and festive masses are said by the priests at intervals during the day. You never enter these churches without finding more or less persons at their devotions. Candles are always burning upon their altars. You see persons in the confessionals, which are ranged along the sides of the churches. I have seen no less than six priests engaged with as many penitents, while half a dozen or more were awaiting their turns at each confessional.—At several of the churches we visited, the marriage ceremony was being performed. This ceremony, in addition to the parties and their friends, collects a crowd of spectators. The rite is performed with much solemnity. There are no pews in these churches. Those who sit occupy chairs; for the use of which they pay two sous. Between the masses, a servitor, preceded by a man in military costume, with a long staff, goes through the aisles with a plate, receiving the contributions of the worshippers.

Within all these churches and at their doors, you find scores of mendicant beggars, (women and children,) whose touching appeals cannot well be resisted. It is impossible to give to all as it is to deny those preferring claims first.—Travelers who return from Italy say that the sturdy beggars there freeze up all the charitable emotions of our nature; but I am quite sure that an American heart, unaccustomed as it is at home with the supplications of these destitute and fainting creatures, never denies them a sou without experiencing that feeling of remorse by which Sterne was pained, after repulsing "the monk" with unkindness. Indeed the philosophy of Sterne, in relation to beggars, is the philosophy of nature and of religion:

"When all is ready, and every article is disputed, and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little scorched by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you get into your chaise; and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surrounded you. Let no man say, "let them go to the devil"—'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables, and they have had sufferings enough without it. I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand, and I would counsel every gentle traveler to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—they will be registered elsewhere.

The hotels, public and private, as well as the mansion houses of Paris, stand back from the streets. You pass to them through a formidable gate-way and court. There is an apartment in the basement of every considerable house for the "Concierge," who directs strangers to the different lodging, observes all who pass and repass, and takes care that nothing is stolen from the premises. The hotels are visited daily by the police, to examine the passports of strangers.

Those who have not visited Paris or made themselves familiar with its environs, will be surprised to learn that within a mile and a half of the city there is a dense forest, covering many thousand acres. This is the Wood of Boulogne, than which a more delightful retreat, in a warm day, cannot be imagined. We rode through this forest, (more than two miles without an opening,) on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, when thousands

of persons were enjoying its grateful shade. Families come here with their children, bringing their repast with them, to be eaten upon the grass under the trees. The forest is interspersed with roads and walks, in which people lose themselves, and wander for hours without making their way out of the woods! This is the "Bladensburgh" of Paris. All duels, for hundreds of years, have been fought in the "Bois de Boulogne." And here, too, the miserable and the misanthropic, who are weary of life, "rid themselves of it." The Duke of Wellington, after the capitulation of Paris to the Allies, in 1814, quartered his army in the forest of Boulogne.

From this forest we passed to Ranelagh, a fashionable and much frequented place of amusement, where balls are given every Sunday and Thursday during the summer. In returning we came through Passey, the village where Dr. Franklin resided while serving his country as a Statesman and Patriot, and the world, as a Philosopher and Philanthropist. The street in which he lived is still called the "Rue Franklin."

PARIS, September 25, 1843.

I have no where regretted my ignorance of the French language so keenly as in my visit to the "Hotel des Invalides," where you see 3000 of Napoleon's veterans. It would have been equally a source of instruction and enjoyment to converse with the surviving "actors in the scenes" which will render Bonaparte's campaigns memorable in all coming time. As it was, I could only look at the men who carried the Eagles of France into Egypt, and dragged her cannon over the Alps—men whose lives for twenty years were little else but a continuous conflict—men who, in the language of Lord Byron, "ever slept upon the arms their severed hands must grasp in waking." But though speech was denied me, the eyes furnished themes for the imagination. I saw the men who were with Massena, and Davout, and Kleber, and Bernadotte, and Ney, and Soult, and Junot, and Murat, and Lannes, and Mortier, at Marengo, and Austerlitz, and Wagram, and Leizen, and Hohenlinden, and Jena, and Lodi, and Rivoli, and Aboukir, and the Pyramids. Here too were men who, after encountering all the other dangers and horrors of war, saw thousands of their comrades perish under the snows of Russia in their disastrous retreat from Moscow. And these men have about their persons the most unequivocal, as well as the most painful, evidences of the hard service they have rendered. All, or nearly all here, will show you the bullet-hole or the sabre-cut to which he is indebted for his medal of the "Legion of Honor." And certainly half of all I saw could tell you upon which of the fields of blood they left an arm or a leg.

This magnificent Hospital has apartments for 5000 invalids, and soon after 1814 contained nearly that number; but time and "a long peace" has thinned their ranks. It covers 16 acres of ground. The oldest Marshal of France is by law Governor of this Hospital. There are apartments here for invalid officers as well as soldiers. Those only who have been disabled by wounds, or who have been 30 years in the armies of France, are entitled to the privileges of the Hospital. The officers and soldiers perform the usual duty of troops in garrison. You see, therefore, sentinels walking their rounds, some with wooden legs and others with one arm. In the detachment you see marching about to mount and relieve guard, more than one-half have left limbs to bleach in Egypt, Italy, Spain or Russia. They are abundantly provided with excellent wine, food, clothing, &c. Such as prefer money to rations are allowed to draw it, and those who have been deprived of both legs are paid an equivalent in money for the shoes they are entitled to but have no use for! The Hospital measures 1440 feet by 780. There are broad grounds with fine trees, under whose shade the veterans "fight o'er their battles." In one of the groves is a pedestal with a bust of La Fayette, near which are mounted a large number of trophy cannon, the fruits of Napoleon's campaigns, and in the capture of which these invalids had a hand.

There is a Library belonging to the Hospital containing 30,000 volumes, selected by Napoleon. Here we saw a large number of the invalids (officers and men) intently engaged with books. The guide informed us that they passed a large share of their time in the library. From the galleries of the chapel there are long rows of flags, banners and standards captured in the various wars in which France has been engaged. Among the tombs beneath the chapel are those of Marshal Jourdon and Count Laban, former Governors of the Hospital. The remains of Napoleon, when

brought in 1840 from St Helena, were deposited with great solemnity in the vault of this chapel.

From this Hospital we went to the Palace of the Luxembourg, which is also the Chamber of Peers. This Palace has been the residence of some of the members of the royal families of France for more than four hundred years. Its gardens, grounds and groves are extensive and beautiful. In the early period of the Revolution it was converted into a prison. Subsequently the Directory held its sittings here. The Chamber of Peers is situated at the head of a magnificent lawn looking down upon the Palace, and resembling the Pennsylvania Avenue at Washington. The gardens and groves abound in statuary, of much of which Greece and Rome were despoiled. In the Palace, among numerous other works of art, are twenty-four pictures of Rubens, allegorically historic of Marie de Medicis. Napoleon crowded it galleries with the noblest works of art; but those of which he plundered other nations were reclaimed in 1815. In a wood near the eastern wall of the garden of the Luxembourg, I saw the spot where Marshal Ney, whom Bonaparte distinguished as the "bravest of the brave," was shot. He was taken from an apartment in the Chamber of Peers at four o'clock in the morning by a detachment of the National Guard, and on arriving at the fatal spot, requested of the officer in command not to bandage his eyes; and then taking his position, bared his breast and requested the Guard to do their duty, and it is said that so sure was the aim of each soldier that his person was pierced by the ball of every musket fired. Frenchmen here, in speaking of Ney, never fail to reproach Lord Wellington, who had the power, after his condemnation, to save him, but refused to interpose.

The Pantheon, though apparently a spacious church, with a magnificent dome, is in fact merely a monument. It was originally a church, and afterwards an abbey, both of which, however, became ruins, and in 1670 the present structure, the expense of which was defrayed by lottery, was erected as a great national mausoleum. The pediment contains an ideal figure of France, by David, in sculpture, dispensing honors to her great men, among whom are Fenelon, Mirabeau, Voltaire, Rousseau, LaFayette, Carnot, Manuel, &c. Opposite are distinguished soldiers, with Napoleon in the front ground; and in the corners youths are seen studying. This edifice is supported by 388 massive Corinthian pillars. The artist who painted the dome received 100,000 francs and was made a Baron of France. Among the distinguished men interred in the Pantheon were Le Grange, the mathematician, Bousainville, the circumnavigator, De Winter, the Dutch Admiral, Voltaire, Rousseau, Marshal Lannes, &c. From the cupola of the Pantheon, you have an excellent and extended view of Paris and its environs.

I availed myself of the invitation of a Broadway merchant (Mr. Young, of the house of Tiffany, Young & Ellis,) to visit some of the manufacturing establishments of Paris, and was surprised to find that Parisian mechanics had attained perfection in several departments where England, until recently, was without competition. I am told that artisans and mechanics, of genius and enterprise, uniformly receive the patronage, and if necessary the aid of the French Government, and that for several years France has competed successfully with England in the fabrication of much of which the latter country long enjoyed a monopoly. In porcelain, the French superiority is conceded; and in glass, they are doing wonders. But their taste and genius in all the various gold and silver household ornaments, put competition into the shade. It is impossible to describe, as it is to surpass, their exquisite workmanship. There is a gorgeousness, and yet a simplicity, in the different articles made here, for use and ornament, in parlors, boudoirs, dressing-rooms, &c., that I have seen no where else. I consumed an entire day, very pleasantly, in looking through a dozen of these establishments, from each of which Mr. Young was ordering goods for his house in New York—but I advise those who pass or look into their store before the holidays, to leave their wallets at home, else they will be sure to return with empty pockets. In such an event, however, they may rely upon having received an equivalent, for the establishments here to which I refer, desirous of dividing the American trade with John Bull, are sending over articles of intrinsic value.

Paris has the appearance of a city under Martial Law. Its National Guard is doing duty as police men. Sentinels are stationed at the entrances of all the public institutions. Detachments of troops are quartered near each other,

throughout the city. The number of soldiers now doing duty, in and about Paris, is over 50,000.—All the young men of France, over 18 years old, are liable to be drawn into the Army. Indeed, Bonaparte's odious conscription law, by another name, is now practically in operation. When new levies of troops are wanted, all the young men of Paris are warned to meet in their respective arrondissements. If the number assembled be a thousand, and an hundred soldiers are wanted, a thousand numbers are prepared, from which each draws, and those who get the numbers from 1 to 100, are doomed to the army for eight years!—Those who are able, or are fortunate in having wealthy relatives or friends, pay their seven, eight, nine, ten, and sometimes even fifteen hundred francs for a substitute. The pay of a French soldier is about one sou per day, or thirty-five dollars for eight years! Their meat ration is less than half the weight of a soldier's ration in the British or American army. The troops are under sized men, with slight frames, but they are alert in their movements, and are capable of performing hard service and enduring fatigue and privation.

The French live much out doors and at cafes. They are seen, in great numbers, in gardens, in cafes and around tables upon the Boulevards.—Families, instead of dining at home, go frequently to cafes and restaurants. The guests at the table d'hôte of the most fashionable hotels consist in part of ladies and gentlemen who reside in Paris. The poorer classes, in great numbers, go for their dinners without the city barriers, where they get wine which has not paid the Octroi duty, and is therefore very cheap.

The Boulevards are the ornament and the pride of Paris. They surround and enclose the city. They are to this Metropolis what Regent street is to London, what Broadway is to New York, and what Chesnut street is to Philadelphia, though far surpassing either and all in magnificence and beauty. This delightful Avenue, in its graceful sweep around the city, is nine miles in length. There are rows of fine trees planted upon terraces which divide the broad carriage-way from the ample sidewalks. In the evening the Boulevard's are brilliantly illuminated, and then the fashionable stores, the fancy shops and the various picture and print windows, repleated with all the productions of genius and taste, produce a most dazzling effect. Then, too, the Boulevard's are graced by the fashion and beauty of Paris. During the summer evenings fruits and creams and wine are served upon tables under the trees. These scenes are enlivened by music, particularly upon the "Boulevard des Italiens," which is the resort of the most fashionable. The humbler classes congregate more in the "Boulevard des Temple," where they are amused with shows, pantomimes, rouge en noir, roulette, &c., &c. The gambling here, however, is only for cakes, fruit, candies, &c. Among other contrivances for gaming (the French are curious in all such devices) they have something like a "Ten-Pin-Alley," with this difference, that the pins are knocked down by the spinning of a top, instead of rolling a ball among them. The great gambling houses or "hells" of Paris, in which such frightful robberies were formerly perpetrated, have all been suppressed. The Revolution of 1830, among other good things, put an end to licensed gambling-houses and lotteries. But the French passion for play is as strong as ever, though now indulged less injurious to themselves and others. Men spend days and nights at Cafe's playing chess, domino, &c. Billiard tables are as common here as "corner groceries" in New York. Porters, boot-blacks, &c., who have their stands at the corners of the streets, fill up their time with card playing. In walking for half-an-hour you will see half a dozen different parties at Cards upon the corners of public streets.

I regret to perceive that the editor of the Boston Courier has taken offence at an incident I mentioned in relation to the festive meetings of Free-Masons at the Hotel where I lodged in London. He has quite misapprehended the spirit in which that incident was recorded. I scribble down what strikes me as curious, amusing or instructive.—The fact which I mentioned was not, as the editor of the Courier supposes, "drawn from my imagination." The incidents occurred, just as I stated them, in the presence of several gentlemen, two of whom (Bishop Hughes, of New York, and George F. Leitch, Esq., of Skaneateles,) are now in America.

I perceive, too, that my very poor letters have attracted the notice of a clever writer in the New World. They were hastily and crudely written for the indulgent and forbearing readers of the

Evening Journal), without the slightest expectation that they would have been deemed worthy either of the friendly or the critical attention of other Journals; and I am quite sure that the writer in the New World will find no terms of disparagement in the justice of which I shall not assent.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### The Empire State.

The following glowing description of the physical features of our glorious state, we copy from an article in the Knickerbocker for October:—

"New York possesses in herself whatever would be necessary to constitute a great Empire, if distinct and separate; cities, towns, villages, rivers, lakes, mountains, soil, productions, and the most celebrated wonders in the world of nature and art. In extent, equal to Great Britain, she is magnificent in population, in developed and undeveloped resources. In her limits nature has exhausted every element of the beautiful or the sublime. The ocean thunders on her East, and the great Cataract upon her West. Erie and Ontario are two great seas upon her borders, where the mariner may lose sight of land; whose billows are equal to those of the ocean, in storms which wreck the shipping destined for her provincial ports. The mighty river St. Lawrence, with its thousand islands, separates her from the British possessions on the North. On the North East stretches Lake Champlain, one hundred and twenty miles, with all its variety of scene, from the low and swampy shore, to the boundary of steep mountains close to the water's edge, or the cliffs where a hallow murmuring noise is heard when the breeze blows, from the waters splashing in the crannies of the rocks. There are islands encompassed with rocks, shores ornamented with hanging woods, and mountains rising behind each other, range after range, with a magnificence which cannot be described; but richer than all is she, when she receives the waters of Horicon, the loveliest of lakes! It embosoms two hundred islands, and is shadowed on either side by high mountains, while its waves are of such delicious purity as to reveal the slightest object which sparkles on its bottom at any depth.

New York has within it the sublime mountain scenery of the Catskills, where the eagle wheels over their hoary summits, and the winds receive an edge which sometimes kills the flowers of May in the valley. It has primeval forests where the axe has not sounded, and the few red men yet linger amid their gloom; and it has plains which stretch themselves for miles, like the praries of the far West. It has solitudes where the foot of man has scarcely trod, and yet for 300 miles, from the Hudson to the great lakes, it has city after city, town after town, village after village, in one unbroken chain, rising like magic on the borders of the lakes, or in the heart of vallies, where a few years since reigned the silence of nature; a proud attestation of the superiority of the Saxon race. Situated in a most favored zone, with skies hanging over it for the greatest portion of the year, unclouded as those of Italy, it enjoys the four seasons, with accompanying blessings, in equal distribution; the spring with its gradual advances; the luxury of summer: the autumn with its prodigal abundance; and that which enhances these, is likewise full of sublimity, the snow of winter. Whoever has sailed upon its rivers, or clambered its mountain sides, or descended into its valleys, or gazed upon its cataracts, but most of all, has become acquainted with its works of art, must acknowledge that this is pre-eminently the EMPIRE STATE."

### Matrimonial.

"It's very soon done, sir, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Falair of the collector.

"What is soon done sir?" returned Mr. Lillyrick.

"The tying up—the fixing oneself with a wife," replied Mr. Falair. "It don't take long, does it?"

"No sir," replied Mr. Lillyrick coloring, "It does not take long—and; what then sir?"

"Oh! nothing," said the actor. "It don't take a man long to hang himself either eh? ha, ha!"

We were reminded recently of this very unfortunate remark of Mr. Falair, by lately reading in a letter from an acquaintance at the South, a brief account of the easy way in which our "friends" of the Quaker persuasion "slip their heads into the noose," or, by which they agree to "trot in

double harness," as some one has expressed it, till the "minister of death" unlooseth from the willing bondage.

"A large party were assembled," writes our correspondent, "at the house of Friend —, and, when all the expected guests had arrived, the bride and bridegroom elect, entered the room, attended by the bride maidens and their partners, and were seated at the upper end of the parlor, in full view of the company. All remained in unbroken silence for as much as twenty minutes—a period, which it seemed to me must have appeared of endless duration to the young bride, whose expressive countenance as I gazed upon it, told that her mind was occupied with a thousand thronging recollections of the certain and happy past, and of the uncertain but hopeful future. At length, however, the Spirit moved; the man arose, took the hand of the woman, and said, "In the presence of the Lord, and of this assembly, I take Mary — to be my wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto her a faithful and loving husband until death shall separate us." The bride then repeated nearly the same words, of course changing the word husband to that of wife. The certificate was then read by one of the overseers appointed by the meeting to see that all was "conducted orderly." The bride and bridegroom signed it, and, at the close of this to me, simple and affecting ceremony—were man and wife. We were then left at liberty to enjoy ourselves, which we did with perfect freedom, finding beneath the cold exterior of our "friends," a genuine warmth of heart and much true wit and humor."—*Bost. Trans.*

A TALE.—Not many years ago a Polish lady, of plebeian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishments, won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, solicited her hand from her father, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to you daughter's hand?"

"You are undoubtedly of the best blood of Poland."

"And my fortune and reputation, are they not—?"

"Your estate is magnificent and your conduct is irreproachable."

"Then, having your daughter's consent, how could I expect a refusal?"

"This, Sir," replied the father, "is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious; what fortune gives, at her caprice she takes away. I see no no security for the independence and comfortable living of a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter, who is not at the same time master of a trade.

The nobleman bowed and retired silently. A year or two after, the father was sitting at the door, and saw approaching his house, wagons laden with baskets, and at the lead of the cavalcade a person in the dress of a basket maker.—And who do you suppose it was? The former suitor of his daughter—the nobleman turned basket maker. He was now master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his own hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer in testimony of his skill.

The condition being fulfilled, no further obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet told. The revolution came—fortunes were plundered, and lords were scattered as chaff before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars—some of them teachers—and the noble Pole supported his wife, and her father in the infirmity of age, by his basket-making industry.

ELOQUENT.—At a recent gathering of the friends of Temperance at Newmarket, N. H. an aged mariner, Capt. Otis Falls, of Portsmouth, made a most touching speech. We cut from the columns of the White Mountain Torrent, the following extract:

"I have come, he continued, twelve miles to attend this meeting—yet I do not value my time—I feel rewarded by what I see around me. My friends, I have seen more of the world than most of you. I have trod the streets of proud old London and the winds of distant India have fanned these furrowed cheeks of mine. My keel has been upon every sea, and my name upon many a tongue. Heaven blessed me with one of the best of wives—and my children; oh, why should I speak of them! My home was once a paradise. But I bowed, like a brute, to the "killing cup"—my eldest son tore himself from his degraded father, and has never returned. My young heart's

idol—my beloved and suffering wife, has gone broken hearted to her grave. And my lovely daughter, whose image I seem to see in the beautiful around me—once my pride and my hope—pined away in sorrow and mourning because her father was a drunkard, and now sleeps by her mother's side. But I still live to tell the history of my shame, and the ruin of my family. I still live—and stand here before you to offer up my heart's fervent gratitude to my heavenly Father, that I have been snatched from the brink of the drunkard's grave. I live to be a sober man. And while I live, I shall struggle to restore my wandering brethren again to the bosom of society. This form of mine is wasting and bending under the weight of years. But, my young friends, you are just blooming into life, the places of your fathers and your mothers will soon be vacant. See that you come to fill them with pure hearts and anointed lips! Bind the pledge firmly to your hearts; and be it the Shibboleth of life's warfare!"

**ADVICE TO SUNDRY PERSONS.**—When you feel your passions rising, never confine nor repress them. How many boilers have burst by too close an imprisonment of their contents.

Always proclaim the faults of others. There should be no secrets in a republican form of government.

Never give up your opinions, although you know you are wrong—it shows that you have no independence.

When you attack your neighbor's character, do it behind his back, so as not to wound his feelings.

Make it a rule to keep company with rogues and rascals, and then if you should be prosecuted for an offence you have committed, and your comrades should be called as witnesses against you, nobody will believe them, and so you will get clear.

When you have done an act of charity, publish it to others, so that they may do so too. Besides every man can preach best from his own notes.

Never pay your debts—it is unconstitutional, for payment impairs the obligation of a contract, and even the legislature has no right to do that.

Temperance is a great virtue, therefore always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of stingo before breakfast is as good as a thousand.

When you are in church go to sleep. Sunday is a day of rest.

If a secret has been committed to you to keep, take a special care to keep it safely, and it may be well for caution's sake, to get one or two to help you.

Never sweep your parlor, it makes a confounded dust.

Never brush down a cobweb, it is a part of a spider's dwelling house, and of course his castle, and therefore is sacred.

Never pay for your newspaper—it looks not well; besides, the printer hath no use for money, he can live on wind.

**GO IT BOORS!**—Dear P., did you ever hear Orator Botherum's speech before the debating Society, "on the comparative happiness of the rich and the poor man?"

"Mr. President," said he, "I shall proceed to compare riches to poverty in such a fashion you'll perceive there's no comparison at all. Happiness, Mr. President, is like a crow perched upon a distant hill, which the eager sportsman vainly to no purpose endeavors to reproach. He looks at the crow, Mr. President, and the crow looks at him, but the very moment he endeavors to reproach him, he vanishes away like the schismatic tints of the rainbow, which it was the immortal Newton that first deplored and enveloped the causes of it.

Is not the soft, Mr. President on which the rich man declines his meagre and emancipated form, is it not bro't, sir, from the shores of Chili, and the valleys of Peru? And the tea, Mr. President; which he so affectionately raises to his nauseated lips, is it not brought, sir, from the island of Ispahan, where there are the highest mountains in the world? But the poor man, Mr. President declines his expectations to a high picnic of bliss. Seated under the shady shadow of an umbrageous tree, at whose vernal foot runs a limping brook, he calls his wife and the rest of the children about him, and instills into their youthful minds useful lessons, to guard their juvenile youth from vice and immutability—by pointing out to them the Bull and the Bar, and the other fixed stars and bright constellations, that are eternally devolving on their silver axle-trees, through the cretan space of the fundament above."

Old, but Well Told.

**SAVING POSTAGE.**—"Hillo! Mister Postmaster and is there ever a letter here for Dennis O'Clallahan?" inquired the identical Dennis himself, as he rode up to the door of a certain Post Office. "I believe there is," replied the Postmaster, stepping back and producing the letter at the door.

"And will ye be so kind as to rade it for me, secin I had the misfortune to be edicated to rade never a bit in the world?" humbly asked the Irishman.

"To be sure sir," said the accommodating Postmaster. So he opened the epistle and read, with a good deal of difficulty, three very interesting pages concerning Dennis' folks and affairs in old Ireland—the said Dennis, with both legs turned on the same side of the saddle, listening all the while with becoming meekness and gratitude.

"Much obliged to yer honor, for throublin' yourself and consumin' your valuable time with the likes of me and mine; how much might be the postage on my lether?"

"Fifty cents, sir."

"A very reasonable price for such a comfortin' lether; but as I could never think of axin' yer worship, to credit the likes o' me, ye may just keep the lether for pay!"

**HEATHEN BELL-FOUNDING.**—The Indian papers contain a curious account of the casting of an enormous bell at Rangoon, as an offering from the King to the great temple of Shoey Dagon, in that city. It is stated that eight thousand men were employed at the five hundred forges or wind pipes put in requisition on this occasion—that is, sixteen persons to a pump and forge. Dressed in their gayest attire, all the principal officers of the town and chief men of the surrounding villages, having made their supplications, commenced operations at four forges, constructed for their appropriate use, and then followed the active movements of the five hundred plebeian forges. A hundred and seventy visses of silver (nearly 617 pounds) and one hundred and fifty of gold (nearly 548 pounds) were added by the people to the metals which had been provided by the King, besides a vast number of gold and silver ornaments, of which no account was taken. In four days and five nights the work was completed.—The dimensions of the bell are said to be seven cubits in diameter, twenty-one in circumference, eleven in height, and one and two inches thick. The weight of the metal, of which an account was taken was five hundred tons. It was ordered that the bell should rest in its mould forty days, during which period neither the sound of cannon, musket, nor even that of a rice mortar, should be heard in Rangoon, lest the concussion of the atmosphere should crack the mighty mass.—*English Paper.*

**A WANDERER RETURNED.**—This pretty incident is thus related in the National Intelligencer:

Some time last June, a Nonpariel escaped from the aviary of Dr. A. M'Williams, near the Navy Yard. It remained a few hours in the garden, and then disappeared. Since which time, having neither seen nor heard of it, Dr. McW. gave it up as lost. A short time since, the weather having become cool and frosty, he discovered to his surprise and gratification that the little wanderer had returned, and was endeavoring to get into its former habitation; as soon as he opened the door it flew into the aviary, and rejoined its companions. The bird is never seen in its wild state, further north than the Carolinas. Now, as he escaped in warm weather, when he found the season changing, he followed his natural instinct, and, knowing no warmer climate than the aviary and green-house which it had strayed from, he sought them. It is Dr. McW.'s opinion that these interesting birds, if they were set at liberty in the spring, would rear their young in the neighborhood, and return in the fall to their residence in the aviary.

**BAIRN ENOUGH.**—"Hallo! mister," said a Yankee to a teamster, who appeared in something of a hurry, "What time is it? Where are you going? How deep is the creek? And what is the price of butter?" "Past one, almost two—home—waist deep—and eleven cents"—was the reply.

"John, what is geography?" "Geography is the history of every thing on earth, except the sun, moon, and stars, and the steam bullgins." "That's right; go to the head."

The Gem and Amulet.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1843.

"THE EYES HAVE IT!"

"The eyes have it," as the man said, when his better and bigger half dashed the contents of his snuff box in his face.

The above anecdote recalls a scene which we once witnessed in a Western city. It was during the session of the Legislature. The wise men and the great men of the State were assembled to make laws and drink whiskey. Most of them were boisterous; and a few were made mean by their dignity. Among the latter was a tall, raw-boned, brawling pettifogger, whose mouth was as huge as the muzzle of a long-mine, and his head as empty as the professions of his party. He stood exactly six feet two, in his stockings, and he had an arm like the fore-leg of a Pennsylvania wheel-horse. He descended in a straight line from Goliath, it was supposed. At all events, he very often got stewed with a sting. Upon such occasions, he was excessively insolent, and never failed to brow-beat a lamb-like colleague, who had, accidentally, given him a terrible broadside in debate one day. Our hero had an hundred times sworn vengeance against his little enemy; and his little enemy had a thousand times significantly shook his head as he replied, that "it would be just as well, if agreeable, for Old Goliath to let out the job."

"What do you mean by that?" inquired our hero one day of his little enemy.

"Oh I never mind Mister Goliath."

"Yes, but I will mind; and if you don't answer me, I will chew you up as I would an oyster."

"Keep your temper, big chap. You have room enough in your upper story to stow it!"

"You insult me, you pigmy. I will ask you again what you mean; and if you don't answer, I'll make mince meat of you. What do you mean, sir?"

There was a moment's pause, when Goliath sprang toward his little enemy, who said—

"You have put the question, Old Sampson, and the eyes have it," at the same moment dashing a fist full of Scotch snuff in the giant's face—closing his peepers, and making him roar like a mad bull.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THE HOUSE KEEPER'S ANNUAL and Lady's Register, 1844."

This is a gem. Every House-Keeper should have it. It is full of precious morsels, and the best mode of procuring more. It is got up neat as a tidy house-wife, and contains precisely what such a work should contain. Every House Keeper should have this Annual. For sale at SAOX & BROTHER'S.

"MARCO PAUL'S TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES in the Pursuit of Knowledge."

This is an excellent little work, in 3 vols. It is particularly designed for children, and will be read by them with avidity and profit. It abounds in useful facts, historical and geographical. For sale at HOTT'S.

"NED MYERS."—This is Cooper's last. It is said to have been written to be read. We dare not say what we think of it, lest we should be arraigned for a libel upon the "handsome Mr. Effingham."

SEQUEL TO THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.—Those who have read the Mysteries should read the Sequel. Otherwise the fate of Fleur de Marie will not be known. It is for sale at JONES'S.

"THE LITTLE KEYS." "THE CHILD'S GEM."

These are two exquisite little holiday presents, by Mrs. COLMAN. They are full of good matter and good morals. For sale at HOTT'S.

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

Past and Present.

BY J. W. BARKER.

I saw a little merry maid  
Trip light and cheerful by,  
With rosy cheeks and sunny locks,  
And bright and laughing eye.  
With form as fair as eye hath seen,  
Or e'er might wish to see;  
And heart as mountain fairy light,  
And buoyant step as free.

I saw her, in her gladness, bound  
O'er the wild heath at dewy morn,  
And weaving, from the wild rose tree,  
A glittering garland's lovely form.  
I saw her at her needle work,  
With merry heart and lively song;  
For many joyous, happy hours,  
All cheerful went the work along.

I saw her in the joyous band  
Of youthful pleasure, brisk and gay;  
Beguiling thus life's dreary care,  
And swift the moments flew away.  
I saw her in her slumber smile—  
The blissful day-dream not gone by—  
I saw her weep; but bosom joy  
Broke out before the tear was dry.

I saw her friends encircling—  
Read kind, good will in many a face—  
I listened—her heart whispered,  
"Fair world,—O happy, happy place."

I saw a dim-eyed woman,  
With dark and pensive brow,  
Reclining in the vale of years,  
With feeble step and slow.  
Her form was bowing, and her eye  
Sunk far beneath a pensive brow;  
Her cheek was hollow, and the weight  
Of many years oppress her now.

I heard her voice with autumn winds,  
That moan when autumn day is gone;  
And through the checkered foliage,  
Sigh hoarse and mournfully along.  
I saw her bending o'er the tomb,  
Of one she loved when life was young;  
I heard her heave a bitter sigh—  
"O weary world! O peaceful home!"

I thought upon the merry maid,  
And gazed upon the pensive dame,  
And wondered much that youth and age—  
O time! O change!—were one—the same.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Dreams of Youth.

The dreams of youth; the dreams of youth!  
How bright they shine; how full of truth!  
Alas! alas! that these must die,  
And what we dream shall never be  
Reality.

The hopes of youth; the hopes of youth!  
How do they gild with golden light,  
The future to the youthful sight,  
And make life's changing prospect bright  
But to deceive!

The days of youth; the days of youth!  
The charming spring time of our life;  
The halcyon days, and free from strife—  
Alas! alas! that these must pass  
So soon away!

The grave of youth; the grave of youth!  
How dark and cheerless is the spot  
Where earthly light doth enter not,  
And youthful dreams are all forgot  
Beneath the ground!

Immortal youth; immortal youth  
Shall burst the grave and soar above,  
And there shall join the blood washed through,  
And joyous sing the everlasting song  
Eternally!

Oh youthful one! Oh youthful one!  
Dismiss thine earthborn dreams, and know,  
The hope of happiness above  
Is all of happiness below  
For youth to seek.  
Bergen, Gen. co. Nov., 1848. Y. N. T.

From the Christian Reflector.  
Thoughts,

Suggested on leaving Rochester for the West.

Bright visions of the future now arise;  
My leading star shines in the western skies;  
But, ere she leads me from my city home,  
O'er wild prairies joyously to roam;  
She bids me chide my young and curious haste,  
And spend a moment lingering round the past;  
Nor leave the scene I long have loved so well,  
Without one sigh, one tear, one long farewell.

The scenes my fondest memory would recall,  
Round thee, O Rochester! now cluster all;  
My happy home, my early friends so dear,  
My toils and pleasures, all are centered here;  
And the sad thought, so soon from thee to part,  
Comes, like a dagger, to my inmost heart,  
Dispels the mists forgetfulness would cast  
Like silvery curtains o'er the varied past.

Yes, memory lifts the veil, and by her light  
A thousand scenes flash wildly o'er my sight;  
Joys and afflictions, griefs and pleasures blend,  
And to the future, various colors lend;  
Here business calls me all the live-long day,  
And noisy cares steal the slow hours away;  
There joyous mirth and comfort gild the scene,  
While sorrow often casts a shade between.

How oft, when 'abor's task was done,  
And silent eve her vigils had begun,  
Some friendship's shrine has lured my youthful feet,  
Some fireside home, and friends I loved to meet;  
Ah! if one pang sink deepest in my heart  
At thought of all from which I soon must part,  
'Tis that the joys which long have been entwined  
Round friendship's hearth must all be left behind.

Oft has the sound of Sabbath's evening chime  
Loudly proclaimed devotion's time;  
With willing heart its bidding I'd obey,  
And fitly close the consecrated day.  
Thus, each succeeding evening had its calls,  
To festive scenes or feasts in lyceum halls;  
Or, to my chamber's lone retreat confined,  
I've sought from books to serve the hungry mind.

Oft have I wandered, in my youthful glee,  
Along thy banks, thou lovely Genesee,  
To view the stream meandering through its path;  
The fertile vale, which seemed with joy to laugh;  
Or stood entranced in wonder at the sight,  
As madly leaping from their rocky height—  
Descending waters formed the radiant bow;  
And hastened on to broad Ontario.

Thou lovely hill! where tired mortals rest,  
Thou peaceful home for bodies of the blest;  
To thee, Mount Hope, I cast a lingering eye,  
And bid farewell—but not without a sigh.  
Oft from the toils and cares of business free,  
I've sought communion with myself in thee;  
Have loved to view the low and lonely bed,  
Where rests the ashes of the slumbering dead.

And shall I add to memory's darkened gloom,  
Sad thoughts of those who fill the silent tomb?  
Ah! yes, I see through death's obscuring night,  
A thousand forms familiar to my sight;  
They who have mingled in my youthful plays,  
And choice companions of my riper days;  
They rest in "Hops," awaiting that glad hour,  
When all shall meet where death hath lost his power.

Soon other scenes shall woo my wandering sight,  
In other friends I soon shall take delight;  
The storms of life may long around me rave,  
Or I may find an early, peaceful grave:  
But, whereso'er my humble lot is cast,  
While life is spared, and thought and memory last,  
Fond recollection still shall linger here,  
Though each remembrance starts a gushing tear.  
Rochester, N. Y. J. E. O.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

My "Cuba" Dear.

Ara—One last fond kiss, my Julia dear,  
One last fond puff, my Cuba dear,  
Ere yet I, grieved, resign  
To its sad fate within the grate,  
This fragrant stump of thine.  
And though to press within these lips  
Of thee's scarce left enough,  
As bee that sweetest nectar sips—  
One last, one fondest puff!

He told me—he you shop within—  
Thy mate I never knew,  
And oh, though oft he sibs like sin,  
This once his words were true;  
Thine odor spirits from their sphere  
Might charm to gain a snuff—  
Then ere we part, my Cuba dear,  
One last, one fondest puff!

And bless the weed by whose wierd power,  
The spell of Care is broke,—  
Which bids the ills of gloomiest hour  
Aye vanish all in smoke.  
There are who say all's vainness here,  
No real pleasures—stuff—  
They know not, do they, Cuba dear,  
What 'tis of thee to puff!

From the New Mirror.

My Bark is out upon the Sea.

My bark is out upon the sea—  
The moon's above;  
Her light a presence seems to me  
Like woman's love.  
My native land I've left behind—  
Afar I roam;  
In other climes no hearts I'll find  
Like those at home.

Of all you sisterhood of stars,  
But one is true;  
She paves my path with silver bars,  
And beams like you  
Whose purity the waves recall  
In music's flow,  
As round my bark they rise and fall  
In liquid snow.

The fresh'ning breeze now swells our sails!  
A storm is on!  
The weary moon's dim lustre falls—  
The stars are gone.  
Not so fades Love's eternal light  
When storm clouds weep:  
I know one heart's with me to-night  
Upon the deep.

G. P. M.

Variety.

THE CACOON OR QUEEN BEETLE.—These insects, though scarce and few in number, are sometimes discovered. Its length is about a third more than that of the ordinary beetle, and its bulk less. She is remarkable for carrying a most brilliant lamp on each side. These lamps are so situated as to be placed in an elevated position, as if to throw their light upon her footsteps. They are lighted up at pleasure by means of phosphoric matter with which she is furnished by nature.— Their light is not imparted in alternate or occasional flashes, like those of the fire-fly or glow-worm; but, on the contrary, affords a strong and steady glare, sufficiently luminous to enable a person to read small print. If this insect be taken into a dark apartment, she will instantly illuminate her lamps; and on a removal to the light will as speedily extinguish them. To give a just and accurate description of the pure and brilliant light which these lamps of nature shed, they must be seen; no diamond afforded a light sufficiently delicate or beautiful for the comparison.

"Pa, has time go legs?"

"Yes, Tom, and mighty long ones, too. Why do you ask?"

"Because the papers speak about the lapse of time, and folks as have laps must have legs to make 'em of you know."

"Very good, Tommy."

"Where are you going?" asked Jack of an acquaintance. "To see a friend." "Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet."

Some one has beautifully said that it is better to sow a good heart with kindness than a field with corn, or the heart's harvest is perpetual.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss: JAMES COX, of this city, (formerly of London, Eng.) to Miss MARY M. BARNARD, daughter of Thomas Barnard, Esq., of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 21st inst., by the Rev. James B. Shaw, MILTON INGERSOL, Esq., to Miss RUBY ANN PAYNE, all of this city.

In this city, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Tyron Edwards, Mr. John Seylas to Miss Harriet Hunn.

In this city, on the 18th inst., Mr. William P. McGlynn, to Miss Esther Susan McLean.

In this city, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss, Mr. George Olmsted, of Parma, to Miss Harriet M. Knapp, of this city.

On the morning of Thursday, the 23d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. James S. Holmes, to Miss Susan McGregor, both of this city.

On the 16th inst., by the Rev. Eigenbrodt, Mr. James Boswell, to Miss Clara H. Tuttle, of Troy.

In Parma, on the 6th inst., by Elder Burlingame, Mr. Abraham N. Fox, of Somerset, Niagara county, to Miss Roxana Vicks, of the former place.

At Rush, on the 23d ult., by F. B. Hart, Esq., Mr. Hiram Budd, of Lyons, to Miss Eliza Stringham, of the former place.

In East Avon, by the Rev. Mr. Barnard, Hon. A. C. Brown, of Ogdensburg, to Mary Jane, daughter of Chandler Plowton, of the former place.

At Manchester, on 23d ult., by the Hon. Peter Mitchell, Mr. John Alexander, of Penfield, to Miss Rosetta Harrington, of Manchester.

Nov. 9th, by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Gen. Rufus King, to Susan, daughter of Col. Robert Elliot, all of Albany.

In Gates, on the 14th inst., by S. A. Yerkes, Esq., Mr. William W. Bartlett, to Miss Louisa Blossell, all of Gates.

In Penfield, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Lockwood, Mr. John C. Hayes, Esq., of Watertown, Jefferson county, to Miss D. Jane Ward, daughter of Henry Ward, Esq., of the former place.

In Parma, on the 9th inst., by Rev. J. B. Cleott, of Greece, Mr. M. J. Ellis, to Miss Esther Castle, both of Parma.

In Mendon, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Charles E. Furman, Mr. Franklin Olney to Miss Eliza Benson.

In Avon, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Barnard, Mr. Norman Chappell, to Miss Julia Ann Turner, all of Avon.

In Webster, on Thursday, the 17th inst., by Rev. John Benson, Charles Wolcher, to Sarah Roun, both of that place.

BY STRONG & DAWSON.

Terms.—One Dollar per annum, in advance.



# THE GEM

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

VOL. XV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1843.

No. 25.

## Original Tales

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

EMILY HOWARD.

"Emily, are you going to the ball this evening?" asked Julia Montgomery of her friend.

"Yes; and I suppose you will honor it with your presence, my fair friend?"

"Indeed, I shall not."

"Pray, what are your reasons, if I may inquire?"

"O, I have an idea that I shall not experience any pleasure."

"But, Julia, you are not always to consult your own feelings. You know this ball is given on account of your arrival."

"Now, Em, you do not think so?"

"Indeed I do. Miss Smith wanted an excuse for giving another ball this season; your arrival has furnished her with one; and you ought to attend."

"Well, I suppose I must come down; but I had concluded to stay in my own room this evening, and upon second thought, I do not know but that I shall have to, for, positively, I have no dress fit to wear. But I must patch up something."

"Julia, you do wrong in speaking thus," said Emily.

"Do not mind what I say, dear Emily, for I am perfectly miserable here. My cousins are so different from you; they are so cold when there is no company, and show so much envy when they have seen any one that is handsomer or better dressed than they, that, ghdy as I am, it makes them appear disgusting to me."

"Go home, my love, said Emily," and prepare for this evening's revelry, and I will see if you cannot spend the time set for the duration of your visit to our city more agreeably." And the two friends parted.

Emily Howard and Julia Montgomery had received their education at the same school; and although their thoughts and views were so different, and their dispositions, when contemplated, formed so strong a contrast, yet an affection, pure, deep and lasting, had sprung up between them. Their parents were opulent, and they had experienced no more trouble than young ladies in their situation in life usually do. Julia's parents resided in a beautiful quiet little village, and when their daughter left school, they yielded to the solicitations of some cousins to allow Julia to spend a few weeks with them in the city. How Julia liked her cousins, the reader may conceive by her conversation with Emily.

Emily Howard was the youngest but one of a family of six children, and the idol of them all. Her parents were alarmed at her singular formation of mind. The greatest feminine weakness mingled with traits the most masculine. A rich and fertile imagination, glowing with all the fresh-

ness of the hopes of youth; excessive sensibility, with a slight turn for the sarcastic, which her affectionate nature would not allow her to exert. But she was in some measure prepared to encounter the adverse storms of this life, by having her mind stored with knowledge, and by the counsels of one of the best of mothers. She as yet loved no one. As free as the mountain stream of her own loved land, she passed her days in that peace and contentment which none but the free and guileless ever possess.

The magnificent mansion where dwelt the fashionable Misses Smith, in the evening of the day on which our tale commences, was splendidly illuminated; carriages were constantly arriving and departing, and the laughter of the young and beautiful mingled with the soft strains of music, floated on the air, and seemed to give the winds a voice. All that earth and sea could contribute to create a scene of brilliant splendor, was there. The rooms were decorated with the utmost taste and magnificence. The refreshments were arranged in a style dictated by wealth and fashion, and the mahogany tables, glittering with plate and China, invited all to partake of the delicacies with which they were loaded.

Amid this scene of splendor, the beauty of Miss Montgomery attracted universal attention, and as it was her first appearance among the elite of the city, the gentlemen were particularly attentive. The ladies were mostly in the pouts at seeing their old admirers leaving them to revolve around a star whose light was no brighter than that of many others.

"Here is Emily!" said Julia, starting forward from the midst of an admiring circle.

All eyes were turned on the fair girl as she entered. She was attired in a dress of plain white crape, trimmed with blonde. Over her shoulders hung a white satin mantle, lined and trimmed with delicate furs. A band of pearls confined the luxuriance of her dark brown hair. In this plain but magnificent costume, she looked supremely lovely. Emily, having made her way to where stood the mistress of the revels, and paid her compliments, gained her friend, who, notwithstanding her declaration of the morning, seemed to enjoy herself extremely well.

Towards the close of the festive scene, Emily was preparing to waltz with a stately young man in the Spanish dress, but whose blue eyes and light curling hair proved him a native of the north. They engaged in the "giddy whirl," and seemed to tread on air. With the close of the waltz, the company withdrew, and the splendid rooms were left desolate.

It is now necessary to inform our readers who was the young foreigner, who had, by his manly beauty and courteous address, caused considerable envy among the guests at Miss Smith's, both male and female.

Edward Mansfield was a native of the State of

New York. His father, an old practical farmer, had to struggle with the hardships and inconveniences of a new country, and therefore neglected the education of his children, of whom Edward was the youngest. On account of some youthful indiscretion, he left his father's house unknown to any one, and directed his steps towards the great metropolis, where his brother resided, who received the young runaway and sent him to school. He remained here some four or five years, spending his time as school boys generally do, learning but little, fighting a great deal, hating every thing like study, loving every thing like fun, quarreling with his tutor, and making love to his tutor's daughter. An officious servant made known the latter fact to the young lady's father, and Mansfield was expelled from the school. He then returned to his native village. He was not at first recognized by his kind parents; but having proved his identity to their satisfaction, he was heartily welcomed.

Edward did not appear to have much relish for society, but spent most of his time in hunting, fishing and roaming about the old woods that skirted the beautiful lake which bounded one part of his father's farm.

The day had been unusually sultry, and toward evening Mansfield left the house and wandered out by the shore of the lake. He was gazing at the sunset, which was uncommonly beautiful, when the merry voices of children near at hand, attracted his attention. Moving a few steps farther into the wood, he beheld a scene that was in unison with the feelings which the gorgeous sunset had created. A group of children were seated, on the ground. In the centre was a girl of about ten years of age. Her clear blue eye was dancing with mirth, and as she threw back the clustering curls of dark brown hair that shaded her snowy neck and forehead, her beauty seemed more than mortal. He stood regarding the playful group for some time, unseen by them, but upon moving nearer, the fair girl raised her eyes from a garland of flowers she was twining for the neck of her dog that lay by her side, and perceived him. With a suppressed scream she started to her feet, and speaking to her companions, was about to depart, when Mansfield advanced, and speaking to them, soon dispelled the fears of all but the lovely girl who appeared to be the leader of the party. She retired a few paces, and stood gazing at him with something like dread; for having heard some particulars of his former life from the village gossips, who, from some vague rumors that had reached them, regarded him as a monster of wickedness, and cautioned all the females in the village, from the child of six to the maiden of twenty, to beware of him, she looked upon him with a fearful eye. Observing the dread with which she regarded him, Mansfield left the interesting group, and addressed her in a manner so courteous, that he soon won her from her re-

serve, and joining her party, she engaged in a game of romps with the young stranger.

They were so absorbed in play, that they did not observe the approach of night until twilight had thrown around them her dusky mantle, and the falling of the silent dews warned these young and happy spirits to seek their homes. Mansfield accompanied them to the skirts of the wood, and then turned his footsteps towards his own home. He paused in a shady bower on the margin of the lake, and remained in a musing mood, until the stars came twinkling one by one thro' the depths of the clear blue ether. Suddenly he started up, exclaiming, "In love with a child! Pshaw! how ridiculous! But I must see her again."

On entering the house, an unexpected pleasure awaited him. He was greeted by a dear friend—a schoolmate, who was some years his senior. In wandering about, he had stumbled on the little village, and recollecting that it was here his friend Edward resided, immediately sought him out. Warm and cordial was the greeting of the two friends, and such as greetings should be between those who have not met for years.

After supper, the young men walked out. The clear mild orb of the harvest moon was silvering the lake and wood; the flowers were drooping their fair heads beneath the weight of "honeyed dews;" the melancholy notes of the sad bird of night rose on the clear air and broke its stillness. They spent the greater part of the night in wandering about the wood, and ere the morning dawned, Edward Mansfield had resolved to leave his native land for the vine-clad hills and blue skies of Spain. His friend was deeply engaged in the contest that was convulsing the Peninsula, occasioned by the hostile rivalry of the two parties contending for that glittering bauble, the *cladem* of Spain. He offered to young Mansfield a post in the Peninsular army, if he would accompany him to that country; and with his usual precipitancy, he accepted the offer.

Years passed on, and the boy of nineteen had arrived at manhood, and had won unfading laurels upon the battle-fields of ensanguined Spain. But in the midst of his success, a yearning for home,—for his his mother's smile, and the colder but more quiet air of his native land,—intruded incessantly upon him.

As he lay in his tent one night, between sleeping and waking, the form of the child he had seen in the old woods of his boyhood's home, hovered over him like a guardian angel. But her wings were drooping, and the expression of her face and figure singularly mournful. At length she stooped close to his ear, and in her low, silvery tones said, "The stately pine of our own loved land, would soon wither and droop, if transplanted beneath the warmer skies and balmy air of despotic Spain!"—and then rising into the air, and pointing to the "land of the free," disappeared.

He arose with the sun. His resolution was taken; and, gentle reader, in the Spanish "lion" of Miss Smith's ball-room, you may recognise the *ci-devant* Edward Mansfield. And he discovered the lovely Miss Howard to be the same fair creature whose childish beauty had fascinated him in the solitudes of his early home, and haunted his slumbers in the far-off land of his adoption. Suppressing the emotion this discovery gave rise to, he requested her hand for the next waltz, and at its close, he led her to a seat, and bowing, left her. There was a singular expression in the calm features of Miss Howard, as Don Alvaro de Ruyez withdrew. She appeared to be in doubt, and gazed long and earnestly at his fine form, till he was lost in the surrounding crowd.

The next morning, rather earlier than the fashionable hour for making calls, Julia Montgomery entered the residence of Miss Howard. Going to Emily's dressing room, the giddy girl exclaimed with mock gravity, "Allow me to greet the fair Donna De Ruyez!"

Emily made a laughing answer to this salutation, and putting her arm around the slender waist of the lovely girl, led her to a sofa.

Julia immediately began in a lively manner to criticise all who attended the festival the last evening, not even sparing the two "cabeleros." For although Don Guigo de Lopez, the companion of Don Alvaro, had devoted most of the evening to her, he seemed to have made no impression upon her heart.

Emily, laughing at her friend's nonsense, said, "Cease your criticisms, Julia, for heaven's sake; what would our Spanish Dons say, had they heard the half of what you have said? Methinks their ears must burn."

"If their hearts do not, it is not my fault."

"Ah! you wicked coquette! I shall warn them to beware of your charms and allurements; for they are displayed for the express purpose of enslaving them."

"In chains of adamant?"

"Yes."

And the happy girls descended to the breakfast room, where the presence of the family put a stop to further conversation on the subject.

After the repast was ended, they were seated alone, but were soon interrupted by the announcement of a party of humming-birds, (as Julia termed them,) who came to whisper their soft nothings in the ears of those who despised them.

"Good morning, ladies!" said a tall, elegant looking young man, seating himself on the sofa, by the side of the ladies.

"Now, do you know that you have interrupted a most interesting conversation, in which your merits and demerits were enthusiastically descanted upon?"

"That cannot possibly be, Miss Montgomery. A being so insignificant as is your humble servant, could afford nothing for so fair and sensible a lady as yourself to converse about."

"O! you will do well enough for a butt."

"Upon my honor! quite severe this morning." Turning to Emily, he said, "Miss Howard, have you learned that piece of music I mentioned to you the other morning?"

"Yes."

"Will you favor us with it?"

"Go along into the music room, then; for I do not wish to hear any drumming this morning," said Julia; "and I want to quiz Mr. Evenson."

"She gives you fair warning, Evenson," said Seymour, as he rose to follow Emily to the music room. "But he is as great a quizz as you, Miss Montgomery, so take care that he does not make you tell him our secrets." As he finished speaking, he disappeared through the door, which he purposely left open, that he might hear the reply of the vexed girl.

"He means to imply that he has been making love to me; as if I was simpleton enough to listen to him."

"Never mind what he says, Julia," said Evenson; "but come and tell me when shall be our 'bridal day.'"

Julia colored and smiled as she said, "You seem to be in great haste."

"I am; for I must leave for the south in about two weeks, and we must be married before my departure."

"Then I must leave for home to-morrow; and let it be the last day of your stay here," answered Julia, with her usual frankness.

"Have you told Emily?"

"No. I was just going to mention it, as you entered."

"I called at Miss Smith's, and being told that you were here, I came immediately, as I wished to see you, and torment Emily about the Spanish Don who appeared so smitten with her charms last evening. And, methinks, one of them paid marked attention to you, Miss Julia. There, there, do not look so vexed; I am not jealous." And passing his arm around the waist of the blushing girl, he drew her unresistingly to his bosom. A step was heard, and Julia, disengaging herself from his arms, disappeared through the door that communicated with the hall.

In a short time, the gentlemen took their leave, and Emily sought her friend. She found her in her dressing-room, with a heightened color in her cheeks, and tears glistening in her dark eyes.

"In heaven's name, what is the matter, Julia?"

"Nothing," she answered; "but come and sit by me."

And thereupon, the announcement was made; with tears and blushes on one side, and smiles and kind words on the other. In an hour it was settled that Julia was to go down immediately to her home; Emily received an invitation to be bride's-maid; the bridal dress was arranged; and Julia took leave of her friend looking perfectly happy. The next morning, Julia and Emily left the city for the home of the former.

The evening at length arrived that was to behold the union of Julia with Mr. Evenson. All was light and life, and gayety and happiness reigned supreme. Bright smiles were on each face, and soft voices, and the laughter of the young and happy was heard—the hour was one of joy and gladness. Perhaps the fair reader expects me to tell how the bride looked, how many times she changed color, and of what the bridal dress was composed. But I shall do no such thing—leaving all to her imagination.

Mr. and Mrs. Evenson took their departure for the south at an early hour next morning, and Emily returned home disconsolate at the loss of her friend. It was night when she arrived, and retiring, was soon buried in sleep. It was late the next morning, when she arose. She did not descend, and was "not at home" to any one. The thoughts which filled her mind, weighed upon her heart; she tried in vain to dispel them. Her harp lent no spell to lighten her feelings, and she pushed it aside, and leaning her head upon her hand gave herself up to her thoughts. "Surely, I have seen that face before; but where, I cannot tell. It rises before me like some of the far-off, golden dreams of my childhood."

The door opened to announce a visitor.

"Not at home—not at—" There she stopped; for the person who sought admittance was no other than the subject of her meditations,—Don Alvaro de Ruyez.

"I have intruded a few moments, Miss Howard, to say farewell!" said he; "and although our present acquaintance will not seem to warrant the liberty, yet I hoped you would excuse it for the sake of former friendship."

"Pray, to what do you allude, Don Alvaro?"

"Have you forgotten, Miss Howard, that which has been to me like land to the weary and storm-beaten mariner? Amid the dangers and fatigue of war, I have cherished the remembrance of the hour when I first knew you as a bright spot in my existence. I was surprised and delighted, when I recognised in the lovely and accomplished Miss Howard, the little fairy with whom I once romped in the lovely woods of P——."

"I am not mistaken, certainly it is, it must be, Mr. Mansfield?"

"The same," said he, offering his hand, which was accepted and cordially shaken.

"Why do you leave us so soon, Don Alvaro? Do you prefer Spain to your native country?"

"Despatches that reached me last night, render it necessary that I return to Spain as soon as possible; and were it not for a few friends I have here, I should not regret my leaving sooner than I intended."

"Does Don Inigo accompany you?"

"He does."

A pause ensued. Every one knows how awkward is a pause in tete-a-tete. Don Alvaro felt it, and rising, said, "I will not occupy more of your time, lady; and now farewell!" He held out his hand. Emily took it, and as she did so, raised her eyes to his face. His were bent intently upon her. Blushing, she dropped his hand and turned away. An arm clasped her waist, and the manly voice of De Ruyez was breathing love and adoration in no unwilling ear.

"Emily, dearest, will you become my wife? Give me a right to claim your hand of your stately father. Will you, at the close of the present year, accompany me as my wedded wife to my adopted country? I cannot tell in words, the love for you with which my heart is filled."

Emily withdrew herself from his embrace, and bursting into tears, covered her face with her hands. Her lover led her to a sofa, and withdrawing her hands from her face, succeeded in calming her emotion.

"Speak love!" said he, "and relieve me from this horrid suspense. Do you—will you—love me?"

She raised her eyes, glistening in tears, to his face, and with a fond, confiding look, said, "I do love you, Edward! and Heaven forgive me, if I do wrong in consenting to leave parents, home, country, all, for the sake of a being I have known but a few days."

De Ruyez pressed her to his bosom in silence, and imprinted the first kiss of love upon her full and parted lips. But soon came the conviction that he must leave her, and be again engaged in battle and strife. This thought dashed the sparkling cup of happiness from their lips. But the adieu must be spoken, and the farewell kiss given. Tearing himself away from her dear embrace, and resigning her senseless form into the arms of her maid, he left the house, and was soon speeding away from the land of his birth.

The wind was fair, and the sailors were singing cheerfully, as they cast off the sails of a stately vessel which proudly ploughed her way through the opposing waves. Leaning over the vessel's side, and gazing down into the deep blue water, Don Alvaro's thoughts returned to Emily. Their parting passed in review before him, and he turned from the contemplation of that, to his return. He thought of their meeting, and of her as his wife, until his soul was sick with love. With what pride would he introduce so fair and pure a being to the dark-eyed daughters of Iberia!

It is not our intention to accompany Don Alvaro through the various and chequered scenes in which he was an actor. Letters breathing the most intense and devoted love passed between him and the gentle girl whom he had "wooed and won."

We must pass over the lapse of more than a year ere our tale again commences. The sun had sunk below our horizon, amid a mass of burnished clouds, the most gorgeous the imagination can conceive, leaving the wearied and languid inhabitants of the metropolis to inhale the invigorating sea breeze. Crowds rushed to the Battery, to breathe the pure air, which was worth more than all the "gems of Golconda." Groups of

every description were seen. The old, the young, the wasted invalid, in a strong contrast with the glowing cheek of healthy youth, were mingled in a confused crowd, all panting for the refreshing coolness which succeeds the glare and heat of day in a crowded city. Oh! who would barter the free light and air of heaven, the music of woods and streams, the glorious landscape, all the sights and sounds of rural life, drawing us imperceptibly nearer to our God, for the bustling, heartless city, where misery, in every form, meets the sight, beneath the very sight of those reared in luxury and idleness, and who turn a deaf ear to the supplications of those whom guilt or misfortune has reduced to want; but who, nevertheless, are human beings, and experience the same emotions, laugh and weep at the same that would excite the like feelings in the breasts of those above them. It must be an humbling thought to the high and haughty ones of the earth, that those whom they deem scarce fit to tread upon, are formed and fashioned like themselves—after the image of the Creator.

The occupants of the Battery, were watching the approach of a stately vessel that bore proudly up for the quay. As she dropped her anchor, the broad moon rose from out the ocean, attended by her train of stars, and bathing all things in a flood of silver light. Twelve o'clock had been proclaimed by the hoarse voice of the watchmen, and the Battery was deserted, save that here and there a solitary individual lingered to behold and enjoy the beauty of the night. A boat suddenly descended from the ship that had anchored in the bay, and since laid as motionless as if it contained no life within it. The boat was manned by sturdy rowers, and a tall personage stood at the bow. The rowers pulled steadily for the wharf, but the boat was many yards from it, when the man who stood in the bow sprang lightly to the land. Waving his hand, the rowers turned the boat about and made head for the ship. He stood watching the receding boat until it again touched the ship's side, then turned his gaze upon the silent city, and seemed buried in thought.

"I had not deemed," said he, "this childish feeling would return with such force, on revisiting this spot. I thought my soul dead to every emotion save those of hate and ambition. But ah! 'tis my native shore. Here I spent the peaceful hours of childhood; and now that I return, there is not one kind look, nor one soft voice, to welcome the wanderer to his native home. And what come I for? As the false friend of one who in early days I loved so well. To bring agony and sorrow to the bosom I would willingly shield from harm with my own. But what have I to do with such thoughts? Away! methought I had not been moved thus easily. Now I am myself again!"

Closing his soliloquy, he moved quietly on into the city. He walked as one familiar with the place. His haughty tread echoed along the deserted streets, as his golden spurs clanked heavily on the pavement. In the tall form and foreign dress of the pedestrian, might be recognised the stern Don Inigo De Lopez, whom, it will be recollected, accompanied Edward Mansfield from Spain on his visit to this country. He paced the streets till morning dawned, and then bent his steps to one of the large hotels. At the usual hour, he embarked on board a steamboat bound for Albany.

The sun had departed in glory, and evening drew her welcome veil around the scene. Lights blazed in the stately mansion of the wealthy Howards. It was a bridal night. The guests were assembled, the priest was waiting—yet the wretched Emily could not summon resolution to

meet the man who was destined to be her lord—whom she could not love. Hearing the approaching step of her father, she sprang to her feet and with a forced calmness met him at the door of the apartment, and taking the arm of the bridegroom, descended and stood before the holy man.

Emily made a powerful effort to sustain herself, which was successful. It was a grievous sight to see that fair young creature sacrificed up, on the altar of parental ambition. At those words which occur in the ceremony, "If any man can show just cause why these two may not be joined together in holy matrimony, let him say it now, or hereafter forever hold his peace," the reverend man paused a moment, and the silence was broken by a deep voice.

"Desist! I have somewhat to say now."

And with these words, a tall form moved from the door, where it had stood since the commencement of the ceremony unobserved, accompanied by a page, closely wrapped in a mantle, whose glittering eyes and skin of clear bruncette showed him to be a native of the south.

"Who dares interrupt this ceremony?" said Don Inigo, haughtily—for the bridegroom was none other.

"I!" said the stranger, advancing; "I, thy bitterest enemy!"

Don Inigo staggered as if he had received a blow; but he recovered himself and said, "Fellow! how camest thou here?"

"Ha! thou didst deem thy dungeons impenetrable; and thought that thou didst leave me fettered in chains that could not be unclasped. But, thanks to Heaven, I am free! and have followed thee close enough to prevent thy villainy, and to prevent this sweet flower from becoming thy victim, senor! Dost not know me, Emily?" said the strange disturber of the bridal festivities, as he took from his face a mask, and brushing back the clustering curls, exposed to their view the handsome contour of Alvaro De Ruyez.

All this time, Emily had listened breathlessly to what was passing; and when Alvaro revealed himself, she looked more like a beautiful statue than a living being. As he approached her, she neither moved nor spoke, but with a painful smile sank senseless into his arms. The ladies crowded around, and Don Alvaro, relinquishing the beautiful form he sustained to their care, turned to the silent and bewildered spectators of the extraordinary scene, and said, "My interference may not be deemed sufficient, by this good company, to stop this ceremony. But here is one who may be better listened to than I."

As he spoke, the supposed page stepped forth, and letting fall his mantle, disclosed the person of a lovely woman. Don Inigo had stood calm and unmoved beneath the indignant look of his injured friend; but now, at the sight of one whom he thought afar in another land, changed color, and quailed beneath the withering hate which shone in her dark and flashing eye.

"Rash girl! why art thou here?" demanded he, in a quivering voice.

"Ah, coward! you thought me immured within the gloomy walls of a convent. But the Blessed Virgin assisted me to escape. And now, false Inigo, your bride shall never go to Spain, to trample on the rights of Zalona. This arm shall send her to the mansion of the saints."

"Beware, Zalona!" said Don Inigo, stepping between her and the object of her hatred; for she had drawn her dagger, and a fierce and deadly resolve glowed in her eye.

"Nay, then—take the steel thyself!" and the dagger of the wronged Spanish wife sank to its hilt into the heart of her husband!

Shrieks now resounded through the apartments

—the lights were extinguished in the confusion; and when others were brought by the servants, the avenged Zolona, Don Alvaro and the bride, were no where to be found. The house and gardens were searched in vain, and morning was leaving her "rosy couch" ere the horror-struck spectators of the last tragedy had disappeared.

The action of our tale must again carry us to the harbor of New York. The same vessel that anchored there a few weeks before, is now departing. But how different are the beings it now bears, from the one it landed. He had wandered over our shores like a devastating demon. Those whom it now contained, breathed naught but love and peace toward mankind.

On the deck is the commanding form of Alonzo De Ruyez, supporting the timid Emily, who is leaving her native land forever. Leaning over the vessel's side, still in the page's dress, is Zolona. No kindness on the part of Emily could win the forlorn young creature. She considered her as the destroyer of her happiness; and as the vessel dashed aside the foaming billows, and the spray washed her face, her thoughts flew back to the days of her childhood, when care nor sorrow had thrown their withering blight over her young spirit. As she thought of that beloved mother who was now a saint in Heaven, she exclaimed, "Why shall I not wing away, and join my loved mother in the land of rest?"

The clear blue wave parted to receive her light form—a few long bright ringlets steamed out upon the rounded billows—the waves closed again, and the wronged Zolona slept in the gardens of coral, "with naught but the sea star to light up her tomb."

GENEVIEVE.

Rochester, Nov., 1843.

## Popular Tales.

Luckie Callaghan takin' the Wat'hers.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN, ESQ.

Author of "Sir Cosmo Digby."

"There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill."

Captain Steel, a relation possibly of Mr. O'Connell's *fidus Achates*, located himself some years ago at a village in a snug corner of Wales. The captain had seen a good deal of service; made experiments on spirits in both the Indies, swallowed more than he liked of the fever miasma at Sierra Leone, and galloped, just half an hour too late, over the neutral ground, when his regiment happened to be stationed at Gibraltar. It was to this last circumstance that he always attributed the unmilitary condition of his legs, which had now for several years refused to obey orders. Capt. Steel had, up to that time, been on the best of terms with the wines of Spain. Many a time and oft had he ridden, whether in company or alone, to the epicene establishment in the cork wood, which is neither an inn nor an ale-house. The Spaniards soon discovered that the captain was not of the *Moderado* party and liked him the better for it; his partiality for exaltation proving upon the whole rather profitable to them than otherwise.

It was while plunged in the delicious state of effervescence at which we have hinted, that his neither extremities acquired their propensity towards repose. Finding that the old fellow with the scythe had been beforehand with him, and that the fortress would not be accessible till next morning, he alighted from his nag, measured his length on the mash, and slept soundly till he was wakened at peep of day by the market-people. Rheumatism had clearly entered his joints, for he found himself, to adopt his own expression, "vastly stiff." But this was not the worst of it. From that day forward, Capt. Steel's limbs grew gradually more and more rigid, which led ultimately to the delights of half pay. Still, he never relinquished the hope that he should one day sport his Wellingtons again, though at the time we are speaking of he was reduced to the necessity of being wheeled about in a chair.

It is consoling to reflect, however, that his sit-

uation was as comfortable as could be expected. He had a pretty wife, whose cars he boxed now and then, just by way of showing his affection; a huge Newfoundland dog; and an orderly, Luckie Callaghan by name, altogether as rough as the quadruped, and little short of him, perhaps, in fidelity. It was part of Luckie's duty to keep up a communication between his captain and the sea. Captain Steele daily wrought the miracle which Mohammed only half got through, for, not being able to go to the sea, he persuaded the sea to come to him. In other words, Luckie was despatched three times a week at least, to the shore for two or three casks of salt water, which according to the medical oracle of the parish, was the only thing that could possibly put the captain to rights again.

Mr. Callaghan, who had as smooth a tongue in his head as ever warbled on the bogs of Connaught, had scraped acquaintance with a young gentleman of the neighborhood, the son of a sort of squire, whose lands it was supposed would some day come to him, though he had inherited no atom of his pride. This easy going youth had been captivated by Luckie's adventurous narrative—descriptions of hair breadth escapes and pictures of bloody battles, colored by the richest brogue imaginable. Luckie and Lion, the Newfoundland dog, were consequently scarcely more inseparable than were the worthy orderly and "Mast-her James." People in general were unable to comprehend what the young squire could see in that "Irish blackguard," that he kept so constantly in his company. They had never had a taste of the charms of Luckie's wit, never heard him descant upon the pleasurable excitement experienced in mounting a breach, or the delight of "knocking them Frenchmen about the pate," or witnessing the absorbing enthusiasm with which he held forth the raptures of "potheen." For Father Mathew had not then commenced his mission; and if he had, it is questionable whether Luckie would have been wheeled out of his "dhrup."

"The tip-top of the mornin' to ye, Mast'her James," cried the orderly, as moving sea-ward, he discovered the young squire seated expecting him on a stile; "won't ye be after takin' a ride this blessed mornin' to the burrows? This same October sun, ye see, shines as if it had a mind to come back to us and bring summer agin along wid him for company."

"You're right, Luckie," replied the lad; "the weather is very fine to-day, and for that reason I have stolen away from my books to go along with you to the shore."

"It's mighty good of ye, Mast'her James," rejoined the old soldier; "mighty good; for them fifty three miles seems six at last, when it's my duty to dhrive along them, as one may say, all alone, for this bastie and this dog isn't, after all, Christian company; but, as I was going to say, Mast'her James, it isn't may be, right of me, after all, to dhrave ye away at this rate from your books; for edication, as Captain Steele says, is a fine thing, and helps a man to swear gintely.—I've noticed, myself, now, and that's God's truth for ye, that officers always blaspheme in a shuprior manner; therefore, after this once, my boy, stick to your books, I'll get Kitty to tache me a new song, and I'll bawl it to myself in chorus by the way. But just explain to me, now, what is the fine things you get out of books by manes of edication?"

"Why, Luckie, we read descriptions of countries, accounts of battles and so on."

"Och? is that all? Why, isn't it I, now, that could give ye descriptions of the seven quarters of the world that I've throd on wid my own she leather? And as to battles and that, why we've killed as many spolpeens to our own cheek as would make a risin' bigger nor that yond'her."

"Exactly, Luckie; and that's why I like to listen to you. For in books, especially when they happen to be Greek or Latin, one gets no fighting worth a pin. Nine times out of ten I feel inclined to go to sleep over them. But when you give me a description of a battle I hear the very balls whiz about my ears, and am almost in the very thick of it. So, just begin, now, and tell me how you sacked some city in Spain—how you tumbled over the dollar-chests—how you squeezed the wine-skins flat, and how you drove Nappy's conscripts like wild gorse before you."

Upon this hint Mr. Callaghan spake, having first cracked his whip, accelerated the pace of Dobbin, and set Lion barking like fury. We have no leisure, just now, however, to follow the thread of Luckie's narrative, which so completely absorbed the attention of Master James that it was not until they had traversed the burrows, and got some

way beyond them, that he became sensible of the change of locality.

The coast in that part of the country is characterized by very extraordinary features. First, a range of lofty and precipitous cliffs gird round the land, bearing undoubted marks of having been formerly washed, worn into caverns, and honey-combed high up by the sea. From the foot of these cliffs stretches out an extensive tract of salt marsh, which has, for aged, been reclaimed and cultivated. This again is bounded by a belt of sand-hills, overgrown with sedge and peopled by innumerable rabbits. Beyond, a level expanse of sand two or three miles in width, ribbed by the action of the waves, and uncovered at low water, extends out to the sea. Diagonally cutting this sandy tract, a deep and broad stream, issuing from the distant cliffs, flows into the Bristol Channel, the tongue, or delta, thus formed, constituting a sort of island, enclosed by the waves on one side, by the stream on the other, and on the third by inaccessible crags. This beautiful but treacherous spot, covered with sea-shells of fanciful forms and colors, often proves fatal to the rash or inexperienced; for the tide flows furiously up the deep bed of the stream, hems it round on all sides to the foot of the cliffs, and renders escape impossible, save by swimming—for scarcely is there a boat within six miles of the spot.

Master James, it may be presumed, was tolerably well acquainted with the nature of the shore, as it was in roaming about and forming an intimacy with the habits of the sea-mews and rabbits that a very considerable part of his education consisted. But if he was experienced, he was also rash, careless and headstrong. As he had never been drowned yet, he imagined that event to be entirely beyond the range of possibility, and periled himself, as often as opportunity offered, with a recklessness which Luckie Callaghan himself could not have outdone.

On the present occasion, though a perfectly safe part of the shore might have been selected for filling the casks, he persuaded Mr. Callaghan to pass over into the little triangular sandy island, which we have briefly described above, and there, while the orderly was getting in his cargo, darted off with Lion towards the foot of the rock, where he amused himself in seeking for shells, or in cracking those hallow acorn-formed sea-weeds, which explode with a loud report delightful to the ear of boys. Though compelled to retreat before the waves, which covered roof after roof of the domain of Neptune, Master James never once reflected that the tide was rapidly coming in. Perhaps some obscure consciousness of being able to swim contributed to preserve his complete ataraxia; and what he was able to do, he could not imagine that the ingenious Mr. Callaghan, "who had traversed the seven quarters of the world," could by any possibility be unequal to. He, therefore, looked at the advancing waves with as much unconcern as the Newfoundland dog himself. At length, however, he observed Luckie running towards him shouting most vociferously and pointing to the deep bed of the stream which cut off their retreat. The tide unperceived had glided into it, deepening every moment, and spreading far and wide over the sandy flats extending towards the burrows.

"Sorrow be wid ye, Mast'her James!" cried Pat, "can't ye persave that Davy Jones is galloping in towards the cliff like mad? And just look now, hasn't the weather put on another jacket and begun to look as black as thunder at us? If we don't be after stirring our stumps, it's a wettin' we shall git this blessed night, and no mistake."

"You can swim, of course, Luckie?" observed the squireen with a very serious countenance.

"Throth, can I," answered the orderly, "but it's only one way. I mane right to the bottom; so if swimmin' is the only chance, it will run awkward wid us, and be a could chance for me, any how."

"Well, then, put your nag to his best speed, for the water in yonder channel is already over your head I fear."

"Sure, you don't say so, honey."

"In faith do I," replied the lad, "and in ten minutes more there will no crossing it."

"And can you swim, Mast'her James?" inquired the orderly. "For I shouldn't like now to have the dhrrowning of ye; they'd say, now, I did it just out of spite because I'm a Papist."

"Never mind me, Mr. Callaghan," observed James, "I can swim like a porpoise; but give your horse the stick and don't spare it. Ay, that's right, we shall be in time yet. I see the opening in the burrows, and the sand bank opposite, and ill that's covered there'll be a chance for us."

"Ay, but to make sure of it, off wid your duds at once, and stow 'em away here among the casks. I shouldn't like to be the death of you; and for myself I'll take my chance sure wid the cart, d'ye see, and the horse,—a faithful ould baste who'll do his best to get us out of this scrape."

"Drive away, Luckie, I shan't strip yet. Make straight for the gap I just pointed out to you;—that's the shallowest, though the widest part of the channel. Make for that point, it's our best chance."

Lion, the Newfoundland dog, was quite at home, and, as Luckie drove his old nag flying across the sand, which, being wet and clammy, clung to the cart-wheels and flew up behind them like the smoke of a steam engine, sported and barked around the vehicle, sometimes running forward, sometimes returning, as if he would encourage Dobbin to his greatest speed. Luckie was an old soldier, whom no one could have accused of lack of courage, but he certainly began to look blue, as he eyed the expanse of water that stretched out before him, and, turning back, beheld the sea dashing in vast surges, roaring and bellowing as though it made up its mind to swallow them up.

"Divel take the baste," cried he, "ye niver moved so slow before, I think. Sure you've a mind to get a sousing at any rate. There now, confound you, can't ye stir? I'd bate ye myself in runnin', you onmannerly nag. You're the very essence of obstinacy."

Master James himself did not half like the appearances of things, for to his fancy there was a mile of sea between them and the burrows. He knew indeed that much of it was shallow, but he knew not how much; and though he had often in summer swung across the river, which was itself a mile in width, the prospect of making his way through such a body of cold water was any thing but cheering. They had now approached the edge of the channel, and their expectation was of the highest when, behold, honest Dobbin refused to enter. He backed and kicked and plucked, while Luckie basted and cursed and swore, "sering as how every minute," as he expressed it, "was precious. Surely," cried he to his companion, "we shall lay our death at the door of this ugly whelp. He won't inter the channel at any rate."

"I tell what," cried the boy, "keep his nose to the water; I'll hold him there, and do you go behind the cart and shove him in; he must swim then or sink."

"Och! you're right, friend," cried Luckie, and suiting the action to the word, he leaped over the cart's tail and put the stratagem in practice. Lion likewise did his best to encourage the brute, by springing into the water and swimming backward and forward to show him what could be done. Taken by surprise the old horse went down the inclined plane furiously, and plunged in. Luckie now recovered his place in the cart, which being heavily laden, sank pretty low with them, and it seemed very doubtful whether the horse would be able to proceed far with so great a load at his heels.

"Open the tail-board, Luckie," said James, and roll out all these casks."

"Not yet, not yet," cried Callaghan; "but we'll do that same at last if the worst comes to the worst; now see the rain is up with us, and the mist that hides the burrows from us: we shan't see our way no how."

"Faith, the surges behind, Luckie," cried James, "will tell us which way to run."

"Right," answered the orderly, "the farthest from their neighborhood is the best, I take it."

Lion, their faithful auxiliary, swam steadily before the horse, which, oppressed by the weight, advanced slowly through the water. Luckie's eyes rested now on his movements, and now on the casks, balancing between the apprehension of drowning, and the fear of facing Captain Steele without the salt water.

"Och! the baste is standing still, surely," cried he, from time to time. "There's no motion at all in him. Take that, you lump of laziness," cried he as he laid his stick on his crupper. "Divel quicken ye, have ye no conscience at all, you baste?"

"Oh! he's going well," observed Master James, "see what a way we have come even already."

Luckie looked back and saw that they had crossed a pretty considerable expanse of water. But it was not the breadth behind that attracted the notice, but the breadth before, upon which the mist now resting and closing thick, it appeared to be interminable. On the left, the breakers

had already reached the cliffs, and were dashing in continuous foam and thunder at their bases.—The wind setting right in upon the shore, the waves seemed to ride after each other "like so many devils," as Luckie expressed it, curling, frothing and hissing, as they broke upon the broad beach. There is something particularly terrific in the roar of the sea during rain or fog, when the dreary prospect is not relieved by the slightest feature of beauty; but one dull, grey blank, pervaded by terrible sounds, stretching on all sides, while the cold, penetrating through the frame, damps the fancy and deludes the imagination into the most perfect harmony with the scene. It was now getting dark rapidly. The tide seemed to flow faster than the horse could swim. The channel, consequently, widened every moment, and the companions, so lively at the outset, were now silent and chap-fallen, standing with eyes fixed on the horse's head, and waiting anxiously for the moment when his feet would strike the sand.—The minutes seemed to stretch, as if they had been made of India rubber, from the quantity of thoughts poured into each of them.—That power which can put a girdle round about the earth, within two throbs of the pulse, can likewise, when aided by fear or suffering, crowd years, as it were, into an instant. The motions of thought assume ten fold velocity in danger; now looking backwards, now, posting on the winds of the wind to the very verge of eternity, upon which it appears to place us, whatever may be the real interval between. In this way James and Luckie tortured themselves with apprehensions, till at length old Dobbin, with a knowing snort, announced the instant he touched terra firma, and restored to the companions the use of their tongues.

"Och! sure it's over at last," cried the orderly; "well, I'm drinched to the peel any how; and with you, honey, it's just the same, isn't it?"

"We have had a ducking, Luckie," answered James; "but what does that signify? There's the opening in the burrows; we have come as straight as an arrow. Give Dobbin another taste of your whip. That's right;—off we go; but I can tell you, old fellow, we were near the land's end."

"You say thruth there, boy," answered Luckie, "and by my soul I should have been far enough beyond the land's end by this time if it hadn't been for you; but there's my hand, my boy, and thrust me, Luckie Callaghan will ever prove grateful to you. But now I ought to have some whiskey about me; ay, here it is—taste it my boy, if you never tasted it before—it's the best crame in Ireland—the only thing good, perhaps, the Saxons have left us. Divil, how cold the wind is! I've often had a wit shirt on me before now, but never felt it cling so bitterly to my back as this night. Now, get on wid you, you baste, now that we have warmed our bowels wid whiskey."

"But you must remember, Luckie, that he hasn't warmed his bowels," said master James.

"Thrus," cried Luckie; "but I'm not selfish; if it wasn't for his want of taste, I'd share my pothern wid him; I've tried it often, but the ill-mannered numskull only makes wry faces and turns his head away, so it's his own fault if he's obliged to do without the comfort; the spalpeen prefers a wisp and a sup of dirty wather, sure. Such is the variety of notions in this world; but now, you see, we've bin' imitatin' out bett'here, (I mane myself, Mast'her James,) and have bin takin' the wathers, just as the Captain used to do at the spaw. He told me how he managed, never drinkin' the dirty fluid, which was made for toads to swim in, and not to get could into a gentleman's bowels, but just dippin' his exterior into it, and putting a pint of whiskey into his stomach to keep him warm through the operation.—And haven't we followed his example nately?—Haven't I, by the powers, a pound of salt in my breeches? Troth! I think we should turn soft and melt in the rain but for that sweet Irish dew that keeps up the steam on the inside. There now, divel fetch ye, Dobbin, will you be after throppin' into that ditch! Haven't ye taken wather enough for one day?"

"You should remember," observed the young squire, "that Dobbin doesn't drink salt water; so you had better let him have a sip of the fresh, and then if he doesn't pick his heels a little faster than this the crier will be out offering a reward for me through the village."

"And isn't it I that'll deliver ye up and git it, mast'her James? and if that's the ind of the affair, wouldn't I replenish my bottle wid the money and take the wathers agin."

## Sketches of Real Life.

### The United Service—Drinking Anecdotes.

Whether the diminution in the allowance of grog effects good, I am not prepared to say, but certainly the preventing of intoxication must be beneficial; and in my early days I have seen in both services the baneful habit indulged in till it had attained a degree of fury that nothing could restrain, though in the Army, after a successful assault, it was infinitely worse than in the Navy at the most desperate times—witness the storming of Saint Sebastian, and the atrocities then committed through the excitement caused by liquor; it was indeed a fearful spectacle, nor was the storming of Monte Video much better, though a gibbet was promptly erected in the market place to deter offenders.

Why the indulgence of intemperance should have been carried on to such extremes in the Army and Navy, it would be somewhat difficult to define. The hard drinker knows by experience that intoxication is destructive to health both of mind and body; yet in despite of this he recklessly continues to bring misery upon himself. The desire cannot arise from the mere love of liquor, for long use renders it insipid and nauseous: like the longings of the opium smoker, habit is the prevalent evil, and by progressive growth it attains so firm a hold, that the mind getting gradually weaker as the practice is continued, is at length unable to cast it off.

Speaking on this subject recalls to my mind an event which occurred in the year 1794, on board the — frigate, in the West Indies. One of the gunner's crew, a fine looking fellow, and an excellent seaman, was seldom found to be sober, although the utmost precautions were used to prevent irregularities, not only for the purpose of keeping the people in health (the yellow fever raging at the time with deadly effect,) but also on account of being at anchor off Port au Prince, in the Island of St. Domingo, then in possession of the enemy. The man had evidently received a first-rate education, and when not under the influence of liquor, was very gentlemanly in his manners.

It was said, I believe on his own authority, that he belonged to a highly respectable and ancient family in Wales, and that one of his sisters, whom he scarcely ever named without tears coming into his eyes, was married to a Baronet of large fortune. He himself preferring the sea was sent early into the Navy with fair prospects of getting forward in his profession. He had served as Midshipman in the Formidable in Rodney's action, and afterwards passed his examination for a Lieutenant at Somerset House, and obtained a certificate of qualification. It was conjectured however, that he had imbibed the unhappy propensity which ultimately reduced him to the station of a foremost man, as he never had received a commission, and now as I before observed, he was always more or less intoxicated.

That the Captain was on friendly terms with his family and knew his early history, became apparent, from the remarkable circumstance that though a strict disciplinarian, and the man seldom or ever came to his quarters in the evening quite sober, yet he did not suffer corporal punishment; it is true, he was repeatedly brought to the gangway, stripped, and seized up, but no lash was ever inflicted, the Captain merely giving him the most earnest exhortation to abandon so pernicious a vice, and trusting that the distance and exposure would operate to effect a reformation. But it was all in vain, nothing could prevail over him; and though the Captain often reiterated the declaration, that "his patience would in the end be worn out," yet neither kind remonstrances nor threats of severity produced the smallest result—he was still found drunk as usual, morning, noon and night.

How he contrived to obtain the means of being so perpetually in a state which rendered him incapable of performing his duty, had long been a matter of inquiry and speculation. It was clearly ascertained that it could not be caused by his own allowance, which was sometimes stopped. Gambling for or buying the grog of others was rigidly prohibited, under the penalty of severe punishment, and as the Captain had feelingly and forcibly addressed the men on the subject and the latter were aware that a watchful eye was kept upon them, they all became interested in discovering from what source he derived such plentiful supplies. The strongest proof, however, that his shipmates had nothing to do with it, proceeded from the fact that when confined in irons (which

he often was) for refractory conduct, he became and continued sober as long as he was under restraint, but soon after being released from confinement, he was certain to be as bad as ever.

Death was daily sweeping off his victims; the yellow fever had made such havoc amongst the ship's company and marines, that there were barely sufficient to go through the most ordinary duties—the sentries at the cabin and gun-room doors had been discontinued, and on particular occasions the seamen of the watch were posted as sentries on the gangway and forecabin.

One night in the middle watch, the Quartermaster on deck being near the skylight, which was off on account of the heat, heard a rattling and ring of keys, and a heavy lumping sound as if some one had fallen down the hatchway into the after-cockpit; he immediately reported it to the Lieutenant, who ordered him to go down and examine into the cause.

When the Quartermaster reached the cockpit, he found the habitual drunkard sprawling upon the deck, and jabbering some unintelligible jargon about the magazine. This did not at first excite much suspicion, but when on further search a lantern, with a candle just extinguished, was found close to him, and clutched in his hands were the keys of the after-magazine, they gave rise to the horrible suggestion, that in his mad intoxication, he intended to fire the powder, and blow the ship up.

The ship's Corporal having joined the Quartermaster, the latter left the fellow under the control of the former, and gave the necessary information to the Lieutenant on deck, who instantly informed the Captain, and the news quickly spreading below, losing nothing in its transit, every soul that could rushed up from below to ascertain the extent of the danger, and Captain, officers, and men were running about in their shirts.

A short time served to satisfy them that, whatever might have been intended, the peril had passed away; order was restored, and the culprit put in double irons. The following day, when the effects of intemperance had subsided he was brought on deck, and closely interrogated as to the manner of becoming possessed of the magazine keys (which when not in use, were hung upon a hook in the first Lieutenant's cabin, and just above his head as he slept,) and what was his intention with them and a light at that time of night; but no other answer could be extracted from him than that "he had more in his head than any of them were aware of." Expectation was rife that the cats would be put in requisition, but he was sent below and placed under confinement again, which gave rise to a conviction that the Captain was determined to try him by a Court Martial.

Those acquainted with the quick invention of seamen in a ship-of-war may readily conceive that rumors of the most exaggerated nature prevailed, and all congratulated themselves and each other on their having escaped from a terrible and sudden destruction. Whilst affairs were in this position, it occurred to the Captain's Steward to try the magazine key on the lock of the Captain's store room. A Lieutenant went down with him, the fit was admirable, and then a few minutes explained the cause of the man's incessant intoxication. There were empty bottles in abundance which ought to have been full—porter, wine, spirits, every thing drinkable had been greedily swallowed or secretly removed, the crafty fellow taking care to place the *marines* below, that discovery might be delayed as long as possible.

As soon as it was fully ascertained that he was quite innocent of any design of blowing up the ship, and had only been intent upon blowing himself out with good liquor, the sailors began to give him credit for his ingenuity, and he, finding that his scheme was fully detected, and his future visits to the store-room utterly debarred, made a voluntary confession that, knowing where the keys of the magazine were suspended, and that they would open the store-room door, he had crept silently into the First Lieutenant's cabin, the door of which stood open to admit every breath of cool air, and making sure that the officer was asleep, he had affected his purpose, and amply helped himself. His shipmates admired his courage in removing the keys from their hazardous position, and praised the shrewdness and ability with which he had conducted the whole enterprise, both in getting and returning them without awaking the First Lieutenant.

The offence, however, was considered as of too serious a nature to be passed over slightly, and he was again brought to the gangway and seized up, and every body felt certain that punishment would

ensue; but, to the surprise of all, the Captain, after admonishing him in the most earnest manner, pointing out the mischievous tendency of his besetting sin, and impressively entreating him to abandon it altogether, ordered him to be cast loose, and return to his duty. The man appeared to listen with the utmost attention to the address, which, on account of its solemnity and kind feeling, made a deep impression on the whole of the ship's company. He expressed contrition that seemed to be sincere, and was not seen intoxicated again; but whether because no spirits could be procured, or it proceeded from resolutions of amendment, I am unable to decide, though, from what afterwards transpired, I would hope the latter was the actuating principle.

When the frigate's time was out she returned to England, and the man was drafted into another ship. Some years afterwards, on looking over the deaths of the Navy, (I think it was in the Naval Chronicle,) I read the demise of a Lieutenant at the Cape of Good Hope, (ship's name not mentioned,) who, from inquiries made, I have but little doubt was the same individual who had purloined the keys. His name was a very peculiar one, and I trust, having corrected his fault, that he became a good officer.

One other incident is present to my mind. In 1806 I was going out to India, in a ship that was carrying detachments from the depots in England, to fill up three or four regiments in the neighborhood of Madras, and amongst the officers was a most agreeable young man, of cheerful address and pleasant manners, with one exception, he was a solitary night-drinker.

Our acquaintances was cemented by friendship, and frequently remonstrated with him on this unnatural and unsocial habit, and it was sometimes delicately hinted at, accompanied by good advice from the Rev. Mr. C—, a passenger, who I believe, afterwards became Archdeacon of Madras, and ultimately Bishop of one of the Presidencies. A more humane, pious, and excellent man than this reverend divine I never met with; and doubtless ere this, he has obtained his full reward.—Poor Y—, however, though struck with remorse, and always ready to acknowledge his error, could not resist the temptation, and consequently continued in practice, stating privately to me that his head was much disordered at night by frightful visions that kept him waking, and which induced him to strive and steep his senses in forgetfulness. Amongst other spectres which he asserted haunted his imagination was that of his mother, who was in her grave; and the shrinking terror with which he has described her ghastly look, and the ashy paleness of her face, as she beckoned to him to "come away" not unfrequently communicated strange feelings to me.

His was evidently a diseased mind, probably caused by some malformation of organic structure; for, though the Surgeon took him in hand, yet he could not—at least he did not, reach the seat of the disorder, and poor Y—had his nightly orgies alone. It was proposed that some one should sleep in the same cabin with him; but this he positively declined, fearing it might lead to reflections on his natural courage. In the day time he drank nothing—it was only in darkness and solitude that the yielded to liquor, and yet no one considered that he was unsafe to be left, for he was perfectly rational in conversation.

One morning, whilst lying becalmed near the equator, and the ocean was like a polished mirror, reflecting the bright rays of the early sun, I visited his cabin, to see in what way he had passed the night, and to invite him to share a cold bath with me in the waist. He was not there, but supposing he might have gone on deck I hastened thither, hoping to find that he had not been indulging in his distressing propensity; but, after walking round the deck, and making inquiry, I could not see him nor hear of him. Still the thought did not occur to me that anything unpleasant had happened, till one of the Midshipmen whom I had questioned respecting him said, that when coming up to relieve his messmate from the middle watch, he heard his voice in the cabin, in a low murmuring tone, as if singing some mournful ditty with a feeble breath.

A fear then crossed my mind, and I promptly communicated with the officer in charge of the deck, who, without a moment's hesitation, instituted a search—every part of the ship was examined, but poor Y—was never seen again.—I suspect that, having supposed his mother before him, he had followed her beckonings out of the port, half of which was unclosed, and stepped quietly and unobserved into the ocean.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Law Library.

Among the many helps to science which are every day shortening so much the path and sweetening it as they shorten, we find that the labyrinth of the law is about to be straitened. They are beginning to manage it, like astronomy, &c., for children, primer-fashion, so that the littlest legs can get up it, ladder-wise, by the aid of question and answer. It is that great successor of Lord Brougham, the illustrious jurist and civilian Punch, who has set on foot this great work. We give a few extracts:

- Q. What is a *feme sole*?
- A. Don't know, but think it may be a mermaid.
- Q. What are appurtenances?
- A. Trimmings to a leg of mutton.
- Q. What is a summary process?
- A. Bathing and eating ices.
- Q. What is a rejoinder?
- A. It is when any body asks you "If your mother has sold her wash-tub?" and you reply, "Yes, and bought a guitar."
- Q. What is understood by the term mystery?
- A. That Lord Brougham should ever have been Chancellor.
- Q. What is a maxim in law?
- A. "Do, and don't be do."
- Q. What are first fruits?
- A. Rhubarb and little green gooseberries.
- Q. How are seamen impressed?
- A. By the cat-o'-nine-tails, or one of Father Mathew's sermons.
- Q. When must you commence a fresh suit?
- A. When the old has grown too ventilating or seedy.
- Q. What is a release?
- A. To exchange the company of your ugly aunt for that of your pretty cousin.
- Q. What is a clerical error?
- A. Preaching a three-hours' sermon.

RAIN IN EGYPT.—It has been asserted that there is no rain in Egypt, and both ancient and modern travelers, from Herodotus and Diodorus down to "poor Mr. Silk Buckingham," have recorded the assertion. It is well to have the facts in all cases; and with regard to this question, let us listen to the statements of Mr. Gliddon, who, in his lectures, has frequently put us right upon many misconceptions regarding that interesting country.

Mr. Gliddon states that in Lower Egypt and the Delta it rains a good deal in winter, and this rain increases in the exact ratio of your descent towards the Mediterranean. "I have," he says, "known it to rain in Alexandria 20 days successively, and almost incessantly; whilst from the 15th of October to the 1st of April, the rains are frequent, and winter is proverbially wet. So it is at Atfe—the juncture of the canal and Nile.—Here is the focus of rain in winter, and it is the most sloppy, muddy and drizzly spot in these latitudes."

In middle Egypt it rains every winter, but merely sharp showers. The average at Cairo will be three rainy days a year—perhaps twelve hours of rain in the whole year.

In Upper Egypt, it rains in some part every winter, but otherwise is rare. Yet, he observes, "I can say with Herodotus, that 'in our time' it rained in Upper Egypt; for we had rain in Dendera, at Esne, and rain at 1st cataract—sharp but passing showers. The word seldom will apply to rain from Cairo to Donga!—but no rain is all nonsense. Of course, the farmer of Egypt is quite independent of rain; it never enters into his calculations, for the Nile saturates the ground for two months by inundation; for six months by filtration; and the agriculturists supply the rest by irrigation, water wheels, dippers and other methods."

In the desert to the east and west of Egypt, all along the Nile, the hills collect clouds; and there the rain is more uncertain, but very frequent.—Violent thunder storms are common, and there is not a ravine in the desert but bears marks of the tremendous force of the occasional torrents, particularly towards the Red Sea. So much so, that the tomb of Ramses 3d at Bibanel-melook, Thebes, having been injudiciously placed at the foot of a Seyaleh, as the Arabs term a torrent's bed, was never occupied by the king, for it was destroyed by rain in ancient days; and this would explain why the Great Ramses was interred probably in his own palace, the Ramessium, misalled the Memnonium.—*Boston Transcript.*

How unjustly a combination of circumstances many sometimes accuse a man, is well exemplified in the following actual occurrence, which is translated from the New York "Deutsches Schnellpost":

"At a table-d'hote at Ludwigsburg, one of the company was showing a very rare gold coin, which was passed round the table on a plate, and gave rise to many suppositions as to its age, country, value, &c. The conversation then gradually branched off to other subjects, till the coin was forgotten, and on the owner asking for it back, to the surprise of all it was not to be found. A gentleman sitting at the foot of the table was observed to be in much agitation, and as his embarrassment seemed to increase with the continuance of the search, the company were about to propose a very disagreeable measure, when suddenly a waiter entered the room, saying, "Here is the coin; the cook had just found it in one of the finger glasses." The relief to all was manifest; and now the suspected stranger for the first time spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, none of you can rejoice more than myself at the recovery of the coin; for picture to yourselves my painful situation; by a singular coincidence, I have a duplicate of the very same coin in my purse; (here showing it to the company.) The idea that, on the personal search which would probably be proposed, I would be taken for the purloiner of the coin, added to the fact that I am a stranger here, with no one to vouch for my integrity, had almost driven me distracted. The honesty of the cook, and lucky accident has saved my honor." The friendly congratulations of the company soon effaced the remembrance of their unjust suspicions."

**SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.**—A German, who lately lost his horse, published the following notice:

"Rund away, or sdolen, or was sdrayed, mine large plack horse, about 18 hands high. He has four plack legs, two behind and two before; he is place all over his body, but he has some vite spots on his back where the skin was rup off, put I gressed 'em, and de vite spots is all plack again: He trods and kanters, and sometimes walks: and when he walks, all his legs and feet goes on von after anoder. He has two ears upon his head, poth alike, put von is blacker dan toder and a small pit longer. He has two eyes, von is put out, and toder is pon de side of his head; and when you go toder side, he vont see you. Ven he eats a good deal, he has pig pelly; he has a long dail dat hangs behind; put I cut it short toder day, and now it is not so long vat it was. He is shood all around, put his behind shoes comed off, and now he has got on shoes only before. He holds up his head and looks gaily: and when he has been frightened he jumps about like every thing in de world. He will ride wit a saddle, or or a chase, or a kart; or he vill go py himself widout nopody on his pack put a pag, and a poy on the top of it. He is not very old; and when he walks or runs his head goes first, and his tail stays behind; only when he gets mad, and turns round, den him dail come first. Voever vill bring him pack shall pay five tollars revard, and if he bring pack de tief dat stole him, he shall pay twenty tollars and ax no questions."

**ON THE SIGNS OF DEATH.**—Dr. Descamps, of Milan, has presented to the French Academy of Medicine, a memoir on the real signs of death.—He draws the following conclusions, intended to guide public authorities in the precautions that should be taken against the danger of interring, prematurely, persons not really dead:

1. A greenish, blue color, extending uniformly over the skin of the belly, is the real and certain sign of death.
2. The period at which this sign appears, varies much; but it takes place in three days under favorable circumstances of warmth and moisture.
3. Through discoloration of various kinds, and from various causes, may occur in other parts, the characteristic mark of death is to be found only in the belly.
4. Apparent death can no longer be confounded with real death; the belly never being colored green or blue in any case of the former.
5. This coloring of the belly, which may be artificially hastened, entirely prevents the danger of premature interment.
6. There is no danger to health, from the keeping of a body until the characteristic appearance of the sign of death.—*Gaz. Med. de Paris Apr. 1.*

Why was Helen of Troy, like Eugene Sue's Novel? Because she was the Mistress of Paris. (Mysteries of Paris.)

**ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.**—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, speaking of the annoyances to which United States Diplomatic Agents in Europe are subjected from their ignorance of European languages, gives the following anecdote concerning Napoleon's interviews with two of our Ministers. The story is not only amusing but instructive:

"Chancellor Livingston spoke French, but was, unfortunately, exceedingly, exceedingly deaf.—For his interview with Napoleon he had prepared himself, as he thought, by learning the inquiries usually made by the First Consul, as he then was, on similar occasions. When he was abruptly asked, "How is Mr. Jefferson?" Our Minister responded, "Very stormy, sire." The great conceiving about as opposite a reply to his second interrogatory, he understood the case, and addressed his conversation to some other person in the circle, not being disposed to lose his time in cross-questions. The successor of Livingston, no doubt, had his ears sufficiently open, but in the French language, only heard a jargon wholly incomprehensible to him. After his presentation to the Emperor, Napoleon exclaimed, "The Americans are a queer people; they first send to me a deaf Minister, and then a dumb one."

**THE DANCE OF JUSTICE.**—A curious incident occurred during a ball given at Cork in honor of the British Association, which exemplified the adroitness of the Irish police. A number of the swell mob honored Cork with a visit, some of whom came express from London, and among them several female practitioners. The crowded ball room afforded ample field for displaying their skill. An inspector of police, dressed in ball costume, having observed one of these ladies appropriating a gentleman's purse, procured an introduction to the fair one, and obtained the honor of her hand for the next quadrille. The gentleman, of course, in the pauses of the dance, "did the agreeable" to the lady, she, on her part, lavishing blandishments on her military looking admirer. The dance ended, the gentleman's arm was offered for a promenade, and when near the door he quietly resigned his fair partner into the hands of a brother officer.

**Parishioner.**—It amazes me why ministers don't write better sermons. I'm tired of these dull, prosy affairs.

**Parson.**—But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons.

**Parishioner.**—Yes, but then you are so long about it. I could write one myself in half the time if I only had the text.

**Parson.**—O, if a text is what you want, I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon: "It is better to dwell on the house-top, than in a broad house with a brawling woman."

**Parishioner.**—Do you mean me, sir?

**Parson.**—O, my good woman, you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too quick in your application.—*Zion's Herald.*

**TITLES OF HONOR.**—The keeper of a Scotch ale house having on his sign, after his name, "M. D., F. R. S.," a physician of the Royal Society asked him how he presumed to affix these letters to his name.

"Why, sir," said Boniface, "I have as good a right to it as you have."

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" replied the doctor.

"I mean, sir," returned the other, "that I was Drum-Major of the Royal Scotch Fusiliers."

**REVOLUTIONARY.**—One day, in the middle of winter, General Greene, when passing a sentinel who was barefooted, said, "I fear, my good fellow, you suffer very much from the severe cold?" "Very much," was the reply, "but I do not complain: I know I should fare better had our General the means of getting supplies. They say, however, that in a few days we shall have a battle, when I shall take care to secure a pair of shoes."

**A GOOD MATCH.**—"How has your daughter married, Mrs. Simpkins?" "Very well, I hope. Very well, I thank you Tompkins. Her husband wears ruffles on his shirt, long-tailed coat, leads the singing at church, and expects to be made a captain of the militia."

A lady being asked how she liked a gentleman's singing, who had an offensive breath, replied coolly—

"The words are good, very good—but the air is intolerable."

**The Gem and Amulet.**  
ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1843.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

"NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS, edited by John O. Choules, M. A. Harper & Brothers."

Every student of Church History, has heard of this excellent work. It first saw the light more than a hundred years since, and, during the interval of time, it has been read with pleasure by many thousands who can appreciate and admire the heroism of the noble spirits who, in both hemispheres, warred against ecclesiastical tyranny and usurpation. This work will be interesting to the descendants of the New England Puritans; and history it more particularly traces.

It is to be issued in eight numbers, at 25 cents each. For sale at SAGE & BROTHER'S.

"THE RAMBLES OF THE EMPEROR CHING TIE, in Keang Nan, a Chinese Tale."

This is said to be a correct translation of a Chinese novel. Whether this be so or not, it is written in sufficiently good English Chinese. It is a curious work, mingling much of Chinese customs with an overstock of the superhuman and marvelous. For sale at JONES'S.

"BLACKWOOD FOR NOVEMBER."—Before the month is out, we have the New World re-print of this world-renowned magazine—the unrivalled, the inimitable Blackwood. It is Tory in its politics, and Aristocratic in its literature; but it serves up all with such power and beauty that it is irresistibly attractive. The present number, besides a great variety of independent articles, contains No. 5 of "Marston"—a story of thrilling interest. There are three political articles in this number. For sale at JONES'S.

"PRACTICAL ELOCUTION."—This is the title of a new work, just published in this city, by SAMUEL N. SWEET, a gentleman well known as a successful teacher of elocution. The selections consist of prose and poetry from standard English authors, and are well adapted to declamation.—We notice some rare pieces. The work is prefaced with a well written treatise on elocution.—The typography and binding are highly creditable to Rochester artists. The edition comprises 3000 copies. To be had of the author, 38 Adams street.

"MATILDA."—This last translation of Sok's novels, is quite unexceptionable in morals, and deeply interesting; but it has not a title of the power of the Mysteries of Paris. It was translated by Mr. HERRERT, a man of fine literary attainments—whose works are universally approved. For sale at JONES'S.

THE BIRTHRIGHT is the title of a new novel just received by SAGE & BROTHER, written by Mrs. GORE, author of the "Cabinet Minister," and several other popular works. It possesses considerable interest.

**ANCIENT RUINS IN TEXAS.**—The Houston Telegraph of the 13th ult., contains an account of the ruins of temples and cities near the Rio Puerco and Colorado of the West. The writer states that there is an immense ruin of a temple on one of the branches of the Colorado, which covers near an acre of ground. Many of the stones of this pile of rubbish, are still in their original places, consisting of huge blocks of hewn limestone firmly cemented together. The oldest of the Indians have no recollection or tradition of the origin of the ruin; and nothing remains whereby the traveler can form any correct idea for what purpose, or by whom, this vast pile of stones has been brought together.

"Chitropidism" is the name which a "Professor" gives to the art of cutting corns! What is the world coming to?

Original and Selected Poetry.

[For the Gem and Amulet.]

The Orphan.

Lines on hearing the sermon of Dr. MONTGOMERY, in behalf of the Catholic Orphan Asylum.

Alone in this world, cast an Orphan distress'd,  
No home with its welcome to claim,  
With brothers nor sisters kind sympathy bless'd,  
No kindred that shares in my name,  
I mangle in sorrow, where other hearts beat  
In gayety through their career,  
And sink at the thought, there's no feeling to greet  
My desolate bosom; no friendship to meet;  
No warmth of affection to cheer  
So fondly, so lovingly beam'd,  
That life was as sunshine, all brightness the while,  
And short, but a paradise seem'd,  
I can almost discredit that ever on earth,  
The coldness of scorn could exist;  
That feeling, whose source can be traced but to worth,  
Untrammell'd by prejudice, link'd not to birth,  
Could vanish through poverty's mist.

O! friendship! what art thou, if more than a name  
Thou bearest, when misery hangs  
Its torch at the heart, that its merciless flame  
May light up its torturing pang?  
If e'er thou could'st pour in the mind of distress,  
A balm, its deep pain to assuage,  
The Orphan has wrongs that thy smile might redress,  
Thy pity relieve where cold scoffings oppress,  
Where feeling's a colorless page.

A Thought over a Cradle.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I sadden when thou smilest to my smile,  
Child of my love! I tremble to believe  
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue  
The shadow of my heart will always pass;—  
A heart that, from its struggles with the world,  
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,  
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,  
Asks for its idol! Strange that flowers of earth  
Are visited by every air that stirs,  
And drink in sweetness only, while the child  
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven,  
May take a blemish from the breath of love,  
And bear the slight for ever.

I have wept  
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!  
My life is bound up in her! But, oh God!  
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times  
Bears its sweet burthen; and if Thou hast given  
To nature such as Thine this spotless flower,  
To bring it unpolluted unto Thee,  
Take thou its love, I pray thee! Give it light—  
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!—  
But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light  
Shining about her, draw me to my child,  
And link us close, oh God, when near to heaven!

The Lily's Delusion.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

A cold, calm star looked out of Heaven,  
And smiled upon a tranquil lake,  
Where, pure as angel's dream at even,  
A lily lay but half awake.

The flower felt that fatal smile,  
And inwiler bowed her conscious head;  
"Why doth he gaze on me the while?"  
The light, deluded lily said.

Fear, dreaming flower! too soon beguiled,  
She cast nor thought nor look'd elsewhere,  
Else she had seen the star but smiled,  
To find himself reflected there.

The Song of the Frog.

A life in the muddy pond,  
A home in the stagnant pool,  
Where the tadpoles swim around,  
And the breccia blows fresh and cool.

Once more on the edge I stand  
Of my own wet, miry bog,  
'Tis better far than dry land—  
'Tis just the place for a frog.

Talk about your purring brooks,  
On the banks of them I've stood;  
Or your "dark sequestered nooks,"  
But nothing is equal to mud.

Let the eagle soar on high,  
The quail live in forest dense,  
Where he never sees the sky,  
Now the cello's a thing of sense.

Thus croaked a fine, fat frog,  
As in the mud for worms he dug,  
When he caught sight of a hog,  
And disappeared with a "cuckoo."

Sonnets.

BY B. HALLECK.

To love and be beloved again; to feel  
That one heart beats responsive to our own;  
To cherish joys that words can never reveal,  
Gentle and lovely as the dying tone  
Of far off music; to go strongly forth  
On life's rough journey girt with woman's love  
And woman's truth, jewels of priceless worth,  
That sorrows dim not, trials can but prove;  
To stand with her beside the shrines where lie  
Our household gods; to feel her true hand press  
Our own in silence, while within her eye  
Glistens the tear of tenderness;  
To listen to the voice whose every tone  
Tells us that we earth are not alone.

To see the worm feed on her pallid cheek  
Where shines the star presaging swift decay;  
To see the sun to mope's declining ray;  
To know that she, the loved and prized, must die;  
Even in the opening of her spirit's dream—  
That the deep love that flashes from her eye,  
Is doubly bright with life's last hectic gleam;  
To stand beside that loved one's grave, and feel  
Life's utter loveliness; to silent shed  
Tears, bitter tears, o'er memory's waste; to kneel  
Beside the dwelling of our cherished dead—  
Sending the bruised spirit forth to trace,  
Beyond the sky, her peaceful resting place.

To stand upon life's desert, and to know  
The love lit radiance of woman's eye  
Is not for us; to watch the flow'ret blow  
That on another's breast must blushing lie;  
To cast affection on one shrine, and feel  
There's no divinity to feed the flame  
To feel the brain throb and the senses reel,  
When e'er we hear the loved and cherish'd name  
Of one whose heart can give no echo back  
Unto the sad voice of our burning prayer;  
When crushed to earth, hope perishes in gloom,  
And memory weeps in pleasure's living tomb.

These are the lights and shadows of man's life,  
The fretwork woven by the hand of fate  
With the mid web of his existence—life  
With grief or gladness; yet around him wait  
A thousand instruments, to dry the tears  
Of deepest sorrow, or estrange the mind  
From love's first thralldom, breathing in his ears  
Spells more enchanting than he leaves behind.  
A thousand streams gush forth to sweep away  
The dim memorials of joy and grief,  
Beneath whose waves, unseen, unroted lay  
Affection's garlands, withered flower and leaf;  
While other gods, Ambition, Wealth, or Fame,  
From his changed heart a fleeting homage claim.

But love, first love, is woman's life—to her  
No second flame its deep oblivion brings;  
At one lone shrine a trembling worshipper,  
Fearful, yet trusting, her young spirit clings,  
Unchanging unchangeable that altar round,  
Thro' weal or woe—thro' glory, grief or shame.  
Till death, whose hand alone can quench the flame,  
O'er the crushed heart uprears the grassy mound,  
Should falsehood's hands sweep o'er the living lyre  
Of young affection, that but once can pour  
Forth from the heart its melody and fire.  
She droops the riven string in sadness o'er,  
And, like the fabled bird of southern skies,  
Enamored of its own sweet music, with it dies.

Variety.

The papers give an interesting account of a  
firescreen made by the King of Sweden over a  
firescreen in his dressing-room. It appears that  
the royal foot caught in the royal rug, and sent his  
majesty—to speak figuratively—flying, for some  
considerable distance. Our own correspondent  
has fortunately procured us copies of the bulletins.  
Stockholm, Sept. 5th, 6 o'clock.

"The King has tumbled over a fire-screen. A  
council has been called, and the royal stocking is  
being now pulled down in presence of the physi-  
cian of the court."

25 minutes to 7.

"The skin of the Sovereign is grazed, and the  
knee is stiff. His Majesty, however, has had fit  
rubbed with opodeldoc and arquebusade. The  
opodeldoc caused uneasiness; but after the arque-  
busade his Majesty had a mild sneezing fit, and  
felt better."

15 minutes to 7.

"The royal knee is red, but the medical attend-  
ants are sanguine. They think a poultice may do  
much, but nature more."

7 o'clock.

"The poultice has completely failed, and the  
King is restless."

30 minutes past 7.

"Nature has triumphed. The King has used  
his knee with perfect ease, and tried his powers in  
the first instance by sending his foot as a legate  
to his medical attendants, to hint to them they  
were no longer wanted."—Punch.

A lively country girl had a bashful lover whose  
name was Locke. She got out of patience with him  
at last, and in her anger declared that Shakspeare  
had not said half as many bad things as he ought  
to about *Shy-Lock*.

ALUM AND CHILDREN VS. FIRE.—We commend  
the following to the attention of parents just now,  
when we scarcely open a paper but a melancholy  
statement of "a child burnt" attracts our obser-  
vation:

"The danger and difficulty can very easily be  
avoided by the use of alum.

"When clothing are washed they should be  
rinsed out of alum water—the solution should be  
made tolerably strong. If the clothing, which  
has been newly washed, should require starch,  
the alum may be put in the starch water.

"Alum should be used on all occasions; it ren-  
ders the clothing fire proof. All clothing about  
a house or a steamboat made of cotton should be  
so treated. For instance, bed and  
window curtains, &c., such articles generally  
having much fringing about them.

"This hint, if attended to, will prove a perfect  
safety to clothing from fire."

MAKING BELIEVE.—"Is he alive?" inquired a  
little boy the other day as he gazed on a large tur-  
tle, crawling in front of a restaurant.

"Alive!" exclaimed a fat man, who was also  
looking at the fat monster with intense interest,  
"sartingly boy! He acts like a live turtle, don't  
he?"

"Why, yes, he *acts* like one," answered the lit-  
tle querist; "but I thought he might be *makin'  
b'lieve*."

THE WISE FOOL.—A court buffoon having of-  
fended his sovereign, the monarch sentenced him  
to death. The culprit, in great terror, fell upon  
his knees, and cried for mercy. "I will extend  
no other mercy to you," said the prince, "except  
permitting you to choose what kind of a death  
you will die." "I adore your clemency," said  
the jester, "I choose to die of *old age*."

"You musn't smoke here, sir," said the Captain  
of a North River boat to a man who was smok-  
ing among the ladies on the quarter deck. "I  
musn't, hey! why not?" replied he, opening his  
capacious mouth and allowing the smoke lazily to  
escape. "Didn't you see the sign? all gentle-  
men are requested not to smoke abaft the engine."  
"Bless your soul, that don't mean me; I'm no  
gentleman!"

PATRICK HENRY.—This eminent American left  
in his will the following quite important passage:

"I have disposed of all my property to my fam-  
ily, there is one thing more I wish I could leave  
them, and that is, the Christian Religion. If they  
had that and I had not given them one shilling,  
they would be rich; and if they had not that, and  
I had given them all the world, they would be  
poor."

A well dressed young gentleman, at a ball, in  
whisking about the room, ran his head against a  
young lady. He began to apologize. "Not a  
word, sir," cried she, "it is not hard enough to  
hurt any body."

MR. WELLER SAYS—"Widders are 'ceptions to  
every rule—I have heard how many ornery wom-  
en I think it is five and twenty; but I don't  
rightly know vether it ain't more."

The editor of the Norwick Spectator says: "It's  
hard work to look at the sun without winking;  
but harder still to look at some of our young wo-  
men without feeling inclined to wink."

Marriages.

On Tuesday evening, the 5th inst., by the Rev. P.  
Church, DAVID BURBANK, of this city, to LUCY E.,  
daughter of James Brown, Esq., of Providence, Rhode  
Island.

On the 30th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Sedgewick, Mr. Wm.  
C. Crown, of Rochester, to Miss Emily A. Brockway, of  
Bridgeport, N. Y.

In Scotlandville, on the 3d inst., by C. Allen, Esq., Mr.  
David Smith, of that place, to Miss Jane, daughter of O.  
Hitchings, of Grove, Allegany co.

In Brockport, on the evening of the 29th ult., by the  
Rev. Joseph Arnold, Mr. Josiah F. Cook, to Miss Mary  
A., daughter of Caleb Kingsbury, Esq., all of Brockport.

In Alexander, on the 21st ult., by the Rev. C. A. Clark,  
Amel R. E. Butler, Esq., of Buffalo, to Miss Orrilla  
L., youngest daughter of J. Tanner.

In Soham, on the 23d ult., by Rev. P. E. Brown, Pas-  
tor of St. John's Church, Batavia, Dr. Ansel A. Morgan,  
of Lima, to Miss Charlotte M., daughter of James Ben-  
nett, Esq.

In Chili, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. James Ballantine,  
Mr. John P. Elliot, to Miss Susan Thorne, On the same  
evening, by the same, Mr. Merit Richardson, to Miss  
Mary Thorne, all of Chili.

In Brighton, on the 26th inst., Catherine Mary, daugh-  
ter of Daniel C. and Catherine Blight, aged 30 years.

In Shelby, on the 21st ultimo, by Elder Estee, Mr. Ly-  
man Fargo, of the firm of L. & E. B. Fargo, of Church  
ville, to Miss Roxanna Thomas, of Shelby.